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Vol. LXXX



No. 3

Monthly Overland

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor,

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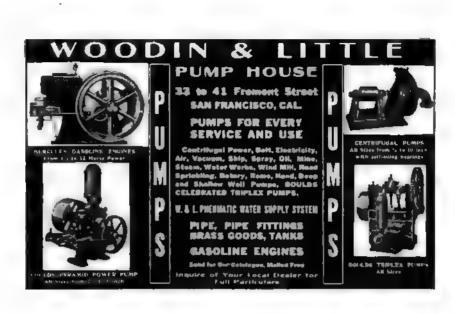
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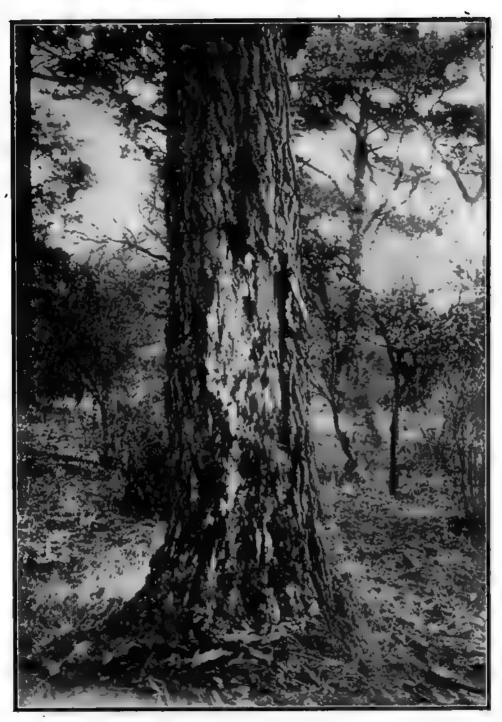
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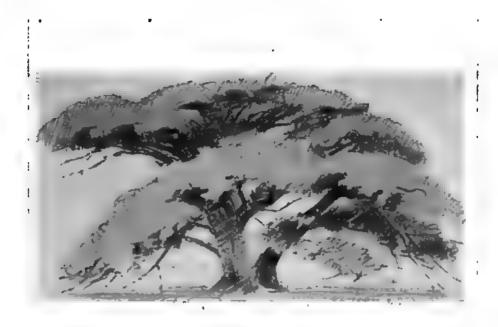
Nooks where hide the five-fingered ferns



The slight noise drew the attention of the bear



Acorn Storage House for the Beautiful Crimson, Black and White Woodpecker of California



Artist's Sketch of California Trees



Cypress of California-Monterey

Vol. LXXIX



No. 1

Monthly Overland

The Illustrated Magazine of the West ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor.

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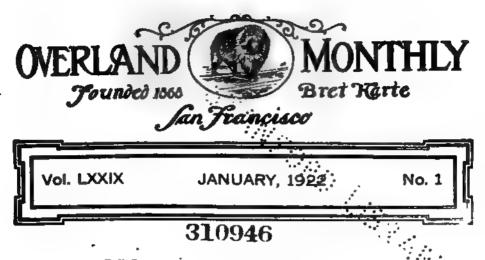
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Wolf of Tamalpais

By DOROTHY GARDNER.

E first saw the light of day on a chickenranch snuggled in the Petaluma foothills. At six weeks he was a roly-poly collie pup, with a strip of red flannel tongue ever folling between two rows of perfect white teeth in a friendly grin. At six months the good-natured little creature had been transformed into a anarling beast with mean, ready fangs, and with a spark in the amber eyes that well told of forbears possessing other than the gentle collie strain. For Wolf was the recipient of many a beating those days, and not entirely without cause. Early in his youth he had developed a tendency to help himself to a squawking Leghorn at will—an inclination at no time evinced by his brothers and sisters.

Stoically, Wolf would take his beating—a beating mingled with a round volley of Swiss-Italian curses. For it was Wolf's nature to be stoical. He would creep away without a whimper, and if there was any regret harbored within him, it showed only when he cast a last look at the pitiful collection of feathers that had clothed his victim—a look that if interpreted might cry out to the world, "It's my heritage—I can't help it!"

And so Wolf's life was launched with a handicap. When the rest of the litter were distributed among neighboring ranchers, there was no call for the black sheep of the family.

"A'right, I keep you," said Wolf's master darkly. "I cure you or keel you!"

Inasmuch as the proper cure did not appear available, the dog was plainly doomed. One of the "cures" consisted in being forced to run around for a week with one of his defunct victims tied to his neck—a sure cure, Wolf's master had been advised. But on the seventh day the culprit nimbly leaped a five foot wire-mesh fence and ran to death three promising broilers.

"I keel you now!" bellowed the enraged man, rushing to the house for his rifle.

Wolf stood irresolute. An understanding that was almost human swept him. "Flight—or death!" flashed into his alert brain.

And wolf fled, leaving behind forever the scene of his early disgraces. He ran madly at first, the odious chicken swinging mockingly from his neck; but soon his terrific pace gave way to a leisurely trot, which gait he steadily maintained as he traced his sure way across the foothills. Only when he touched a winding road did he pause, there to lap appreciatively from a cress-covered ditch that trickled by the roadside.

Abruptly he raised his head. An automobile swerved around a bend in the road, erupting a choking whirlwind of dust. Wolf cowered beneath a friendly wild-rose bush, his sharp muzzle quivering on the green sward, terrorized at this monster that came snorting and roaring out of nowhere.

"Well!" ejaculated a man's surprised voice. "What are you doing here, fellow?"

It was a kindly voice, and Wolf dared to raise his head. Somehow, his fears took flight and he did not run or even cringe as the autoise stepped from the machine and came toward him.

"What in the name of—" The man had spied the thing hanging to the dog's neck. He

detached it in deep disgust and flung it hastily

into a clump of sagebrush.

Wolf bounded to his feet, shook himself and grinned happily up at his saviour with an expectant expression in his yellow eyes that asked, "Now what?"

The man chuckled. "Alright, sir, come along!"

At first the tremble of the motor drove pange of fear through the dog, but before many miles had been traversed he sat at ease on the front seat, languidly observing the everchanging landscape, and apparently enjoying to the deepest extent the pleasant ride in the mellow sunshine of a May afternoon.

of a May afternoon.

Gradually the smooth green hill gave way to greater heights thickly clad with timber as the proud heights of Tamalpais shouldered the western sky. As the machine swung through Larkspur, Wolf sat upright on his haunches, his somewhat oblique eyes becoming mere slits. For this canine vagabond was engrossed in thoughts—thoughts that centered into a wild groundward leap at that picturesque point where the Canyon Road taps the highway.

"Well!" ejaculated Wolf's deserted friend as he watched the shaggy animal become merely a tawny spot in the distance. "Ill be ——"

* * *

A new sense of freedom never before known to him took its hold on the dog as he ran lightly on beneath the fragrant redwoods. Ardently, he had answered the call of his ancestors. Deep, dark canyons, rocky crags, the tinkle of musical streams — the spirit of his forbears thundered down through the years to take utter possession of this wild young collie.

On a sunny knoll, well covered with manzanita, Wolf found a satisfactory abode. Here with a comfortable living and the absence of painful beatings, his shaggy unkempt coat became so sleek that it shone. But always he remained lithe; it required litheness to run to earth the squirrels and rabbits that furnished his sustenance. Quite often he would sweep down upon the remnants of a picnic feast and hold a regale royal.

Life was not without its diversions that summer. From his cache on the knoll Wolf watched each day a ranger ride the trail. The voices of hikers were common to his ears. Once, in the canyon just below, a merry party pitched camp. At nightfall the plaintive twang of a eukalele drifted upward, striking an uneasy note within the big dog. Suddenly he sat up and sent a mournful, haunting howl out upon the clear night air. Startled voices—the frenzied sound

of scurrying in the canyon—and the campers beat a hasty retreat to spots more civilized, there to spread abroad the astounding news that a wolf roamed at large on the mountain.

Swiftly the pleasant summer days passed into the discard. All too soon the toyon berry was suffused with its scarlet hue. Wolf, lying there in his snug home, sniffed the wind that blew straight from the south carrying with it the first rain of the season.

No longer sounded the distant voices of gay hikers. And, too, the ranger had shifted his trail. Cut off from all humanity an overwhelming sense of loneliness clutched the dog. Through three days of pitching rain, with the redwoods in the canyon below roaring as a mighty sea, through two days of dull, murky weather, he sprawled indolently in his cache, prowling forth only in quest of food. On the sixth day the sun kindly made its appearance and Wolf sauntered abroad on a tour of inspection, casually following a little stream that cascaded down the canyon. Quite suddenly the tiny waterway broke into a dam and here the dog paused.

As he stood there, his proud head held high, his silken coat gleaming a rich tawny shade in the sunlight, his long plume of a tail held at a jaunty angle, he was just a big, good-natured collie—the sort of a dog one might see romping on a daisy-dotted lawn with little children.

Even as he stood there, his ears became alert, his eyes watchful. With one silent motion he cowered to the ground on the fern-swept bank of the dam. On the opposite shore the brakes parted to frame a blue-clad youngster of three or thereabouts.

"Junior! Come away from that creek!" A woman's voice, high with fear, brought the child reluctantly about, and sent the big dog scurrying uphill into the brush.

Every day Wolf roamed to the dam. Cautiously he ventured further, to find a cozy white cottage in a small clearing, where dwelt the golden-curled Junior. Often he slunk in the shadows, his bright yellow orbs fixed upon the child; with all his shy collie soul, he wanted to gain the friendship of this blue-denimed youngster, but the wild, restless streak within him kept him ever in the thicket.

Wolf, in his prowling, made further discovery. A yardful of plump fowls added much to his interest. The dog's tongue stole out to lick his chops reminiscently — he was wearying of his squirrel-rabbit diet.

* * *

"Some animal has been getting away with the



"Deep, dark canyons, rocky crags, the tinkle of musical streams-"

chickens." The man scowled as he strode into the kitchen where his wife was preparing the evening meal.

Startled, she glanced at him. "Maybe they strayed up the mountain. How many?"

"Four White Rock pullets. No, they never strayed. There's too many feathers around for that. It's either a skunk or—"

"Big dog!" This from young Junior at the window, his button of a nose flattened against the glass.

With a bound, the man gained the window. "By Jove! I'll bet that's him—I'll pop him before he makes a getaway!"

But the keen Wolf, hugging the edge of the clearing, became suddenly aware of the gaze of humans and was gone even before the man had laid his hand upon a weapon.

So death again rode upon the trail of the collie, but indifferently and at will, he proceeded with his raidings. It became almost an obsession with the man to kill the marauder, but Wolf watched his chances well, and the nearest the avenger ever came to revenge was to send a hot shot screaming after the flashing form.

* * *

Spring fever held Wolf in its grip. It was his pleasure those days to lie at ease on the sunny knoll, which was nothing more or less now than a bank of fragrant spring flowers. All through one sunny morning in mid-April, he lay there, occasionally indulging in a wide yawn or luxurious stretch.

Along toward noon, Wolf embarked on a foraging expedition, instinctively turning his sharp nose toward the little cottage in the canyon below; but at the dam he halted, human voices carrying their warning to his sensitive ears. Quite comfortable he settled himself to rest, drifting off into instant slumber with utter abandon.

Wolf came back to earth with a sharp quiver. A childish whimper smote his ears. He sprang to his feet. There in the dark water below a dash of blue caught his eye.

The collie took the leap on the instant. There was a splash that sent the water flying in a hundred ways. Strong white teeth took firm hold in the garments of the struggling child, and Wolf struck out for shore. Tenderly he deposited his dripping burden on the turf—then shook himself vigorously.

"Big dog!" sputtered Junior, sitting up and reaching out a sturdy arm.

Wolf grinned amiably; then gently he nosed the youngster with a velvety muzzle.

"Junior!" commanded a distant voice.

"Big dog!" chuckled Junior, scrambling to his feet. "Big dog!" he repeated in approval, and turned dutifully homeward.

Wolf stared after the retreating figure, a mild, longing glint in his eyes that seemed to say regretfully, "We might be such comrades ——"

But Wolf was a hunted thing, and a man with a mean shotgun was camping warily on his trail.

* * *

A full moon smiled jovially down from a cloudless sky. Wolf sighed as he sat on the threshold of his knoll home and gazed with fierce reflection down into the dark canyon below.

There was a flash as of lightning—a shock as of thunder—and the abrupt stillness that followed was interrupted by two distinct sounds. Flung from some cavern of darkness came the unmistakable cry of a creature in anguish, while there in the moonlit clearing a man swore aloud in his disappointment.

"But I nicked him!" There was exultation in his tone as the man stooped to inspect a tell-tale spot on the ground. "If he isn't done for

this time, I'll get him yet!"

For the last time Wolf has trod the hazardous path that borders on disaster; for the last time he has felt the heavy hand of man. He seeks only those pleasant spots where the redwoods are thickest and where his hermitage may be complete. True, there sometimes drifts to him the thin, distant voices of humans, but stilled forever is the answering chord within that wild heart.

When the mountain air is almost painful in its sharpness, and the frost has blanketed the small towns that dot the country below until they look like toy villages in a snow kingdom, there is a peculiar stiffness in Wolf's rugged right shoulder; merely a gentle reminder of what might have happened—and what still might happen should he ever again intrude upon civilization.

And if the Almighty has given to the dumb subjects of the lower level the power of philosophy, then Wolf must know that for him life at its sweetest is found along the higher trails.



Bitter Medicine

By D. S. WOOD

"---- shall spend their hours of leisure from camp and battles, in flitting lightly from flow'r to flow'r."-Extract from Unwritten Army Regulations.

I.

HE youngish major of regular cavalry (as his uniform showed him to be) paused before an extremely modern mansionette on a shaded avenue of his little home town, and bit his upper lip reflectively. Could this be Nellie's home now? Where was the vine-covered cottage that occupied this site three years ago? And the swinging, panelled gate where, on that night he left for training camp, she bade him goodbye, with the moonlight jeweling the tears from her saddened eyes and burnishing her hair into molten bronze?

And the forty-acre patch, too! Gone from it was the velvety voluptuous sheen of alfalfa—instead, a multitude of obviously new and cheap cottages of a monotonous similarity of aspect offended the eye. Prosperity had evidently come to Nellie's folks. All was change and growth. But Nellie would never change. No, she was—just Nellie, the girl back home, the girl you forget and neglect and hurt until you've finally acquired, by association with other kinds, appreciation for her—usually too late. Only he was not going to be too late.

As he rang the bell, doubts assailed him. What a chance he had taken! Why hadn't he swallowed his false pride and written her before coming, even after his long lapse in correspondence? She might have married. But no, his own folks would have told him that in their letters.

The tired look about his eyes, there all too soon, became more noticeable. Lord, but he was tired, tired—awfully tired of the life one can lead in the army by merely following the social line of least resistance.

The door opened behind him, a girl's voice exclaimed: "Oh!" Turning, he saw framed in the doorway a stunningly attractive, vivaciously alive girl in whose eyes danced a delighted recognition. * * * Nellie? Yes, it must be. But for the second only he was in doubt.

"My God, Ma!" she called over her shoulder, "look who's here!"

She grasped him on both arms and shook him in mock chastisement; scolding:

"You awful man-you nearly gave me heart-

failure. Brownie! You cute man—I never knew you looked like that in a uniform. You come right in."

She pulled him into the house to her flustered, timid, old-fashioned little mother, and commanded: "Now sit down, right there. Don't you move, either, 'till I give you the once-over. Why did you quit writing to me? Never mind lying—don't answer. I've got you now, anyway. Ma, lock the door so he can't get away."

She dropped beside him on the divan and drew back in comic appraisement, lifting her eyebrows and tilting her head, continuing:

"M—m—m! Just wait till I show you off to this little hick town—they'll drop dead. Is all the rest of this day mine?"

The telephone rang, and he heard her telling "Eddie" to call up again some other day.

"Nell has changed so, don't you think?"

sighed her mother.

He agreed, thoughtfully. Well, did he expect her to dress still as they did in 1917? A girl has at least to keep up with the conservative modes, doesn't she? But as he watched her telephone in the hall, he had to admit to himself that her modiste was not hampered by conservative instincts, judging by the length of her skirt. Always a pretty girl, now she struck him as being qualified to bag the limit in any metropolis. Tweezers, cosmetics galore, and bobbed hair had all assisted in the change.

As her mother disappeared, sighing something about dinner arrangements, Nellie brought back with her some articles which Browning recognized as the makings of cock-tails. Now thoroughly at ease, he performed the ceremony, while she chattered. He offered her a generous cupful, in the perfunctory manner of one expecting it to be declined—but she took it without the quiver of a single long, silky, blackened eye-lash and smiled provokingly up at him as she sipped it. In a state of coma he later extended his cigarette case, but she waved it away:

"Thanks. Have my own brand."

Slowly he put the case back. She asked, thoughtfully:

"Been out to the ranch yet?"

"No. Just got in."

"Why did you come and see me so soon—even before your folks?"

There it was, in her eyes, what he had come two thousand miles to see. For that he had lied to the Colonel of his regiment in order to get his leave. Even now in his breast pocket was a crumpled tissue, a military order for his leave which would explain all to her, and which he had intended as a surprise for her. And here was the opportunity. But something was wrong. He procrastinated:

"They didn't expect me, so they didn't meet me. Had to stay in town overnight so I dropped

over."

During dinner, the telephone interrupted the dessert and he heard her telling "Artie" to call

up again some other evening.

Later she said: "Now for a movie—that's all they have here." By her choice it was "Why Women Weaken," a six-reeler, by the same director as "Why Love Your Husband?" At all the proper places Nellie gasped or held her breath in tense anxiety. Once out in the open air, which Browning breathed in thankfully, she guided him into the same cafe where in years agone they had supped after many a gentle movie. Then it had been a quiet sort of a retreat, but now a mellow blast of jazz permeated every atom of ozone between the mirrored walls and pillars; the dancing floor was crowded and a giant scintillator projected motley hues upon the assemblage.

Nell spoke to the head waiter.

"H'lo, Henry. Right by the floor, please."

Then she ordered enough food to last three hours, and prepared to spend the evening. He found that dancing, with Nell, was not difficult. He would have enjoyed himself after a casual fashion had it not been for an occasional thought of the order in his pocket.

"I could dance with you all night," sighed Nell, after the third dance, as she dove into some salad. "Why did you quit writing to me, anyway? I don't blame you, though—I was a back-number in those days, all right. Don't

you think so?"

A young individual with a round hair-cut and a physical swagger now loomed up alongside the table, one Eddie. Nell drifted away in his arms, the couple narrowly missing a collision with the saxaphone artist at the first corner. As Browning's eyes indolently followed them he noticed that Eddie's thoroughly up-to-date variations of the shimmy were a matter of course to the girl. In seating the girl again, Eddie vigorously mopped the perspiration from his

face with a lavender silk handkerchief and beamed excessively upon the other man in recalling certain school-day incidents. A ticklish sensation started at the Major's neck and crawled down his spine. He felt to be sure that the button of his breast pocket flap was securely fastened.

Later Nell said: "There'll be others after dances, I suppose. What shall I tell 'em?"

Taking cognizance of certain other individuals of Eddie's type or worse, scattered through the place, and also the probability that Nell would draw the line at none of them, he hastily replied in the manner, but not for the reasons, desired:

"Don't dance with anybody else—tonight. I

want you all to myself."

A forty candle power look from Nell's artistically set-off eyes was his reward. For the remainder of that dizzy evening he was her property. It could be seen in her glance, in her capricious way of pulling him from his seat to dance, and in the air of ownership with which she picked a thread from his sleeve between encores.

In her car on the way home, afterwards, she snuggled insinuatingly against his shoulder.

"Us's goin' to have lots and lots of fun, while us is home on leave, isn't us?" she purred.

"Oh, well," thought Browning as he encircled her with his arm, "When in Rome, etc."

"Bad, naughty boy," she scolded. "Who said he could?"

Her kisses were warm, and tasted like more, so he managed to stay awake until he had deposited her safely at her door. There she cautioned:

"Don't forget now, you can stay out at the ranch daytimes, but evenings you belong to me."

The fear of ridicule is a potent factor in the life of the youth. In his room at the "Commercial"—even that place had changed too, the doggoned thing had plate-glass windows in front—Browning buried his face in his hands in despair. Before him on the cheap table was spread a crumpled tissue; stating in terse phraseology that Maj. B. R. Browning. Umpth Cavalry, is hereby granted twenty days' leave, for the purpose of getting married. Death or marriage it took to obtain leave in the days of reconstruction of the army. And too well had Browning lied.

II.

Ten days elapsed before Browning felt that he could view his problem with a proportionate eye. He sat smoking, feet cocked on the window-sill, gazing out upon the opulent green campus of his Alma Mater, to whom he had turned in the hour of need for consolation, now that it was practically too late for a solution. Before him the sun, a golden ball of fire, dropped sulkily behind the distant serrated ramparts of smoky San Francisco. Behind him Wiskozill (referred to by his classes as "Whisky Bill"), a former classmate and fraternity brother, now an assistant professor of chemistry, corrected the quiz papers of that day with appropriate snorts and groans.

Briefly, the main points were these. Either return to his regiment and resign—or find a wife in three days. Resignation was a bitter pill. He thought of his troop, the pride of his life. He heard again the uproar of the polo scrimmage, the crack of mallet on ball; he felt the rush of wind in his ears, and between his legs the powerful stride of a pony bred, trained and ridden for speed in the panting, sweating dash down-field for a goal. Well, about his only salvation now was a co-ed. During the past few days of putting up with Wiskozill at the Faculty Club he had roamed from one college function to another, realizing the utter stupidity of his intentions, the alternative of which, however, would ruin his army career. Getting the right sort of a girl to marry you in three days—especially a co-ed—simply wasn't being done now. In the college daily on his lap he gloomily noticed an item to the effect that here was the largest university in the world, and that it had over five thousand co-eds. The word "advertise" suddenly leaped into his brain, only to be ruthlessly dispelled.

He was aroused from reverie by the stentorian tones used by Wiskozill in answering someone who had just entered:

"No, my dear girl, I will not change your grade in Chemistry. I changed it for you last semester and I told you then you'd have to earn it next time. That's final."

"But, Mr. Wiskozill, I—I——"

"No!" roared the fiery instructor. "NO-O-O! D'you know you're the sixth this afternoon that's tried to cry a 'Three' out of me? NO!"

Browning, resisting the desire to turn his head, heard nothing then but a distinctly feminine sniffle.

"That's all," growled the tyrant, in dismissal, and there was a rustling of papers from the direction of his desk.

A moment later the door to the little office in the Chemistry Laboratories closed very softly and Browning, knowing she was gone, turned to his friend. "You damned beast," he said, with cheerful brutality.

Wiskozill shamefacedly burrowed deeper into

his papers, saying:

"Aw, she's a little bolshevik. Bothered me all term. Lord knows she's intelligent enough, but she says Chemistry is a series of unrelated facts with no mathematical foundation."

Obeying that impulse, with elaborate carelessness Browning took his leave. In the gloomy, tunnel-like hall of the revered old structure a girl leaned dismally against the wall and dabbed her face with a moist handkerchief. She did not look up.

"Look here," said the man, "don't cry like that. Wisk isn't such a bad sort at the bottom. I'll see if I can't help you out when he's cooled off a little."

"Oh, please go on and let me alone!" she wailed, still with her face buried in her arm.

Something in the quietness of his leaving caused her to turn her wet eyes upon his extremely dignified departure. In a half-second, after the fashion of woman these some years, she had completely estimated, analyzed and catalogued him.

"Oh," she called after him, "I thought you

were a college boy."

An invitation to be recognized by Browning did not have to be engraved on the conventional form. He returned and silently stood near for some minutes until she had stilled her sobbing; whereupon she removed the stains of travail as best she could in that dim light, powdering vigously a retroussé nose that was never meant to look upon a tear. Although he had won a battle, of sorts, he realized that the immediate situation was controlled by other hands than his own, and he was content to wait. Soon she spoke:

"You don't know him—the stubborn brute! They told me he was peevish today, but it meant so much to me I had to come, anyway."

"Well, now, it isn't so bad," he soothed.

"You can take Chem again next year."

With quivering lips and starry eyes she said:
"There won't be any 'next year.' This flunks
me out—clear out of school. * * * I just
can't tell 'em back home. I—I won't go
home!"

He pondered on that statement.

"Why, surely your folks ----"

"I haven't any," hopelessly. "Only a stepfather. I haven't seen him for years. He's too much like Wiskozill—I wouldn't dare go back and face him. I'll get a job—anything—and work, first." "Well, that's hard luck, all right. I can sympathize with you more than you think—I'm in much the same fix myself, only not such a bad one, of course. Mine is right comical."

She said, after studying him gravely:

"I don't believe it. Maybe you don't make such a fuss over yours, though."

"Wish I could—I might feel better about it afterward."

A smile struggled for the control of the girl's sobered mouth. There was a pause; while the darkness of evening filled the corridor. Then, without appearing to notice his presence, she slowly said:

"I guess I'd better be going up to the house."
Yet she made no motion which could be con-

strued as preliminary to departure.

"Phi Omega?" He could not decipher her

pin.

"Yes." Adding, as an afterthought, "Way up on Dwight Street." Still she waited, twisting her pulpy handkerchief absently.

"Walking?"

"What? Oh, yes, walking."

Another pause. "Poor kid," thought he, "not a day over eighteen, and thinks this is trouble. I hope she never sees worse."

A door opened and out came with stick and hat the ogre of all Chemistry hopefuls, peering through his spectacles at the two standing in the gloom, then gruffly speaking:

"If you're waiting to see me, Miss Ervine, it's useless, I assure you. You can't retrieve a year of trifling with five minutes of emotion as far as I'm concerned. Good night. * * * Coming, Browning?"

The girl caught her breath and involuntarily her form shrank closer to Browning, who said:

"Not right now, Wiskozill. You go on ahead. I'll be up later—but don't wait your dinner."

With a grunt of disgust the assistant professor melted away, out into the dusk. Quite as if it were the most natural thing in the world, the two remaining fell into step together, out of the place and toward the Phi Omega.

III.

The way out of the campus toward that sorority led through the sunken, oak-covered hollows of Faculty Guade. Deeply hurt by Wiskozill's words the girl silently stumbled along the path until Browning led her a step to one side, to a flat marble settee against the gnarled trunk of an aged oak.

"Let's talk this thing over," he said, as they were seated there. "Maybe there's a way out of your trouble—and mine, too. There's one obvious solution—and it would kill both birds

with one stone, too. But of course it'd be absurd to expect you to do it."

"Tell me your trouble," she commanded, "and I'll see if it would."

He told her.

"O!" she cried, low. "Oh!"

The campus was almost deserted at this hour, and in the deep, portent silence now ensuing in Faculty G'ade the steps of a belated student crunching the gravel of a distant path fairly rent the air with terrific force. They grew fainter, disappeared, and again the stillness of the dead enshrouded the place. "It's her next move," he thought. "Wonder if it'll be a fifty-yard dash—or assault and battery?"

At last she said, quite low, with averted

"What would you think of a girl who would to that?"

"What would you think of the man?"

"Oh, well-that's different."

"Why?"

"Because." This was in a tone of finality. "Besides, you don't know a thing about me."

"Nor you abcut me. * * * Listen, I feel like a holy dub talking to you this way on a half-hour's acquaintance, but as far as knowing you is concerned—I've come to a conclusion on that. Never mind why. Now about me. I'm a total stranger, and there are only three days now to make up your mind about me, even if you were inclined to. Are you—d'you suppose—there'd be any use?"

"Maybe."

He seemed satisfied with that answer, and went on:

"You don't know me from Adam, of course."

She answered slowly, after a pause:

"I know that you're an officer and a gentleman."

This effectually squelched that digression. "Ye Gods!" mentally groaned Browning. "What a kid!" Then, aloud:

"I don't want to intrude on you for one moment, so you'll have to tell me when I may come."

"Well—I haven't anything to do—this evening."

So they stopped for dinner at the South Gate Cafeteria, just outside the Sather Gate, where it caught the college trade. Students good-naturedly jammed the place, and Browning felt a tinge of regret that he could not be one of them still. Even though but a few years since his graduation, he now felt alien. Several P. G.'s, recognizing him, came over with greetings of genuine fervor; also Christie, the famous

trainer, and Andy Smith, veteran football coach, whose "wonder team" of that year had an undefiled goal line. To have these giants of the college world thus single him out where this girl could see did not annoy him to any considerable extent, but he would have dropped dead at her feet before betraying by his manner that these honors were anything but a matter of course.

On the back of an envelope the two drew up a schedule for the three days the man was to be under observation. Beside the theaters there was to be a hop at his frat, a hike and a baseball game against Stanford.

That night it was the theater.

"I've been making investigations in the back files of the 'Daily Cals,'" she said, next day, when their hike had progressed as far as the Big C, where it had stopped only a half-mile from the campus, but most of that straight up. Browning had said that he was a cavalryman and refused to walk any further, so they seated themselves on the turfed promontory and rested.

"Have you gotten the low-down on me?"

"Well, there were lots of pictures of you in football togs, and baseball and track—and oodles of complimentary remarks under them."

"I was some pumpkins in them there days."

He threw out his chest.

"Also—" here she paused while a malicious twinkle gleamed in her eye, "also in one place there was something about a forward pass, on a goal line, or something. I couldn't exactly understand."

He groaned, and she went on.

"Anyway, you dropped it, and we lost the

Western Championship.'

"I allowed you too much time to look me over, I guess. I should have said three minutes. * * * Could you have decided?"

"I-did. There's no use pretending I didn't."

"And you---?"

"I will do as you wish." She met his eyes steadily and courageously. "I have thought it all over. I know nothing about your life except what was in those papers, but I just feel way down that you are the right kind—that you are iust plain—downright—decent." She bent her head and twisted at the grass roots.

For some time he watched her, silently, while various pictures and thoughts came unbidden—among them a phrase of Kipling's, "the murkiness of the average man's life." With tightly closed eyes he winced, and sharply turned his

head away. She continued:

"What must you think of me?"
"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll tell you. I think I'm not fit to

clean the mud off of your shoes."

She did not seem to hear this. She was looking away, far off over the sweep of cities below and the bay beyond, so he could not determine her expression. After a while she asked:

"What is army life like?" So he told her.

IV.

After the hop at the Phi Deltas they walked back across the moon-lit college grounds to the Phi Omegas, and it was the last hour of the third day. Not until they had passed the pale, stone-cascaded and pillared library did either speak; then, as if the idea had just occurred to her, and looking straight ahead, she said:

"That Bingham girl is awfully cute, don't you

think?"

"Which girl is that?"

"The one you had three dances with."

"Oh, that little campus kitty—why yes, in a sort of a way. * * * The last two we sat out."

"Oh, did you?" With exactly sufficient surprise to indicate that she had not noticed.

"Yes, but I don't imagine she got much of a kick out of it. I sat near a window so I could look through and watch you dancing all the time."

"Do you expect me to believe that, now?"
"Well, wasn't I staring at you all evening?"

"Perhaps. I didn't notice," carelessly—too carelessly, in fact. And then, in a slightly warmer tone: "She told me you were fascinating—perfectly, utterly fascinating, so you couldn't have watched me all the time. * * * And she asked me if I had you all dated up for the rest of your leave."

"She did mention seeing me again," casually, as he paused to light a cigarette, "if I recollect. But I didn't bite because at the time I thought it was probable that I was all dated up for the

rest of my life."

"Well, aren't you?"

He did not answer. They passed over the rickety wooden bridge at Strawberry Creek into a hilly upper street of the sleepy college town, where low and dense evergreens transformed the walk into a dusky tunnel shot through occasionally by flakes of dim light.

"I'll have to tell you," finally he said, soberly. "I decided while I was sitting out that last time, just watching you dance. As I ever hope to be what I want to be, I can't take this advantage of you—and I will not. I'm going back to my outfit—take my medicine—and resign, if necessary."

She stopped, facing him.

"But why-why?"

"I can't explain, exactly. It's just between me and myself. If I fall down on this I'll never be able to—well, you couldn't understand how it is with me." He broke off, and abruptly threw his cigarette away.

She stood still a while, lacing and unlacing her fingers, then slowly resumed the walk. A slanting streak of brilliancy fell through the foliage from above onto her bowed head. The air seemed charged with a force well-nigh irresistible, electric, all-pervading.

"Don't you worry about flunking out," he continued. "I fixed that all up with Wisk today. It's all right now, you can stay here."

"I wasn't even thinking about that. * * *
So, you are going to take your medicine, while
I slip out of taking mine by a trick. Do you
expect me to do it?"

"It's not a trick, really. He said you knew

the stuff, but you were bull-headed."

She took his arm gently, while Browning, to retain a vestige of his resolution, dared not look at her as she asked:

"Is that the only reason you changed your mind?"

"What other could there be?"

"Why—perhaps now after three days, I am different—than you thought. Am I?"

To this typically feminine onslaught he could think of no answer to give without letting go of everything, so beyond a deep gulp he made no sound. However, she did not force the issue, but as with one hand she smoothed down some recalcitrant ruffles of her party dress, she smiled in a strange little way to herself. Soon she attacked from another quarter:

"Are you entirely through with me?"
"That's for you to decide, now."

"Well, of course I'll always feel a sort of interest in you—I came near being your wife, once. I'd like for you to write and tell me if that vicious old Colonel you told me about really court-martials you, if you want to?"

"Want to! If I did what I want to, why there wouldn't be any medicine to take."

Before the hunger in his eyes her own dropped. He could have taken her in his arms. He knew it, then. But that would mean that he had fallen down with himself. He wanted her to come to him later after he had swallowed his medicine, and when not even the suspicion of the pressure of circumstance was a factor in her decision or his. Before her door she waited—simply waiting: she could feel his pride and iron-enforced reticence, and was glad because

of them. As she gave a hand in farewell her smile meant as plainly as words: "Do with me as you wish, for I am yours." But she said:

"Don't be worried about your medicine—you've had most of it already. * * * Good-

bye."

V.

Two days later the youngest major in the army clinked his spurs together, threw his chin up, and saluted.

"Sir, Major Browning reports for duty."

The senior colonel of cavalry, Col. "Jimmy" Jimpkins, leaned back in the chair from his littered, battered desk, spectacles on forehead, and surveyed the returned officer from beneath iron-gray eyebrows that bushed out until they almost obscured his vision. His monstrous mustacios, relics of the Indian-fighting days along the Yellowstone and Little Big Horn, fairly quivered with suppressed emotion. But he had never been known to suppress emotion for any considerable length of time, and for that matter, as many a black-guard trooper could gleefully testify,—for they loved and worshipped his tough old hide as never a commander had been so adored before—he had a vocabulary, made perfect through long usage in campaigns that tried the flesh and soul, which was ideal for expressing emotions of the kinds a soldier understood. He looked fierce, acted fierce, and talked fiercer yet—but deceived not a single man under him, for he would not harm the lowliest being that existed. He was but an old man and lonely, very lonely.

Outside was the heat—dry, scorching heat. Little gusts and eddies of torrid air busied themselves with the enternal sand and dust of western Texas. A drooping messenger galloped wearily across the parade ground. From a trumpet came in the lazy, drawn-out notes of an old-time bugler the calls for stables and water.

"May I speak to the Colonel in private?" asked Browning, with a nervous eye to the clerks who came and went with papers.

So over in the Colonel's quarters, a trifle later, he told "Jimmy" all that his conscience would allow him about Nell, his boyhood girl, and why he had not married her,—and nothing more. "I have no excuse to make otherwise, sir, and I am ready to take the consequences," he concluded.

"Is that all, major?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nothing else to tell me?"

"No, sir."

(Continued on Page 68)

Jeff's Lucky Moon

By MARY EARL SHEPARD

"The Raccoon's tail am ringed around, The Possum's tail am bar; I'he Rabbit got no tail at all But a little bunch o' har."

HE voice was low and sweet with the mellow patois peculiar to the "way down south" colored mammy. She had lived most of her life in Colonel Fairfield's family and felt a prior claim in the matter of duties and importance over the other servants. The day was one of radiant sunshine, the sky as blue as a baby's eyes. Mammy Chloe had elected to take her charge, a little fair haired girl of three summers, down the winding path in front of the house known as "Mulberry Way," which led As she shambled along, holding the baby's hand to "Broad-gates" for "company" was expected. and singing softly to herself and to the child, a bare heel came in sight intermittently just above the soft slipper top-Mammy's "coat of arms" young Mrs. Fairfield called it, for though neat and trim otherwise there was always the holelarge or small-in evidence.

Colonel Fairfield was returning today, bringing his younger sister, who had married a "northern man" and had lived her twenty happy years of married life in a small town in Connecticut. He had died and left her alone and her only brother had gone on to bring her back to "God's Country." Mammy and little Anne had scarcely reached the entrance when the carriage rolled through the gates. Silas, or "Si" as he was famiarly known, maintained the dignity expected of a coachman in the southern household He pulled up to the side of the drive as he saw the familiar pair and baby Anne was lifted in and from her Grandfather's knees she looked long and inquiringly at the Colonel's sister, as if to solve the mystery of the sad eyes that looked into the baby face.

Tis said that eyes are the windows of the soul and the thoughts back of them look out upon the world of men to shame or praise us as the case may be! So intent was the child upon the face beside her that she was lifted out again by "Si" almost without realizing that her ride was over and that Mammy had omitted the always important feature of the afternoon's end—a ride "pick-a-back" through the arch along Mulberry Way. As she got out of the carriage Aunt Pen stooped and took the little girl in her arms. She kissed her affectionately, as if to seal the comradeship that had been born during the silent

drive. Penelope Scofield had had no children but the maternal instinct was strong and mother-love shone in her eyes as she held the baby close to her heart. She was soothed and comforted by the little arms that almost unconsciously crept around her neck, and it was not until years had elapsed and it had been necessary for her to take the place of Anne's mother that she realized that on that day, in trying to bury a sorrow, she had unearthed a blessing.

During the many years that Colonel Fairfield's home had opened its hospitable doors to those near and dear to him, there had never been an occasion when the coming of any one had meant so much to him as the day his only son brought the young and lovely bride to reign as mistress of the old mansion, for the Colonel's wife had lived only a few hours after the birth of her son. Young Mrs. Fairfield never felt like an "in-law," but from the first day she had taken her place as daughter in his heart and home, and when, after two years, her young husband was thrown from a horse and killed, the mother and babe remained and were, as the Colonel said, "as

welcome as the flowers in the spring.'

Anne grew into a loving but spoiled child, whose very whim was a command in the household. The Colonel saw in her only that which was good and beautiful, for she was the idol of his heart, and if at any time correction was suggested "Daddy Fair," as Anne had named him, would take the little girl by the hand and lead her into the garden, where she could "hear the birds sing" and the correction was forgotten. Anne's mother had never entirely recovered from the shock and sorrow of her husband's death, and gradually and almost imperceptibly it fell to the lot of Aunt Pen to shoulder the duties and cares that young Mrs. Fairfield had so willingly undertaken when she came as a bride to "Broadgates." It was a happy household where any element of discord would have died of inanition in a soil too rich in love, kindness and consideration, one for another.

At the age of sixteen Anne was sent away to

an Eastern school and the break in the home life was still further widened when Anne's mother died during the second term of her school year. She was brought home to continue her studies under the direction of a governness. Anne had grown into a fair, sweet bit of loveliness, with little trace of the petulant child of a few years ago. Aunt Pen's was a gentle guidance, but she often feared for her beloved Anne's future, for so accustomed was she to love and adulation that a life without it would have been to her as the north wind to a tender blossom. One morning in the room where the family assembled after breakfast, Aunt Pen and Anne sat discussing plans for Anne's coming out party, arranging the day's program and "visiting" generally. · A card was brought in by one of the servants. It was bent through the center, indicating that the call was intended for the family. Anne, being near the door, took the card from the tray and read, "Mr. Jefferson Dupont Culver." she looked at it, a smile crept around her mouth and she said. "Come on, Aunt Pen, it's your special 'pet', Jeff Culver, and he's making his first courtesy call in the neighborhood since his return from college. Good old Jeff! Wonder if he's learned to speak to a girl without suggesting a rainbow?"

She stopped at a long pier glass that stood between the windows and took a cursory glance at her reflection as she and Aunt Pen went toward the room where Jeff Culver stood waiting. His greeting was cordial and genuine, but if he took on the brilliant hues of the rainbow he was too ruddy and sunburned to show it, and his manner and poise were all that even Anne's critical eye could have desired. The call was comfortable and informal, stretching into a real visitation, and before Jeff left he had secured Anne's promise to ride with him the next day, and that early morning canter was followed by others, and at the end of a few weeks Jeff had grown to be an almost daily visitor at "Broadgates." Tis true he did not always see Anne for she had many friends to claim her time; then, too, she felt that disciplinary measures were necessary to Jeff's well being, and when it suited her whimsical fancy she would have Aunt Pen see Jeff or bear some trivial excuse from her for her failure to keep her engagement with him. Mrs. Scofield had many friends and confidants among Anne's associates, but there was no one who so appealed to her interest as leff, and when Anne elected to bestow one of her disciplinary doses upon him he would insist that "Aunt Pen" would do quite as well, so the wholesome thing that often results from the association of a motherly woman of mature years and a boy like Jeff.

The Colonel frequently strolled in from his den during these oft repeated visits, and one day just after Jeff had gone he turned to his sister and in no gentle terms expressed his distinct disapproval of the boy's frequent calls and his too evident attentions to Anne. Mrs. Scofield had gone to school with Jeff's mother when she was Helen Drake and had known the family well, besides having grown fond of Jeff on his own account. She was all too ready to plead the boy's cause, but her womanly wisdom and keen understanding of the Colonel's idiosyncrasies suggested conciliatory measures and the argument was a brought to an end. Colonel Fairfield stood for some time in a brown study as if settling some problem in his own mind. question of Jeff was still uppermost in his thought and the words "absurd." "ridiculous." "preposterous" rose to his lips. He did not realize that Anne was now two years older than her grandmother, his Anne, when he carried her off in a knightly fashion some fifty years be-Much of Anne's spirit was a stalwart heritage handed down through two generations. He had gone into his room and carefully closed the door behind him; he stood for some time before his desk, as if weighing some question 'pro" and "con." Gradually a look of renewed determination came over his face and an adroit smile that seemed to indicate the rekindling of a new hope. He sat down and in a firm and steady hand he wrote:

"Dear Cousin Ellen:

"I am writing to ask a favor. We want you to send us your Eleanor for a time—things get slow down here and Anne needs the companionship and 'brightening up' that some one of her own age and inclinations would give her. Pack Eleanor up and send her on. We'll take the best of care of her and return her to you refreshed and rested after a few weeks of country life. Tell her the horses are in fine condition and she must be prepared to take some 'high fences' and long canters when she gets here. Penelope and Anne join me in love and felicitations.

"Affectionately, your cousin,

"Josiah Fairfield."

"Cousin Ellen" had always been a natural "match-maker." Now she was to be treated to some of her own medicine. The Colonel knew that Eleanor was good to look upon—in fact, was called "a beauty." She might well please the fancy of young Jeff. It might work! And it might even be doing Ellen a kindness

for there were no better people in all Randolph County than the Culvers. So why not? Anyway, the "die was cast," and when, at breakfast a few mornings later, he mentioned having invited Ellen's daughter down for a time, it occasioned no surprise in Anne's thought, but Aunt Pen looked into the Colonel's eves to see if the duplicity was written there, or if it emanated from her own guilty mind. Eleanor came and she and Anne, always congenial, now became the greatest of friends. The days passed into weeks all too rapidly. There were rides, dances and tennis tournaments. Jeff played the part of escort whenever the opportunity presented itself. Through a spirit of mischief and in order to torment Jeff, Anne would purposely plan parties where Eleanor and Jeff were thrown in each other's company. Jeff fell in nobly with Anne's plans of entertainment, though many times his own inclinations and desires were sacrificed in the process. The trend of events was plainly in evidence under Mrs. Scofield's keenly interested eye. She had seen Jeff "disciplined" almost to the "breaking point." She had also taken note of his manliness in handling the trying situation, and she loved him for his tenderness toward Anne and for his patience with her vagaries. She determined to throw some hint or suggestion to him which might enable him to win the love that would be so safe in his keeping and which he so richly deserved. Mrs. Scofield loved Anne almost as a mother and it was her dearest wish, if not to lead, at least to direct, her into a safe and happy marriage, for Anne's impulses and proclivities were of such a nature as to engender great unhappiness were she to marry some one who had not the loving comprehension to understand her.

One day, as Mrs. Scofield sat alone in front of the French doors that opened onto the balcony, she looked up to see Jeff coming toward the house. Now was her chance, she thought. She dropped her sewing, tapped on the window and beckoned to him. As he walked into the room, all of her well defined resolutions toward conservatism of speech flew to the "four winds" -the vigorous and forceful qualities of her character stood out as predominant features of her personality. "Jeff," she said, "do you love Anne enough to hurt yourself in hurting her? For I'm afraid you must hurt to win. She has trampled on your heart long enough, and while I believe she really loves you, she must be awakened to a clearer sense of that love and of your real worth. So change your tactics, boy, and I think you'll win in the end. Your purpose will be aided and abetted by the material right here in the house, which the Gods have provided
—Eleanor!"

Jeff shot Mrs. Scofield a deprecatory glance but before he could launch forth in defense of Anne she had gone and was half way up the stairs. Jeff stood as if transfixed to the spot. He knew that everything that had been said to him bore the stamp of truth upon it, and it was a truth that hurt. He lived in retrospect the weeks that he and Anne had been so much together, and his face burned in the shame of his own belittling—his poor worm-like attitude had been all too evident—he'd been a fool!—a weakling!

He stood where Mrs. Scofield had left him, as if deciding some course of action whereby he might at least reinstate himself in Anne's respect. Gradually the light of his fighting ancestors shone in his eye and he was quite ready for the combat that awaited him, for Eleanor and Anne were on the porch as he stepped from the hall, and as if the Fates had decreed to test him to the utmost, Anne welcomed him with her most bewitching smile and made room for him on the seat beside her. "What's doing today, Jeff?" she said, as she looked into his face, "let's go for a canter to start with and then—." Jeff's heart was doing a "double action" tattoo against his breast, but he stood the test and, with the calmness born of a desperate situation, he replied, "I'm sorry, Anne, but Eleanor and I had planned for a row on the river. Will you come along? The day is fine for just that lazy sport and too warm for a canter." Anne's eyes opened wide in wonderment. Could it be that Jeff was "turning her down" for some one else? Jeff-who had always fallen in with any and every suggestion she might have made! The color flamed to her cheeks, but she forced herself to look into his eyes as she answered, "No. old dear. We won't change any of your plans. You and Eleanor trot along and I'll help 'Daddy Fair' today. He has been begging me for a week to begin the cataloguing of his books. So now's the time." She rose and smothering a well defined, if assumed, yawn, walked toward the door. As she went in she turned and called back over her shoulder, "Don't rock the boat, old son, you might fall in and wash your sins away. Adios! Be good."

And she was gone.

Jeff whispered something to Eleanor. They walked from the porch toward the path that led to the river.

As she closed the door of the library behind her Anne fought back the tears that
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THE MOUNTAIN LASS

By A. R. HYDLE

Ī.

What appealed to you in the mountain lass, And why did you love her so? Was it not because she was sweet and pure And grew as the wild flowers grow?

П

On the trails, she walked with the Infinite One, And learned all the secrets fair Of the trees and birds and the mountain folk, Which greeted her everywhere.

Ш

So, my friend, return her to God's green streets.

She'll blossom again in time;

All the traces, left by the city's grind,

Will vanish in Nature's clime.



The Provocation of Ah Sing

By GORDON GRANT.

H SING, he of the placid countenance and scholarly elegance, and master of the notorious Nina Maria, was a distinct annoyance to that select body of men whose headquarters is located on the second floor of the Federal Building. Few others have succeeded in making themselves so conspicuously irritating as Ah Sing, and no one has maintained himself in such a position for three months, much less three years.

Even Dan Summerton admitted that Ah Sing was "slick," and when he makes such an admission there is some glimmering of significance to it. The trouble in the Ah Sing case—or rather cases—was not in catching the gentleman but in discovering where he had hidden the contraband. The chase assumed the proportions of a perpetual game of hide-and-seek.

Shake-ups originating in Washington, hard words from the chief, promises of promotion, everything that usually served to bring results in rare cases when the morale of the Service became bored to tears, had failed to bring about the ensnaring of the smuggler. And Ah Sing had made no attempt to hide the fact that he was smuggling—instead he gloried in the enviable position he held.

Traps had been skillfully evaded—the man seemed to possess some uncanny knowledge of just what was going to happen. And so Summerton of the Department of Justice, as well as certain other personages of more official than actual importance, were at their wits' end though not exactly ready to admit they had been beaten.

After three months of serene peace Ah Sing and the Nina Maria were heard from at Tiburonilla Bay, two hundred miles south of San Diego. It was none of the Service's business if they wanted to engage in gun running—there was plenty to take care of at home. Nevertheless when the Nina Maria slipped out in a dense fog, eluding the steam launch that had hovered lazily near like some hungry though innocent vulture, there was some slight interest manifested.

At Paee he was next sighted, calmly sequestered behind a coral barrier reef on the windward side of the islands. Another gentleman lived at that place, and was considerable of a nuisance to the Provincial Government at Raratonga.

At that juncture the minor annoyance of Ah

Sing was deluged in the sweep of the Great Pearl robbery in Pekin, which had a sequel in the Occident. The pearl in the center of the forehead of the Great Bhudda had been stolen. Certain tongs accused other tongs and other reasons as dark as the proverbial ways of the "heathen chinee" were advanced to the tune of the violent slamming of shutters on stores of peaceable Chinese. Many exquisite tortures arranged and conducted within the confines of the Forbidden City failed to bring forth any clue, and the pearl seemed to have vanished. Meanwhile San Francisco's Chinatown took sides and prepared for warfare.

The Service managed to arrange a conference due to the timely aid of a sergeant of the Chinatown squad, and after much bowing and scraping and honeyed phrases the contestants were persuaded to put their guns away again.

All this, though transpiring in a week's time, had served to distract attention from Ah Sing, and when he was again sought the yacht had steamed scutheast from Paee toward the Malay States. Then suddenly fifty miles from Singapore it turned westward and set out across the Pacific for San Francisco. This had been gleaned from fragmentary reports of vessels who had sighted her.

A month dragged slowly by, with all concerned on the alert, for more words had come from an official in Washington whose fitness for his post was determined largely on the number of votes he had been able to assemble for the right party, to the effect that Ah Sing was to be caught. It was useless to suggest that interesting procedure, but the warning served to tighten the vigil.

At length the Nina Maria was sighted off the Heads, and an hour later it loomed up through the fog and came to anchor off Meigg's Wharf. It had been there but twenty minutes when the Department arrived almost en masse. At the gangway Ah Sing smiled his appreciation of the welcome, but the boarding party was more inclined to scowl.

Clad in the robes of a mandarin he gazed at them calmly through huge horn-rimmed spectacles. He welcomed them with long-winded high-sounding phrases, and Summerton thought he could almost see a smile framed on his immutable lips. Of course he had nothing to declare. He was offended that the gentlemen should even suggest such a thing. He, a peace-

ful traveler, to be thusly suspected. Preposterous!

Ah Sing did not expect to be believed, and he was not disappointed. Previous experience had taught him much.

Then the systematic search began, he smiling encouragement and suggestions. On a passenger liner such a procedure would have been absurd, but here it was not. He made no effort to conceal the fact that he was playing the role of the benevolent parent at an Easter-egg hunt.

"Ah, my dear friend Summerton," he had greeted Dan in his curious mixture of Oriental and Occidental jargons. "Again we meet after many months of separation. But is it not written in the estimable works of the great scholar Lao-Tze that absence makes the bonds of friendship stronger? A wise man, Lao-Tze, Mr. Summerton!"

"S'pose so," grumbled Summerton, prodding vigorously under the magnificent Turkish rug in the cabin.

"And also is it not said that the wise official uses his wisdom to his own advantage when he has dealings with a rich man? Another excellent saying that." Then, after a few moments pause, "Do you gentlemen of the Service ever have occasion to accept from others for trifling services what the vulgar term baksheesh?" There was infinite cleverness in the tones.

Instantly Summerton hardened and his jaw snapped viciously. "Just what do you mean, Ah Sing?" he hissed.

The placid face of the mandarin did not change a particle. Shrugging his shoulders slightly he said, "What means the hawk who harries the sparrow?"

"But, sir official," he hastily reassured, "it was but a suggestion." He spread his hands apologetically. "But if it should by any chance occur that something should be overlooked—" The tones dwindled away suggestively.

"Nothing doing, Ah Sing—the Service don't operate on your principles." The mandarin turned away and gazed stolidly out over the channel to where the lights of Telegraph Hill were gleaming through the fog.

Finally Summerton satisfied that nothing was hidden in the cabin went on to Ah Sing's living quarters, the mandarin following doggedly at his heels.

The examination there was swiftly completed. Meanwhile Ah Sing had lighted a long Chinese pipe and was puffing away contentedly. Evidently there had been some preparation for the evening meal here, for the table was set in

Occidental snowy linen and shiny silver, contrasting strangely with its occupant.

After the search was over Summerton stood at the window for a few moments gazing out. The gleam of triumph in the other's eyes was reflected by a steady gleam in his. A smile curled the smuggler's lips. "Is the sir official through already?"

Summerton turned and eyed him steadily. "Ah Sing," he said steadily, "I'll admit that you've got us beaten this time. Somehow you are smuggling in opium—but I'll be blessed if I can see just how. You haven't transferred it since you left Honolulu—a Navy boat has been trailing you. We're beat, I guess."

"It is so, sir," retorted Ah Sing.

Summerton glanced over the room, taking in with his practiced eye the strange medley of appointments. There was a rap on the door, and Huddleston, his assistant, entered, reporting that a thorough search of the region belowdecks had revealed not the faintest trace of contraband.

On the table were two cruets, similar to those used in Occidental homes to contain vinegar and olive oil. But these vessels were of curious Chinese design with wide necks, and had obviously been intended for some other purpose.

"Vinegar, by gum!" announced Summerton, picking it up from the table and opening the stopper. "Curicus design," he commented.

A faintly perceptible shadow had crossed the immobile face of Ah Sing, and now it vanished. "A very old design of the Middle Kingdom," he explained. Then suddenly Ah Sing gave a low cry.

For Summerton had tipped the vessel sideways and was poking two exploratory fingers through the opening while the two watchers looked their amazement.

"Not opium!" ejaculated Huddleston.

"No, not opium, but something else." The fingers were withdrawn, and on one of them was a sticky white mass. He looked meaningly at Ah Sing.

"What means this nonsense, sirs?" the latter asked with a visible effort at self-control.

"It means," said Summerton steadily, "that my friend Huddleston was wrong—the Great Bhudda's pearl was paste. Study the ancients, Ah Sing—even Cleopatra knew that real pearls melt in vinegar!"

"How did you know that he was trying to get away with the Great Pearl instead of merely opium?" asked Huddleston on the way back to the wharf from the launch.

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Desert Vengeance

By HARRISON CONRAD.

THE long, low crumbling adobe, with its blank wall to the sinking sun, was squatted like a desolate dun island in a graygreen sea of mesquite. Northward and southward that sea billowed to uncertain limits; westward its waves beat at the warped palisades of the stark-naked mountains; eastward its tides whipped up against a low, sullen wall of redblack rock and lapped over into an infinitude of desert.

A woman framed white in the doorway. She paused to lift a broad palm-leaf to fan her haggard, desert-browned face. With a faint, cool swishing of starched muslin, she stepped wearily from the low threshold and walked around to the shelter of the arrow-weed canopy that extended from the north end of the adobe. Lifting the fan to shade her pain-dulled brown eyes against the glare of the desert sun, she looked long and intently out over the sea of mesquite toward the forbidding hardness of the gaunt

range.

The hand that held the fan fell limply to her slim side as she turned, with a deep sigh, and crossed the hard dirt floor to the space under the canopy whither the late afternoon shade was slowly shifting. She dropped heavily into a crude hand-patterned canvas reclining chair and let her lusterless eyes stray with pathetic longing out over the mesquite to the eastern horizon beyond which—ever so far away—the lilacs were just bursting into bloom in a sweet old-fashioned Virginia garden, for, though in the desert, she was not of the desert.

Through the palpitating heat-waves that shimmered like iridescent ripples above the surface of that gray-green expanse as the desert sun toyed with its age-old plaything, she saw, as in a mirage, an object float for a lingering instant on the eastern wall, then dip down and sink into the dull monotony of the wide basin. In the hesitating moment that the object had paused on the rim she had made out that it was a horse and rider, and she was perplexed; for none found that remote spot in the Arizona desert save an occasional prospector, and always he came behind his creeping burros.

She dozed in the chair. The fan slipped to the floor and her long black hair fell free over her browned shoulders, from which her slender bare arms sloped gracefully to the fingers that

twitched languidly in her lap.

She was aroused by the muffled thud of a

horse's hoofs in the sand. She opened her eyes with a convulsive start to see a dusty, lithe young man, stern purpose seaming his beardless. well-tanned face, leap from a hard-bitten buckskin and come toward her. He was in boots and corduroys and a shirt of soft gray material draped his broad shoulders. One hand rested upon his pistol butt while his broad hat was swinging from the other.

"Where's Henry?" he demanded in a hard voice, flinging his hat to the ground and squaring himself before her.

"Henry? Who-who-are you?" she gasped, half rising, then sinking back into the chair, a ghastly pallor whipping to her cheeks beneath the desert tan as she gaped at him.

"It's Frank, Vera! Look! But-where's Henry?" His voice had melted to tenderness for a moment, and then it jerked back abruptly to come hard again and with a menacing hiss.

"Frank-Henry?" Smothering a moan, she closed her eyes and clutched at her throat.

"Yes, Henry! Where is he?" came the insis-

tent demand.

"He is vonder—in the mountains: but how where have you come from-and why-why have you come here?" Her bewildered eyes opened wide to stare up at the firm, tense face. then closed again as she shrank back with a shuddering groan.

"It's not a ghost, Vera, but Frank himself,"

he said. "Look at me!"

"Oh!"

He gave an impatient laugh and stepped back a pace.

"But—he said—you were dead!" she stammered, speaking as one in a dream. She lifted her heavy lids with painful effort and turned her staring eyes up at him.

"Dead?" He gave a discordant laugh; then he turned away and began to pace restlessly back and forth beneath the canopy. "Do you doubt that he lied?" He halted his impatient steps and turned abruptly upon her.

She stared dully at him and after a long silence she answered: "I believed him-then."

"You believed him—then." He spoke as if mocking her halting utterance.

"Yes," she moaned, her numbed faculties awakening slowly as her straining terror began to relax. "He said you had been killed in a premature blast—was it not? and that he had buried you-with his own hand-there by the

claims—in the Cerbat Range."

"Buried me?" His brows contracted into a black frown and he thrust his big hands deep into his pockets as he began to pace the floor again; then once more he halted abruptly in front of her. "Yes, there was a premature blast and I was desperately hurt. Somehow I crawled out of the shaft—to find that he had deserted me like a cur—and had left me for the desert wolves."

Her bloodless lips parted and her eyes dilated with dumb horror.

"But the wolves went hungry." he said, with a rasping laugh, "although, as I lay staring up at the desert sky throughout two days and nights of ghastly torture, always conscious, I could have welcomed them to the feast."

"Oh!" she shuddered and buried her face in her hands.

"But the desert is not all reptiles and wolves," he went on more calmly. "Two men, prospectors—and strangers, too, happened to pass that way. They found me lying there beside the shaft, and when I heard their voices unconsciousness came at last to give me merciful relief. They made a litter of their shirts, so I learned afterward, and, with their backs blistering under the scorching sun, they carried me twenty miles across the desert to the nearest camp. Then I was taken to a hospital in Kingman—and I lived."

"You—lived!" she mumbled blankly, wide, staring eyes opening wider as she turned her ashen face up to him.

"When death seemed near my hate was strongest and my desire to kill him must have frightened death away," he said morbidly.

"And—you lived!" she muttered dazedly.

"Yes—I lived. I did not know how long I was in the hospital, with its blank days and days that were an eternity. I knew nothing of time. There were weeks that were but a numb span; but when I went away, shattered but with life returning I learned that I had been in the hospital six months. Then I found that he had drawn out all my funds from the bank—nearly five thousand dollars—the day after the accident and that he had left immediately. He himself had nothing, as you know. It was money that I had supplied to carry on the development of those properties. It was everything I had and was the earnings of my own hard labor. I discovered those claims, then sent for him and gave him a half interest in them because of you, and he had access to the funds in the bank just the same as myself. I trusted him—and he betrayed the trust. When I was able to travel I borrowed money enough to take me back to Virginia. I learned that he had been there for a few days many months before and then had come West again, bringing you and Dorothy with him. I followed, but he had covered his tracks skillfully, and for nearly five months I have been searching for him. It's a sordid tale to relate of the husband of one's own sister, but there you have it in all its stark nakedness."

She stared up at him dully, as though she had failed to comprehend it all. "He came back—and paid off the debt on the old place," she mumbled brokenly.

"Mother told me of his generosity—with my funds; but it was not because of his love for her that he did it," he said bitterly. "He was planning for his own future."

"And then we came here—Henry, Dorothy and I," she said just above a whisper. "We went away—soon after he came back."

"And where is Dorothy now?" His voice softened.

"She is with him—in the mountains. He has found gold."

"Gold?" Scorn curled on his lips as he turned away and began pacing the floor again. "But—I wish I might see Dorothy," he supplemented wistfully, halting in front of her.

"She is a beautiful child," she breathed with a deep sigh. "She is twelve now, you know—a brown, desert creature. But—but you must not stay to see her. You must go, Frank! And—I thank God that you are alive!" she added with the earnest fervor of a prayer.

"I shall stay," he returned doggedly. "When will they return?"

"You must not stay!" she whispered tensely, ignoring his question. "You must go, Frank! He is my husband—and you are my brother! If you meet—now—after what has happened—"

"I shall stay."

"Why-why would you stay?"

"I shall stay and kill him," he announced with relentless calm. "Then I shall take you and Dorothy away from here."

"Oh!" she cried in an agony of terror, half rising from the chair, then dropping helplessly

back again.

"But why did he bring you here?" he demanded gruffly.

"He said—for gold; but now I know," she replied, her frightened eyes staring up at him.

"Yes; he feared that I might have lived and would trail him down," he said, his voice quivering. "Now that I have found him I shall kill him and take you and Dorothy out of here —out of this place of death."

"This place of death—yes, you are right this is the place of death," she muttered in the voice of one long brooding as she turned her eyes away from him to look beyond the mesquite out toward the eastern horizon. "It is eleven months now since we came, and in all that time no letter-no word from home," the final word lingering pathetically on her stiff. drawn lips: "for out here we can get no letters -nor can we send any. Except for two prospectors, you are the first to come in the—eleven months. Yes, this is the place of death."

"The place of death," he repeated moodily, "and the place of madness; for the desert madness is coming. I hear it in your voice, I see it on your lips—in your eyes—"

"Desert madness?" Clapping her hands, she gave a shrill hysterical laugh as she turned her eyes back to him. Now they glowed with a deep, unnatural fire. "Oh, yes! It is coming! Let it come! Then all will be blank—all illusion—and I shall live again—as in a mirage. It is only thus that I would want to live—here. But how did you know—that we were here—in this place of death?" The flash in her eyes burned out and gray terror crept back into them again.

"I saw the record of Henry's filing notices in Yuma," he answered. "Then I met an old prospector who had seen him at his claims. He told me where to find him-and I came."

"You should not have come!" she reproached him, suppressing a sob.

"I have come to kill him and then take you and Dorothy out of this place of death."

Above her low sobbing came a broken laugh. "When will they come?" he demanded, liftin ga hand toward the mountains.

"To-day, perhaps, or to-night," she answered dully, hardly conscious of her words.

"I shall wait." "No! No!"

"I shall wait!"

Oh!" she moaned, her face drawn with ter-

"I shall wait and kill him!"

"He is my husband!" she breathed hoarsely. She rose from the chair and staggered across the floor to him.

"Husband!" He gave a hollow laugh as he pushed her from him when she clutched at his

"Frank! Frank!" she wailed, and, reeling back to him, she put her arms about his neck and drew his face close to hers. "You must

remember Dorothy! She loves you as she loves her own father. Your name creeps into her prayers and her eyes fill with tears when she speaks of you. And Henry—he is different now. The perfidy of which you speak was not Henry's perfidy. It was the desert that had crawled into him. And now the desert has done for him what they say it sometimes does. It drove him into madness—and then it took pity on him and purified him. He talks of youalways-and wishes for you-wishes that he might share all he has with you. The desert has chastened him—has made him big and good.

He laughed morbidly and pushed her away from him.

"I shall kill him!" he muttered, unmoved.

She shrank from him with a low moan. She turned away and looked dully out over the mesquite toward the mountains. Then she lifted her haggard, ghastly pale face back to him.

"Frank!" she entreated. "You must go! In

God's name—go!"

"I shall wait!" His voice was hard, brittle. "I shall kill him and take you and Dorothy away."

"Frank!"

"I shall wait!"

"He is my husband! And Dorothy—"

"I shall wait!"

The sun rolled down over the shoulder of a grotesque pinnacle that stood up like a harlequin above the dull, bare-boned mountain range. Gray twilight lingered but a little, then swam into dusk. The cool, sweet air of the desert evening droned in beneath the canopy, the man pacing the floor, nerves snapping tense, the woman, a deathly pallor beneath the desert brown, stiff in the crude chair and starting up at each desert sound.

Dusk blurred into night, a night without moon but full of stars and humming with the strange inanimate sounds of the desert gone to sleep, a hush deeper than silence, with the fitful yelp of a coyotte rising intermittently to stab the weird stillness with its staccato notes.

The woman, nerves taut, senses acute from terror, sprang from the chair with a suppressed shuddering cry and seized the man's arm when her straining ears caught an alien sound that came dull over the desert hush.

"He is coming! Hurry!" she said in a tense

whisper.

"I shall stay!" he mumbled, moving away from her.

"Go! Go! Hurry—Frank! In God's name —go!"

"I shall stay!"

A hand went to her bosom and snapped back with the glint of an automatic as a flash of star-light fell upon it.

"He is my husband!" she hissed at him as she drew close to his side. "Now, I too, am of

the desert!"

"Husband? You of the desert?" He gave a mocking laugh, waiting, his pistol poised in his steady hand.

"If you lift that weapon toward him—I shall kill you!" she breathed fiercely in his ear.

He pushed past her, a harsh laugh deep in his throat.

Above the droning silence of the night came the dull beat of burros' hoofs, laboring, drawing near.

"Frank—go!" she pleaded with a low moan; and, by the light of the stars, he read both terror and fierce purpose in her eyes as she followed him and clung to his arm.

"I am ready!" he muttered gutturally as he slipped away from her and pressed close against

the wall.

Both stiffened and stood rigid when a voice came from the mesquite beyond the canopy.

"We're coming, mamma!"

It was a child's voice, gay, careless, but shrill with excitement and buoyant with eagerness.

The woman stood motionless for a moment, then she staggered toward the voice and stood trembling beneath the edge of the canopy. She tried to cry out, but her tongue was dumb. Behind her a blurred shadow crept, pressing close against the wall.

"We're coming mamma?" cried the girlish voice again; and the hurried pat-pat-pat of running feet marked the swift approach of the child after she had tumbled from the burro's back. "And—Oh, mamma!" she panted breathlessly, still invisible in the darkness. "Papa's struck it awful rich—a big rich pocket— and a man passed our camp yesterday—and he said that Uncle Frank isn't dead at all—and that he saw him in Yuma—and papa's going to him right away—and give him half of the mine—and—and—then we're all going out of the desert!

A dim, lithe figure tripped out of the darkness and threw itself, laughing and sobbing, into the woman's arms; then out in the mesquite which the child had left behind sounded the tread of heavy feet.

"Vera!" The voice that came out of the darkness was gruffly tender and throbbed with eagerness.

The woman sent a quick, frightened glance back over her shoulder, the automatic clutched tight in her stiff fingers. But she saw no skulking shadow pressed against the wall. Then out of the mesquite came a big black bulk that blurred clumsily against her.

"Henry!" she moaned; and she swooned on his breast with the sand-muffled thud of retreating hoofs pounding in her ears.



THE LAND OF PANTHER RUN

By HOWARD PRESTON BARTRAM.

What's my name?—It's Larry Hank;
Got a boat and gun;
And a lean-to in the cove
Nigh to Panther Run.
Got a right slick little hound;
Got a cabin, too—
'Leven mile by Perkins trail;
Sixteen by canoe.

Tell yer—there's the land for ye— Land of Panther Run; Hills a-scooting to the skee; Leapin' nigh the sun. Now and then a big black bear In the old swamp over there. Six point buck and partridge, too— (Least enough fer me an' you)

Ken I cook? Why, bless my soul—
What yer think I be?
Some old socker out of luck
Trolling fer a fee?
Guided nigh to forty year;
Snaked out trees an' trapped—
Bagged a score of catamount
Fer as Huggin's Gap—
Raised ten chil'ens (married Liz)
Drunk;—and had the rheumatiz.
Cached an' tented—(burned out slash)
Skeed;—an' run the Allegash.

So yer think ye'll take a chance—do yer?
Wal, I swan—what I tell yer's jest plain truth
T'aint no Yankee yarn.
Lake's a nasty kickin' sea—
(Better rest till morn)
So long, boys, we'll hit the trail
'Bout the break of dawn.



"Cold, long drawn out winter, with the country blanketed with anow----

Old Point Baldy

By MILTON R. RUTHERFORD

OME Jim, tell us a story," we said at last to our host, as we sat locally fore the blazing fireplace.

Jim Brannon was a large man and rather tall, but well proportioned. His height was lessened somewhat by the stoop of his shoulders, as he stood by the hearth, with one elbow resting on the mantel. Seemingly he did not hear our request as he gazed into the glowing fire, then raising his head, his eyes came on a level with a window across the room; a window with its outside casement banked high with snow.

A reminiscent smile crossed his lips as he sat down in the remaining chair drawn up in the

circle before the fire, and replied:

"All right boys, here goes: It happened seven years ago this winter; it was a cold and long drawn out winter, when all the country was blanketed with snow for months.

"I was prospecting over in the Mother Lode district, but a short distance from an old and well known landmark, Old Point Baldy. If you haven't seen it, you have probably heard of it. It is impossible for snow to lodge on the smooth and perpendicular walls, and in the mornings of that winter, the bold relief of the great mass of rock and granite stood out cold and tragic.

"I was staying alone in a plainly furnished two-room shack. The building was roughly put together, but it was tight and kept out the wind

and storm.

"This was before I made my stake; those were good old days, though, and the thought every day of striking a rich vein was almost equal to this." His gaze wandered over the luxuriantly furnished room, a room that individualized cozy and easy comfort.

"Winter set in early that year, even more quickly than the signs of the change warranted. When gambling with the weather, the odds are oftentimes uneven. The lean-to at the north of my shack was filled with firewood, and fortunately I had plenty of grub. It was only a week before when a driver with a pack train bound for the Argesinger Mine, followed the miles of winding trail, and relieving one of the burros, left my winter supplies at my door.

"The outcroppings of a quartz vein about four miles further up the ridge, had caught my attention the day before, and what seemed a promising prosepect got me out early the following morning. The early part of that day, I remember, was bright, the sun was shining and the air was still, with hardly an effort of a breeze anywhere.

"Prospecting holds a certain fascination in the ever present possibility of striking it rich, and the good specimens I found kept me so interested in my work that I took but little heed of time or weather, till a dull haze filled the atmosphere and a vague shadow crossed the sky. I shoved the last specimen into my pocket as the oncoming storm turned the sky to a leaden gray. There was going to be snow falling very soon and lots of it. I could feel in the air that predictive calm as I turned and ran on my backward trail to camp.

"I had gone perhaps a mile, maybe less, when light, downy flakes one slowly after another fell about me, and rapidly multiplying into thousands and millions, fluffed over the landscape. The very whiteness of the flakes turned to a muddy grey in their density, and all was surrounded by an early semi-darkness. The spongy snow lay under my feet, and increased in depth every moment, as I followed my vague sense of direction in the flurrying storm. The rugged contour of the ridge filled in by the falling snow, gave the smooth effect of white velvet, only to reveal a hidden hole or covered boulder, skinning and bruising my shins as I floundered along.

"How I ever did it, I can never tell, but the firm ground seemed to vanish from under my feet, and I pitched forward directly over a ledge and fell about ten feet down the slope. Rolling a few feet further in the soft snow I lodged at the base of a large bush and directly before the mouth of a large cave. White as a veritable snow-man I blindly stumbled into this dark hole, glad to get out of the storm. interior was dark as night; I couldn't see a foot before me, as I groped my way further in. My heart seemed to rise up in my throat and choke me, as I stumbled over something at my feet and fell headlong. The fingers of my outstretched hands were imbedded in soft fur, and a low growl just about froze me stiff, as I scrambled from off the back of a big grizzly.

"Collecting my scattered wits, I got to my feet somehow, and with all the speed I could muster I made for the outside. I was strongly in hopes he would be too far in the hibernated state to follow me, but no such luck. I had gotten but a short distance from the opening of the cave, when I glanced back over my shoulder as I ran and saw him coming. He sure did look like a mountain, I can tell you, as he emerged from that black hole with his little mouth opened wide, showing two rows of wicked teeth.

"The past summer had been exceptionally dry with but little vegetation, and the berries these animals are so fond of had dried up on the bush before they had a chance to ripen. I knew this big fellow had started his winter's sleep on an empty stomach, and that he was hungry and

terribly angry."

A twinkle came into the speaker's eyes. "I shot out of that hole like a bullet. It was some race I want to tell you, and I was sure running for high stakes. I don't know where I was headed for, but I was in a hurry to get somewhere, and it was still heavily snowing.

"I could hear the huge animal lunging behind me, tearing through the brush and slipping and sliding on a stretch of shale or granite. Quickly grasping the idea I worked up the slope as I scrambled on, realizing that the heavy and awkward brute could not hold its footing going up the incline as well as going downward.

"I ran on, dodging a bush here and a boulder there, with the snow under my feet trying my strength at every step. The crashing and floundering behind me spurred me on, but it was more than my tired muscles could stand. I was nearly winded and it seemed I couldn't go a

step further.

"Perspiration rolled from my forehead into my eyes, stinging them so I could hardly see; then I stepped into a hole. I tried to rise, but my leg crumpled up under me, causing me such pain that I felt sick and dizzy. It seemed like a spider's web was stretched over my brain; then the light flickered in my eyes and all was darkness.

"I felt waves of warm air over my face as I returned to consciousness; I looked square into the animal's face, and scared,—I was that scared, I was powerless to move.

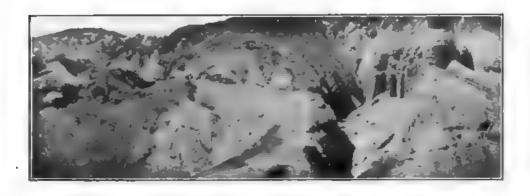
"My tense nerves seemed to snap as the sudden sharp cracking of a limb, breaking under a heavy weight of snow, caused the animal to swing around to face a possible enemy in another quarter. I tried to move slightly to relieve the intense pain in my leg, when the slight noise drew the attention of the bear. He whirled around as on a pivot to lunge at me, and with a convulsive shudder that ran through my whole body, I closed my eyes.

"With the agonizing thought of its teeth and claws tearing into my flesh moments were as hours. When I opened them again the grizzly was nowhere in sight, but a deep furrow of about six feet to my right ended in the vacancy of the still falling snow. Cautiously I dragged myself to the edge, and then realized where I was and what had happened; I was on Old Point Baldy. The bear, when swinging around on its haunches, had lost its balance in the soft snow on the slippery surface and had fallen to the rocks below.

"My cabin was but a short distance, but I dreaded the steep and rough country I must cover with my sprained and swollen ankle."

An involuntary look of pain and a harrowed expression appeared on Brannon's face as he lived over that half mile to his cabin, crawling over the snow that gave way to the rough jagged rocks beneath and dragging the wounded foot behind him.

"There is but little more to tell; a few weeks later I made a trail through the snow to the foot of Old Point Baldy,—well, there is the skin on the floor; he was a big fellow, wasn't he?"



A Change of Relations

By MYRTLE QUINCY WILCOX

OHN, do you regret that we left civilization and came away out here to take up a claim or two?"

"No, Sidney, I haven't yet. You know openings were few, in the home town."

"I'll claim they were."

"I figured that the best help we could give father was to get away and look out for ourselves."

"We threshed that all out before coming, but I sometimes wonder how we are going to employ all the hours of the long winter months with so little diversion. The summer months have not been burdensome, as we have been so busy building our two-roomed shack. Pretty nifty it is too, boy."

"The diverting experience of housekeeping has been a new and exciting one for you, too. Some of these dishes you have concocted for me to eat have been decidedly new, and here's hop-

ing they may never grow old."

"There's soon going to be weather that we can't poke our noses out doors unless we want them frozen off. You know Dakota puts up some imitation of a real winter. I wonder if an all winter course of checkers won't pall on us, especially when you walk your men all over the board at will in spite of all I can do?"

"Our amusement is not to be our winter occupation. We must get our timber claim ready for trees by early spring; have you forgotten

that?"

"No, I have not forgotten, but what will be

our pastime? Making snow men?"

"This experience may make a man out of you if you stick it out," and John looked appraisingly at his younger brother, Sidney. John had revolved this problem in his own mind, realizing how depressing their sedate life would be for Sidney.

"I wonder, Sid, if we could persuade mother to come out and visit us, say, stay two months.

Would that prove a diversion?"

"Would it? You tell 'um. She would never think she could leave father and those precious children at home."

"Let's write and invite her. She might make an arrangement with Aunt Martha and Uncle Ed. to stay with the family while she is away."

"O John, it almost makes me homesick to mention her name. It would be a prosaic, vacation in this shack with the cold winter we will have." "She will have to come very soon before the

deep snow comes."

"Write her tonight, John. Don't tell her I am homesick. I am only fearing that some of my symptoms portend an attack of that malady."

"You're a brick, all right, Sidney, and I will make that plain to her, but I will write to her

now."

The hope of a visit from mother put new impetus into their labors. The lads labored long and faithfully these bracing fall days.

A rude stable took form and the place began

to look like home to them.

After two interminable weeks the answer to their invitation arrived. Sidney handed it to John to open and read it, as he had all he could do to control his heart as that member seemed to have gone on a strike. Sidney felt he could not stick it out if the hope of his mother's visit were taken from him and he sure hated to show a yellow streak and thus diminish John's belief in him.

When John read aloud that she was really coming, the most essential member of Sidney's anatomy seemed to turn a complete somersault,

and started beating faster than ever.

John read: "October 15 will be the earliest date I can manage, but you may expect me on that day. I am sure anxious to see you both and see for myself that you have things comfortable for the winter."

The embryo town of Bannock was five miles from where John and Sidney had built their shack. The nearest approach to a building in this characteristic western town was a small platform and signboard bravely bearing the name "Bannock."

The daily train arrived at 7:15 P. M. and stopped only when there was a passenger.

October 15 ushered in the first snow storm of the season. A little premature as snow storms have a habit of being.

"John, do you think this storm will prevent the train coming through tonight," asked Sidney, anxiously as he flipped a flapjack into the air for casuality, at breakfast.

"No danger of that today, the snow is not

heavy enough."

"There is quite a wind rising, it may be drifted deep in places."

"Yes, but I will start early and take a shovel in case it is drifted."

"I will stay here and have a fire and something hot to eat. Won't mother be surprised at how well I can cook?"

"She'll be surprised alright," answered John

enigmatically.

"The train may be delayed, so don't be anxious if we are late getting here," said John, as he started an hour before train time.

Sidney sat down with an interesting book, for

a long two or three hours by himself.

John used his shovel several times, but got to Bannock without serious mishap. After waiting a long, tedious hour he was delighted to hear the whistle of the approaching train.

It was very dark, but by the light from the engine he saw a lonesome figure descend to the platform not far from where he was standing and rushed to reassure her. Throwing both arms around his mother, he gave her a relieved kiss and hurried her into the waiting vehicle out of the wind, which was gaining rapidly in velocity.

"Fortunately I brought plenty of robes, as it is getting cold. Now keep them tucked around you closely. There is a hot rock there for your

feet."

John buttoned the sidecurtains securely and taking the reins turned the horses toward home. He had a trusty team and had much confidence in their being able to keep the trail even if he should confuse the directions in the blinding snow storm.

Conversation was impossible, and John and the horses applied themselves vigorously to getting home and out of the storm. Twice the horses floundered in deep drifts and John was compelled to shovel a way out. Each time he readjusted the robes and shouted a reassurance to his mother, that the horses were doing fine work, and that Sidney would have a roaring fire and hot coffee when they reached home.

After two hours John was rejoiced to see their light. Stopping near the door out of the wind he helped his mother, who climbed down clumsily, awkward from the long ride, from the carriage and taking her arm assisted here into the

house.

Sidney danced around in boyish glee and together they began to take off coats and scarfs, solicitous for her comfort. When the last coat was removed they both looked up startled as she exclaimed, "Oh Jawn, Jawn," in an unfamiliar accent.

John and Sidney in the same instant recognized that this was not their mother at all, but a woman of some foreign extraction.

Probably, yes, undoubtedly, some one's moth-

er, or grand mother.

They both stared speechless, not being able to comprehend this apparition.

The old lady looked inquiringly from one to the other, surveyed the shack, then covering her face with her hands said:

"Jawn, Jawn—" in a lingo they could not

understand.

"I am Jawn, all right, but, great guns, who are you?"

This sounding like gibberish to their visitor, she vouched no information.

John's mind was diverted from this unsolvable riddle by Sidney's exclamation.

"Where is our mother, in this storm?"

"She did not come, for this was the only passenger to get off the train, of that I am sure."

"But, where is she, tell me that?" and Sidney looked accusingly at John, as if he deliberately had traded his mother without Sidney's consent.

"Can't we send a wire?"

"The only wire I can think of is the yard fence, and that probably would not reach her. There is, I expect a letter some place explaining her change of plans, but we won't get mail out here for several days."

"Well, what can we do?"

"There is no other train until tomorrow evening, and I can't see that we can do anything until then. I will meet the train then, in case she was detained.

"Sidney get something on the table for our guest to eat while I see if I can find the stable and get the horses out of the wind."

The guest watched them distrustfully and mumbled some incoherent words, the only one intelligent to them being "Jawn."

When John came in after putting the horses away, they, with many gesticulations persuaded their visitor to drink a cup of coffee.

"We will have to give her our bed and we must sleep here on the floor by the fire."

"I wish we knew that our mother had as comfortable a bed," answered Sidney, still uneasy of mind.

"I think we will find she was discreet and stopped in Hamilton where there is a hotel. The storm was raging when she reached there, just listen to that wind. I am glad we have so much wood in the house."

"You show the guest the guest chamber,

John, she is your find, anyway."

This was much easier said than done. John opened the door to the little bed room, set a candle on the little improvised table, and mo-

tioned her to enter. Whereupon she shook her head negatively, and moved closer to the stove with a scared determined look.

"She is afraid of us," said Sidney. "She thinks we are some kind of toughs, I'm not surprised if she thinks you are a kidnapper. I wonder how much ransom 'Jawn' would put up for her?"

"He can have her and welcome if he will claim his goods. Can't you say something reassuring?"

"Say! I can say something, but here is where words don't count."

many mothers wished on us with our present accommodations."

"One should not be too many for two huskies like us," surmised Sidney.

The thought of the other mother made them feel somwhat subdued as the fixed a bunk by the fire and crawled silently in to rest and sleep what they could until morning.

The storm was abating when they arose, but the deep drifts made them feel as if they were on a planet, uninhabited except by themselves.

"I will take the team and see if it is possible to get through to Bannock." said Sidney at



"The deep drifts made them feel as if they were on a planet"

Sidney having a bright idea took the key out of the door and placing it on the inside locked and unlocked it several times to demonstrate to their guest how she could lock the door securely, and motioned her to enter. She finally walked slowly in, talking in an undertone as she went, and they heard the lock slip into place.

"What are we to do with her? Who do you suppose she is?" asked John, perplexed.

"She may have gotten off at the wrong city entirely. It was surely fortunate that you were there to meet her. There would be little chance for her on that platform tonight. Our agent is very inhospitable."

"I have a hunch," said Sidney, "that she may belong to some workmen I notice going by in a handcar. They may have a camp down the line and are repairing the track."

"I hope you are right for we do not want too

breakfast, anxious for a hand clasp with the snow king.

"You stay here and entertain your grosmudder, but do not do all the talking. I will be back at noon and report how deep the snow is."

At three o'clock Sidney came home tired from shoveling, but said the road was passable.

"You better start by five o'clock for you may have some shoveling to do. Fortunately the wind has gone down and will not blow the snow into the track I opened."

As John prepared to meet the train, the old lady began to wrap up in her numerous coats and shawls expecting to go, too.

"Better let her go. You may see Jawn some place."

John shook his head doubtfully. However, there seemed no alternative, as she seemed determined to go. John tucked her in as before and started to the imaginary town of Bannock.

The wait in the cold seemed interminable, but finally the shrill whistle caused even the horses to prick up expectant ears.

John stood on the platform hardly daring to think what would be next if his mother should

not come.

To his joy the train came to a stop and his very own mother stepped off almost where he was standing. How good she looked to him as he held her in long embrace.

"I sure was glad to see you here, John. My train was so late last night that I could not connect with this branch, so stayed in Hamilton all night. I hope you did not worry."

"What would you have done if I had not met

the train tonight?" asked John.

"I thought if I saw no one here I would get back on the train and go to the next town until we could get word back and forth, but I am glad you were, as in this weather you must need a mother to take care of you."

While they were talking they were moving toward the end of the platform where the team were tied and blanketed. John suddenly

thought of the other mother, but before he could explain, she came tumbling excitedly out of the carriage and started down the track, on a run or a semblance of one, where a handcar was approaching.

The car came to a stop, and a stalwart Bohemian held his mother in an embrace, no less sincere than John's had been on the arrival of his mother.

"Jawn," lifted her to a seat on the handcar and they disappeared down the track.

What miscarried plans sent them their guest for the night John and Sidney will never know. The description to "Jawn" of them and their hospitality will always be an amusing conjecture.

When they drew up at home, Sidney had the door open and his joy was great at seeing his very own mother all right coming briskly into the cabin.

"Now, let the wind howl. We have our mother, this looks like home to me," was Sidney's greeting.



Lanty Foster

By BRET HARTE

ANTY FOSTER was crouching on a low stool before the dying kitchen fire, the better to get its fading radiance on the book she was reading. Beyond, through the open window and door, the fire was also slowly fading from the sky and the mountain ridge whence the sun had dropped half an hour before. The view was up-hill, and the sky-line of the hill was marked by two or three gibbetlike poles from which, on a now invisible line between them, depended certain objects—mere black silhouettes against the sky-which bore weird likeness to human figures. Absorbed as she was in her book, she occasionally cast an impatient glance in that direction, as the sunlight faded more quickly than her fire. For the fluttering objects were the "week's wash" which had to be brought in before night fell and the mountain wind arose. It was strong at that altitude and before this had ravished the clothes from the line, and scattered them along the high road leading over the ridge—once even lashing the shy schoolmaster with a pair of Lanty's own stockings, and blinding the parson with a really tempestuous petticoat.

A whiff of wind down the big-throated chimney stirred the log embers on the hearth, and the girl jumped to her feet, closing the book with an impatient snap. She knew her mother's voice would follow. It was hard to leave her heroine at the crucial moment of receiving an explanation from a presumed faithless lover, just to climb a hill and take in a lot of soulless washing, but such are the infelicities of stolen romance reading. She threw the clothes basket over her head like a hood, the handle resting across her bosom and shoulders, and, with both her hands free, started out of the cabin. But the darkness had come up from the valley in one stride, after its mountain fashion, had outstripped her, and she was instantly plunged in it. Still the outline of the ridge above her was visible, with the white steadfast stars that were not there a moment ago, and by that sign she knew she was late. She had to battle against the rushing wind now, which sunk through the inverted basket over her head and held her back, but with bent shoulders she at last reached the top of the ridge and the level. Yet here, owing to the shifting of the lighter background above her, she now found herself again encompassed with The outlines of the poles had the darkness.

disappeared, the white fluttering garments were dancing ghosts. But there certainly was a queer misshapen bulk moving beyond, which she did not recognize, and as she at last reached one of the poles, a shock was communicated to it, through the clothes line and the bulk beyond. Then she heard a voice say, impatiently:

"What in h-ll am I running into now?"

It was a man's voice, and, from its elevation the voice of a man on horseback. She answered without fear and with slow deliberation:

"Inter our clothes line, I reckon."

"Oh," said the man in a half apologetic tone. Then in brisker accents: "The very thing I want! I say, can you give me a bit of it? The ring of my saddle girth has fetched loose. I can fasten it with that."

"I reckon," replied Lanty, with the same unconcern, moving nearer the bulk, which now separated into two parts as the man dismounted. "How much do you want?"

"A foot or two will do."

They were now in front of each other, although their faces were not distinguishable to either. Lanty, who had been following the lines with her hand, here came upon the end knotted around the last pole. Then she began to untie.

"What a place to hang clothes," he said cur-

"Mighty dryin' tho'," returned Lanty, lacon-

"And your house?—is it near by?" he con-

"Just down the ridge—ye kin see from the edge. Got a knife?" She had untied the knot.

"No-ves-wait." He had hesitated a moment and then produced something from his breast pocket which he, however, kept in his hand. As he did not offer it to her she simply held out a section of the rope between her hands, which he divided with a single cut. She saw only that the instrument was long and keen. Then she lifted the flap of the saddle for him as he attempted to fasten the loose ring with the rope, but the darkness made it impossible. With an ejaculation he fumbled in his pockets. "My last match!" he said, striking it, as he crouched over it to protect it from the wind. Lanty leaned over also with her apron raised between it and the blast. The flame for an instant lit up the ring, the man's dark face,

mustache, and white teeth set together as he tugged at the girth, and on Lanty's brown velvet eyes and soft round cheek framed in the basket. Then it went out, but the ring was secured.

"Thank you," said the man with a short laugh, "but I thought you were a humpbacked witch in the dark there."

"And I couldn't make out whether you was a cow or a bar," returned the young girl simply. Here, however, he quickly mounted his horse, but in the action something slipped from his clothes, struck a stone and bounded away in the darkness.

"My knife," he said hurriedly. "Please hand it to me." But although the young girl dropped on her knees and searched the ground diligently, it could not be found. The man, with a restrained ejaculation, again dismounted, and joined in the search. "Haven't you got another match?" suggested Lanty.

"No—it was my last!" he said impatiently.

"Just you hol' on here," she said suddenly, "and I'll run down to the kitchen and fetch you

a light. I won't be long."

"No! No!" said the man, quickly, "don't! I couldn't wait; I've been here too long now. Look here. You come in daylight and find it, and—just keep it for me, will you?" he laughed. "I'll come for it. And now, if you'll only help to set me on that road again—for it's so infernal black I can't see the mare's ears ahead of me—I won't bother you any more. Thank you."

Lanty had quietly moved to his horse's head and taken the bridle in her hand, and at once seemed to be lost in the gloom. But in a few moments he felt the muffled thud of his horse's hoofs on the thick dust of the highway, and its still hot impalpable powder rising to his nostrils.

"Thank you," he said again, "I'm all right now," and in the pause that followed it seemed to Lanty that he had extended a parting hand to her in the darkness. She put up her own to meet it, but missed his, which had blundered onto her shoulder. Before she could grasp it, she felt him stooping over her the light brush of his soft mustache on her cheek, and then the starting forward of his horse. But the retaliating box on the ear she had promptly aimed at him spent itself in the black space which seemed suddenly to have swallowed up the man, and even his light laugh.

For an instant she stood still, and then swinging the basket indignantly from her shoulder, took up her suspended task. It was no light one in the increasing wind, and the

unfastened clothes line had precipitated a part of its burden to the ground through the loosening of the rope. But on picking up the trailing garments her hand struck an unfamiliar object. The stranger's lost knife! She thrust it hastily into the bottom of the basket and completed her work. As she began to descend with her burden she saw that the light of the kitchen fire, seen through the windows, was augmented by a candle. Her mother was evidently awaiting her.

"Pretty time to be fetchin' in the wash," said Mrs. Foster, querulously. "But what can you expect when folks stand gossipin' and philanderin' on the ridge instead o' tendin' to their work."

Now Lanty knew that she had not been "gossippin'" nor "philanderin'," yet as the parting salute might have been open to that imputation, and as she surmised that her mother might have overheard their voices, she briefly said, to prevent further questioning, that she had shown a stranger the road. But for her mother's unjust accusation she would have been more communicative. As Mrs. Foster went back grumblingly into the sitting room, Lanty resolved to keep the knife at present a secret from her mother, and to that purpose removed it from the basket. But in the light of the candle she saw it for the first time plainly—and started.

For it was really a dagger! jeweled-handled and richly wrought-such as Lanty had never looked upon before. The hilt was studded with gems, and the blade, which had a cutting edge. was damascened in blue and gold. Her soft eyes reflected the brilliant setting-her lips parted breathlessly; then, as her mother's voice arose in the other room, she thrust it back into its velvet sheath and clapped it in her pocket. Its rare beauty had confirmed her resolution of absolute secrecy. To have shown it now would have made "no end of talk." And she was not sure but that her parents would have demanded its custody! And it was given to her by him to keep. This settled the question of moral ethics. She took the first opportunity to run up to her bedroom and hide it under the mattress.

Yet the thought of it filled the rest of her evening. When her household duties were done she took up her novel again partly from force of habit and partly as an attitude in which she could think of It undisturbed. For what was fiction to her now! True, it possessed a certain reminiscent value. A "dagger" had appeared in several romances she had devoured but she never had a clear idea of one before. "The Count sprang back, and, drawing from his

belt a richly jeweled dagger, hissed between his teeth"—or, more to the purpose, "Take this," said Orlando, handing her the ruby-hilted poignard which had gleamed upon his thigh, "and should the caitiff attempt thy unguarded innocence—"

"Did ye hear what your father was sayin'?"
Lanty started. It was her mother's voice in the doorway, and she had been vaguely conscious of another voice pitched in the same querulous key—which, indeed, was the dominant expression of the small ranchers of that fertile neighborhood. Possibly a too complaisant and unaggressive Nature had spoiled them.

"Yes!—no!" said Lanty, abstractedly, "what

did he say?"

"If you wasn't taken up with your fool book!" Mrs. Foster, glancing at her daughter's slightly conscious color, "ye'd know! He allowed ye'd better not leave yer filly in the far pasture nights. That gang o' Mexican horsethieves is out again, and raided McKinnon's stock last night."

This touched Lanty closely. The filly was her own property, and she was breaking it for her own riding. But her distrust of her parents' interference was greater than any fear of horse stealers. "She's mighty uneasy in the barn, and," she added, with a proud consciousness of that beautiful, yet carnal, weapon upstairs, "I reckon I ken protect her and myself agin any Mexican horse thieves."

"My! but we're gettin' high and mighty," responded Mrs. Foster, with deep irony. "Did you git all that outer your fool book?"

"Mebbe," said Lanty, curtly.

Nevertheless, her thoughts that night were not entirely based on written romance. She wondered if the stranger knew that she had really tried to box his ears in the darkness; also if he had been able to see her face. His, she remembered; at least, the flash of his white teeth against his dark face and darker mustache, which was quite as soft as her own hair. But if he thought "for a minnit" that she was "goin' to allow an entire stranger to kiss her-he was mighty mistaken." She would let him know it "pretty quick!" She should hand him back the dagger "quite careless like"-and never let on that she'd thought anything of it. Perhaps that was the reason why, before she went to bed, she took a good look at it, and, after taking off her straight beltless calico gown, she even tried the effect of it, thrust in the stiff waistband of her petticoat, with the jeweled hilt displayed, and thought it looked charming—as indeed it did. And then, having said her

prayers like a good girl, and supplicated that she should be less "techy" with her parents, she went to sleep and dreamed that she had gone out to take in the wash again but that the clothes had all changed to the queerest lot of folks, who were all fighting and struggling with each other until she, Lanty! drawing her dagger, rushed up single-handed among them, crying: "Disperse, ye craven curs — disperse, I say." And they dispersed.

Yet even Lanty was obliged to admit the next morning that all this was somewhat incongruous with the baking of "corn dodgers," the frying of fish, the making of beds, and her other household duties, and dismissed the stranger from her mind until he should "happen along." In her freer and more acceptable out-of-door duties she even tolerated the advances of neighboring swains who made a point of passing by "Foster's Ranch," and who were quite aware that Atalanta Foster, alias "Lanty," was one of the prettiest girls in the country. But Lanty's toleration consisted in that singular performance known to herself as "giving them as good as they sent," being a lazy traversing, qualified with scorn, of all that they advanced. How long they would have put up with this from a plain girl I do not know, but Lanty's short upper lip seemed framed for indolent and fascinating scorn, and her soft, dreamy eyes usually looked beyond the questioner, or blunted his bolder glances in their velvety surfaces. The libretto of these scenes was not exhaustive, e.g.:

The Swain (with bold, bad gayety): Saw that shy schoolmaster hangin' round your ridge yesterday! Orter know by this time that shyness with a gal don't pay.

Lanty (decisively); Mebbe he allows it don't

get left as often as impudence.

The Swain (ignoring the reply and his previous attitude and becoming more direct): I was calkilatin' to say that with these yer hoss-thieves about, yer filly ain't safe in the pasture. I took a turn round there two or three times last evening, to see if she was all right.

Lanty (with a flattering show of interest)
No! did ye now? I was jest wondering'——

The Swain (eagerly): I did—quite late, too! Why, that's nothin', Miss Atlanty, to what I'd do for you.

Lanty (musing, with far off eyes): Then that's why she was so awful skeerd and fright-ened! Just jumpin' outer her skin with horror. I reckoned it was bar or panther or a spook! You ought to have waited till she got accustomed to your looks.

Nevertheless, despite this elegant raillery.

Lanty was enough concerned in the safety of her horse to visit it the next day with a view of bringing it nearer home. She had just stepped into the alder fringe of a dry "run" when she came suddenly upon the figure of a horseman in the "run" who had been hidden by the alders from the plain beyond, and who seemed to be engaged in examining the hoof marks in the dust of the old ford. Something about his figure struck her recollection, and, as he looked up quickly, she saw it was the owner of the dagger. But he appeared to be lighter of hair and complexion and was dressed differently and more like a vaquero. Yet there was the same flash of his teeth as he recognized her, and she knew it was the same man.

Alas! for her preparation. Without the knife she could not make that haughty return of it which she had contemplated. And more than that, she was conscious she was blushing! Nevertheless she managed to level her pretty brown eyebrows at him, and said sharply that if he followed her to her home she would return his property at once.

"But I'm in on hurry for it," he said with a laugh—the same light laugh and pleasant voice she remembered, "and I'd rather not come to the house just now. The knife is in good hands, I know—and I'll call for it when I want it! And until then—if it's all the same to you—keep it to yourself—keep it dark—as dark as the night I lost it!"

"I don't go about blabbing my affairs," said Lanty, indignantly, "and if it hadn't been dark that night you'd have had your ears boxed you know why!"

The stranger laughed again, waved his hand to Lanty and galloped away.

Lanty was a little disappointed. The daylight had taken away some of her illusions. He was certainly very good-looking—but not quite as picturesque, mysterious and thrilling as in the dark! And it was very queer—he certainly did look darker that night! Who was he? and why was he lingering near her? He was different from her neighbors—her admirers. He might be one of these locaters, from the big towns, who prospect the land, with a view of settling government warrants on them—they were always so secret until they found out what they wanted. She did not dare to seek information of her friends—for the same reason that she had concealed his existence from her mother—it would provoke awkward questions; and it was evident that he was trusting to her secrecy, too. The thought thrilled her with a new pride, and was some compensation for the loss of her more intangible romance. It would be mighty fine when he did call openly for his beautiful knife, and declared himself, to have them all know that she knew about it all along.

When she reached home, to guard against another such surprise, she determined to keep the weapon with her, and distrusting her pocket, confided it to the cheap little country made corset which only for the last year had confined her budding figure and which now, perhaps, heaved with an additional pride. She was quite abstracted during the rest of the day, and paid but little attention to the gossip of the farm lads, who were full of a daring raid, two nights before, by the Mexican gang on the large stock farm of a neighbor. The vigilant committee had been baffled; it was even alleged that some of the smaller ranchmen and herders were in league with the gang. It was also believed to be a widespread conspiracy; to have a political complexion in its combination of an alien race with southwestern filibusters. The legal authorities had been reinforced by special detectives from San Francisco. Lanty seldom troubled herself with these matters; she knew the exaggeration; she suspected the ignorance of her rural neighbors. She roughly referred it, in her own vocabulary, to "jaw"-a peculiarly masculine quality. But later in the evening when the domestic circle in the sitting-room had been augmented by a neighbor and Lanty had taken refuge behind her novel, as an excuse for silence, Zob Hopper, the enamored swain of the previous evening, burst in with more astonishing news. A posse of the Sheriff had just passed along the ridge; they had "corralled" part of the gang, and rescued some of the stock. The leader of the gang had escaped, but his capture was inevitable, as the roads were stopped. "All the same, I'm glad to see ye took my advice. Miss Atalanty, and brought in yer filly," he concluded, with an insinuating glance at the young girl.

But "Miss Atalanty," curling a quarter of an inch of scarlet lip above the edge of her novel, here "allowed" that if his advice or the filly had to be "took," she didn't know which was worse.

"I wonder ye kin talk to sech peartness, Mr. Hopper," said Mrs. Foster, severely; "she ain't got eyes nor senses for anythin' but that book."

"Talkin' o' what's to be 'took'," put in the diplomatic neighbor, "you bet it ain't that Mexican leader! No, sir! He's been 'stopped" before this—and then got clean away all the same! One o' them detectives got him once and disarmed him,—but he managed to give them the slip, after all. Why, he's that full o'

shifts and disguises that thar ain't no spottin' him. He walked right under the constable's nose onct, and took a drink with the sheriff that was arter him—and the blamed fool never knew it. He kin change even the color of his hair quick as winkin'."

"Is he a real Mexican—a regular Greaser?" asked the paternal Foster, "cos I never heard

that they wuz smart."

"No! They say he comes o' old Spanish stock—a bad egg they threw outer the nest, I reckon," put in Hopper, eagerly, seeing a strange animated interest dilating Lanty's eyes, and hoping to share in it, "but he's reg'lar hightoned, you bet! Why, I knew a man who seed him in his own camp—prinked out in a velvet jacket and silk sash, with gold chains and buttons down his wide pants and a dagger stuck in his sash, with a handle just blazin' with jew'ls. Yes! Miss Atalanty, they say that one stone at the top—a green stone—what they call an 'emral'—was worth the price o' a 'Frisco house lot. True! ez you live! eh—what's up now?"

Lanty's book had fallen on the floor as she was rising to her feet with a white face, still more strange and distorted in an affected vawn behind her little hand. "Yer makin' me that sick and nervous with yer fool yarns," she said. hysterically, "that I'm goin' to get a little fresh air. It's just stifling here with lies and terbacker!" With another high laugh she brushed past him into the kitchen, opened the door and then paused, and turning, ran rapidly up to her bedroom. Here she locked herself in, tore open the bosom of her dress, plucked out the dagger, threw it on the bed where the green stone gleamed for an instant in the candle-light and then dropped on her knees beside the bed with her whirling head buried in her cold red hands.

It had all come to her in a flash-like a blaze of lightning—the black haunting figure on the ridge, the broken saddle-girth, the abandonment of the dagger in the exigencies for flight and concealment; the second meeting and skulking in the dry, alder hidden "run," the changed dress, the lighter colored hair, but always the same voice and laugh—the leader, the fugitive! - the Mexican horse thief! And she- the God forsaken fool! — the chuckle-headed nigger baby—with not half the sense of her own filly or that sop-headed Hopper-had never seen it! She—she who would be the laughing stock of them a!l-she had thought him a "locator," a "towny" from 'Frisco! And she had consented to keep his knife until he would call for it-yes. call for it with fire and flame perhaps-the tramping of hoofs, pistol shots—and vet—

Yet!—he had trusted her. Yes! trusted her when he knew a word from her lips would have brought the whole district down on him! When the mere exposure of that dagger would have identified and damned him! Trusted her a second time, when she was within cry of her house!—when he might have taken her filly without her knowing it! And now she remembered vaguely that the neighbors had said how strange it was that her father's stock had not suffered as their had. He had protected themhe who was nowa fugitive—and their men pursuing him! She rose suddenly with a single stamp of her narrow foot and as suddenly became cool and sane. And then, quite her old self again, she lazily picked up the dagger and restored it to its place in her bosom. That done, with her color back and her eves a little brighter, she deliberately went downstairs again, stuck her litle brown head into the sitting room, said cheerfully, "Still yawpin', you folks," and passed quietly out into the darkness.

She ran swiftly up to the ridge, impelled there by the blind memory of having met him there at night—and of the one vague thought to give him warning. But it was dark and empty, with no sound but the rushing wind. And then an idea seized her. If he were haunting the vicinity still, he might see the fluttering of the clothes upon the line and believe she was there. She stooped quickly and in the merciful and exonerating darkness stripped off her only white petticoat and pinned it on the line. It flapped, fluttered and streamed in the mountain wind. She lingered and listened. But there came a sound she had not counted on; the clattering of hoofs of, not one-but many-horses on the lower road. She ran back to the house to find its inmates already hastening towards the road for news. She took that chance to slip in quietly, go to her room, whose window commanded a view of the ridge, and crouching low behind it, she listened. She could hear the sound of voices, and the tramping of heavy boots on the dusty path towards the barn yard on the other side of the house—a pause, and then the return of the trampling boots and the final clattering of hoofs on the road gain. Then there was a tap at her door and her mother's querulous voice:

"Oh, yer there, are ye? Well—it's the best place fer a girl—with all these man's doin's goin' on! They've got that Mexican horse thief and have tied him up in your filly's stall in the barn—till the 'Frisco deputy gets back from rounding up the others. So ye jest stay where

ye are till they've come and gone, and we're shut o' all that cattle. Are ye mindin'?"

"All right, maw—'tain't no call o' mine, any-how," returned Lanty through the half-opened door.

At another time her mother might have been startled at her passive obedience. Still more would she have been startled had she seen her daughter's face now, behind the closed doorwith her little mouth set over her clenched teeth. And yet it was her own child and Lanty was her mother's real daughter; the same pioneer blood filled their veins—the blood that had never nourished cravens or degenerates, but had given itself to sprinkle and fertilize desert solitudes where man might follow. Small wonder, then, that this frontier-born Lanty, whose first infant cry had been answered by the yelp of wolf and scream of panther; whose father's rifle had been leveled across her cradle to cover the stealthy Indian who prowled outside - small wonder that she should feel herself equal to these "man's doin's," and prompt to take a part. For even in the first shock of the news of the capture she recalled the fact that the barn was old and rotten, that only that day the filly had kicked a board loose from behind her stall, which she, Lanty, had lightly returned to avoid "making a fuss." If his captors had not noticed it, or trusted only to their guards, she might make the opening wide enough to free him!

Two hours later the guard nearest the now sleeping farm house—a farm hand of the Fosters'—saw his employer's daughter slip out and cautiously approach him. A devoted slave of Lanty's and familiar with her impulses he guessed her curiosity, and was not averse to satisfy it, and the sense of his own importance. To her whispers of affected, half-terrified interest, he responded in whispers that the captive was really in the filly's stall securely bound by his wrists behind his back, and his feet "hobbled" to a post. That Lanty couldn't see him, for it was dark inside and he was sitting with his back to the wall as he couldn't sleep comf'ble lyin' down. Lanty's eyes glowed but her face was turned aside.

"An' ye ain't reckonin' his friends will come and rescue him?" said Lanty, gazing with affected fearfulness in the darkness.

"Not much! There's two other guards down in the corral and I'd fire my gun and bring 'em up."

But Lanty was gazing open-mouthed towards the ridge. "What's that waving on the ridge?" she said in awe-stricken tones. She was pointing to the petticoat—a vague distant moving object against the horizon.

"Why, that's some o' the wash on the line—ain't it?"

"Wash—two days in the week!" said Lanty sharply. "Wot's gone of you?"

"Thet's so," muttered the man—"and it wan't there at sundown, I'll swear! P'raps I'd better call the guard," and he raised his rifle.

"Don't," said Lanty, catching his arm. "Suppose it's nothin'—they'll laugh at ye. Creep up softly and see; ye ain't afraid, are ye? If ye are—give me yer gun—and I'll go."

That settled the question, as Lanty expected. The man cocked his piece, and bending low, began cautiously to mount the acclivity. Lanty waited until his figure began to fade, and then ran like fire to the barn.

She had arranged every detail of her plan beforehand. Crouching beside the wall of the stall she hissed through a crack in thrilling whispers. "Don't move. Don't speak for your life's sake. Wait till I hand you back your knife, then do the best you can." Then slipping aside the loosened board she saw dimly the black outline of curling hair, back, shoulders and tied wrists of the captive. Drawing the knife from her pocket, with two strokes of its keen cutting edge she severed the cords, threw the knife into the opening and darted away. Yet in that moment she knew that the man was instinctively turning towards her. But it was one thing to free a horse thief—and another to stop and "philander" with him.

She ran half way up the ridge and met the farm hand returning. It was only a bit of washing, after all-and he was glad he hadn't fired his gun. On the other hand Lanty confessed she had got "so skeert" being alone that she came to seek him. She had the shivers—wasn't her hand cold? It was—but thrilling even in its coldness to the bashfully admiring man. And she was that weak and dizzy, he must let her lean on his ram going down-and they must go slow. She was sure he was cold, too, and if he would wait at the back door she would give him a drink of whisky. Thus Lanty -with her brain afire, her eyes and ears straining into the darkness and the vague outline of the barn beyond. Another moment was protracted over the drink of whisky, and then Lanty, with a faint archness, made him promise not to tell her mother of the escapade, and she promised on her part not to say anything about his "stalking a petticoat on the clothes line," and then shyly closed the door and regained her room. He must have got away by this time, or

have been discovered; she believed they would not open the barn door until the return of the posse.

She was right. It was near daybreak when they returned, and, again crouching low beside her window, she heard with a fierce joy the sudden outcry, the oaths, the wrangling voices, the summoning of her father to the front door and then the tumultuous sweeping away again of the whole posse—and a blessed silence fading over the rancho. And then Lanty went quietly to bed and slept like a three-year child.

Perhaps that was the reason why she was able at breakfast to listen with lazy and even rosy indifference to the startling events of the night; to the sneers of the farm hands at the posse who had overlooked the knife when they searched their prisoner, as well as the stupidity of the corral guard who had never heard him make a hole "the size of a house" in the barn side! Once she glanced demurely at Silas Briggs—the farm hand—and the poor fellow felt consoled in his shame at the remembrance of their confidences.

But Lanty's tranquility was not destined to last long. There was again the irruption of exciting news from the high road; the Mexican leader had been recaptured and was now safely lodged in Brownsville jail! Those who were previously loud in their praises of the successful horse thief who had baffled the vigilance of his pursuers, were now equally keen in their admiration of the new San Francisco deputy who, in turn, had outwitted the whole gang. It was he who was fertile in expedients; he who had studied the whole country, and even risked his life among the gang and he who had again closed the meshes of the net around the escaped outlaw. He was already returning by way of the Rancho, and might stop there a moment—so that they could all see the hero. Such was the power of success on the countryside! Outwardly indifferent, inwardly bitter, Lanty turned away. She would not grace his triumph if she kept in her room all day! there was a clatter of hoofs on the road again, Lanty slipped upstairs.

But in a few moments she was summoned. Captain Lance Wetherby, Assistant Chief of Police of San Francisco, Deputy Sheriff and ex-U. S. scout, had requested to see Miss Foster a few moments alone. Lanty knew what it meant—her secret had been discovered—but she was not the girl to shirk the responsibility. She lift-

ed her little brown head proudly, and, with the same resolute step with which she had left the house the night before, descended the stairs and entered the sitting room. At first she saw nothing. Then a remembered voice struck her ear—she started, looked up, and gasping fell back against the door. It was the stranger who had given her the dagger, the stranger she had met in the run!—the horse thief himself!—no! no! she saw it all now—she had cut loose the wrong man!

He looked at her with a smile of sadness as he drew from his breast pocket that dreadful dagger—the very sight of which Lanty now loathed! "This is the second time, Miss Foster," he said gently, "that I have taken this knife from Muriette, the Mexican bandit; once when I disarmed him three weeks ago, and he escaped and I recaptured him. After I lost it that night I understood from you that you had found it and were keeping it for me." He paused a moment and went on: "I don't ask you what happened last night. I don't condemn you for it; I can believe what a girl of your courage and sympathy might rightly do if her pity were excited; I only ask—why did you give him back that knife I trusted you with?"

"Why?—why did I?" burst out Lanty in a daring gush of truth, scorn and temper, "because I thought you were that horse thief! There!"

He drew back astonished, and then suddenly came that laugh that Lanty remembered and now hailed with joy. "I believe you, by Jove!" he gasped. "That first night I wore the disguise in which I have tracked him and mingled with his gang. Yes! I see it all now—and more. I see that to you I owe his recapture!"

"To me!" echoed the bewildered girl, "how?"

"Why, instead of making for his cave he lingered here in the confines of the ranch. He thought you were in love with him because you freed him and gave him his knife, and stayed to see you!"

But Lanty had her apron to her eyes, whose first tears were filling their velvet depths. And her voice was broken as she said:

"Then he—cared—a—good deal more for me than some people!"

But there is every reason to believe that Lanty was wrong! At least later events that are part of the history of Foster's Rancho and the Foster family, pointed distinctly to the contrary.





Spring and a happy "dog's life" amongst the talle swamps of the Sacramento Valley

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The Kernel of the Conference

By EDWARD A. FILENE

An Address Before the Educational Salesmen's Association of New England.

H

UGHES cracked the nut with a sledge hammer blow.

Briand got at the kernel.

Hughes made a big and courageous first step. Briand pointed out the practical way.

Briand was right. We may not concede all his premises—I for one do not agree that Germany is in a position to attack France, or is secretly arming to do so. But M. Briand's position must appeal to us as the only practical one.

If M. Briand were to agree to a reduction of armament on land he would not be able to make good. M. Briand and his associates officially represent the French people. They must obey the will and express the desires of the French people if they wish to continue to represent them.

France has twice been attacked by Germany. In the minds and hearts of a considerable number of the people of France there is a fear that they may be attacked again. Any French government that acts without taking account of this fear will be thrown out of power immediately. To say the Germans are not armed, or even to prove it, is no answer. The French know perfectly well that a Germany industrially recuperated—industrially strong enough to pay the indemnity—could quickly convert that industrial power to military power if it saw fit.

No, the French fear of an attack by Germany must be answered in a more concrete way. For so long as this fear survives it will dominate the French policy, will force France to maintain larrger armies than she can afford, and will force her to make everything else second to her military needs.

We Americans are practical people. It should be easy for us to understand this. Let us consider the position of France in terms of an American problem. Suppose Mexico had twice our manpower and a population of 250,000,000 people. Suppose Mexico had twice attacked us. Would we agree to disarmament unless the majority of us were convinced that we had adequate other protection in place of the armament?

The kernel of the Washington Conference is that real reduction of armament is not possible without a powerful and effective substitute for armament to provide a guarantee of safety to

the peoples.

There was a time in the history of our country when every man carried a gun. Then we Americans became convinced that using a gun was a bad way of settling a dispute—it led to more disputes, more trouble. American public opinion wanted it stopped, and we stopped it in our practical American way: first we provided adequate police protection and court machinery to guard ourselves and our property. Then, but only then, we made it illegal to carry a gun, and Americans, with few exceptions, gave up relying on guns.

The problem of the present Washington Conference is very similar. It differs not in kind but in size. Time and invention have brought the nations of the world nearer to each other and to us than our States were to one another when we decreed it illegal to carry guns. We have come to a point in international history where we are convinced that the use of a gun is a bad way to settle a dispute. And when American public opinion seriously wants it stopped, we will again do it in our practical

American way: We will

I. Create adequate police protection—an association of nations that will prevent any nation from wantonly attacking another, and from attacking before it had brought its case before the world court already in existence, in the creation of which the United States took a leading part

II. Create court machinery—give the association of nations power to deal with an outlaw nation by using against it the economic strength of all the nations. That is, to invest the association of nations with authority to shut off mail, telegraphic and wireless communication between an offending nation and the rest of the world, to break financial relations, and to prevent it from exporting or importing any goods as long as it continues to offend.

No nation could long resist such economic punishment. During the next ten or twenty years military forces would not be needed in the rarest case.

Guarantees so definite and practical would satisfy the average citizen of France that his family and his property will be protected even if the nation's armaments were greatly reduced. If such guarantees are furnished he will demand reduction in armament, and the government will gladly give it. The French people are like ourselves; they do not like, any more than we do, the extraordinarily heavy taxes and general bad business conditions caused by trying to provide military preparedness against the fear of attack.

And France would not be the only beneficiary under these guarantees. During the study-tour through Europe from which I returned only a few weeks ago, I spent considerable time in the Balkan States. These countries are essentially agricultural, and if they could develop along their natural and normal lines might become prosperous and happy. But they, too, labor under the constant fear of attack, so that instead of pursuing the agricultural life for which they are eminently fitted they feel impelled to develop industrially, because they have learned the value of industrial plants for purposes of defense in case of war. So they are bending all their energies to add competition to the world's industrial output.

The fear of the next war is very real all through Europe. It is causing almost every nation to put measurese for military defense above economic and social needs. The thought is father to the deed, and already this fear is causing a commercial war between nations which is daily, hourly, causing international friction, and which, if not checked, can end in nothing but new military wars.

In a statement I made recently I summed up the relation of these European problems to American conditions in fifteen points. I will repeat these fifteen points, for they will give you the situation concisely and is as few words as possible:

1. We have millions of unemployed in the United States.

2. We have greater surpluses and greater producing ability than ever before in the United States.

3. Europe needs our surpluses and our producing ability more than ever before.

4. If we could sell freely to Europe we could put our unemployed back at work and have great prosperity.

5. But Europe is poor as the result of the war and can only buy on long term credits.

6. Long term credits are impossible unless the danger of new wars in Europe is lessened and important reductions in armaments brought about.

7. But reduction of armaments is impossible unless there are adequate guarantees of the protection for which armaments are intended.

8. Such guarantees, satisfactory to the cittzens of any nation, cannot be furnished except by an association of nations of which every important sea or land power is a part. Lack of co-operation by any one of the great nations is fatal.

9. Because one great nation, the United States, is out of the present Association of Nations, there are being formed in Europe today new balances of power among the nations.

10. Balances of power are dependent on military strength and must result in new rivalries in armaments.

11. Therefore, if the Washington Conference really brings about a reduction of armaments it will furnish the guarantee of protection necessary before any large or small nation will effectively reduce its own armaments.

12. If this guarantee is furnished, then the strong Balkan nations can devote their power to the development of their great agricultural wealth and cease the present economic wars that threaten to bring on new military wars.

13. If this guarantee is given, then France can afford to take the risk of a Germany strong enough industrially to be able to pay the indemnities.

14. If the Balkans and France and Germany are really at peace again, the outlook for world peace will be good and we in the United States will be able to sell our goods to Europe without undue risks on long term credits.

15. Selling our surpluses and other goods to Europe will make a better demand all over the world for our production, and will therefore put our unemployed back to work and bring us prosperity.

And as I have said on another occasion, when once we understand that these fasts underlie our business prosperity, the American will to deal adequately and practically with facts can not fail to assert itself. We will make it internationally illegal to carry guns when we have provided the necessary international police protection and international court machinery. And when that practical step has been taken the French people will be anxious to discuss reduction of their armed force.



By LUCY JUZA

T the hour of dusk or thereabouts, when the lamps in the shops are still unlighted and every doorstep is a well of gloom,

Second street seems to draw within itself behind closed shutters, granting to the curious stare of the tourist only a double tier of balconies dimly

etched against a wall of fog.

Later when twilight has deepened into night, vellow and blue lights are seen to leap from darkened doorways as a hundred form-taking shadows slink back into hidden corners; shutters creak on broken hinges; warm laughter floats upward on the strange, exotic odors of the Orient, and the Street is very gay.

Hong Fat lighted the gas jet above the door of his jewelry establishment earlier than usual, in fact shortly before five o'clock. This accomplished he returned to his cushioned stool behind the counter and again directed his apathetic gaze toward the unending veil of fog that drifted past his narrow windows. Chinatown respected and feared Hong Fat, its wealthiest citizen, a member of the powerful Hoo Sing Tong, as well as treasurer of that organization. True it is, that to incur the displeasure of the jewelry merchant could mean but one thing-deathyets his acts of charity, particularly to the penniless young men of the colony, must not be overlooked.

Although he was known to all the dwellers of the Street, he paid scant heed to the soft-footed figures that passed into the pallid semi-circle of light shed from his lamp, only to vanish a moment later like shadows in a pantomine. His heavy lidded eyes were all but closed and the corners of his mouth drooped in an attitude of sleep. But Hong Fat was not dozing. sly glance each yellow face that passed.

that feigned sleep scrutinized carefully in one Less than two hours had elapsed since Hong Fat had received information from a tong brother that five hundred dollars were missing from the funds of the Hoo Sings. As Hong Fat was responsible for all moneys that went into the cash box which even now reposed empty and with battered lock in the private meeting place of the tong members in a certain cellar room in Oak Street, the next move was assuredly Hong Fat's.

Not until Lee Ling, a poor student, who eked out his meager existence by waiting on tables in a near-by noodle house, approached the window, did Hong Fat betray the slightest interest in the threading stream of yellow faces. Leaning forward he raised one hand and tapped lightly on the pane and beckoned the student to

"The night is cold," he said, smiling blandly, "a bowl of rice awaits in yonder room. Pray accept the hospitality of an old man who dislikes to eat alone, and who has been waiting this hour through for a congenial companion with whom to share his simple meal."

Lee Ling's stomach was empty, and he accepted with alacrity the merchant's invitation. More than once had Hong Fat befriended him.

and he had cause to be grateful.

Without more ado, they repaired to the back room, and were soon drinking deeply of warm, scented tea.

"I hear from talk in the street that you have been the victim of a thief," said Lee Ling, by way of making conversation, "and the sum is said to be not less than five hundred dollars. If that be true, I am sorry and hope that he who has dared to commit this atrocious act may soon be apprehended."

Hong Fat drained his cup before replying.

"One may hear many words of idle gossip if one will but listen," he said, and his voice was oily, "and strange, indeed, are the tales that fly from tongue to tongue. I, too, have heard a queer thing. It is reported on excellent authority that Mei Chu, of whose beauty and lovliness we all have heard, wears a betrothal ring set with seven diamonds, and so brilliant is their luster said to be that they appear not as seven but as one large gem."

His heavy eye lids lifted, and for a moment his gaze rested on the face of Lee Ling.

"And it is also said the ring cost not less than five hundred dollars," he added briefly then with a languorous gesture of one begemmed hand, "but why should we spend time in profitless talk? The rice is gone, but there will be more tomorrow, and perhaps a pot of good tea and some of On Hing's sweet cakes. Return at this hour tomorrow, Lee Ling, when your stomach again waxes clamorous, and it shall be filled."

"You are kind, Hong Fat," answered the student courteously, "and I hope the money that has been lost will be speedily returned to you."

Enveloped in the eddying fog, Lee Ling walked rapidly through the Street, arriving a few moments later at a yawning black hole which concealed a broken staircase. Mounting three GOLD 51

flights, he followed a labyrinthine passageway until he came to a slit of a room under the eaves.

Here the student slept, and to these dismal quarters he had often returned hungry until he had accidentally met up with the jewelry merchant at the noodle house. A hard cot occupied an alcove where the ceiling cut low into the room. In the corner stood an evil smelling oil stove, empty of fuel. The small, many-paned window looked out upon a world no less dreary. Beyond the moos-grown roofs adjoining, a jagged bit of starred sky could be seen if the night were clear; but tonight even that was hidden by the obliterating fog.

Although Lee Ling could only see in shadowy outline the nearest roof top, he knew that close below it lay the river. Those black waters held inviolate many a secret which had its inception where dull lights burn all night in smoke filled rooms and men speak in stealthy voices. Unlike the babbling stream of humanity that flows daily through the streets of Chinatown, those tranquil waters see much and reveal nothing. One could trust the river—

Until he sat at Hong Fat's table, Lee Ling little dreamed that his friend knew the truth. At first thought he had been inclined to throw himself on the mercy of the merchant, but some instinct held him back. Perhaps had he reminded Hong Fat of the exquisite beauty of Mei Chu; of her laughter, lovlier than the fairy murmurings of the tiniest of wind bells; of her lips as red as ripe cherries, perhaps then Hong Fat would have shown compassion.

The beautiful Mei Chu had but recently secured employment as an usher in an up town motion picture house. When Mei Chu exclaimed about the rings which some of the girls wore, their meaning was explained to her. Those rings, Mei Chu was told, signified love. The eyes of Mei Chu danced. Lee Ling had spoken many time of his love for her. That very night when Lee Ling came to see her, she demanded a love ring, a wonderful sparkling one. After three days, during which his soul knew many dark moments, Lee Ling brought for her delectation a cluster of gleaming jewels set in a loop of gold.

Shaking from his body the troubled stupor into which he had fallen, Lee Ling rose from his cot, and dressing carefully, went from his cheerless garret to the room of Mei Chu in a balcony hung dwelling at Fourth and Everett streets.

For a little while Lee Ling's troubles were forgotten. With Mei Chu's presence to reassure him, he decided that the crime which he had

committed was not so great after all. He would go to Hong Fat and explain, trusting to the merchant's kind heart. In due course, he could refund from his earnings at the noodle house the required sum.

But when at midnight he went again into the street, his optimism, seemingly dampened by the wet fog. vanished, and his mind became troubled. Unconsciously he turned his steps to the docks at the water side. Seating himself on an empty vegetable crate, he fell to the task of planning a way out of his difficulty. No sound interrupted his thoughts save the sullen wash of the water against the undergirding, an insistent reminder that the river was always there, waiting, waiting.

Presently his ear caught a sound, vague, yet unmistakable—the hushed murmurings of a human voice in a room beyond the partition. The sound continuing, Lee Ling moved cautiously, and pressing his ear to a convenient crack, waited. His ears had not tricked him. There was no mistaking the words:

"Gold-gold-"

Then followed the clink of coins being droppde on a table.

Lee Ling made a quick survey of the ware-house. This was the rat hole to which old Goon Dip was said to come to count his money. Wierd tales had been told of Goon Dip and his counting room, and some there were who averred they had heard the rattle of falling coins as they slipped through his yellow fingers. Lee Ling continued his investigations, until he found a window, closed tightly against the damp winds that blew off the river. Hearing foot steps sounding on the wharf, he dived into the shadows and was soon mingling with the midnight stragglers along the street. Within the hour he was again in his room asleep on his hard cot, and his dreams were pleasant.

The following evening with the passing of twilight he went again to the shop of the jewelry merchant where a bowl of rice awaited him. Hong Fat greeted him with a soft smile, and together they emptied the bowl.

"I hear rumors in the street," began Lee Ling pleasantly, "that by day break tomorrow the Hoo Sings will be refunded their five hundred dollars with interest."

"And I, too, have heard from many customers that four gun men have been selected to hunt down the thief. Already the death hunt has begun, and what a feast the carp in the river will enjoy tomorrow—but, we must close our ears to idle talk. And again the pot is empty."

Lee Ling did not go that evening to the room

of Mei Chu as was his custom. The night being again foggy, he found little difficulty in making, his way undetected to the ramshackle building on the docks, where he waited in the lurking shadows until the hour seemed propitions. From his place near the window he heard the liquid tinkle of falling coins and the greatly murmurings of Goon Dip.

"Gold-gold-"

Assuring himself that all was well, he stealthily opened the window and drew himself over the sill. A narrow passageway extended forward into a blank word. His foot touched a loosened board, and he stumbled against a closed door. Flinging it wide, he faced a wall of darkness From the corner came a heavy sigh. The revolver which he had drawn from his blouse on entering the building flamed once and was silent. The next instant a scream shattered the black pall before him, a shrill inhuman cry that cut like live wire into the quivering darkness.

Nervously Lee Ling turned his flash light toward the corner. Its white circle framed a fantastic gilded perch dangling a long metal chain at the end of which hung a bunch of gaudy feathers, and below an ever widening pool of blood stained the floor a deep crimson. As Lee Ling's hand twitched, a tremor passed through the body of Goon Dip's pet parrot, causing a simall gold charm fastened to the bird's leg to tinkle merrily against the rod of the perch.

"Gold," weakly croaked the mass of stained feather, "gold-gold-"

Lee Ling closed the door on this distressing sight, and went again into the night, but at the corner where the dark alley ended, his steps lagged. To return to his room would be unwise, as even now the gun men were hunting him down. For a moment he hesitated, then turned back toward the river where the fog covered him like a wet blanket. The tired chugchug of the harbor patrol launch drifted out of the mists. At his left the gaunt skeleton of Burnside Street bridge loomed indistinctly. Below him the river waited, cold and silent.

In a room in Everett Street where the air is very sweet and lilies bloom on the window sill, Mei Chu, the Beautiful Pearl, counted the hours, idly twisting about her finger the ring that had cost five hundred dollars. She was much provoked with Lee Ling.

Behind the warehouses that line the water front, where the shadows are deepest and the fog hangs like a soiled curtain for days at a time, a ripple spread wide on the leaden waters of the river, and presently lost itself in the sluggish current.



The Way of the West

By ELMO W. BRIM

CHAPTER I

The Man From Nowhere

HE last horse had been driven through the gate into the main corral; the dust settled and after a few turns around the corral the horses either quieted down into a relaxed position, or playfully bit or kicked their neighbors.

One horse, a powerful, coal-black mare, deep of chest, trim of body and legs, and having a nicely arched neck, which was set off by a finely developed head, stood in one corner of the corral by herself, apparently disdaining the company of the other horses. The horse was, but for one thing, a horseman's ideal in the way of horseflesh—a cavalryman would have craved her for his mount. But the beauties of nature were offset by a pair of eyes out of which gleamed a hatred which was satanic in its nature.

A young cow-pony, dodging the playful kick of one of its mates, dashed into the corner occupied by the one of the wicked eye. Instantly the mare reared on her hind legs, and before the innocent offender could stop his onrush she seized him by the neck with her teeth and struck him two powerful blows with her hoofs. Before he recovered his poise the mare whirled, in a mad passion, and one of her hind hoofs flew out in a lightning flash, catching the pony with a resounding crash just below the hip; knocking him to his knees. Then the mare whirled and started at him, with her teeth bared, but the youngster gave a terrified jump and limped in among the other horses. The mare, after giving a contemptuous snort, walked back to the corner of the corral.

Dick Sterns had been interrupted in the midst of his orders to the men of his outfit by the onesided fight in the corral. When he again spoke his voice was full of irritation.

"Boys, there goes a good cow-pony all shot to hell by that worthless 'outlaw,' and the round-up starting within a week. We ought to have cut her out before corraling the string; but since we didn't we have got to cut her out, or there will not be any use of Buck riding the string—'Old Steamboat' will have them broke so a kid can ride them; but it will be broken legs mostly. The way that outlaw has been crippling horses out on the range is getting on

my nerves; I believe when we take her out I will just end it all by shooting her."

Buck McGee, a short, bow-legged, red-headed horse wrangler, rolled his saddle against the corral fence, and facing about looked into Dick's irritated face.

"Ah, get out, Dick!" he exclaimed. "Yuh are talking through yore hat when yuh talk of killing 'Old Steamboat' and yuh know it. What would the Circle D Ranch be without the worst bucking hoss in Wyoming? Yuh know the money we have taken at contests with that 'outlaw'; and yuh know that yuh and me are the only ones who have ever ridden that hoss. Why there is not an outfit in Wyoming but what would pay a pile of money to own her. Luke Brown and Jim Marlow were killed by 'Old Steamboat,' so killing and crippling a few hosses is nothing for her to do—bad hosses are supposed to be 'killers'."

The conversation was interrupted this moment by a horseman who reined in a tired and sweating horse by the side of the riders: The man was tall, black haired and smooth featured, but a close-cropped, black mustache and a scar on the side of his nose gave him a cynical appearance. His face was of a greyish-white color, as though he were just recovering from a severe sickness. The man's clothing and outfit, like the horse, did not speak highly of him as a rider—but there was something commanding about him, as well as cynical.

"My name is Jack Holt," he remarked, looking the men over for someone in authority. "I am looking for a job—need any men?"

"Well," replied Dick, eying him in an inquiring manner, "I don't 'specially need any help, but I could make room for a good rider and cow-hand. Where do you hail from, and what outfits have you worked with?"

"Where I come from and whom I've worked for hasn't got anything to do with my work," replied the stranger. "Talk is cheap—I am open for showing you what I can do."

"Well," laughed Dick, "I am always proud to give a man a chance. If you can 'top' the black mare which is standing in the corner of the corral the job is yours; but I will play you fair, she is some 'outlaw,' and she has got her man. If you can't back your statement, don't try it."

"Pardner," exclaimed the stranger, "I never saw an outlaw, man or horse, that was a ladies' pet. Give me a 'snubber" and we will start something."

"All right," replied Dick, "get yourself ready. I will give you a real bronk-twister for a snubber."

Turning to Buck McGee, he continued:

"Buck, you are to give the stranger what help he wants and see that he gets a good 'seat' on his mount."

"Shore," grinned the red-headed Buck, "plumb delighted to help a gent in trouble. I'll see that he gets a good seat, but if he keeps it—Oh, my hard-boiled soul!"

The stranger, after carrying his saddle into the corral, took down his rope.

"When yuh rope her, you had better throw her," cautioned Buck, as he noted the stranger was ready for action. "She is shorely a 'snake' bout haltering."

Nodding an assent, the stranger enlarged the noose and arranged the coils of his rope as he advanced on the horse. Then his hand shot out in an upward fling from his side and the noose settled over the head of the prancing mare, and as she plunged forward the rope shot in front of her hoofs, the stranger's left hand dropped below his hip and his weight was thrown on the rope in an opposite direction from the mare—as she plunged into the air her head was jerked against her right side, and down to the ground she went.

Buck immediately ran to the fallen horse and sat on her hip, in order to prevent her from regaining her feet. The stranger ran up and took a series of half-hitches around the mare's legs, after which he ran around and pulled her head from under her neck; then after a struggle a hackamore was placed on her head and the rope was removed. Buck ran over and sat down on the horse's neck and twisted her head upward. The stranger seized his saddle, placed it on the mare's back, and after much scratching and pushing the cinch was pushed under the mare's belly and fastened to the latigo. Gently removing the tie-rope, he eased into the saddle, and shouted:

"Let 'er go!"

Then as the mare staggered to her feet she gave a bawl like a mad bull and sprang into the air like a rocket. Instantly the man's hat came off and he began what is known, in the cowboy vernacular, as "fanning" his horse, beating time to the horse's pitches, in a half circular, or figure eight movement from about the rider's shoulders to nearly the horse's withers, or shoulders. Nor was he neglecting the fine art of "scratching" his mount—which means spur-

ring or raking the horse on both shoulders with the rowels of the spurs.

The mare was not tamely submitting to these indignities, as her wild, untamable disposition was goaded to a blood-lust. Bawling every jump she pitched around the corral, first "sunfishing" or bucking in an outline like the old-fashioned worm fence-some riders call this "fence-row-Next she was "swapping ends," which is reversing the body while in mid-air. This was followed by "diamond backing" -landing on the ground with all four feet bunched, and the back arched like an angry cat. "Sprawling" and "weak-kneed" pitching followed. The former means striking the ground with the legs sprawled, while the latter means as the horse hits the ground she goes down nearly to her knees.

All of this pitching has embraced less time than the telling, and although she switches from "sunfishing" to "swapped ends" and on to "diamond backing" the stranger is riding her to a finish in a clean cut contest manner. The wild, bawling beast has but one mad desire, which is to throw and then with her hoofs crush out the life of the man devil who is on her back, goading her to distraction.

On the corral fence an admiring bunch of cow-punchers are whooping themselves hoarse. Never once has the stranger offered any chance for witty remarks.

"God!" exclaimed Buck McGee. "That man is not human. When it comes to riding he is a devil! Dick, I see some good rider's reputation going up in smoke at the next contest at Cheyenne."

"You have said a mouthful!" exclaimed Dick. "I am not putting myself in his class. He is too strong for me."

While this conversation was going on the other punchers were yelling words of encouragement to the rider, pointing out his riding qualifications, and yelling themselves hoarse.

"My God!" yelled the red-headed Buck. "Do you see that?"

The mare, in one last attempt of supremacy, soars into the air, and as she curves downward she draws her head and front legs under her and crashes to the ground. With one accord the punchers jumped into the corral. As they anticipated, the mare turned a complete somersault, but instead of finding the stranger's mangled body they found him in the act of remounting the struggling mare. By some supernatural streak of luck, or horsemanship, he had cleared the mare when she headed over.

The mare half struggled to her feet, then her

head dropped and she fell heavily to the ground. As the punchers crowded around the victor, who had sprung from the fallen mare, he silently removed his hat and held up his hand in a gesture for silence.

"Boys," he said, "we are in the presence of death, and though it is only a horse, I never saw a gamer one. I always take off my hat to man or beast who cash in like a dead game sport."

With one accord the men removed their hats, and for a few moments there was silence, then Dick grasped the stranger by the hand, and

said:

"Stranger, the job is yours, and from now on this outfit will back you in anything that you do."

CHAPTER II

The Mountain Episode

During the few remaining days before round-up Jack Holt became a general favorite with the outfit. He had won their admiration and respect the day he secured his job, and later they developed a real friendship towards him. He was always on the job, no matter what it was, cheerful and ever ready to give a helping hand. When they played poker at night in the bunk-house they could never beat him, though he played the game square—merely outplayed them. So they lost good-naturedly, and admired him for his judgment.

While he was a good mixer, and an ever interesting story teller, never once did he tell anything of his past or confine his narratives to any section where they could place him as any certain man whose past might have been know to them. The Western man has a high regard for a man's private life. If he chooses to speak of it, all right, if not, it is his own business—all of which is really good etiquette. Although the men marveled and theorized among themselves, they let it go at that. They liked the man and were proud to have him in their outfit. The name "Stranger" did not receive favor, so they began calling him Jack.

After the Circle D installed their camp at the base of the Wind River Mountains, in whose fastness their half-wild cattle ranged, the round-up began. In those days a barbed-wire fence was unknown and "open-range" was unlimited and as free as the breath of the "Rockies." Each day the "day-herd" grew in size, and as it increased "night-guard" went into effect. This guard is divided into shifts of two men who ride herd for two hours or more, according to the size of the outfit and are then relieved by the next shift. And so on throughout the night.

During the last two days of the round-up the "circle" was extended far back into the Wind River Mountains for "strays" and cattle which had escaped the daily circle. Through meadows, above the timber line, canyons and rough country the riders searched, bringing in small bunches of wild-eyed, excitable cattle.

The morning of the last drive Dick gave his orders to all his riders, arranging them in pairs for the "circle" and assigning them to their respective routes, or to the holding of the "beef herd," with the exception of Jack, who sat on his horse looking inquiringly at him for orders.

"Jack, we are going to take a little fling at high life today," said Dick, as he mounted his horse. "Let's be off; I'll tell you as we ride."

After they had left the camp behind them and started into the mountain Dick began:

"Years ago when the Circle D came into this country from Texas their cattle were all long-horns. Then, after a number of years, the improvement wave hit the country and the outfit commenced cross-breeding and replacing with Herefords. Today you notice the longhorn is extinct. They have all, with one exception, been shipped out of the country.

"There is one 'longhorn' left. He is gigantic in size and his horns have an eleven-foot spread. For years he has ranged in a meadow near Bald Peak; and wild is not the proper name for him, for he's 'plumb locoed.' The minute he sees a rider he makes a break for the timber line and rough places. A mountain goat has but little on him for crossing boulders and rocky points. Riders from many outfits have tried to get him, but without success. There is a standing offer of a thousand dollars for him, if delivered to the Frontier Round-up Association. The man who puts a rope on him and brings him in will get a rep all right. I am figuring, if it can be done, we can do it."

"What are your plans?" inquired Jack. "Going to lay in wait for him and have me run him out?"

"Yes," replied Dick, "you have the right idea to a dot. When we get above the timber line near his range I will give directions for finding him; then I will go and lay in wait for him. He always makes a run for Bald Peak, and he uses the same trail every time. You won't have any trouble in finding him, or rather he will find you. As soon as he does he is off, and believe me he is some little drifter."

The mountain became steeper and rougher, conversation abruptly ceased as the two riders swung into single file and began the ascent. After possibly two miles of single file riding.

the timber became thinner and thinner until it extended to the summit of the mountain, which was now within a short distance of the riders.

Dick suddenly reined in his horse and motioned for Jack to ride up alongside of him. When Jack reined in his horse Dick extended his arm and pointed to a mountain peak which rose abruptly to their right, towering into a craggy pinnacle far above the timber line.

"There," exclaimed Dick, "is Bald Peak. The meadow extends over the summit and covers nearly a similar area on the other side. You can circle to your left, and if you don't cross trails with 'Ol' Longhorn,' he will 'shore' see you when you cross the divide. So I am off. Wait until I am out of sight then hit the trail."

"I've got you," replied Jack. "Go to it, and

I hope you hang him."

Jack reached into his pocket and after producing the "makings" mechanically rolled and lighted a cigarette as he watched Dick's fast disappearing form out of the corner of his eye. When Dick disappeared in the distance he cast the cigarette from him, and leaning forward in the saddle he touched his horse with his spurs and swung him abruptly to the left. Circling his mount toward the summit of the mountain he scanned the grassy meadow and straggling timber which entered the outer edges for signs of the longhorn. Mounting the summit he paused for a moment and scanned the mountain slope. Off to his right Bald Peak reared upward in craggy, rocky grandeur, but his eyes swept this imposing spectacle without giving a second thought to its picturesqueness. The steer was the theme for the present. Scenery could come later. He rode with caution, scanning the downward slope of the meadow and scraggy timber which bordered the outer edge. But this caution was unnecessary. "Ol' Longhorn" was nowhere to be seen. Unless he was in the dense chaparral at the lower edge of the meadow the capture would have to be attempted some time later.

Ae he rode into the chaparral his ears were on the alert for any sound which might indicate the presence of the longhorn.

"Not much of a place for a steer," he mused, "but you can never figure what the wild ones will do."

Hardly had he made this remark before there was a violent crashing at the outer edge of the chaparral. Wheeling his horse in the direction of the sound, he slapped spurs to his horse and emitting an ear-splitting yell started out of the chaparral. Plunging, stumbling and half falling, the horse bore its rider to the edge of the meadow. Then Jack urged him to his utmost speed up the summit in pursuit of a wild and excited longhorned steer.

The steer was fast disappearing in the direction of Bald Peak as Jack swung his horse on the summit. Suddenly, as it was leaving his sight, he saw the noose of a rope circle above the outsertched horns, then settle down upon them.

"Good boy, Dick has got him!" exclaimed lack.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before horse and rider crashed into a fallen mass in plain view behind the steer. As Jack's horse lunged forward, in response to the spurs, he saw rider and saddle leave the fallen horse and disappear after the half-crazed steer.

When Jack reined in his horse beside the riderless horse there was no sign of Dick or

the "outlaw" steer.

CHAPTER III Over the Cliff

Jack dismounted and, after scanning the ground for a moment, ran to the edge of the mountain side, where, with a feeeling of awe and horror, he found himself looking down a sheer precipice, some fifteen hundred feet deep. Dick, from all indications, had certainly gone over, but there were no signs of him, either on the side of the precipice, or on the rock-strewn bottom. Suddenly he was surprised at Dick's voice, directly underneath him, saying:

"You will have to hurry! I can't hold much longer!"

As his eyes for the first time located Dick, he saw that he was clinging to a small "black jack" which threatened at any moment to loosen from its rocky base.

After one glance he raced to his horse, tore off his rope and ran back to the edge of the precipice where he threw himself flat on the ground. Then as he ran a noose for a throw he cautioned Dick—

"Listen, Dick," he said, "I am going to throw the rope over you, but wait until I pull it tight and jerk it twice before you attempt to climb it."

For an instant the rope circled Dick's prone figure, then it shot through the intervening space and settled over the clinging man's shoulders. The rope had barely settled before Jack sprang to his feet and made with the loose end of the rope for a stunted oak which grew near the precipice. As he neared the tree he stopped and gasped in astonishment; it was

unbelievable, but his calculation had fallen short, the rope lacked two feet of reaching the stunted oak. He knew that he must do something, and there was no time to lose. Dick was so nearly exhausted that it would take all his strength to climb the rope. If he waited a few moments longer he could not. Possibly. he was already too weak. There was no chance to splice the rope in a reasonable time. tie-rope was missing from his belt, lost in the chaparral thicket. As these thoughts flashed through his mind he gently drew in the rope and made a series of half hitches around his legs above his knees. When the rope had become a part of him he pulled it tight and threw his arms out and locked them around the stunted tree. As he moved his knees twice towards his body, producing the two signal jerks, his legs were suddenly jerked outward and for an instant it seemed as though his arms would be ierked from their sockets-Dick was on the rope and had started to climb.

To Jack's tortured body the seconds seemed like hours. After the first shock he could feel Dick's movements as he slowly climbed the rope. Now he had stopped. What was the matter? Was he too weak to make the ascent? Then as he felt a heavier strain on his tortured arms he realized that Dick had taken a half-hitich on the rope and was resting. The strain, though momentary, seemed ages. He could feel Dick's hands on the rope as he gained strength and again began to climb. Time and again the operation was repeated—a short climb, and a heavier weight on the swinging rope as Dick would take a half-hitch with his foot.

Groaning and biting his lip until the blood spurted forth, Jack fought down the desire to release his tortured hold to the tree. An ungovernable anger against Dick was consuming him. Why didn't he come on? A man should have climbed that distance a dozen times. There was no sense in his stopping so much. Suddenly the weight of the rope left his legs. His tortured brain failed to realize that this was merely due to lack of circulation.

Dick and the rope had gone down to the rocky bottom, he reasoned, as he clung to the tree. But why did his arms ache so badly? No Dick was still on the rope, and he was going to pull both of them over the cliff and down to the rock-strewn bottom. Well, it did not matter. Everything was getting dark around him, and his arms and legs did not hurt any more. Somehow a pleasant, sleepy feeling was stealing over him.

"Hold on a little longer; I'm coming, Dick," he muttered. Then, as he felt his body go over the precipice, consciousness left him.

When Dick, after a series of short climbs and rests, reached the last short climb which lav between him and safety his strength nearly left him, and had he not taken an involuntary hitch with his foot he would have slid back the full length of the rope. After a momentary spell of breathing he felt his strength returning, so placing one hand under the rope where it tightened as it went over the cliff he secured a safe handhold. Reaching out with the other he felt over the earth until it at last encountered a rugged rim-rock which afforded a solid handhold. Then satisfying himself that his hold was solid, he swung his body once, twice, and with a tightening of his arm muscles drew himself upon the solid ground of the cliiff, where for a moment he lay huddled in a limp heap breathing in hard, sharp gasps.

As his breathing became more normal he wondered what had become of Jack. Then he heard Jack say: "Hold on a little longer; I'm coming, Dick."

Why, he reasoned, was he coming now? Why had he not been there to help him at the most critical stage of his ascent? And why was he speaking in that choked, jerky voice? Then, for the first time, he looked around; and an exclamation of surprise and horror escaped his lips.

Lying full length on his stomach with his arms locked around a stunted oak, was Jack; while tied in half-hitches around his legs was the end of the rope, which Diick had believed was securely tied to a tree. As Dick looked at the unconscious figure he thought of the rocky bottom which lay below them and shuddered, and as he crawled over to the silent figure he murmured: "Nerve! He is nothing but nerve! I've never seen his equal."

When Jack came to consciousness a stream of water was pouring down on his face. After a gasp or two he rolled over on his side and, after looking at Dick for a moment, he swore softly and said:

"Dick, I thought we went over the cliff. I went over, and as I went you evidently went with me. How does it come that we are living?"

"How are you feeling?" anxiously inquired Dick. "We are alive all right, but I am afraid you are hurt."

"No, I am not hurt," replied Jack. "My arms and legs feel like they had been pulled loose from my body—but, shucks, you can't

hurt a cowpuncher! Now tell me how we got back up here after we fell over the precipice?"

"It is like this," replied Dick. "You know I got pretty well tired holding to that black jack, so when you gave the signal I did not climb far before I had to take a hitch with my foot on the rope and rest. I was not only tired, but my chaps weighted me down. I can't see how you ever did it, as I rested five or six times in making the climb, adding extra weight to your tortured body. Until I reached the last climb over the top, I thought you had the rope 'snubbed' to a tree; but as I failed to get a helping hand I decided that something was wrong. I was so tired and exhausted that I came near falling back. When I got on top I heard you call my name, and say that you were coming to me. Then you must have fainted. When I reached you your arms were locked around this tree and you were in a dead faint. I had a time forcing your arms loose from the tree. I could not bring you to consciousness until I got my hat full of water and poured about half of it on your face.'

"I see!" said Jack getting to his feet and beginning to work his arms and legs. "Never fainted before—fainting kinder gets you out of your nut."

"Jack," said Dick, rising and extending his hand, "I owe my life to you. I can never repay you for the way you risked yours in saving it. From now on there is nothing that I will not attempt to do for you."

"Ah, shucks!" said Jack, as he clasped Dick's hand. "That's nothing. You would have done the same thing for me. You make me tired, acting like some schoolgir!! Come on, let's look for your saddle. Don't believe that longhorned 'maverick' can go far with it in this country without tying himself up."

The two riders took up the trail of the missing saddle, which followed a narrow, winding trail around the brink of the precipice.

"Shore was giving that saddle a ride," said Jack, as he paused to scan the marks made on the ground by the upheaval of the saddle. "That saddle is only hitting the ground once in every ten feet. From the way that 'maverick' is scared, he has either bounced the saddle over the precipice and carried himself with it, or he has rung the saddle in between the rocks somewhere. Hey, Dick, what did I tell you? There is your saddle—but no longhorn!"

Both riders crawled past the saddle, which was wedged in between two boulders, and as they saw the broken rope and the torn up ground they knew the chase was ended—"O!

Longhorn" had made his last fight, and had gone over the precipice to his last range.

CHAPTER IV

Wanderlust

The two riders crept to the edge of the torn precipice, and after taking one glance down at the rocky bottom of the rugged canyon, they, with one accord, withdrew to the solid ground of the trail.

"Not much of him left, but his horns," said Dick.

"No," replied Jack, "but he was a game old sport. He evidently jumped after he found that he could not break the rope, preferring death to captivity."

"Yes, I guess you are right," agreed Dick, "and I don't know but I am glad that he did, for captivity, even of the pasture type, would have been worse than death to him. I never saw a caged animal without feeling sorry for it—the call of the wild is always on them, they are never satisfied.

"It is little short of a miracle that we are not down there with him. If it had not been for that iron will of yours—"

"Ah, cut it!" exclaimed Jack. "There you start on that 'school-marm' stuff. Come on, and let's see if you've got enough of your saddle left to ride."

The saddle, while battered and bruised, was not much the worse for wear, and in a short time the "busted" cinch had been spliced and the riders started for the round-up camp.

On the return trip there was but little conversation. Possibly both of them were thinking of the miraculous escape of the day, and how it had brought them together under the bonds of friendship.

Buck McGee had turned the riding string over to the night "wrangler" and had started to join the hungry bunch who were eating their supper around the chuck-wagon when he saw Dick and Jack riding in.

"Hello, cowboys!" he exclaimed. "Where is that wild and wooley longhorn that yuh breezed out to conquer? Was half expecting to see yuh two punchers come in riding him double—broke for a lady's mount. How about it—cowboy, where is yuh cow?"

"Ah, give us a rest, Buck!" replied Dick.
"We did not want to get 'Ol' Longhorn' this
trip; we were out merely to give him a little
exercise so as to put him in good shape for next
year."

As the two riders dismounted and began unsaddling, Buck stood watching them in an inquiring manner. His sally had gained him no information, but he knew from their manner that there had been some excitement. Suddently his eye fell on Dick's saddle, and he detected, even in the fast deepening twilight, that there was something wrong with the usually well cared-for saddle. Kneeling down by the saddle he examined it carefully. Then as his eye fell on the spliced cinch a whistle of surprise and astonishment escaped his lips. Looking at Dick, he said:

"Cowboy, it looks like yuh have been riding through picket fences and roping grizzlies and cougars. Come clean, boys, and tell me what 'Ol' Longhorn' did for yuh."

"Buck, can't you be quiet for two minutes?" inquired Dick, who had turned his horse loose and was getting his outfit together. "Come on! We are hungrier than starved timber-wolves! After we have had some 'chuck' I will tell you all about it—if you will remind me. I think the bunch should know about it, so we will wait and tell it so one telling will cover everybody."

"All right, Dick, just as yuh say," replied Buck, "but come on and let's get the eats, so yuh can spin yore yarn. I am just pining to hear it, 'cause something kinder whispers in my ear that yuh boys had one hell of a time up there in the mountain after 'Ol' Longhorn'."

As the three approached the riders who were eating in various positions around the chuckwagon, a series of good-natured sallies greeted them, such as:

"Cowboys, where is yore steer?"

"Where is 'Ol' Longhorn'? Thought we were to have him for a barbecue tonight?"

Then another voice would chime in-

"Ah, go on, they don't know how to catch a wild steer. I saw them leave, and I know positively that they did not carry any salt with them."

To all the various sallies Dick and Jack laughed good naturedly, but made no replies until the men began to insist on knowing the outcome of the day's hunt. Then Dick held up his hand for silence and began:

"Boys, we have both got a man's size appetite, and just as soon as it gets some satisifaction I will give you the points. There is a real story to it, so just wait until we can satisfy our starved systems and you shall hear it."

After Dick and Jack had eaten to the fullest extent they were surrounded by an eager, joking crowd of punchers who wanted the details of the steer-hunt.

Dick sat down in the light of the fire, and

after rolling and lighting a cigarette motioned to his audience to be seated.

"Like this, fellows," he said. "'Ol' Long-horn' is dead, and but for one of the nerviest stunts I ever heard of I would be dead."

As he paused to relight his cigarette, murmurs of surprise followed the announcement. Red-headed Buck McGee could scarcely restrain himself.

"What did I tell yuh, fellows?" he roared. "Didn't I tell yuh there had been one hell roaring time up there around Bald Peak! Go on, cowboy, tell them about it! Let them know that I am on to this 'sign' reading!"

Dick proceeded to tell of the harrowing events of the day, the men listening with quickened pulse as he described his struggle in climbing the rope and final struggle in climbing over the edge of the cliff. He held up his hand as he noticed from a certain restlessness among them that they were wondering why there was not a helping hand to grasp his when the final test came. He finished by telling how he had found Jack—and he pictured the agony endured by him during the trying ordeal; how he had withstood the last test of his weight as he made the final climb, where both their lives were practically held by a tiny thread.

"Boys," he exclaimed, huskily, "there are not many who would risk their lives for another where the risk and the punishment was as great as that. From now on I can't do enough for Jack Holt, and I believe the Circle D and my friends will back him too."

When Dick finished speaking the men sprang to their feet and made the welkin ring with their yells. Every man of them had to shake Jack's hand or slap him on the back as they expressed their admiration and friendship for him, then they started a clamor for him to tell his side of the harrowing event, but Jack only shook his head and said:

"Boys, I appreciate what you have said more than I can tell you; but what I did was no more than any other man would have done. Dick spread it on too strong, but Dick is getting to be like some old woman. Now if you don't mind, I am going to get my bedding and turn in. I'm a little tired after the big day."

After he had gone Dick remarked:

"He is not much for talk, but, boys, he is the kind you can tie to as a friend."

They, to a man, agreed that a gamer man had never ridden the Wyoming range. Then they fell into a discussion of the miraculous escape of both riders. Suddenly Buck broke

"Dick, what become of 'Ol' Longhorn?' Yuh have had us so excited that we plumb forgot about the ol' timer-got away, of course. But how did vuh get vuh saddle?"

"'Ol' Longhorn' died 'with his boots on," said Dick. "The saddle wedged in between two boulders, and when he found that he could not get away he broke the rope by jumping over the precipice. There was not much left of him but his horns."

"Well, I hope to never open my mouth!" ejaculated Buck. "Game to the last-well, he was some ol' timer. Dick yuh have got to let me off in the morning so I can go and get his horns—the Circle D has shore got to have his horns, so we can prove that yuh actually got 'Ol' Longhorn'."

"Well, Buck, I don't know about that; we are breaking camp in the morning, and the herd will be pushed into Rawlins so we can start shipping. Slim and Joe will go to the Cross Seven round-up, to throw back all the Circle D stuff. You are due to take the sore backs and lame ones to the horse camp and meet us on the trail with some fresh ones, so I can't see how it can be done, Buck.'

'Ah, come on, Dick, have a heart!" implored the persistent Buck. "Let me off; I'll start early, and will catch yuh on the trail before yuh miss being short one man. The herd is quiet-it won't be hard to handle. I'll get Matt to go in my place to the hoss camp. Yuh will go for me, won't yuh Matt-yuh know I'll make it up to you."

Matt Bardon, a tall, lank, sandy-haired puncher, took a last draw from a very short cigarette, cast it regretfully from him, then looking up said:

"Why shore, Buck, it is plumb agreeable to me. We want them horns, and yuh are the boy with the energy to get them. Shore I'll go."

"There now, Dick," said the jubilant Buck. "Yuh have just got to let me go—ain't it the

"All right, Buck," laughed Dick, "go on and get some sleep. You have never failed yet in getting what you want, so naturally you can go."

After Dick had named the men of the night guard, the men, with the exception of the two men who were first relief, started in quest of their bed-rolls and sleep.

The last steer had been driven through the

cattle-chute and the car door had been prized into a closed position. Dick had gone with Milt Jones to arrange his transportation with the station agent-Milt was taking the second shipment to Kansas City. Ike Mutan had preceded him the day before with another stock train of Circle D steers.

Jack and the other riders had gone to Murphy's saloon, where they were quenching a well developed thirst and listening to redheaded Buck McGee lecturing some newcomers on Dick Sterns' roping capacity.

Buck had the horns of "Ol' Longhorn" mounted directly after the Circle D's arrival at Rawlins, and temporarily the horns, ensnared by Dick's broken rope, decorated Murphy's bar. Buck never lost an opportunity to tell any one who was associated with cows all about the mountain episode. This would be followed by a lecture on Dick's and Jack's fine points as riders and ropers; then Buck's discourse would end up with: "Yuh 'shorthorns,' just wait 'till next Frontier Day, and after yuh see the type of riders and ropers that we grow on the Circle D Ranch yuh are going to have something to tell yore grandchildren.'

Jack suddenly left the merry makers and made his way to a large poster which decorated the wall. After reading it for a few moments he exclaimed:

"Hey, boys, come over here; got something to show you!"

Instantly the bunch surged around him and began reading the poster that he was pointing out to them.

"Boys," he said, "I've rode all over that 'Cherokee Strip,' and there is no better land in Oklahoma—that is going to be some land opening—I am starting within an hour. Who will go with me?"

"Ah, listen at him rave, boys!" said Buck. "Who would have ever picked Jack out for a farmer—shore is curious how 'licker' do fly to some fellows' heads. Come up Jack and have another one. It will get the wool out of yore brain."

Instantly the bunch surrounded Jack and tried to lead him off to the bar, as they goodnaturedly phrased it, "to sober him up."

Jack shook loose from them, and said:

'Your kidding is all right, but I am going to hit the trail within the next hour."

"Where to, Jack?" said Dick, who had at

this moment entered the saloon. about it. If there is any excitement in it I might go with you."

"Well, read this poster, and I will tell you all

about it," said Jack.

"Oh, I read your poster about that Oklahoma land opening yesterday," replied Dick. "Where have you been that you did not see it before now? Do you know anything about it?"

"There is not a better piece of land in Oklahoma than the Cherokee Strip," said Jack earnestly. "I've herded cattle all over it; I ought to know—it is as rich as mud. Now I am going within the next hour—have plenty of time to ride it before the opening day, but no time to lose."

"Well," said Dick, "just hold your horses a minute, and darn if I don't go with you. This is the first time that I ever saw you excited. It must be some sure-enough proposition to work you up like this; so I am going to throw in with you. Come on, boys, have one on me! I want you to drink to our health—as farmers."

Amid the many protests of the Circle D rid-

ers and Buck's plaintiff wail:

"Come on, boys, don't play hicks—yuh are no 'nesters'—yuh are punchers. Why if yuh leave, who will hold the Circle D end at Frontier Day?"

Dick and Jack left the saloon; and an hour later Dick had visited Walt Marman's—(manager of the Circle D)—office and had argued him into accepting his resignation, and had convinced him that Jud Larkins, an old-timer, would make a good foreman.

"Yes, Jud is all right," said Marman, in parting. "but no one can fill your place in my eye,

Dick."

Dick experienced a sudden choking as he

bade his old manager good-bye.

At last, after many handshakes and gloomy predictions as to Circle D's future by a despondent bunch of punchers, Dick and Jack rode down the streets of Rawlins followed by two well equipped pack-horses, headed in the direction of Oklahoma.

CHAPTER V

A Young Man's Fancy

They journeyed over mountains, plains and desert waste, where heat, color and desolation were supreme, until at last, after three weeks' hardships, the plains of Oklahoma stretched before them like a gigantic parade ground.

The treacherous Canadian, with its changing course, sand-bars and quicksand, had been crossed. Then endless plains covered with short, curly buffalo grass or dead-brown prairie grass, treeless, with the exception of the cotton-woods which followed the water courses, would stretch before them, never broken except at long intervals by small ridges or series of chains of very small hills covered with boulders, rocks, "black jacks" and stunted oaks—then the plains would set in again.

Both riders and their mounts showed signs of weariness, and their pack-horses were a dead weight on their lead ropes.

"Jack," said Dick suddenly, "let's camp. There ain't no use of killing our stock. They are all in. If we don't let up on them, they won't be fit for a snail race, much less a land rush."

"That's right," agreed Jack, giving the rope of his pack-horse a jerk, "but let's ride to the top of that next little hill. We are right close to the 'promised land'—if we don't see any-

thing we will camp."

Just as the riders reached the top of the treeless ridge Jack gave an exclamation of pleasure, and pointed to a scene which law directly below them. The rays of the slowly descending sun reflected on a town of tents and "prairie schooners" which stretched for miles along the shallow stream which ran through the prairie like a long, winding scar. Directly in front of the encampment scattered at intervals was a patrol of U. S. Cavalry—the camp of the landboomers had been reached.

Dick eyed the encampment in wonder for a moment, and then turning to Jack said:

"Looks like two or three people are ahead

of us?"

"Right you are, Dick, but we will give them a run for their money," replied Jack. "Come on; we will find a place near the stream and camp. We will look them over tomorrow."

Early next morning, after preparing and eating an appetizing breakfast, they held a consultation which resulted in Dick's carrying his point, which was that Jack should go and get some information, while he, Dick, would take the stock out and picket them at the base of the ridge where the grass was plentiful, after which they would meet at their camp, or, rather, where their bedding and saddles were. They had not brought a tent, using instead the cowboy bed-rolls.

Dick returned to the camp after watering and picketing the stock, but becoming restless decided to walk down to the stream which lay in front of the encampment. As he approached the stream a girl of unusual beauty atracted his attention. She was small of stature, beautiful of features and the sun shone on the most wonderful head of jet-black hair that he had ever beheld on any woman.

Shortly behind the woman, evidently a companion, came a man who showed all the characteristics of the class to which he belonged. The one fleeting glance which Dick bestowed upon the man told him the type in which he

might be classified—he was a parasite who had respect for neither man nor woman. In appearance, he was tall, slender and handsome, but of a dark, evil type, which but few will trust. His hands, which were small and slender, bespoke only too well his occupation. He was a gambler, robber, or murderer, as the stakes or necessity might demand. There were two types of gamblers in those days; one type was called "square" gamblers who played on the level; the other class was styled "tin-horn" gamblers, and they resorted to any means, even to murder, in order to secure their victim's money. This man was of the latter type.

When the girl returned from the stream with a pail of water Dick saw the man approach and heard him say:

"Let me carry the water for you, miss?"

"No," replied the girl, "I prefer to carry it myself."

A scowl instantly crossed the man's handsome but dissipated face, and he sneeringly

replied:

"Kinder stuck on yourself, ain't you? know your kind-you can't be civil to a man, not even when he would do you a favor. It does me good to break your type, so I expect to take a kiss for every word of your sarcastic refusal."

When the man finished speaking he sprang forward, seized the girl around the waist, and attempted to press his lips against those of the struggling girl.

The girl, contrary to his expectation, did not cry for help: instead she planted a staggering blow on his leering mouth with her small, tightly clenched fist.

"You will, will you!" roared the man in sudden rage and pain. "Well, I will kiss you now for certain! I admire your temper-you are some little hell-cat!"

When the man seized the girl Dick quickened his pace into a run, and just as the man's leering lips were above the girls he seized him by the shoulder, whirled him around and planted a staggering blow on his weak chin. The man threw up his hands and fell to the ground, where for a second he lay stunned. Then a look of supreme hatred crossed his face, and his right hand stole under his coat to his left armpit.

"Be careful!" advised Dick, who dropped his right hand near his right hip. "Pull it if you want to, but there will be one brute less when you do! Now get up and drift while the going is good, or the first thing you know I will lose control of myself and kill you!"

The man got up and slumped back towards the tents. The girl, who had recovered from her fright and was making a mental note of Dick's handsome face, curly black hair and wonderful physique, advanced to his side and extending her hand exclaimed:

"How can I ever thank you for saving me

from that brute?"

"Why, that was not anything more than any man should have done," replied Dick, as he clasped the girl's hand for an instant. "I am mighty glad that I happened along when I did. Dick Sterns is my name, and any time that I can be of assistance to you I will be glad to do so."

"Pauline Greer is my name," replied the girl. "and I am mighty glad to form your acquaintance, Mr. Sterns. If you do not mind, I wish you would walk with me over to my tent. I want you to meet my father, so he may thank

you for what you did for me."

"Sure," said Dick, as he picked up the upturned water pail, "I will be glad to do so; but don't lay it on too strong to your father--'cause it was a pleasure to beat up that brute. Wait a moment until I get some water, then we will go.

"Mr. Sterns, you are so thoughtful. I had entirely forgotten about the water," she exclaimed. Then as he returned with the water and they started for the camp, she continued: "You Western men are so much more thoughtful than the men whom I have been accustomed to. I think the people and country out here are just wonderful. Father and I came out here from Kentucky about a month ago, or rather we came to Missouri to visit relatives. We were going further west had it not been that father heard of the land opening. But since then he has had no other subject to talk about. Without a doubt he is the most enthusiastic landboomer in the colony."

"I believe that you are inclined to be a gay deceiver, Miss Greer," laughed Dick, "so I warn you to be careful. I am 'desert bred, and naturally I believe everything that I am told."

"Mr. Sterns you are quite a character. I am sure that I am going to fall deeply in love with you. It is appropriate that I should after your rescuing me from the villain. But don't take me too seriously, for there is father! See him—over to your right—the heavy-set, grey haired, grey-mustached, goateed man wearing the blue flannel shirt? He is sixty-eight years old, but he is strong, healthy and as enthusiastic as a boy. He never forgets that he was a for

Helen of Hell's Gap

By FRANK VINCENT WADDY

IT the Buzzard Saloon and Dance Hall, the one bright spot in the mining town of Hell's Gap, business as usual was in full swing. The triology of vices,-drink, gambling and women, held undisputed sway. Dice rattled, cards were shuffled and dealt with lightning dexterity, the roulette ball clicked and dithered in the groove; oaths and argument filled the smoke-laden air; Americans and Mexicans competed in the hazard of the tables, while in the bar beyond jostled the crowd of drinkers, carefree and hilarious. The strains of strident music were punctuated by constant popping of corks and the gurgle of drinks, while upon a cleared space whirled and pirouetted the tireless dance girls.

Over the scene of reckless gaiety presided Hawk Larue, famed as a crook and gambler in a dozen mining camps, a two-hundred-pound bully with a sledge-hammer fist, who had now kept open house at the notorious resort day and night for over a year. With his green baize apron, bare arms, and an ever-present cigar protruding at an insolent angle from his fat face, he moved about among the tables or behind the bar with the self-satisfied air of pro-

prietorship.

To transient strangers or new arrivals at Hell's Gap the open defiance of law and order shown by Larue in the conduct of his saloon was a source of wonder. Like a national sore, festering on the Arizona frontier, the place was a rendezvous for bandits, escaped criminals, smugglers and crooks of all kinds. Beneath its roof were hatched out desperate schemes, lynchings were planned and swindles consummated. The only law recognized was that embodied in the fists or guns of Hawk Larue.

To the old-timers, however, the case was simple. Appeal to Bob Wade, sheriff of Hell's Gap. in case of robbery, gun-fight or gaming swindle was of no avail, for Wade stood in on the profits of The Buzzard and was himself as crooked as a corkscrew.

On this particular morning Hawk and the sheriff were seen in close conference for a solid hour, their heads almost touching as they stood behind the long bar and their voices drowned by the general uproar. Larue's perspiring face was gathered in a frown and as he talked he gnawed savagely at an unlighted cigar, -an unfailing sign of suppressed anger. The sheriff's aspect was now, as always, inscrutible, his immobile features and steel-gray eyes seldom showing emotion of any kind.

"Chuck us a packet of pills, old dear."

Hawk turned to confront the painted face of Frisco Helen, whose voice broke in upon the discussion, and who stood panting and breathless with dancing, her hand extended for the cigarettes.

'Well, how's the queen today?" asked Wade as the other man reached into the glass case and tossed her a packet of smokes.

"Dying of T. B.," laughed the young Amazon, turning to go.

"Here, what's your hurry?" asked Hawk Larue, "can't you rest a minute?"

The girl shook off his detaining hand and with a smiling backward glance hurried away to the dance floor.

"Still nuts over the dance queen, huh?"

The sheriff's mild ridicule recalled the attention of the boss, whose eyes were following Frisco Helen with jealous interest as she mingled once more with the dancers. Larue made no reply. Every one knew that he had been infatuated with the girl ever since she drifted into camp three months before. He did not mind this being public knowledge—there was little chance of concealing it-but what made him inwardly furious was the fact that she had always repelled his advances. For once his gross compliments and elephantine love-making had failed to take effect.

"Well, let's get back to business," resumed Wade, as he took from his pocket a copy of the "Hell's Gap Gazette" and spread it on the coun-"There's no getting away from it," he continued, "here it is in black and white."

The two men bent closely over the badly printed sheet and read the paragraph opposite Wade's finger:

"We have it on the authority of an expert assayer that the Spotted Dog claim in Riven Rock Canyon, recently sold by Hawk Larue to Mr. Oliver Gray, the young miner from the East, is going to be a big winner. Following a new drift, Gray has struck heavy pay-dirt and the assays are running higher than anything recorded here in five years or more.

Larue scowled darkly as he read the news. So this was the result of his attempt to load on to a tenderfoot the supposedly worthless claim which had been the joke of the camp ever since his failure to make it produce, two years before. It was, indeed, the loss on the Spotted Dog, in which he had sunk his savings, that disgusted him with mining and led him to take over the saloon. For months he had been on the look-out for a greenhorn who might be induced to buy the mine, and so recoup at least part of his loss.

When Oliver Gray had arrived in camp about a month before, Larue felt sure that his chance had come. The clean, good-looking young prospector from New York, with his smart tweed suit, new alligator hide suit cases, white hands and smiling face, had assuredly never roughed it in a mining camp. He showed all the marks of a tenderfoot, if ever there was one. As soon as it was known that he had money wherewith to buy a mine Larue lost no time in showing him the Spotted Dog workings, which, he lied boldly, had been abandoned solely on account of lack of a little capital to continue them with. After a careful survey of the property and tests of ore samples Gray made an offer which Larue, laughing in his sleeve, at once accepted. recover anything at all from the "ioke" claim was just like so much money found, since he had long since grown resigned to facing a total loss unless some unsuspecting stranger should turn up and be foolish enough to buy it.

"Infernal luck, anyway," growled Larue as he read and re-read the obnoxious paragraph. "To think I let that go for a song, and now this baby boy within a month strikes a bonanza. If the price he paid gets known around camp the boys'll sure have the ha-ha on yours truly. By gosh, I'll not stand for it! I'll tell you what,—there's only one way to do: I'm going to get that mine back if I have to—have to—"

He ended lamely. The sheriff's steel-gray eyes were upon him. He knew that by every legal right the mine belonged to Oliver Gray, and that the only way to re-possess himself of it would be to permanently remove its owner and recover it by force. He had parted with every vestige of title to it when he accepted Gray's money. And now this young greenhorn bade fair to make a million dollars within a few months. It was exasperating. He must do something. To stand by and see a fortune taken out of ground that had once been his, and which he had practically thrown away, would be unendurable. The man's cupidity engendered an envious hatred of Gray from that moment.

The unlighted cigar began to look like a piece of chewed rope as Larue's fat jaws gnawed it with increased fury. He had indeed a double cause for hatred of Oliver Gray, for

the polished young miner had found great favor with Frisco Helen, while he himself she always repulsed. The attachment dated from the night on which Gray had knocked down a drunken miner for forcing his attentions on the girl. His interference had been quite unnecessary and sprang from an impulse of natural gallantry. It was her business to get Hawk's patrons intoxicated and no girl could take better care of herself. But the young stranger's indignation and his defense of her had pleased her immensely, —it struck a new note in her life.

"Why, here comes the bird right now," exclaimed Wade, as the doors swung to behind the tall figure of Oliver Gray, who strode into the room and made his way to the bar, nodding and smiling to acquaintances here and there.

"Morning, Larue—a little gin, please—morn-

ing. Wade."

The sheriff grunted, but Larue, confronted by the man whose ruin he had just been planning, made no sound as he handed out the drink. Gray leaned against the bar with an air of easy abandon, swallowed his drink, tossed over a coin and then strolled across to the gaming tables.

The conference of the two crooks was again resumed, and before it ended the sheriff had promised to help Larue's designs upon Gray on condition that he should share equally in the proceeds of the recovered mine. After making this obliging arrangement he took his departure.

II.

When Frisco Helen returned to the dance floor after buying the cigarettes, she kept a watchful eye on the two men at intervals, when unobserved by either of them. Knowing something of Larue's character and believing Wade's to be similar, she suspected from their close confidence a plot of some kind, and as Hell's Gap was all agog with the news of Gray's strike it took no great genius on her part to connect their talk in her own mind with the grievance rankling in Larue's thoughts over the fortune that he had missed. The demeanor of the two men when Gray addressed them confirmed her suspicion. Helen was not suspicious by nature but she had spent much of her life in mining camps and was "on" to the ways of crooks. Her own disposition was frank and generous. and despite the rough environment in which she had lived so long she was not actually what might be called bad, although Ezekiel Pemberton, the "good" man of the town-and a deacon to boot—who owned the merchandise store, had denounced her as a shameless and brazen wanton. In reality the girl was by far the moral

superior of the pious churchman, but she loved to dance and to pass her time amidst the carefree gaieties into which—just twenty years before—she had been born.

Soon after Gray had seated himself at one of the round tables and ordered a drink, Helen casually walked past him as if bound for the other side of the room, and smiled a short "Halloa" in so doing. Gray at once invited her to sit down, ordered a drink for her and engaged in conversation. With an air of unconcern she sat down, lit a cigarette, and addressed him without the slightest change in her smiling expression:

"Say, old kid, keep laughing while I talk. The boss is watching me and I want him to think I'm telling you a funny story. Listen. Those two birds are framing up something on you, so look out. Good one, ain't it? Ha, ha!"

Leaning back in their chairs they both laughed heartily. In reality laughter reflected Gray's true feelings, for he regarded the girl's advice with fearless contempt.

"Ah, I see our friend over there," he observed, as he caught sight of the drunken miner whom he had floored for pestering Helen two weeks before. "He seems to be about as soused as ever."

While the two continued chatting their attention was next drawn to an old Indian who had just entered, carrying an armful of polished steer horns.

"Halloa," said Gray, "look what's blown in."
"That's Rain-in-the-Face," explained Helen.
"He makes a living—or tries to—selling those horns."

The Indian began a tour of the saloon, peddling his wares. Scarcely, however, had he approached the first table than Hawk Larue yelled at him:

"You get to blazes out of here!"

The Indian turned and regarded him for a moment with quiet dignity. Hawk had always disliked this man on account of his furtive ways, his silent moccasined feet and inscrutable face. Angered now by his cool deliberation, the boss strode menacingly towards him as he moved to the door, and stimulated his exit with the flat of a foot in the middle of the Indian's back. The latter executed a sprawling fall in the roadway.

Larue then moved over to where the intoxicated miner lolled across a table, alone and seemingly half asleep, and appeared to join in conversation with him. The miner regarded him for a moment with a befuddled and blear-eyed expression, after which he took no further no-

tice. Frisco Helen who, unobserved by Larue, was watching his movements, saw him lean closer to the miner as if to arouse him from his drunken stupor, and then, as if he had changed his mind, had decided not to bother the man, Larue with one parting glance returned to his station behind the bar.

Helen chatted a few minutes with Gray and then with a nonchalant "So long, Sweetie," returned to the dance floor, while he himself strolled across to watch the roulette wheel. There chanced at the moment to be a fairly thick crowd standing around the table and Gray had to elbow his way in to get a sight of the ivory ball. After observing the changing fortunes of the players for a few minutes he resolved to try his own luck and placed a small stack on the 7 red. The ball whirred in its groove and settled into 4 black. He continued to play the 7 red. Four losses followed and then a win. While the players wondered at his obstinate persistence in sticking to one number for so many rounds he noticed that Hawk Larue had squeezed in beside him.

With startling abruptness the attention of all the players was drawn a moment later to a violent commotion near the long bar. The drunken miner was complaining loudly that he had been robbed, that someone had "rolled" him, he would smash everything in sight if he didn't get his money, where was the boss?—and so forth.

Larue at once went over to quell the disturbance. The enraged miner had picked up a bottle as a weapon.

"You put that back," shouted Larue, "or I'll break you in half. Now, what's the trouble?"

"I've been rolled in your dam crooked joint,
—that's what's the trouble, and I'm goin' to get
my money back or I'll——"

"Aw, shut up a minute!" Hawk cut him short, as the crowd thickened around them. "Here, listen a bit, won't you? Come over where I can talk to you. Beat it, boys,—leave this to me. I'll fix it. Now, keep your trap shut while I tell you something. I don't suspicion no one, for sure, but I'll give you a tip for what it's worth. The tenderfoot's spending pretty freely and you might watch him. That's all."

At this hint the miner's anger flared up afresh. He had been looking for a chance to square things with Oliver Gray ever since the knock-down. Swaying unsteadily and muttering ribald oaths, he zig-zagged over towards the roulette table, elbowed his way in and pushed rudely against Gray. The latter, recognizing

the ruffian, shoved him away, and went on playing.

"Put up your hands!" hiccoughed the miner. Gray ignored the command. By this time Hawk Larue had returned. His voice was now heard above the tumult:

"Here, boys, let's settle this. I vote we all submit to a search. Watch the doors, Jim! This bird claims someone's pinched his roll. If he ain't lyin' we'll soon find it."

Gray laughed and agreed. The miner plunged his hand into Gray's side coat pocket and withdrew the wad of bills. During a fraction of a second while all waited breathless, the tenderfoot stared at the money, instantly realized that it had been planted on him, stood at bay a moment and then flew at the miner with bare fists. A punch on the jaw knocked the tipsy man clean out. He fell heavily, his head striking the edge of a cuspidor which made a deep gash. He was picked up unconscious and ominously still,—living, but in danger from concussion.

From this moment the feeling of the mob was dead against Gray, who came near being lynched then and there. All the usual epithets of insult were heaped upon him, including allusions to canine parentage, and he learned also that he was a sneaking, stuck-up, smoothtongued, low-lived thief who had robbed a poor mucker and then half killed him because he had recovered the money.

In the nick of time before any of the injured man's friends could hurl themselves upon Gray, came a yell from Sheriff Wade, who suddenly appeared on the scene:

"Stand back, everyone! Leave this to me.

Mr. Gray, you'll come with me."

He allowed himself to be taken prisoner and was led away without resistance.

III.

During the row Rain-in-the-Face, after his forcible ejection, had hung around the saloon. Instinct told him that there was trouble brewing. Why had Hawk Larue resented his harmless presence so violently? Evidently to be free from spying eyes. For four years the Indian had quietly watched him,—and Sheriff Wade. Beneath the red man's immobile exterior was concealed the knowledge of a terrible secret concerning these two men,—no less in fact than the positive proof that they were jointly guilty of murder.

Rain-in-the-Face lived in a shack on the heights above Riven Rock Canyon. On a certain gloomly day four years before—a day burned into his memory forever—he was out with his gun in the late afternoon on the chance of bag-

ging a mountain sheep. While concealed among the rocks he saw far below him three men proceeding up the canyon on foot. At a certain point the winding trail follows a ridge or shelf cut in the sheer wall of the ravine, some hundreds of feet above the bottom of the canvon. While the three men were traversing this stretch an argument took place amongst them. Two of the men were Wade and Larue. The third was a stranger. The dispute was of short duration, being ended by a blow from Larue which sent the stranger staggering backwards to the edge of the trail, over which he fell to destruction on the rocks below. The other two men then made their way down and hid the body beneath a heap of stones. Shortly afterward it was rumored in Hell's Gap that the man who had staked out the Spotted Dog claim had been found dead, having presumably missed his footing and fallen while skirting the dangerous canyon, his body being almost covered by the loose stones and earth dislodged during the fall. The report was accepted by all except the one man who knew the truth, and the next event was the acquisition of the Spotted Dog mine by Hawk Larue.

Owing to the difficulty of fixing the guilt by his own unsupported word, the Indian resolved to bide his time. Moreover, since the sheriff to whom he must report was himself a party to the crime, the case was even more complex.

Rain-in-the-Face now lighted his pipe — an unfailing aid to quiet reflection—and sat down with his back to the boards forming the wall of the saloon. The point chosen for his rest he knew to be outside the private room of Hawk Larue, from the inside of which only the boards separated him. The boards, moreover, warped and shrunk by years of torrid sunshine, were themselves separated by wide cracks.

For more than an hour the Indian smoked and waited. At last his patience was rewarded. Some one entered the room and shut the door. A moment later the voices of Wade and Larue were heard in whispered conference. Not even the red man's ears were sharp enough to catch all that was said, but he gathered that Larue had undertaken to stir up the "boys" and break the jail where Oliver Gray was now confined, and that Wade would make a fake attempt at defense of the prisoner. The death of the injured miner was expected at any moment, and in that event Gray would assuredly be lynched.

The Indian went softly away with his secret which before nightfall he imparted to Frisco Helen, along with his knowledge of the canyon crime, which he now divulged for the first time.

The girl, having witnessed the frame-up against Gray, and primed with the Indian's news, hurried at once to the house of Zeke Pemberton. whom she disturbed in his first sleep. In answer to her loud hammering the pious Zeke appeared in night clothes, and was shocked at the brazen boldness of his visitor in her dance hall costume. In haste she told of the danger that threatened Oliver Gray, her voice arousing Zeke's wife, who pricked up her ears at the sound of Helen's breathless entreaties to her husband, arose from her bed to investigate and entered the room aghast at the sight of the dance queen. She indignantly ordered the intruder to leave, but Helen brushed her aside with impatience.

"I tell you this man will be hanged at dawn," she insisted. "And he is absolutely innocent. I am positive Larue himself lifted the miner's roll,—I all but saw him do it. He is a dirty crook and Wade is another. This dump is full of 'em. I guess you're about the only straight one in town, so it's up to you. Do something, man, do something!"

"All right, my lass, I'll get a move on," said Pemberton, now fully awake to the urgency of the case.

So saying he threw on some clothes, and within ten minutes was galloping on his cob to the county seat. During the wild ride his estimate of Helen's character underwent a radical change, and when after an hour's scamper he pulled up at the house of Justice Holden he had realized that rectitude and heroism may be found in even a dance girl. Holden was dragged out of deep sleep.

"I tell you, Judge," repeated the breathless rider, "it's straight goods, all right, and it fits what I heard about crooked voting when Wade was elected. Give me a special posse and a license to handle the case and I'll save this young fellow, nab the two crooks and clean up Hell's Gap all in one wallop!"

The men were hammered up in record time and in less than forty minutes were tearing through the night to Hell's Gap.

Meanwhile Helen, distracted at the delay, had found her way to the jail, a rickety lock-up in charge of one sleepy old man. On her way there she called at the saloon for a bottle of liquor which she now carried, wrapped in paper. For a time she coquetted with the guard, who welcomed her flirtations without suspicion, and then offered him a drink. This he refused at first, but yielding at length he took one, two—after a pause two more, and after that Helen's task was simple. The old man, flattered by her

attentions, allowed her encircling arm to abstract from his belt the lock-up key. Making him a present of the rest of the whiskey, she pleaded drowsiness, bade him good-night and left, as if for the dance hall, but returned after a safe interval, sneaked past the now sleeping guard, entered the cell unimpeded and confronted Oliver Gray.

During this action Hawk Larue had "set up" the boys at the saloon, where an orgy of drinking was in progress at his expense. He instilled the lynching fever into the mob without difficulty, and the popular sympathy was entirely with the injured miner, who lay supposedly at the point of death.

When Frisco Helen appeared before him as if by magic, Gray checked with an effort the impulse to exclaim aloud in his surprise. But his astonishment at her arrival was as nothing compared to that which took possession of him when she deliberately levelled a gun at him in the dim light and ordered him in a tense whisper:

"Take off your clothes. You are going to wear mine. The guard's asleep. If he wakes he will take you for me. I shall stay here. No argument now! Do as I say."

Protest was useless. With great reluctance Gray submitted and the change was made. Helen told him quickly of Pemberton's plans, and within a few minutes he was safe outside the jail. Setting out furtively for his cottage wherein to doff the girl's fantastic clothes, he ran straight into the arms of a man who seemed to rise up out of the very ground in the darkness before him.

"Hush!" said the voice of Rain-in-the-Face, "I have seen. I understand. A horse is here. Come!"

Gray wrapped himself in a saddle blanket, mounted the animal and set off post haste to meet the posse from the county seat.

Meanwhile Helen in the cell donned his clothes,—a mining outfit, wool shirt, boots and large slouch hat, in which latter she entirely concealed her hair.

At the saloon, as the excitement grew wilder, a lying report was put into circulation that the miner was dead, whereupon the mob decided upon prompt action. Leaving the place in a tumult as dawn came up, they stormed the jail. The old guard was helpless. Sheriff Wade made a pretense of holding back the men with his gun, but was hustled out of the way. A group of men seized a heavy plank for a batteringram and quickly broke down the door. Helen

(Continued on Page 74)

SITTER MEDICINE

(Continued from Page 20)

The old man stared at the younger, and somehow seemed to be less fierce than usual today.

"Anybody else here know what a damned ass you've made of yourself?" he growled, finally.

"No, Colonel, I came straight from the train

to get it over with."

'Hum-m-m! Hell of a note. Hell of a note!" He took a few jerky steps to and fro and twirled his fierce mustacios, watching the process out of the corner of his eye. "D'you realize what this means when it gets around the regiment, young man? D'you realize? DO YOU? * * * Can't allow it—can't allow it for a minute." He opened his front door in response to a knock. "Howdy, Chaplain! Howdy. Howdy—howdy! Yes, I sent for you. Little business. Just come right in. Browning, here, wants you to marry him. Have a seat, Chaplain -have a seat. Excuse me, gentlemen, excuse me, while I hunt up the bride and the Jap cook. Excuse me one minute."

In drunk stupefaction Browning watched the girl—the girl—enter and approach him both bravely and afraid; the Colonel, behind her, saying:

"My daughter, gentlemen! My daughter, Browning. Believe you've met before. Haw!

Haw!"

"Have you had enough medicine?" she asked. "I've taken mine, already."

"God!" breathed the man, forgetting time, space, matter, and location. "You-you were his daughter-all that time?" At the moment this question did not strike him as being peculiar in any way.

She came closer.

"I read your collar ornaments that first night. I knew we were in the same regiment, then, so I just had to help you out, of course. You wouldn't let me, so I beat you back here one train, and told Dad. I-we couldn't-that is, we want to keep you from disgracing yourself-

"Wait a minute, now. Is that the only rea-

"You damned idiot!" howled the Colonel, with intensely vibrating whiskers. "D'you want the girl to get down on her knees? Excuse my profanity, Chaplain-excuse me.

He paused, and most respectfully bowed to that person, who was in no wise insulted, however. He was a chaplain who worked and served among the men and not on a pedestal above them, and he played poker close to his vest. The Commanding Officer re-threatened Browning:

"D'you suppose I want my son-in-law the laughing stock of the army? Well, get busy, Chaplain. We're all here-we're all here. damn it. Excuse me, Chaplain. Excuse me.

THE PROVOCATION OF AH SING (Continued from Page 26)

"Huh," retorted Dan, chewing a cigar, "In the first place I knew that the pearl would come this way because there are twenty million Bhuddists in Asia who would have made it hot for anyone trying to get away via India. It wouldn't take any advertisement to tell them what ship it would come on—they would know!

"Ah Sing put it in the cruet because he wanted to have an original hiding place—he had me beaten until I remember that I thought someone once told me that Chinks didn't like vinegar!"





JEFF'S LUCKY MOON

(Continued from Page 23)

sprang to her eyes. She felt hurt and humiliated and a flood of indigation came over her. She sat down at the piano, thinking she would play something gay and loud that Jeff might hear as he walked away, but before she struck a note her thought had carried her back through the months of Jeff's devotion. Her hands lav folded across the keyboard and she bore no resemblance to the girl who was so radiant with the joy of mere living such a short time ago. There had been times in the weeks past when Anne had wondered why Jeff's love had meant so little to her. She had accepted it in a matter of fact way, and now that she felt it was at thing of the past there was a keen sense of response in her heart toward the love she had ruthlessly "trailed in the dust!" Her head lay on her arms and she had burst into tears—the 'awakening" had come. She caught a reflection of herself in the mirror and it brought her to her feet with a bound. "No, Jeff Culver," she whispered to herself, "you'll never know you've hurt me. I'll hide it if it kills me!" She brushed back a stray lock of hair that had fallen across her face, opened the door and quietly walked upstairs and into her room.

* * *

The white and black shadows of a brilliant day chequered the path toward the river. The hum of bees and the call of birds were the only sounds that penetrated the stillness of the country woods. Eleanor and Jeff had gone well out of sight and sound when Jeff turned and said, "I suppose, of course, you know what it's all about, Eleanor, and in the name of all that's good, if you have anything comforting to say to me, say it now. I've been an asinine fool, a dolt, and my only excuse, I guess, is that my love for Anne has gone to my head. Mrs. Scofield shook me out of my comatose state this morning when she gave me a few well directed hints on a 'change of front' toward Anne and now I'm making a 'cats-paw' of you, and in so doing am further adding to my list of manly qualities. Oh! I'm disgusted and heartsick and discouraged generally.

If Eleanor had had a brother, she would have wanted him to be just the sort of chap that Jeff seemed in her eyes, and it was no task to give him the sympathy that he was in need of, for she was in love herself! Not, perhaps, as blindly as Jeff, but sanely and genuinely, and though her engagement had not yet been made public, she had confided it as a great secret to "Cousin

Pen" when she first come. "Jeff," she said. "there's a deep fellow feeling in my heart for you, for the little boy Cupid has shot his arrow my way, and some day I want you and Bob to know each other." With a look of real surprise Jeff turned toward Eleanor and held out his hand. "Good girl!" he said. "My congratulations! And may all the good that this poor old world gives be yours. It's kind of you to tell me, and I know-perhaps that's why you've been so understanding." They reached the river and instead of getting into the boat had dropped down on the bank at the water's edge. Jeff was not in a mood to celebrate the engagement of any one else, for it made his own future loom up hopeless and drab. "By Jove! Eleanor, what's a man to do when he loves a girl? Doesn't she want to know it? I'm not the cave man sort, if that's what Anne wants.'

"No, Jeff, it isn't, and better still, I think she wants you. Brace up, and I'll help all I caneven to playing cat's-paw every day. We'll go back now and get Anne. I'm sure she will prove amenable to persuasion by this time." They turned their faces toward home. It was a silent walk, but in leff's heart there was born a new hope, and as they neared the path Eleanor put her hand on his arm and whispered a few words of encouragement. Mrs. Scofield had seen them coming, and as she walked toward where Jeff stood she threw him a covert smile and said, "Anne's in the gardent, Jeff, and I've just discovered a new moon." She placed her hands on his shoulders so that he stood facing her. Then she pointed over his right shoulder to the clear crescent moon that hung in the sky. As Jeff stepped into the garden Anne gave him an inquiring glance as if not so sure of her ground as she had always been. At the sight of his pale and drawn face her resentment of a short time ago quickly disappeared. A line of determination had formed around his mouth, as he walked across the path toward where Anne stood. "It's the last time, Anne," he said, "is it to be 'yes' or 'no'? Tis now or never with me, dear. I've loved you since I was a chap in knickers and I've thought you cared for me. Sometimes I've felt you cared a great deal and that your love was as deep and strong as the love I've given you. But this must end it. I shall trail your steps no longer, unless I've your promise that some day I may claim you as my very own, and then the trail will never end!"

The shadows of a brilliant high moon traced themselves on the ground beneath the trees. A mocking bird called to his mate in a distant meadow. Anne was tracing with the point of her parasol something on the ground in front of where she stood. Jeff turned as if to go and said, "Then it's good-bye, sweetheart?" Anne moved toward him and looked into his eyes. "Don't go, Jeff," she said, "I've made my decision now and forever and the answer is 'yes'." She drew herself up on the tip of her toes and caught the lapels of his coat, drawing him down until her ruffled hair brushed his cheek. As he caught her in his arms and held her close, he read on the ground below the letters traced by the point of a parasol, "Anne Fairfield Culver."

The crescent moon hung high in the heavens, and Jeff's luck had changed.



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THE WAY OF THE WEST

(Continued from Page 62)

mer Kentucky colonel. Any one who remembers his title is sure to be popular with him."

Then placing her hands as to form a funnel

"Oh, Daddy Greer, come here! I've got

something to tell you!"

around her mouth, she shouted:

A good natured smile overspread the ruddy face of the man, who was standing in front of a tent, and after a waving salute with his hand he started to meet them.

"Daddy," said Pauline, after they came even with him, "I want you to meet a new friend of

mine, Mr. Sterns.'

"Happy to met you, suh!" said the colonel, as he cordially shook hands with Dick. "Any friend of Pauline, is a friend of mine."

"Thank you," said Dick, "I am pleased to

meet vou."

"Now, daddy," said Pauline, "since you and Mr. Sterns are acquainted, come over to our home. We must show him some hospitality."

"Yes, puss, of course!" replied the colonel. "This new life makes me forget my duty as a host. Come on Mr. Sterns. Welcome to our home, or I should say, our tent."

"Now, daddy," said Pauline, as they arrived in front of their ten, "promise me that you will keep quiet, and I will tell you something. Then I must get busy getting breakfast. Do you promise, daddy?"

"Yes, puss," said the colonel, condescendingly, thinking that he was to be the butt of

some joke of Pauline's origin.

"Well, daddy when I went after water a fresh toad of a man followed me, and when I refused to let him carry my pail of water he seized me in his arms and would have kissed me had not Mr. Sterns seen his assault and come to my rescue. So now, daddy—"

"What!" interrupted the colonel, with a bellow of rage. "I'll have his heart's blood for

that! Insulting a Greer of Kentucky!"

Then suddenly, from some part of his person the colonel produced a wicked, short-bar-reled Colt revolver, and in a voice trembling with passion he demanded:

"Pauline, describe the villain! I am going to wipe his infamy out with his wretched life."

"Now, Daddy Greer, listen to me!" entreated Pauline, placing one arm around him and her hand lightly on the weapon. "Mr. Sterns gave the villain a severe beating. Then when the man placed his hand on his pistol, he never drew his own, but told him, or rather insisted that he should produce the weapon so as to give him

a chance to kill him. The man was too yellow to use his advantage, and at Mr. Sterns command he slumped off like a whipped cur. Now, daddy, you cannot kill a man who will not fight. So put up your pistol and thank Mr. Sterns—you are forgetting your duty as a father."

"Yes, yes! Pauline, you are right!" said the colonel, turning his body for an instant to replace his pistol to its secret pocket or holster.

"Mr. Sterns," said the colonel, seizing Dick by the hand, "pardon my apparent rudeness; but I was exasperated beyond all control. I can never thank you sufficiently for your gallantry on behalf of my daughter. There is nothing too great for me to attempt to do for you, suh! I am your friend!"

"Colonel," replied Dick, who was deeply affected by the colonel's speech, "I am only too glad that I could be present to do what I did."

"Ah, my young friend, that is spoken like a true gentleman," said the colonel. "I have a bottle of fifty-year old Kentucky Bourbon that I have been keeping to celebrate some important event—the time has come. We will drink to our new friendship."

When the fifty-year-old bourbon had been produced and glasses were filled, the colonel clinked his glass against Dick's and said:

"To our friendship and to the fairest girl of 'Old Kentucky'—may our friendship grow each day of our acquaintance."

"Amen!" said Dick, and the toast was drunk.
"Colonel," said Dick, as they came out of
the tent, "that was a wonderful brand."

"My boy, there is none better. A life-long friend, a connoisseur of good liquors, of Lex-

ington, Kentucky, gave me that.'

"Well," interrupted Pauline, "if you two spoons are through complimenting each other, we will have breakfast? Come on, Mr. Sterns, I know you have had enough action to be hungry."

"Miss Greer, I appreciate your invitation, but I ate my breakfast over an hour ago so you must excuse me. I must go back to my camp. My pardner, who was out picking up some information will be back and if I don't show up there will be a family row."

"All right," pouted Pauline, "if my cooking is not good enough for you—go on. That's just like a man, always doing the disappointing

thing."

"Now," pleaded Dick, "you know that is an injustice—but if you will let me I will come back tonight, and I will bring my pardner with me?"

"I shall be more than pleased," said Pauline, "though I should not be—after your refusing to break bread with us. Yes, honestly, I shall be glad to have you come and bring your friend. You must overlook what I say, for I will joke in spite of myself."

"By all means, young man!" boomed the "You will always be welcome at our colonel. home.

"Look for us, we will be here at the appointed time," said Dick.

When the appointed time came Dick was on hand, but Jack was not with him-nor did he meet the colonel and his daughter until the day of the land-rush. Dick excused his pardner's lack of interest by telling the colonel and Pauline that he was with friends, or that he was gathering information for the final day. The real reason was-lack was a "woman-hater." While he did nothing to convert Dick to his belief and said but very little. Dick could clearly see that some time in his life a woman had left a memory which was very bitter.

When Dick announced that they would ride with the colonel and Pauline on the day of the land opening Jack readily agreed to the suggestion. But, later when Dick, in an outburst of admiration, spoke of Pauline's many charming characteristics, Jack dryly remarked:

"Go on and have your little heaven, but I fear some day you will wake up with a bitter taste in your mouth."

While Dick was falling an easy victim to Pauline's good looks, Jack had found that the "boomer camp" afforded excitement of many varieties.

Thousands upon thousands had flocked to Oklahoma weeks before the opening day; many on a legitimate purpose, while others were like birds of prey, looking for an easy victim to swoop down upon. Thugs, gamblers, assassins, adventurers and camp-followers were scattered through the camp like chaff in newly threshed

There was gambling, carousing, horse racing and murdering. It seemed as though every one had money, or by some means was securing it. On every hand was heard the clink and rattle of silver and gold as it changed hands. Prices for food and wearing apparel reached a price where only the well-stocked pocketbook could purchase. All told, this boomer camp if once seen was never forgotten.

(To be continued)







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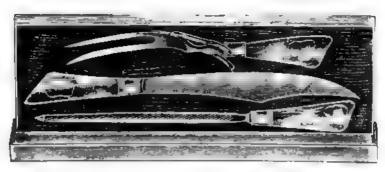
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HELEN OF BELL'S GAP

(Continued from Page 64)

was sitting with her head buried in her arms. The ringleaders roughly dragged her out, and amidst the yells of the frantic mob hailed her to the hanging tree. Gray's slouch hat was pulled low over her features, which she further covered with an arm, as if in fear and disgrace.

The noose was placed around the girl's neck and the end of the rope attached to the horn of Larue's saddle. As he was about to spur the animal forward Helen jerked off the hat and threw back her head, letting her hair fall in a rick black flood around her shoulders, and laughing contemptuously at the mob.

Heading the enraged lynchers who now gathered around her, Hawk Larue seized her roughly by the arm and demanded:

"What've you done with Gray? You damned cat, you! Where is he,—tell me, or I'll strangle you?"

"All right," said Helen, "take your hand off my arm and I'll tell you. Would you like to see him now, this minute? Very well, then, there he is!"

So saying, she pointed down the road, where in a cloud of dust appeared the posse, headed by Pemberton. Amidst the group rode Gray in the Indian's blanket, bare-legged and disheveled.

In the instant that the lynchers looked away, Helen dreew her gun and shouted:

"Hands up, everyone, or I'll shoot!"

Surprise causing hesitation, she added:

"First with hands down gets it!"

With her back to the tree she held the mob at bay until Pemberton rode up. Holding a gun in each hand he announced as he showed his badge:

"Wade and Larue, you are arrested for murder, and the rest of you will be held for attempted lynching in defiance of the State laws: Forward, march!"

While the posse rounded up the mob Helen stood beside the tree, a satisfied smile playing over her features. Gazing for a moment on vacancy, her thoughts in a strange turmoil, she looked up to find Oliver Gray alone remaining from the crowd. For the space of a few seconds he regarded her steadily, then enfolding ehr in a close embrace he said slowly:

"I shall re-name the mine 'The Fearless Helen!'"

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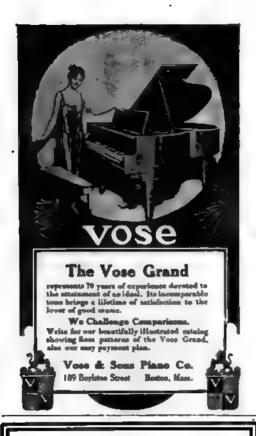
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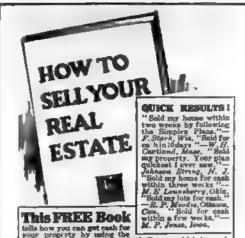
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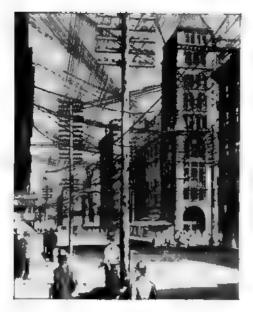
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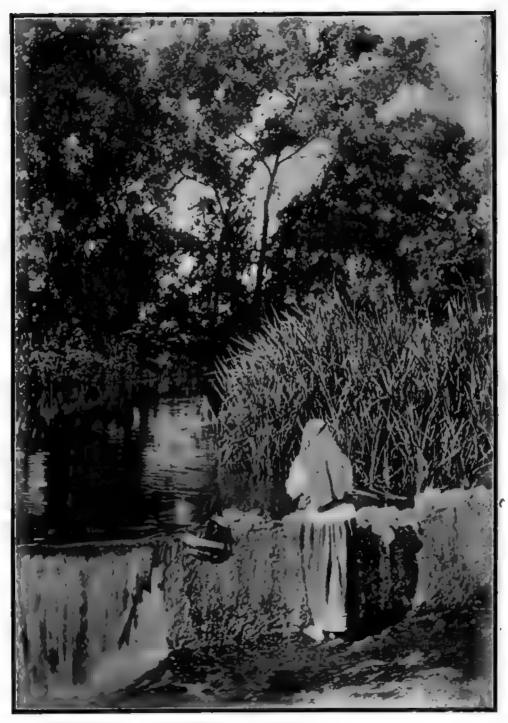


"He followed a downward pathway,-through a fragrant wood"





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Mexican Woman at the Stone Wash

Vol. LXXIX



No. 2

Monthly **Overland**

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor.

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In the distance.... You hills, whose shoulders dimple neath the sun... To the Berkeley Hills



The soft, gray-shaded blanket of a June night spread over the cann



Vol. LXXIX FEBRUARY, 1922 No. 2

Night in San Gabriel Canyon

By HAZEL ROBERTS

HE soft, gray-shaded blanket of a June night spread itself slowly over the enfolding hilltops of the canon. It had descended so quietly—so solemnly.

Above, the twinkly stars blinked down from their gray-blue canopy, keeping silent watch on the tightly-stretched, white canvas tent pitched on a sandy point beside the noisy mountain stream.

On all sides rose the high wall of raggedy, jaggedy mountains, dotted with sage-brush and bushy undergrowth, with huge masses of shapeless, grotesque rocks, covered with mysteriously-blended shadows.

Slowly the Moon-man's lantern crept over the brow of the hills, shedding its witching glow upon the canon. It caressed the rocks—the trees. They awoke from their sleep. It lighted the slender yuccas until they shone like white, waxen candles set on the dark mountain sides. It played upon the rushing, tumbling waters, twisting their oceanward way. Tiny ripples of moonlight mirrored the stream. The water

dashed against rocks. It leaped over them. It swirled around them. It beat against them, shooting forth streams of white, bubbling foam, which, whirling along with the swift current a short distance, blended with the darker, less turbulous waters. The fairy falls foamed white in the moonlight and tossed forth a delicate, misty spray. Their rhythmic rumble echoed through the canon.

Beside the stream, the myriad rocks, from the fairies' pebbles to the giant boulders, gleamed gray-white in the radiance of the moon-rays. Around the bend of the stream floated the fairy rock-boats.

The throaty, bass voice of the bull-frog burst into song. Down the stream a tenor joined him, followed by the frog chorus of San Gabriel Canon. The song ended and a moment later the cricket band chirped a selection, barely audible above the roar of the water.

The mystic, spell-binding charm of night was everywhere.





Companie Para in the or Court the Inches

To The Berkeley Hills

BY BERTHA T. BRADLEY

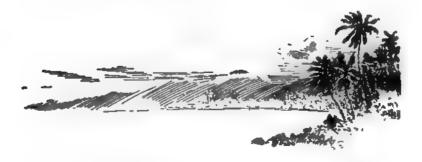
You hills, whose shoulders dimple 'neath the sun, I love your warm arms, dew and wind-caressed, I love your brow set steadfast toward the west, I love your velvet cheek of brown and dun. One childhood day my heart by yours was won; Ye lapped me in the noon with peace and rest, Among the fern and sage my head was pressed In ecstasy of love till day was done.

Years hence, when life and love and I are old, When in this world of hearts all hearts seem cold, When ties that bind are snapped and I am free, Some day ye'll woo me back, and I shall flee To pillow on your shoulder heart and head, And sleep within your arms till Time is dead.

Twenty-nine years ago, May, 1893, there appeared in the Overland Monthly a somet entitled "To the Berkeley Hills." The writer was a young undergraduate, the only daughter of Professor Cornelius B. Bradley of the University of California. In mid-October of last year the writer of the sonnet, Mrs. Herbert Northrup Warbasse, died, and was laid to rest among the beloved hills commemorated in the

In simplicity and sincerity both of feeling and expression, and especially in the sathos which now attaches to its closing lines, it seems akin to Rupert Brooke's "If Should Die," and Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous With Death."

As a memoir to the author of this poem we are reprinting it at this time.





Wild Flowers of the Mojave Desert, California

Toyon or Christmas Berry

(Heteromeles arbutifolia Roemer)

From "Popular Studies of California Wild Flowers"

By BERTHA M. and ROLAND RICE

HE beautiful Toyon or Christmas Berry tree is one of the most singularly attractive and characteristic features of California, giving a rich flame of color to our otherwise flowerless roadsides at this season of the year. The cheerful scarlet berries, which contrast so beautifully with their evergreen foliage, are frequently called California Holly and prove almost irresistible to the crowds of hikers and automobilists, who have wellnigh exterminated the bushes in certain localities.

Toyon comes from the Mexican pronunciation of the Spanish tollon. The plant is a member of the Rose Family and is a cousin to the roses, plums, peaches, apples, cherries, almonds, strawberries, blackberries, of cultivation, and to the wild varieties. It is related to the Oso berry. chokecherry, service berry, thimble berry, salmon berry, western mountain ash, mountain mahogany, meadow sweet, bitterbrush, ninebark, purple avens, ladies' mantle, and the famous chamisel or greasewood. The Toyon bushes are practically confined to California. They are more common to the chaparral belt of the Coast Ranges and may be found from Southern California to Humboldt and are occasionally met with in Oregon. They are also found in the Sierras. The bushes grow from five to twenty or more feet high, and when unmolested often become very shapely small trees. In remote districts they sometimes attain a height of twenty-five or more feet. The largest Toyon tree that we have any record of is a magnificent specimen, to the left of the palm driveway at Stanford University. It is quite as large as an oak tree.

Our shrub was introduced into England more than one hundred years ago, where it is called the California May-bush, because it resembles a species of hawthorn called "The May" in England. The two plants are related, belonging to the same family, and so the English name is not so improperly applied as our more common term of "California Holly." These plants are in no way related to the holly trees. There is a resemblance between the berries, but the less attractive foliage in no way resembles the striking, glossy holly leaves of cultivation. Vendors of Toyon berries at Christmas-tide, realizing this deficiency, usually mingle these bright scarlet

berries with our beautiful wild cherry leaves and those of the scrub oak, which are exceedingly glossy and handsome in appearance. The oblong, saw-toothed leaves of the Toyon are rigid and leathery and slightly glossy, but do not compare with the brilliant leaves of certain other The plant was early called Photinia arbutifolia on account of its resemblance to the Chinese Photinia, or Hawthorn, which also has red berries. The berries are edible, although they have an acid taste. The Spanish-Californians used them in making a pleasant drink, and in their season they formed a regular part of the diet of Indians, who ate them both roasted and boiled, or dried, and ground into a meal. The band-tailed pigeon and the western robin are exceedingly fond of these berries, as are also the shy hermit thrushes, and other birds.

Late in the season, according to locality, from May until August, these bushes are covered with abundant panicles of small white flowers, not particularly pretty, but fragrant, with a spicy woodsy odor, and are among our most cele-/ brated of honey flowers. During their season of bloom the woods are melodious with the humming of bees, busy at their harvesting. Their late blooms, when so many of the nectar-bearing flowers are gone, are accordingly prized by beekeepers. The Toyons grow slowly, which makes the destruction of these bushes all the more lamentable. They are handsome in cultivation and make attractive hedges. If a few wellselected, ripened berries are gathered and planted in tin cans, with proper care, in a year or so they may be transplanted to gardens, and very soon one would have plenty of Christmas berries for home decoration and to spare, without robbing the mountain wild birds or marring the scenic beauty of our highways and foothills. The trees usually bear abundant fruit. It is rough handling which endangers the trees, whereas careful pruning or cutting of modest bunches of berries from the delicate Toyons might not be injurious to their growth. Heavy pruning is sometimes recommended by horticulturists, but must be done with intelligence and care. These berries, if left on the trees, furnish valuable food for the flocks of wild birds that frequent California mountains in the winter time when other food is scarce.

California has her fish and game preserves, her state and national parks, and forests, and other valuable safeguards of the wild. there are no laws to protect our beautiful wild flowering shrubs and interesting native plants, many of which have become candidates for extermination. The population of California is increasing with such rapidity and the cultivation of the land in vast areas is so extensive, that, together with the cuting down of forests and forest fires, the irrigation of deserts, and drainage of marshes, and the numerous grazing herds, they have all but erased the once bewilderingly beautiful gardens of wild blooms. The balance of nature has been sadly disturbed by the rapidity with which the progress of agriculture, the growth of the cities and the "subdivisions" have changed the fair lanscapes of the Golden State: and the birds and the bees as well as the flowers have been having rather a hard time of it. However, it is not so much the inevitable for which we grieve as it is for the more thoughtless and wholly unnecessary destruction which now threatens practical extermination of some of the more cherished species of our native plants.

The highways and byways of California, once adorned with multitudinously tinted and fragrant wild blooming things, are being desolated and marred by the throngs of automobilists and outdoor enthusiasts, whose appreciation of beauty seems sadly misdirected, to say the least.

The Toyon, or Christmas Berry, sometimes called wild holly, comes in for more than its share of this sort of vandalism. It is no infrequent sight on Sundays and holidays to see hundreds of automobiles and hikers literally loaded down with branches from these beautiful trees. In their haste to gather and be gone, people frequently cut down the trees or twist and hack huge branches from their delicate trunks, thus sadly marring their beauty, if not permanently injuring the growth. From reports gathered in various localities we learn that the Toyon trees have been almost obliterated in places, and while there seems to be at present a plentiful supply of red berries in the more remote districts, the increased demand for them, and for other wild shrubs, for holiday decorations, threatens in time even these vast reserves. Vendors of wild holly and greenery are having shipped to them daily, and in immense quantities, such material from various parts of the State. If this demand increases, and is not regulated, it will, added to the thoughtless extermination carried on by motorists and other unthinking people, practically exterminate some of California's most attractive features.

The birds will miss the berries and the bees will miss the flowers, and the landscape will lack its flame of color to cheer us, and something beautiful will have gone out of our lives—something we cannot regain unless we safeguard before too late these happier features of our wild

My Home By RICHARD PERRY

I've built my house among the hills,
Away from all the strife and pain;
I've built my house beside the rills,
With birds and winds and falling rain;
For me there is no other home,
No other music half so sweet;
With birds I sing, the hills I roam,
And dream within my lone retreat.



For Better or Worse

By GHENT STANFORD

watched Clem until he was out of t; her blue eyes troubled and quesing and there was a suspicion of linging to her long dark lashes. Her hair was but half concealed by the of fillet and a pink rose peeped tge just back of her pretty ear.

red a rose in Matie's hair, and she much care that morning to choose exact size and shade. Her house Clem's favorite, yet he had not given rual compliments. She saw her rethe glass door and turned this way to discover some flaw that she might and fly to her husband, but none was ler lips trembled at Clem's unappreand she turned to survey with dispreakfast table.

reals were scarcely tasted, although was thick and sweet, and Clem's but half eaten; her own untouched. she had hurried with the housework, ns and then danced into the bottling re she assisted her husband with his lunch time. Matie loved to be near the bright colors of the sodas were: delight. Just now, however, they rom her thoughts.

stood trying to fathom the mysterion, her slipper continued to drum to 5 of the tea-kettle; regardless of the gas rates were soaring and that she were trying to curtail expenses on

g possible.

she went against all rules and reguiong into the kitchen she turned off nd without a glance at the evidence st getting, marched into the hall, out nt door and sat listlessly down in a under the drooping pepper tree. She was going to cry, but braced up and that she wouldn't.

iust eight o'clock. The air was rich idor of orange blossoms; alive with its stirring ever so gently the low hangboughs which almost hid the ramblushioned house butted up against the runtain. A big rose bush bloomed ther left and a table stood at her red with pepper blooms. Friends often came out for picnics, and she

and Clem enjoyed their meals out there during the heat of the summer.

She heard a garbled chatter, and looking from under the foliage, saw Mexican and Indian grape pickers entering for their day's labor. Yet she made no move to follow their example.

"I don't see what has come over your master," she said to the collie who had nosed her out and stood blinking as if at a loss to understand the unusual turn in affairs. He wagged his tail and gave a protesting bark.

"No, Tex, I can't imagine any clue to the mystery. It came like a thunderbolt out of the clear sky yesterday afternoon. He'd been down to the road to get the mail, when I first noticed the change in him. He didn't go to bed at all last night.

The dog squirmed at her feet and uttered a low whine.

"No good to cry, Tex, I could weep barrels of tears, but I look horrid when I cry. My nose stays red for hours, and I just can't afford to be mussed up now, of all times. We've got to act like it's all right, whether it is or not."

The big dog sprang to his feet and barked sharply.

"Glad that meets with your approval, I'd hate to see you whimpering when things go wrong. It's not business like. We've got to 'ckle down and find out where the trouble lies. Of course, I suppose, I ought to pout, wring my hands, threaten to run away, or some such thing; but I am not going to. I took your master for better or worse, and I'm not going to bolt just because he hasn't kissed me for hours and hours."

Matie jumped up.

"Yes sir, Tex, Clem must have a good reason for acting—for acting—." Her lip trembled. "Well, I'm not going to make a fuss. Mr. Carter used to say to us clerks: 'Just keep sweet and smile. even if all the fat old women and grouchy old men in town come in and try to brow-beat you into a bargain.' And, Tex, it worked."

Matie tripped into the house, more merriment in her feet than in her heart to be sure. After she had put on a big blue, sleeved apron, the work disappeared like magic. She stood expectantly before Clem at ten o'clock and smiled up into his stern face, shivering a little

when he did not offer to take her in his arms as usual.

"Got through early, didn't you?" he asked, not unkindly.

Matie caught her breath. "Why no, Clem, I'm late. The fact is I day-dreamed a little before doing my work."

"Oh!" Clem fell to tinkering with the gas tank. "Think you had better stop coming to help me. Don't you have some work to do inside?" His face was red. but Matie knew that the tank was vexing at times.

To steady her voice she studied the bottles, cherry, orange, green and lavender. She decided that she liked the cherry best. By that time she could speak without a quiver.

"Why, yes Clem—my sewing basket is not emptying very fast; but I thought I'd help you until you could get a man."

Clem did not speak for some time. He brought in another case of bottles and placed them on the table.

"I'd like to get away early to-day, Matie, if I can. I was wondering if you'd mind not going in with me. I've some business that may keep me late. The chickens will have to be shut up, you know, and—"

Matie gazed into her husband's face with a sickening shudder. Yes, he had the same old cramped look that had impressed her that day, two years before, when he came into Carter's and asked for a man clerk. She remembered telling him that the men clerks were all out to luncheon, at the same time venturing a smile into his solemn face. She was now filling the bottles absent-mindedly as she reviewed that conversation.

"I want a shirt." His request had been made hesitatingly, grudgingly. She remembered how she had hurried to push aside a glass door.

"About what price and color do you prefer?" She had been afraid he would leave without making the purchase, and it would not do to lose the sale.

"Oh, any old thing. I don't care." he had answered hopelessly.

"I think these little striped ones are stunning." she then volunteered with a peep into his face. He looked so sad and her tender motherly heart wanted to comfort him. "They would be very becoming."

"Would they? Why so?" Clem had answered listlessly. Then, for the first time looked directly in her face. How many times he had since told her, that he fell in love with her that very instant.

"Oh, because your eyes are—are so brown, I guess." Her cheeks had grown hot as she replied.

"Y-e-s! Blue shirt. Brown eyes? Is that

the combination? I'll take this one."

Matie giggled aloud at the remembrance. Clem turned about and looked at her questioningly.

"Oh, Clem, I was just thinking of the day I sold you that first shirt, and of the ten consecutive days you came in at noon to buy another one, and—and—"

Clem's face relaxed a trifle, then went sud-

denly white.

"It would have been a blessing to you, little girl, if I had never gone into Carter's that day.

You had best try to forget it."

But Matie could not forget. She went on dreaming about their courtship, how they had expended all the money that Clem had had and all that she had saved on the old farm house with the forty acres of fruit trees and a real, honest to goodness, mineral spring, and now—"

"Well, you can stay at home today, Matie."

Clem's interruption startled her.

"Oh. I'll stay all right. I'm no coward, nor shirker either," she answered with some display of spirit.

"Of course not, Matie. I don't mean to be a brute, but I can't explain things—not yet,"

"Never mind. Clem, I know it's all right." Her lips moved to say more, but the words would not form.

They avoided their usual midday walk to the spring which was about fifty yards up a thickly wooded canyon. It had been a habit of theirs to go for a cool drink at that time; hand in hand like happy children, kneeling and drinking from the clear cold water, then carrying a jug full back to the house for lunch.

The noon meal was as silent as the morning

one had been, perhaps even more so.

It was three o'clock when the big truck was loaded with the bright colored bottles for the wholesale market.

"I'll be back as early as possible, but don't sit up. Tex is here. You won't be afraid?"

"Not me. Clem." said Matie decidedly. "I'll be a good little wife if my husband wants to frolic awhile." There was a world of questioning in her eyes as she glanced at his fine figure clad in his best suit.

"I thought I'd dress up today," he began

apologetically.

"Oh. I love to see you dressed up in your best suit." frankly burst from Matie's lips as she offered them for a kiss. Surely Clem would not go off to town without kissing her.

He took her hands, held her off and looked sadly into her face, while his own writhed and twisted.

"I hate myself today, Matie." The words "I know I'm came through clenched teeth. acting like a cad; but I'm not myself, and little girl don't tempt me. I can't do it naturally and I'm not a sham. I never could be. I'm trying to be a man though even if I seem to be a brute.'

"All right, Clem. I can wait until you get home. Maybe then you'll feel like—like—

"I only hope that things will be straightened out before long," Clem said with a sigh that was not encouraging.

Matie slipped a paper into his hand.

"Some little things I need from the store." she explained. "Ask Carter to let Alice Bond shop for me." A faint tinge of color crept over her pale cheeks.

"I'd rather not bother today, Matie," began

Clem awkwardly.

"Perhaps I can run in tomorrow with you," she suggested, trying to keep the hurt out of her voice.

Clem looked at her again. She thought sure he was going to be natural, but he only said:

"Matie, I wish that every woman was as good as you are." Then turning he jumped into the car and tore recklessly down the road.

Matie stood in the doorway looking in the direction he had gone long after the car had passed from sight. A thousand questions went surging through her tired brain. Finally she picked up her work basket, and as she stitched and embroidered her love into the dainty garments, anxiety vanished and there came a radiant peace into her trustful soul.

The collie left his kennel and took up his watch beside her door. Presently he pried it open; entered noiselessly and stood sniffing at

the soft flannels.

"Yes, Tex, we must have patience when your master looks like that," she said, noticing him.

The dog cocked his head on one side, looking perfectly receptive. Matie patted him

lovingly.

"'Course I think a wife ought to know all about her husband's business, Tex. we're going to lose the ranch, altrough the papers seemed all right. But what's a ranch? I'd live in a tent with your master and be happy on bread and water, if I had to."

Tex licked her hand and then made bold to

kiss her cheek.

"I'm glad you can kiss me, old fellow. don't see why Clem can't." Her lips trembled. The work had dropped from her hands. Pres-

ently she shook herself.

"Let's laugh, Tex." She carried out her suggestion by a forced giggle. At the sound the dog curled his lips back from his teeth and made a gutteral noise which caused her to laugh in earnest, and she felt better.

Evening came and they fastened the chicken coop, then took up their watch out under the trees. A new moon sent cheery beams through the lacy branches. The crickets chirped neighborly to the monotonous droning of the frogs over in the wash from the spring, and the ceaseless throbbing of the irrigation pumps about the valley helped to drive away the feeling of direful foreboding that smote Matie's The air was filled with the scent of flowers and moistened by a light fog that had blown in.

Finally the mocking-birds commenced their eleven o'clock song service, and Matie knew that it was time to go inside. She stationed the big dog at her door and went to bed. She slept like a child until Tex's deep growl startled her. She sat up in bed and listened.

"Why, old boy, don't you know me?"

It was Clem's voice in low, guarded tones, and Matie lay down quivering with joy. How colorless everything had been without him; how changed as she lay listening for his step. She heard him in the dressing room putting away his best suit—Clem was always neat and careful-then her heart missed a count-Clem was tip-toeing down the hall toward the front bed It seemed hours that she lay awake, turning and twisting the vexed problem in her mind.

He was out at work when she awakened. The brimming pail of milk was on the kitchen table as usual. She strained it into shallow pans and put it in the cooler, then prepared breakfast.

Presently Clem came in looking more disturbed than on the previous day. He was very formal, almost distant in his attitude toward

her.

"Good morning, Matie. How did you get on Sorry I had to be out so late.". last night. During the strained greeting he kept sousing his face in the pan at the sink.

Matie made a most careful survey of her person before leaving the dressing room and was satisfied that nothing was lacking; even the rose was a trifle more perfect than usual. She made a great effort to appear natural as she replied:

"Or, Tex, and I got on famously. Of course we—we missed you awfully; but we made up our minds that once a year wasn't bad." She stole a look at her husband. He was white—more, he was ghastly white. With a smothered groan he dropped wearily into a chair at the table.

When the meal was through and he had gone to the bottling house without a word of explanation, Matie was desperate.

"I wonder if all men get spells, Tex?" she pitifully asked the dog who had flatly refused to drive the cow to the pasture. He followed his mistress from room to room, constantly looking into her face as if to fathom the mystery. Whenever she spoke he showed his pleasure by a sharp bark and reared up to caress her with his big paws.

"Think I'll do the dishes then write to mother. Tex, I only talk secrets to you; but I just wonder if they do have spells. You know father died before I could remember. Oh, I wish I knew." She carried out the dishes and returned with an empty cereal box and threw it into the fire place.

"Guess I'll burn this trash and fill the fire box with pepper boughs, it looks so ragged," she told the dog. He sat on his haunches and slashed the air with protesting barks as she stirred up the accumulated papers.

What's the matter, old fellow? Don't you think it will be better to burn the trash outside from now on? Or does your dogship think me foolish to rake around here for some imaginable important paper? Is it possible that you don't remember when I burned up that tax receipt, and your master came within a hair's breadth of having to pay it again? Goodness! Tex, trust me to always look before I leap after that scare. It's become second nature, old fellow, to rake about in all the waste paper that I see. Why, I almost want to stop along the road to examine every scrap."

"Wonder what these lavender pieces are? I don't remember getting any letters on that colored stationery. Goodness! They seem to be at the very bottom of the mess."

Tex had disapproved of the entire proceedings; but it was too much for him when Matie staid inside so long. He boldly nipped at her sleeve and growled protestingly.

"Tex!" she exclaimed, jumping to her feet. "What on earth has come over you? You make me nervous. As if I didn't have enough to drive me mad. Go out and take care of the cow if you are going to be a nuisance." She put him outside, and returned to the grate where she searched for the perplexing lavender scraps. When she had secured every piece,

she commenced fitting them together on the

"I think I ought to know about our business," she justified herself for the uneasy, creepy feeling about the task. "Men are apt to think women helpless about business matters, but I don't believe Clem thinks that. I suppose he wants to save me from worry."

The dog was scratching at the door and emitting howls, but Matie did not hear him. She knelt on the floor beside the upturned scrap basket speechless, her eyes glued to the assembled bits of paper. "Dearest Hubby," mocked and jeered at her like menacing demons. She read a few more disconnected words.

"Just reached—had a deuce of a time—finding you—surprised I'm alive?—heard you had married again—poor chicken—"

Matie snatched up the scraps and flung them into the grate; got to her feet; staggered to her room and fell across the bed. After a time she felt the dog's nose on her hand and knew that he had in some way got into the house. His dumb caress comforted her in a measure. Tex waited respectfully to be addressed as long as he thought polite then put his paws on his mistress and whined.

"Yes, it's time to cry now, Tex, but I can't." She sat up. her eyes wild with fright, and put her arms about the dog.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? Poor Clem! No wonder you couldn't touch me. But why didn't you tell me?" She rocked back and forth, mingling her moans with the whines of the dog until the striking of the clock aroused her.

"Maybe it's only a big lie, Tex, and Clem is trying to fix it up." She walked to her dressing table, continuing to address her sympathetic companion. "Anyway, it's up to us to play the game. Butting in won't do any good. For better or worse, you remember?" She arranged her hair, put on some rouge, that her pallor might not be so evident, then went about her work.

When the rooms had been carefully gone over, she put the power of her muscle on the chicken pens. The hens ran cackling to the farthest corner until she had finished. She then walked listlessly up the canyon to the spring. The birds dipped and fluttered and sang and made love. The water gurgled and danced from under the hill just as it had done during the many times she had been there before; but she was dead to every sound as she sat huddled beside the spring, almost hid by the cat tails and tall grasses. When she felt steady enough

she started down to the bottling house. Yes, she would go in, just as though nothing had happened, and help with the work—a shiver ran through her—perhaps it would be the last.

Clem was having more trouble with the gas. He got to his feet and started toward her, hesitated, and again dropped down beside the tank.

"Guess this old cheese needs something more than my tinkering," he opined.

"I'd send for Blenenger if I were you," suggested Matie, commencing to fill the bottles.

"I've just been thinking that perhaps we would discontinue the sodas," he announced. "How would you like to go to town for a few weeks' rest?"

A spasm of pain rushed over Matie's face and her hands shook so that she almost dropped the bottle she was filling. She could scarcely stand.

"I'd rather die than hurt you, dear," Clem blurted. "I'm a cheat. You'd hate me if you

knew."

"No, you're not, Clem," defended Matie loyally. She was steadier now and, yes, she was happier to have had that much from her silent husband. "I'll always believe in your honesty of purpose, no matter what you do, or what any one else says."

A great light leaped into Clem's tired face, but before he had time to answer, a machine dashed into the yard and commenced to honk loudly. Both started and some new fear gripped Matie's heart as she saw her husband's face.

"Want grapes, probably," Clem ventured. "I wish I'd put up a sign down to the road that we had sold the crop to the Japs." He tried to appear at his ease as he went to answer the call.

Matie worked on for a time then went to the door and looked out. She knew that some question was being argued, and not caring to be seen, she went around the cnicken house

and slipped into the kitchen.

In a short time she had a tempting lunch on the table. Some cold meat with parsley dressing, a salad, sliced peaches, with whipped cream piled high on them, and hot tea—Clem liked a warm drink on a hot day, then he always finished with a glass of sparkling water from the spring. Matie looked worried. There was no spring water for Clem.

Seizing a pitcher she again slipped around the chicken house and ran swiftly up the canyon. Clem was still outside talking when she returned. She put the pitcher beside her husband's plate and sat down. She could hear Tex outside growling. Going to the door she called softly to him and he bounded to her side, but turned again to growl. Finally she coaxed him inside. She could hear a woman's voice rise high at times. Matie shivered and the dog showed his teeth in ugly snarls.

"Brace up, Tex," she said in a weak little voice, patting his shaggy head, "we've something to buck up against; but I'm going to believe in him if the heavens fall. For better, or worse! We must not forget that." At that point her nerves over-ruled her decision and springing to her feet she paced the floor, her hands pressed hard against her heart. Presently Clem burst into the room.

"It's a shame, Matie, to keep you worried." He snatched her to him hungrily, then pushed her away. "I had no right to do that," he said

sharply.

"Hurry, Clem," came shrilly from the yard.

Clem scowled, and sputtered:

"There's a woman out there. A—a sort of third cousin, and she is determined to thrust herself on us. She's not your kind—nor mine either, for that. This is your home, Matie, and I wish you wouldn't let her cross your threshold." The words tumbled over each other is confusion, but left no doubt of their sincerity.

"We can scarcely turn her away at meal time, Clem, if she is your cousin. Let's be courteous. She can't hurt us. Bring her in." Matie began rearranging the table for another plate.

"But, Matie, you don't understand," protested

Clem.

"Bring her in, Clem. We will consider what I don't understand after we have shown ourselves hospitable."

"Now, Clem, take that, you horrid boy! My!

what a dear old English house."

Clem's face grew darker. His muscles twitched.

In the doorway stood a vision of lovliness such as Matie had never seen. Such wonderful eyes and lips; such dazzling garments. She caught her breath sharply.

"Won't you ask me in?" pouted the vision tripping familiarly to Clem's side. "She said I might, so there, and I'll come in anyway.

Introduce us, Clem."

"Matie this is Mrs. Gordon, a sort of third cousin. She's not here by invitation of mine," he said grudgingly.

The vision smiled saucily, not in the least perturbed by the situation.

"Now, Clem," she teased.

Clem took a stride toward her. Black anger surged over his face.

"Keep your place, or by heaven! I'll-"

"Clem." Matie's voice was pregnant with love. He turned quickly and a sigh escaped his

Tex had been controlled only by the firm hand of his mistress who now put him in the kitchen and gently presided over the belated meal.

"I was most starved," the vision announced, throwing her wraps over the davenport and taking the chair which Matie had placed for "This stingy fellow was determined I should go back to town without a bite and, just think of it, he hasn't seen me for three whole years. Now, what do you think of that?"

"It is quite unlike my husband," replied

Matie, pouring the tea.

The vision's eyes were saucy bright as she stared into the violet ones opposite her.

"Oh, we've just had a little quarrel. make up by and by. He might as well tell you-

"Nell!" Clem's voice was raspy and he half

rose from the table.

All right." "Oh! The vision laughed a low, rippling laugh, tossing her pretty head and looking critically about the room.

"What a dear place this is, Clem. I'm in love with California. Won't you show me over the valley after lunch? I'm just crazy about it. We can have our little argument out and visit at the same time. What do you say to that, Hon?"

"I don't see how I can. I've a rush order—" He looked at Matie and she thought she detected relief in his eyes.

"Do go, Clem," she said. "I will work in the bottling house."

The vision gazed at the speaker in unfeigned, unconcealed amazement, then turned to Clem.

"You can't get by that. Can you, Hon?

You see she doesn't care."

Clem's breath came hard; his face worked. He got up from the table.

Well, let's get it over," he growled.

"Aren't you going to dress?" the vision

pouted.

"I'm dressed as much as I intend to. you're bound to push yourself in where you're not wanted, come on." He took his hat and started toward the door, then turned to Matie.

"Let the work out there alone, dear. get back in time to finish it," he said, gently.

"Oh, Clem, please dress. I can't bear to see you in such common things. You looked adorable last night," pouted the vision.

Clem gave her a black, withering look and flung himself out of the door.

"O-o-o!" The vision pushed out her too red lips. "O-o-o!" she repeated and ran after him as fast as her narrow skirts would permit. "Good-bye," she chirped to the white girl inside. "See you again."

Matie thought there was a world of insinuation in the last words. She went into the

kitchen and began putting it to rights.

"It's coming, Tex," she said to the big dog who wriggled about her. "Yes, it's coming. He doesn't want her, anyway; but, dear me! I don't know what we are going to do." She sat down and covered her face with her hands. The dog placed his paws on her lap and whined. "Maybe she's a bluff, Tex, but it certainly looks bad. Poor Clem, I do hope you can fix it up some way so you can be ha-happy." The wish for her husband's happiness ended in a sob.

She went about her work listlessly, brokenly, the dog at her heels. When ever he passed the heavy wrap on the davenport he growled menacingly. When her task inside was completed Matie went out to the bottling house and worked as if the whole world depended on her own small self. She knew that constant work, at this stage, was necessary for her peace of mind. Night came and there was still much to be done. She had wondered herself almost sick over Clem's long absence.

Again she sat under the trees. Tex was with her and he was cross. He paced restlessly back and forth in the moon's pale light. The night creatures were just as busy as on any other mellow, autumn evening; but Matie did not hear them. Once Tex stopped his uncanny pacing and howled wierdly up in her face.

"I know it's terrible, old fellow, but we've got to meet it. I can't go back to the store, Tex." She laid her head on the shaggy neck,

but no tears came to her relief.

"Oh, I forgot to close the chicken house door!" she exclaimed jumping to her feet as a loud cackling broke the stillness. She ran around the corner, the dog at her heels. He was now happy. Anything rather than see his beloved mistress mope. It was so unlike her He dashed inside the pen as a car swung into the lane.

Matie was panic stricken. They must not know that she cared enough to stay out so late. For the first time she was angry at Clem. He needn't ride around all night, even if that wornan had commanded him to go. She jerked the door shut and darted around the house. The kitchen screen was locked. She remembered hooking it before she went out the front way.

(Continued on Page 66)



Along the Coast-Mid-winter

A Desert Memory By SUZANNE McKELVY

They were gathered in the cabin Of a desert mining camp, Faces showing seamed and bearded By the dim and smoky lamp. Men they were all brave and rugged, Western types, both fierce and bold; Men who risked their lives for fortune. Seekers of the yellow gold. One among the group seemed alien. Seemed a man of different caste. With a fineness in his manner Which bespoke a cultured past. And he held—almost caressing— 'Mid that cabin's oaths and din, Pride of all his life's possessions, His beloved violin. And his mind in fancy wandered. As his fingers touched the strings, To the throngs his music gathered In the royal courts of kings. When enraptured faces watched him. As he drew his magic bow. And he smiled at recollections Of that radiant long ago. Then the crowd of bearded miners, Seeking a diversion new, Asked the pallid violinist For a favorite air or two. So he tuned his trusted idol, Grasped in ecstasy his bow And the old immortal classics From his hands began to flow. On he played, the moments flying, Golden winged they seemed to him, But at length the men grew restless, Classics did not reach within. Then he gave the strings a new turn And the bow he gently drew, While an old familiar ballad Rang the cabin through and through. "Forgotten you, yes if forgetting," Sang the wondrous violin, And the memories that it wakened Made those rugged hearts akin. "If the wild wish to see you and hear you," Wailed out with a cadence deep. And tears crept slowly into eyes Long since unused to weep. And the player played like a phantom, And memories sweet and old Awoke and sitrred, and thrilled again, Those hearts grown hard and cold. The last sweet notes of the music

Gripped the heart strings of those men, "If this is forgetting-you're right, dear, And I have forgotten you then. Silently all left the cabin, Each wended his way alone, Hearts throbbing with recollections, Each life had a past all its own. And out of the darkness came faces. So dear in the days that were. And out of the silence came voices That whispered to every soul there. When dawn broke over the desert, And the fight for gold was begun, The singer lay cold and lifeless, His work and his dreams were done. His loved violin was with him, Held close in a rigid clasp, The health he had sought in the desert Had cluded his feeble grasp. In the dead brown sand they laid him, Out where the harsh winds sweep, Then turned and filed o'er the narrow trail And left him there asleep. There comes to that lonely sleeper No music of magic strings, But the long wild howl of the coyote And the whir of a buzzard's wings. As those rugged men of the desert Keep on in their search for gold, Faint memories haunt them now and then Of the story the music told. A thought of that lilting ballad Softens each hardened line, Like holding in frigid winter A dream of the summer time.





Fufi Beyond the Rice Fields

ne Menace of the Open Door

By FRED L. HOLMES

the "Open Door" immigration policy prove disastrous to any prosperous in that adheres to it, is the opinion of ... A. Ross, for the past fifteen years at the University of Wisconsin. He rest sociologist to predict that within nerations the white man's world will led to erect "dams against the color is spillways, of course, for students, and travelers."

points are made by Professor Ross sition to the "Open Door" immigra-

w standards of Oriental living curze of the American family in comsulting in a displacement of Amerist breeding Oriental races.

heterogeneous population imperils of democracy by rendering laws unthrough unlikemindedness and by e nation of a unity of thought by al and liberal progress can be made. palling prospect of a human deluge' Professor Ross, if the surplus popuotten by other peoples which multiit taking thought of the morrow is o continue. He likens this condition nel who has been allowed to put his the tent. Once there the process of nt goes on quietly, but inexorably, amel is the sole occupant of the tent. painless death to be sure," continued Ross, "which extends over a century proceeds without a clash or scandal, ting, but no people which forsees it to the fatal policy of the open door. rosperous country which leaves its will presently find itself not the home on, but a polyglot boarding-house. ng areas of the world will come to ed by a confused party-colored mass languages and religions and of the rdant moral and economic standards. the breech-clout stage of attire, such in the back districts of the Far East. the descendants of the Puritans. The will perforce brush shoulders with wearers of amulets, and believers in In the same labor market will sose who sit at meat and those who reir heels about a bowl of food, those on a carpet underfoot and those content with a dirt floor, those who honor their wives and those who make them chattels, those who school their children and those who exploit them."

Restriction on immigration is no new doctrine to Professor Ross. In the spring of 1900 there was an alarm in some circles on the Pacific Coast at the rate of entrance of the Japanese, which was several thousand a week, and a mass meeting was called in San Francisco on this subject. President David Starr Jordon of Stanford University was invited to speak and as he had a prior engagement he could not attend. They asked him to suggest some one else and he suggested Professor E. A. Ross. He attended and endeavored to place the issue on a deeper foundation than was customary at that time. He stressed, not that life would be harder for American working men brought into competition with the low standard Oriental immigrant, but that he would not raise a normal sized family; that at the low wage levels the Oriental would utterly outbreed the American: and that the ultimate result would be a displacement of our people by the Oriental race in social areas or levels in which the competition took place. There was no assumption that the Oriental was a bad man or inferior man. The question simply was: Do we want to see the American Pacific Coast populated chiefly by Orientals and descendants of Orientals in hundreds of years?

Mrs. Stanford, thinking of the beginning of the Anti-Chinese agitation a quarter of a century earlier and reminiscent of the riots and disorders which had made difficult the path of her husband, then governor of the State, thought that Professor Ross' position was dangerous doctrine and insisted upon Ross' dismissal. Professor Ross severed his connection with Stanford University in November 1900, but in January a committee of eighteen of The American Economics Association, after an investigation, made an extended report which found Mrs. Stanford's action an infringement of the rightful liberty of the scholar.

The trail of events and of public discussion in the last twenty years appears to have completely vindicated the position Professor Ross took in 1900. Ten years ago he was the first Sociologist to predict that all white man's countries would ultimately erect immigration

barriers. He still clings tenaciously to that doctrine.

Few Sociologists in America are better known than Professor Ross; few, if any, have made such extended investigations to gather information. To find facts for his sociological studies he has traveled in practically all foreign countries. In 1910 he spent six months in China, journeying 10,000 miles in and about the Celestial empire, 500 miles in a mule litter and was carried 800 miles in a sedan chair. For his information on the Bolshevik Revolution he roamed over 20,000 miles in Russia.

Professor Ross was born in Illinois in 1866, was educated at Coe College, Iowa, and at the University of Berlin. He became associate professor at Cornell, but after a year accepted a chair at Stanford University for seven years. Later he was connected with the University of Nebraska for five years, and fifteen years ago joined the faculty of the University of Wisconsin to occupy the chair of sociology.

"What is the greatest problem in the social life of America today?" was asked Professor Ross.

"The thing that causes the most forboding to me is how to preserve democracy and popular government in a people that has become so heterogeneous as ours," said Professor Ross.

"Roughly speaking moral and economic standards will be realized and new laws will be enforced when 80 to 85 of the people are behind them. Now within thirty years it has become difficult to get that proportion of us behind anything whatever. There have come among us in the last half century more than twenty million European immigrants with all manner of mental background, many of them having traditions which will no more blend with American traditions than oil will blend with The people have become so unlike minded that you cannot get 80 per cent of v them to back any advanced step. Suppose in England today we introduced millions of English of the age of Queen Anne, millions of the people of the time of Elizabeth, millions of the peasantry of the reign of Henry VIII. Would public opinion and community policy in England be able to develop as they do today?

"Yet this is the equivalent of what is upon us. Among us have come millions who have never acquired the habit of looking to sheriffs and courts for protection, but have put their trust in the "Vendetta" and secret societies, the result being that in certain of our cities American justice is quite foiled. Immigrants are in our midst who are entirely unprepared to ac-

cept our American policy of the total separation of church and state. Within a generation after our people generally have been brought to acknowledge the concern of the community in education, we were flooded with people from Eastern and Southern Europe who insist that it is a parent's prerogative to determine whether or not his child shall have any education and whatever education there is shall be controlled by the church and not by the state.

"Likewise many have come among us lacking the American respect for women and this is one reason why we have so little success in the suppression of the vilest forms of vice. In the course of the middle third of the 19th century a large number of the American people had been brought to look upon alcoholic beverages as a race menace. Then were introduced into our midst myriads quite innocent as to the perils that lay in the cheering bowl so that temperance was balked and the struggle against alcohol took on the form of legal prohibition. As a result of this growing heterogeneity society can scarcely make up its mind any more save on matters of such elemental appeal as fire protection, sanctity of property. good roads and public improvements. interests,' politicians, and the foreign nationalistic organizations play one element off against another so that we are not getting on as we should.

"Long ago Americans formed the habit of expecting their country to lead the world in popular progress. But we have had the mortification of seeing people after people pass ahead of us in such matters of education, status of women, sanitation, law enforcement, vice suppression, public morals, etc. Not only New Zealand and Australia, but the Scandinavian countries, and, in some respects. England have made strides that in many of our commonwealths we have been unable to make. Thus I noticed lately that in infant saving thirteen peoples are ahead of us. Such stalling and fumbling is the inevitable result of the cross purposes and confusion of ideas that result from excessive heterogeneity.

"This is why I regard our persistence in the open door policy in respect to immigration as the greatest mistake the American people have made in our time."

"What about the immigration problem of the Pacific Coast?" was asked Professor Ross.

"The Pacific Coast and in fact all of the mountain states have become almost a unit in apprehending the replacement danger connected with the Japanese immigration," he replied. "The old vulgar slurs on the 'Orientals," as

Heathen, or 'Rat-eater' have nearly disappeared. The discussion is now on a higher plane. Our people recognize the right of Japanese in Japan and of Chinese in China to preserve their homogeneity and be secure from any considerable invasion of our race. On the other hand as a correlate we insist upon our race not to be made heterogeneous, but we should be allowed to preserve our own area by the expansion of our own stock.

"Conceding equal value of the Oriental races with ourselves we still insist that if we become heterogeneous in compostion instead of homogeneous, it will be vastly more difficult for us to make Democracy a success. It is almost impossible for people to exercise an effective control over the government unless among them there is a considerable like-mindedness. Furthermore their willed progress will be less if there is among them great diversity of un-The diverse derlying ideas and purposes. ethnic groups pull in different directions and nothing happens. Only the homogeneous peoples are likely to agree upon the steps which will bring about rapid social advance, and we conceded that Japan has the same right to value and preserve her homogeneity that we wish to claim for ourselves.

"I wish to point out that to us sociologists

the future relation of peoples appears very different to what it did to the thinkers of the last century. Cheap transportation, literacy and the newspaper are making humble folk all over the world restless and on the lookout for opportunities to improve their condition. They are infinitely more willing to migrate to distant lands than ever before. The result is that comfortable, well-off peoples see their enviable lot menaced by streams of migration from the crowded, poverty haunted areas of the world, particularly Asia.

"As it is out of the question that they should allow themselves to become a hodge-podge of peoples and to have their own race displaced by intruding races, we are bound to see immigration barriers rising before the less crowded peoples of the world. The United States in 1882 began the first immigration barrier. Now there are half a dozen countries which bar out Orientals and the number of such barriers is certain to grow. You can hardly doubt that in half a century there will be perhaps a score of peoples protecting their wage earning members by immigration barriers. Whether the crowded peoples will quietly consent to these barriers remains to be seen. It may be that the most appalling of all wars will be fought on this issue.'

Looking Towards the West By CHARLES J. NORTH

He stood on a lonely mountain. And leaned on his staff to rest; A man of many birthdays, Looking towards the West. He followed a downward pathway, That led through a fragrant wood, To where a wayside temple Beneath a great tree stood. Within were the voices singing The songs of long before, So, pausing awhile to listen, He passed within its door. He had stood upon the mountain In awe, but not in fear; And passing through the woodland Had learned that God was near. He heard the old, old story, Then bowed his head in prayer, To find through strength and wisdom, That God was with him, there. He passed on down the valley. And his eyes were filled with rest; This man of many birthdays, Looking towards the West.

Night in the Desert By IDA ECKERT-LAWRENCE

Oh, I hear the yowl of the coyote's howl
I smell the tang of the desert air;
The sand-dunes are high round the chapparal—
There's wild sage and grease-wood everywhere.
In my tent at night comes a savage yell—

They're gone like a flash, or the spring's first shower;

Tis the devilish broncs going by like hell.

All's wondrous still 'cept the vibrant ground—
I lie wrapt in expectant wonderment—
I listen long for the next queer sound.
The desert wakes—'tis alive at night—
Oh, the desert moves in the white moonlight.

Just a tiny bark—wonder what that is—
A babe-like cry—let me sit and think—
'Tis a mountain cub at the spring out there—
His highness, late at night to drink.
There's a muffled growl as the wild eyes meet—
And a challenge low, and retreating feet.

See the rim of light—'tis the silver moon—
The desert moon with its weird wan light;
I wonder are other mortals a-near,
Camping alone on the sands tonight.
So my bare feet dance in the moon's full glow,
There's a sheen on the sand like the glint
of snow.

In the light out there is my hearth of stone;
The full moon laughs and her vigil keeps;
The pale light melts in the rising sun—
The drowsy fire-sandalled desert sleeps—
Sleeps in the heat and hides in the shade—
This is the desert a Fair God has made.



nsformation of Nellie Dunning

By ROCKWELL D. HUNT

E the time of the accident Nellie, now rly fourteen, had received but scant ention in the Dunning family.

ther, usually austere and at times imseemed to be more and more irritated rible lameness. Perhaps his own slight the had carried for years, made him sensitive; at any rate the beauty of his —"Mountain Daisy," he used to call to him as if it had never been. Her sam took less and less notice of her marriage; the struggle to carve out a himself and his bride seemed to enthought.

mother, to be sure, still loved the girl, vague way yearned to give her a better But of late the rheumatism was torturveakened body, and the daily routine nore and more burdensome—there was no nouragement or vision in her own refe; what more could she do for poor

t, a cruel fate seemed to decree that nning, once a beautiful and promising st spend her days in those Mendocino s—because of a serious deformity of without the nurture that every young ald receive, without companionship, without education, condemned to helpacy and a life of infinite loneliness. ellie was guilty of no fault that she

e, she enjoyed abounding health, and bserver would have noticed that she essed the elements of rare if undeveluty. The beauty of childhood was one, but there was coming to replace turer beauty of budding girlhood.

ved her horse-back rides, and she was surage in her mountain life,—had she only twelve, shot from the very doorse deer with her father's rifle? And then she heard something of the big side.

ere she was, with her terrible lameness. we was there for Nellie Dunning, isothose Mendocino mountains, with all hoood's promise and her abounding ow that her ungainly walking excited iments of pity and her running was distressing to look at?

unning family was a survival from an But little of the old life was then

in evidence; while the new was shut out almost completely, except for the weekly paper that found its way in and—at long intervals—the visit of old-time friends seeking recreation in camp.

It was a great day in the later '90's when the Hunter family came up the almost impossible grade in a staunch spring wagon drawn by a span of robust and seasoned horses.

"By jolly!" shouted Seth Dunning in a voice that could be heard for half a mile, "but I be powerful glad to see you here! Unhook your horses, and pitch your tent under yon' oak. I hain't seen you for nigh onto twenty year, by jolly!"

Mrs. Dunning was just as cordial, if not so demonstrative. There was a marked revival in her drooped spirits instantly. There was in store for her such a visit with old-time friends as she had never enjoyed since moving into the Mendocino mountains.

But the object that caught and held the quick and sympathetic eye of Mrs. Hunter was the shrinking, cringing figure of poor little Nellie Dunning. Abashed by the very magnitude of the event, taught by a stern discipline to keep her place, painfully conscious of her terrible lameness, she dared not express the glee she inwardly felt when in that hour the dim vision of a larger life flitted into her young soul.

"What is the matter with the child?"

And then Mrs. Dunning proceeded to explain how that when Nellie was only ten—the idol of the family—she was the victim of an accident which resulted in a compound fracture of her left leg immediately above the ankle. The nearest doctor was at Laytonville, more than twenty miles away, and it was winter. After no little delay Seth Dunning—rough and ready artisan of the mountains—undertook to set the leg himself, but with such disastrous results that when the bone was knit the left leg was found to be three inches shorter than the right,—a frightful handicap!

The child could not protest; the father did not care to be reminded of his bungling handiwork, and he seemed even to lose much of his natural affection for the child; the brother, now absorbed in his own problems as a young man, quickly superseded the little sister as the center of the family's interests; the poor mother, who had stood the brunt of many changing vicissitudes and was now a constant sufferer from rheumatism, had felt herself gradually compelled to submit and acquiesce in Nellie's condition, shutting her eyes, as best she could, to the prospect of the girl's dreary and despairing future. Be it said to her credit, she silently uttered many a protest, she breathed many an inarticulate prayer for her little daughter,—she had never allowed herself to become reconciled to Nellie's condition and future outlook.

The chief attraction of the Dunning place, next to the entrancing wildwood itself, was a wonderful strawberry patch. And strawberries were ripe when the Hunter family set up camp under the oak, at the very edge of the patch. What a treat to find fresh, ripe, luscious strawberries, after a fortnight in camp, at the very

objective of their trip!

And such berries! At an altitude of 3700 feet the clearing had been made by the sturdy blows of Seth Dunning's axe, the dark leafmold seemed a fott thick on the surface of the black soil, the spring sun had sent his fructifying rays upon the unspoiled ground, and a neverfailing streamlet of limpid mountain water came leaping serviceably down from the main brook a quarter of a mile above. No noisome pest had as yet invaded this spot. Did ever conditions meet to produce more perfect strawberries?

The patch was less than an eighth of an acre; yet so productive was it that it yielded no small portion of the Dunning family's meager summer revenue, for such berries met with ready sale

at Laytonville.

The younger members of the Hunter family for the moment overlooked the striking beauty of the surrounding scenery,—their eyes seemed fastened upon red, luscious berries. It is not difficult, therefore, to understand how welcome were the hospitable words of Seth Dunning.

"Now pitch right in to the strawberries, folks; don't stent yourselves in the least! By jolly! but it's good to see you all here in these

mountings!"

It was but another exhibition of the truly big-hearted generosity of the California mountain man; he will share his last little resources with you and count himself happy in the shar-

ing. May his tribe never perish!

The Hunter family remained for nearly a week. They had regaled themselves with mountain quail and the finest of brook trout. Sam Dunning had shown them where the deer were sure to be found, and they had been feasting on venison. The strawberry patch—it is scarcely necessary to state—was thoroughly cleaned out;—and there had been no shipment to Laytonville that week!

Best of all, there had been the grandest visit! Seth Dunning and Dan Hunter had sat for hours—jack-knife in hand with never-failing stick, for both were true-blue Yankees,—swapping yarns of long ago, rehearsing the checkered careers of old neighbors and acquaint-ances, and setting the mighty problems of American democracy!

Their wives likewise had enjoyed a veritable flow of soul; it was like the steady, on-going

current of a river.

And Nellie was permitted to listen! Wideeyed, with eager mind and thirsting heart, she received a revelation of a great and grand world she had never entered. Would her feet ever be permitted to pass through its wonderful portals? Sarah Hunter beheld, and was filled with yearning for the unfortunate girl.

The younger members of the Hunter family had hunted and fished and—eaten strawberries! They became greatly attached to Sam Dunning, who could tell them such tales about the raising of mountain hogs, the haunts of the big bucks, the habits of the California lion, and the dens of rattlesnakes, but who had never been one hundred miles away from home in his twenty-five years of life, who knew nothing of the telephone, had never seen an electric light, and had never visited a city larger than Middletown, in Lake County.

It had been a great event when the Hunter family reached the top of the grade and entered the Dunning clearing. The day of their depart-

ure was not less significant.

If they could climb "into" the mountains of Mendocino, why could not the Dunnings climb "out?" It had seemed that absolutely nothing could uproot them, but at last promises had been extracted to pay a visit to the Hunters, in their Napa home, at some distant date,—Nellie and all.

And for Nellie,—a deep purpose had been forming in the mind of Sarah Hunter; and before the camp under the oak was broken this purpose amounted to a deep abiding conviction.

When Sarah Hunter confided to her friends her purpose to help Nellie Dunning, some of them tried to dissuade her; she had not the means and her own home duties and church activities were surely sufficient to take her time and energies. Besides, why should she be so concerned about a little mountain girl, whose own parents apparently were indifferent?

But she would not be swerved from her plans. The vision of poor little Nellie, awk-

(Continued on Page 70)

The Hold-Up Man

By FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN

R the violet tinted hills on the northrest edge of Hollywood, men in leather ggings and tall, peaked hats, were galnadly up and down in the desperate f life against life. Now a horse would fall, and a rider would crumble under d be instantly trampled on by his pur-Then, would follow volleys of shots, ning of the sweet, soft air with greyish and the shout—

: last over again! Numbskulls! Put ep into it! Think you're passin' an or a Quaker seminary ridin' school? at it-Shoot, Lem!"

camera man, red-faced and with every concentrated, "shot," and shot again : was stopped by another wrathful exfrom the director, when he wiped his ng face, grinned, and dropped down on "devil grass" to rest and cool off. From ound horses and their riders gathered Peaked hats were he camera man. off, cigarettes were lit, and the invariermath of camera work-good natured -set in. At rest and enjoying their ments of leisure, they made an interestturesque group; this batch of young from Universal City. Set up there, the sky line, they formed a strong conthe normal circumstances of the valley, at the end of the road leading from nga Avenue is a spring and a shed that with bottles and casks, and a rambling house, where the people dwell who ne spring water and haul it in sealed about the town. Across the road from d is the only other dwelling in sight. vee. one-storied cottage, so over-shadowwo pepper trees and a forest of tall red ums that it is scarcely discernible from distance. But its big west window gives upon the hills, and a blue-eyed whitechild of three is usually perched upon nds of a little rocking chair, watching y the manuevers of the movie people nev pose on location.

all over, mudder!" complained the umbling off his perch, which he had y occupied for half an hour.

they'll do it over again tomorrow, dear," soothed the gentle-voiced, paired, bright-eyed woman in lavender gingham, who had been quietly washing up the floor while the small boy was engrossed in his hero worship. She wondered, as she took note of his flushed face, whether so much excitement was good for him, and whether he wasn't taking all this moving picture business too sericusly.

"I wanted that big man killed!" announced Georgie in the coolest manner. "I wanted to see his horse topple on him and see him killed deader.

"Sh-uh, dearie! Why, you know it's all fun! Why, my Georgie wouldn't want anybody to be "really" killed. They—they're just playing robbers, and nobody gets hurt, really. know it's wicked to kill anybody. You know mudder doesn't even kill the snakes when they come down from the hills—only just drives them away. Come eat your supper and then I'll tell you a nice little story before you go to sleep, dearie.'

Sharp blue eyes calculated the quality of the supper, observed sweeties in it and he graciously let himself be persuaded to take a mellowing view of circumstances. He was exacting about the story and demanded at least one giant and two bears in it. The habit of keen watchfulness of the panorama of the hills had developed a voracious appetite for satisfying climax. But the room was cool and dark, the meal soothing, and three years old is not a match for the wit of a kind, intelligent mother who believes that sleep is the panacea for all the slight indispositions of infancy.

A self-respecting, modestly firm and quickfooted person is Evy; about thirty years of age, and very pleasant to look at. pretty when she shows her white, even teeth in a peculiarly winning smile, and her sober, faraway grey eyes light up and gaze directly at vou. Sometimes, when she is watching her Georgie at the window, she drops her sewing and sighs gently, and as her eyes roam over the beautiful violet-tinted hills, they dilate with some feeling akin to terror. It is as if the rough-riding and mock-fighting that so often takes place there had for her some secret association whose fear she cannot shake off. Five years ago-yes, it is nearly five, now, something happened that brought into her calm, placid little life the alarm of sudden tragedy, and the awfulness of it has stayed with her. Even in the peace and sweetness life has brought her with the coming of Georgie, and so many other blessings that she blushes from a sense of unworthiness when she reckons them up—she cannot forget. For five years she has kept in her memory the picture of that biglimbed, muscular man with dark, piercing eyes and stern, yet humorous mouth, who rode these hills by night; and not for the purpose of posing before the camera. She fears—she wonders—and her soft eyes dilate as she resumes her sewing and recollects that it is almost time for her to put it up and begin to cook the evening meal.

Five years ago the sheriff captured here the boldest hold-up man who ever contrived to baffle the pursuit of leisurely California justice; captured him reluctantly and with pleasantly expressed appreciation of his shining qualities. For Joseph Conroy had never soiled his hands with any crime excepting that of forcibly exchanging from the over-loaded pockets of the well-to-do to his own lean ones, that form of privilege facetiously called "filthy lucre." He never added insult to injury when his act was consumated and those of his victims who were able to raise their heads, after his single knockout blow with his fist, testified that he ordinarily waved his peaked hat as he rode out of sight, in a decent, voiceless acknowledgment of their generosity.

Most of Conroy's spectacular exploits had been accomplished before Evy came to know him. She appeared in Hollywood, from the precincts of eastern Pennsylvania, and settled down in the little brown cottage, a stranger in the land. Joseph rode up one evening, dismounted from his horse, and courteously asked if she would cook him some kind of little meal; he hadn't had anything that could be called a meal, for three days. And with this for a beginning the fates that have charge of such things rapidly rolled up a disconcerting program for gentle Evy. There was something about her that puzzled Conroy and he was curious about mysteries. From the endeavor to unravel this inscrutable quality in the nice woman he went on with his characteristic speed in acting to try upon her his bluff admiration. And, as it re-acted upon him with unexpected satisfaction, he gave way to his natural impulsiveness and suddenly proposed that she marry him.

Now Evy thought that the violet tinted cloud that rested so softly over her worshipped hill had wafted down to bathe her soul in its ether. She was of the breed of women to whom love is religion and deeply she loved this big, blunt Joseph Conroy. From the hour that she had, as he expressed it, "her claim in him staked out," she earnestly set to work to reform him. Not by nagging, nor by pleading, but by bringing him to look at and take note of the beauty that lies in decency and recititude, and the joy of living in harmony with the sane and wholesome influences that lay in such abundance around their daily lives. Joseph was intelligent and possessed of a latent moral sense. He said to her that if he had ever had a mother maybe he would have been a different man. But at all events, he promised to give up robbery on the road; he gave his word to start out on some honest, reputable course of earning a living. He could have started then and there for, by some peculiar good luck, his popularity was so great among the good-humored Californians that nobody would come back at him for his old misdeeds. But the haunting instinct to have "just one more lick" before quitting his interesting trade, took him out one night when a stranger from the east, who had no generous side to his nature, journeyed along the road.

He had heard ill things about the pass and he traveled in his high-powered motor with a gun in each fist, resolved to defend his property with all the force of a quick and skillful hand. Joseph came, tried his usual policy, and for the first time in his life was taken off his guard. A well-aimed shot crippled him, and as he lay unconscious he was hustled into the car and taken to jail. Swiftly and awfully, he was brought to justice; the easterner brooked no nonsense. He complained that five years in the penitentiary, which was the sentence imposed, was too light a punishment. But to the out-door man, used to sleeping under the big stars, eating beside some clear stream as he lay on his back, throwing choice bits to his horse. that stood nibbling fragrant grass near by—the term was pure, unadulterated Hell.

The five years had almost passed. In another month Joseph would be free. She was thinking of this, with strangely mingled feelings of pleasure and terror as the child had climbed down from his chair, with that plaint that "It's all over and nobody killed at all!"

The next afternoon a tired man was making his way along the shadowed road toward Hollywood. He could have taken the trolley, but he had preferred to walk. The long tramp was bliss to a man of Nature's mould, who had pined behind prison bars. Government humanity had supplied him with five dollars and a rough, strong suit of clothes. By steady good

conduct he had earned a remission of his term -of a single month. He had not written this to Evy in any of his scanty notes; writing was tortue to his unlettered mind; he believed that come when he would she would be ready for him; that his welcome would be secure. His The one woman on earth on whom he would bank for faith and purity under any trial of time or space. If he had owed the world anything he had paid it; wiped the slate clean; got it ready for a new record that might properly contain nothing but joy. He raised his head and sniffed the sweet air that breezed down from the hills and hastened his steps. So far he had kept to the less frequented roads. but now his course lay through the principal street of the town, unless he took a very roundabout path which his impatience rejected. On Calguenga Avenue he drew his hat low and slouched along with the shuffling steps of the man who has for a long time walked in limited spaces and turned often. Several times he ran against people, but Hollywood is too used to freaks to be surprised at any departure from the normal and they merely turned out and gave him the road, supposing that absence of mind was his pose. Probably he was heading for a waiting camera, somewhere.

Suddenly, as he was nearing the Acme grocery store, a woman pushing a little go-cart before her, came out. Something came into his throat; he felt that queer, hot feeling that breaks over anybody who has been jostled by the unexpected appearance of something he has been going after and thought still far away. Evy Delmar was distinctly an individual: one of the quietly dignified personages who carry about a certain atmosphere that makes it impossible to mistake them for anybody else. Unobtrusive in every way, plain in dress and modestly disposed to wait for and upon others. she was always, nevertheless—Evy, as one pansy is itself and not its neighbor. Conroy knew her instantly, although he saw her half a block away. Quietly, and with delight in his heart, he followed her, keeping just the distance between them that prevented the chance of her recognizing him. But after a few minutes had passed and she turned out of Cahuenga Avenue onto Holly Drive, a thought came that smote him like a blow on the back of the head. A child! A little white-haired child in the go-cart! But he recollected that she sometimes had been used to taking care of the child of some busy mother who had to leave home. Calmed again, the deep frown that had furrowed his forehead smoothed out.

But every startling suggestion leaves its trace. making it easier for the next doubt to gain hold on the mind. And now Conroy began to feel, for the first time, the worry of anxiety over what might have happened in that long term of his absence. His trust had been curiously strong; absolute as his faith in the warmth of the sun, the pleasure of open fields and night and starlight. Evy had written him a few letters; she was as little of a penwoman as might be; and somehow, the deep feeling that lay between Joseph and her seemed above the necessity of constant repetition. Her few letters had been stiff and awkward, he remembered now. Perhaps—it came with a sudden angry shock!—the awkwardness had been reluctance to explain that she had grown weary of the long waiting. He had no hold upon her except her affection. What blind fatality had made him believe so utterly in the strength of that? What cursed pride had made him forbid her to visit him in his confinement—and yet, if it were to do again, he could not feel otherwise. He had been forced to trust her

"If it was any other woman on the face of the earth," thought Conroy, wrinkling his forehead again—"I'd have hooted the idea of her keeping on loving me. But—Evy's different. Someway, when she told me she'd never change I believed it, God strike me dead if I didn't! And just suppose'n that I've been kiddin' myself all this time like a damn thumb-suckin' trustin' idiot!"

He had slowed down his walk and the woman and the go-cart had gone far ahead. Now he put on a little more speed and caught up again. At first, he had had no other idea than to meet her as soon as they should get clear of the town. But the doubts that had clouded the hour had destroyed the pure pleasure of the meeting. He could not rush at her impulsively and happily, as he had intended to do just before seeing her on the street. There were new things to be considered; perhaps talked over. It was hard-maddening to the man who had built for so long upon this meeting. Was not something good due to him, after his long He surely had earned his happipenance? ness; and now fate was cheating him out of it. He pushed his hat over his eyes, and fell into a state of moodiness. And still, all the time hope and faith kept trying to beat down his doubts. His trust in Evy had been too deeply rooted for anything except her own confession to destroy it. Things must and "would" be cleared up: he felt absolutely certain of it, at

the bottom of his heart. And yet, he restrained the impulse to rush forward and meet her on the country road.

In truth, it was not country, but merely a rural road now. Hollywood had grown fast and there were many little bungalows along the Drive that had formerly been a wilderness. But the Drive ended in the crooked lane, and Evy turned up toward the arroyo where her little cottage lay, across from the bottling factory. Now the hills were close upon them, and the man breathed the pungent odor of the rank herbs and weeds with keen pleasure. could have lain down and rolled in the grass like a colt, only he must not lose sight of Evy. Now, she stopped at the door of the little cottage and laying her bundles carefully on the steps, undid the straps that held the child in the cart, and helped him out. What did she bring the kid here for, instead of taking him to his home? But maybe—hope persisted—maybe she was just taking care of him for the night.

"Mudder," said little Georgie distinctly, "I saw the big movie man that they killed on the street. Maybe they didn't kill him dead enough. Maybe they'll kill him again tomorrow. I'm goin' to keep watch."

The shrill little voice rang out in the silence, and the listening man was sure of the word that had stricken him. "MUDDER!" and her tenderness, the sweet smile her face had worn as she bore him into the house in her arms, although such a sturdy kid could have walked well enough. The door was shut, and the man who had hid behind the thick bushes gave a groaning sigh; the sound that goes up hourly toward the placid skies when some heart breaks. Are those sighs heard by pitying angels? Quien sabe.

The afternoon waned; the brief dusk that precedes the splendor of night in California brushed the glowing flowers and touched the low-hanging oranges on the blossoming trees in the gardens along the Drive. Then, the big stars shot into their places one by one, and the man who lay buried deep in a mass of grass and leaves, opened his eyes and looked up with an angry scowl toward the calm sky. He clinched his fist and shook it upward.

"I tried, Lord," he muttered. "You know I've tried with every bit of force that's in me. And you've gone back on me. For five years I've battled with the old Adam in me, and got myself quieted down soft and gentle as any little lambkin, damn him! Then I come back—come back with my old heart knockin' and

poundin' inside me, just with the excitement and happiness of thinkin' about "her" and the future we was goin' to have together—future that was just pleasant and honest and full of decent work and—home things like people ought to have. And—and—oh, God, do you hear what you've let be done? You've just killed everything good and decent in me, by kiddin' my belief in Evy, and now I'm goin' to show you how bad I "can" be!"

The choke of it—the fierce pain of it—to wake with this jolt out of the calm, deep faith in a woman; of her honesty—her piety—her decency with him! Even if she had changed—if she had made up her mind to slip him off and take up with a better man, hadn't she the right to let him know—to warn him—so that he mightn't come along to the very door of her house all smilin' with expectation and pleasure over the picture of her as she used to be, and happy at thinkin' how she loved him!

He got up and went to the window and looked within. Already, in this shaded place, it was dark, and the lamp shone pleasantly in the neat little living room. Evy was busy with the white-headed kid, talking to him in her soft voice. The "man" was not there. put the boy to bed, and now that her face was turned toward him, he saw something in itsome chastened feeling—that made him mad with anger. She did not look happy, and yet, there was a sort of yearning in the glance she cast toward the door. Evidently, she was expecting somebody. "The man." The wild impulse that inflames jealously to hot anger made chaos of his thoughts. This was his woman; she had been held close to his heart; he had kissed her sweet mouth, and listened to her half whispered confession that she loved him. All these five awful years the echo of her promise had held him bound to her, as no oath to man or country even could have bound him. Another man to take her from him? Not while there was red blood in his veins and strength in his right arm. And now, as he lay huddled there in the darkness, Jealously gave birth to her brutal offspring, Murder, and the throes of suffering calmed down into a revengeful purpose that soothed his wound.

He watched long. But sheer weariness finally overcame him, and he fell into a doze. Presently, he awoke with a start, realizing that somehow, fate had again defrauded him. While he slept the man must have returned and gone inside. Now he was refuged beside the woman, and safe. Joseph shrank from the thought

(Continued on Page 69)

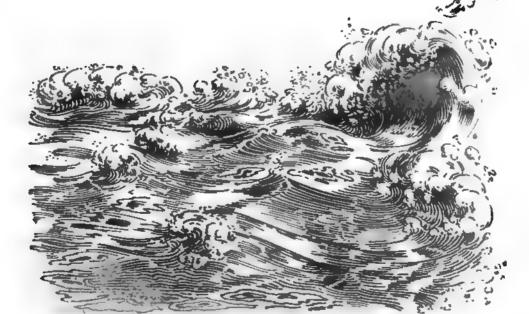


As the clear tone of some old silver bell,
Breaking across the stillness of the dawn.
I heard your voice, and like some fairy spell.
Swift on my heart it fell, and you were gone.

Then through the cloudy gates of memory
I saw the curtains of the dim past part,
And in some long forgotten century
I knew once more the treasures of your heart.

For Love comes back across the years again, Unconquerable as the eternal sea, Lifting the veil in some mad moment when From the dead night of Time he sets us free.

Ah. loved one. I know, though you gave back no sign That for one mad moment you again were mine.



A Northern Nightingale

By MARY D. BARBER

Midnight! A sparrow so sweetly is singing
Dark tho' the night is, cold misty and dread.
Birds that are silent, this message he's bringing
"Springtime is coming with sunshine and
cheer!"

Thrushes and vireos, wake from your sleeping!
Think not your song-time forever is gone,

Sweet "Northern Nightingale" lone watch is keeping.

Hear his glad promise,—then sleep and dream on.

Dream that the rain-storms of winter are ending,

Dream that wild poppies gleam bright in the

Dream that with love-songs your mate you are tending

Springtime is love-time—your dream shall come true.

(Note.—Gambel Sparrow, the white-crowned sparrow called the "Northern Nightingale," sings as early as February; even on rainy nights in the vicinity of San Francisco, Cal.)



A Little Too Much

By ERALD A. SCHIVO

LL right, Herbert," spoke one of the young men at the poker table, "if you raise me two, considering that this is a no limit game by your preference, I will raise you, say five blues!"

Herbert Dodge glared at his cards, observed again the "full house," and though he had been losing steadily, put five blue chips into

the pot.

"You see me," said the first speaker. "Lucky

for you, old man, I have four aces!"

A sickly grin came to the loser's face. Five blues equaled twenty-five dollars, and he could ill afford to lose them. The other two players laughed, while the winner offered Dodge a cigar.

"Thank you," said Dodge sarcastically. He viewed the numerous chips before the winner. "Say!" he blurted, "let's play a man's game, this is too slow. What do you say to a little

game of dice?"

"Second the motion," laughed Fred Lane, a young man who earned a large salary as a reporter. "It will give Dodge a chance to win back some of the hundred dollars he lost. I'm somewhat behind myself."

"But," objected Harold Schranz, who had little earning ability, "he's liable to lose much more, and he can't afford it. In fact I can't

afford to lose much myself."

"Well," said Highstone, the man who had most of the chips before him, "I don't care what the game is. If Dodge wishes to play dice it is his fault if he loses."

"That's so," agreed that young man confidently. "I'm willing, in fact I think any one

who stays out is a piker!"

"Settled then," muttered Schranz. "Take your medicine then if such it may be."

"Cash in everybody," ordered Dodge.
"We'll use real money in a real game."

The table was soon cleared of all chips, and it was Highstone who extracted the dice from an inner pocket.

"Highest rolls," he stipulated, and he rolled the dice on the table. The others followed in turn. Lane made the highest number.

"I'm the man to exercise first," he laughed.
"I'll begin with five dollars, fade as much as you want."

Dodge left the room and soon came back

with one hundred dollars in his hand. He had intended to buy a suit of clothes and other needed clothing. This money he now put on the table with little thought of losing it.

Dodge covered the five dollars that Lane had bet. The hour was late and he must win quickly. The fellows could not be expected to

stay very long.

"Say!" protested Schranz and Highstone in the same breath. "Leave something for us will you?"

"Never mind fellows," appeased Lane, "here's a dollar for each of you."

The two were satisfied. Dodge, they thought, was a little too reckless.

Lane rolled the dice and made an eight. There was general excitment. Dodge puffed vigorously on his cigar. The other men watched closely. Lane prepared to roll again. They hoped Lane would lose, not so much that they might each win a dollar, but that Dodge would win five.

"Come ye eight," called Lane, and eight it was. He collected the money perfunctorily. "Here's ten this time," he said.

Dodge again "faded" the entire amount and again Highstone and Schranz protested. They were quieted in the same way as before.

The game progressed, and when an hour had passed, Dodge was minus the hundred dollars. Schranz lost half that amount. Highstone had most of the money, Lane being the winner of about ten dollars.

"I move we quit for the night," said Schranz, "I've lost enough, and it's one o'clock."

"I'm willing," added Highstone, "and I guess Dodge is, considering that he is broke!"

The latter was staring at the ceiling; a paleness shown upon his face. He must at least win back the last hundred he lost. The intended suit of clothes was necessary. He was a salesman in a downtown store and his apparel was beginning to look shabby.

"Lend me a hundred dollars, Highstone," he

asked suddenly.

"Charmed, I'll get rid of some of these fives," granted Highstone, and counted off the desired amount.

"Fade it!" cried Dodge, taking the dice in his hand.

"What-what do you mean?" muttered

Highstone, "if you still wish to play I'll fade

"If you're not a piker you'll fade all of it!"

blurted Dodge.

"Now see here Dodge," protested Highstone, "we are friends, and I didn't come here tonight to be called names, neither did I come to win a large sum of money. You asked me here, saying it was to be just a little social game. I didn't expect any one to lose ten or twelve dollars, at the very most! Immediately after we sat down you set the value of the chips much higher than we have usually been playing for. Schranz and Lane bought fifty dollars worth and I did the same, not wishing to be called a piker. What was the idea?"

"The idea," muttered Dodge. "Well, Lane,

"The idea," muttered Dodge. "Well, Lane, here, whom I invited and introduced to you, told me that he never played just to pass away the time, like we have been doing. I thought it would be no harm to put a little excitement into the game. Schranz and he were quite

willing.

"I see," snapped Highstone, "and now you wish me to cover the hundred. I do not wish to do so!"

"Either you do," cried Dodge, "or you're a

"Enough!" roared Highstone. "I won one hundred and forty dollars in this game and I don't give one damn about losing a hundred of it now. I don't like to see the total come up to two hundred and forty, that' all."

"Oh," sneered Dodge, "is that all? Then if I'm willing, please fade this hundred or——"

"Go to it Highstone," interrupted Lane, delighting in the argument. "If Dodge wishes it so it is not for you to say it shall be otherwise."

"What do you think, Schranz?" asked Highstone somewhat sadly. "You know how we

have been playing.'

"I see no way out of it," decided Schranz.

"Well, then," offered Highstone, "I will fade the hundred, with the understanding that if Dodge loses he shall discontinue the play, if he wins he may do as he likes. Is it understood?"

"Quite fair," agreed Schranz.

"Shoot!" velled Lane.

Dodge shook the dice within his hand and nervously rolled them upon the table. He made a four. His face was very pale as he prepared to roll again. If he lost—

The dice left his hand and cracked against the hardwood table. All eyes stared at the inevitable seven. Dodge had lost the hundred dollars and had rolled twice!

"My God!" he groaned, "what is the matter

with me tonight? I'll-"

"Let's go!" broke in Lane, little aware of what the loss of three hundred dollars in one night meant to Dodge. He had seen many men lose a few thousands without a murmur.

"Wait!" called Dodge desperately, "I'm not finished yet!"

He reached into an inner pocket and produced a diamond ring. A flush appeared upon his face as he brought it to light, and it was not hard for Highstone to guess for whom the ring was intended. The piece of jewelry had been recently purchased and now shone with a bright vivacity in the strong glow of the electric lights.

"Highstone," said Dodge, "this ring cost me one hundred and fifty dollars. Please fade it for a hundred and twenty-five; if you win the

ring is yours."

"Say," protested Schranz, "didn't you agree that if you lost it would end further betting?"

"I said nothing of the kind. It was you and Lane that did most of the agreeing."

"I refuse to bet arrive" will It'll a

"I refuse to bet again," said Highstone. "I'd rather give you back what you lost!"

"Do you mean to insult me?" roared Dodge

with rage. "Will you fade me or not?"

The voung man's lips twitched with nervousness. The dice were wet with perspiration from his hands. If Highstone "faded" him and won the ring it would be a hard blow.

This time Highstone did not refer to Schranz or Lane for their opinion. He set one hundred

and twenty-five dollars on the table.

Dodge wiped the perspiration from his hands and prepared to roll. Highstone wished with all his heart that Dodge would win the money. His friendship was too great to be wrecked by gambling.

All was quiet, and the dice seemed to bang the table. Dodge glared at the upturned nine. He then removed the dice from the table and rolled them again.

A five, three sixes and two eights came before a seven was rolled.

"The ring is yours." choked Dodge, "and I owe you a hundred dollars!" The young man's face told of the pain he was suffering. There was no mistaking the quivering lips and the tearful attitude. No doubt if Lane was not present he would have shown his feelings, without striving to control them as he now was. Many nights in the past, before falling into delightful sleep, he imagined himself proposing to a certain girl and placing a diamond ring upon her finger.

Highstone could not stand Dodge's dejected

(Continued on Page 71)

The Way of the West

By ELMO W. BRIM

CHAPTER VI

The Land Rush

For miles a motley array of riders, buck-boards, buggies, prairie-schooners and horsemen stretched in a line across the Oklahoma prairie awaiting the twelve o'clock signal.

The formality of the long deferred introduction had been performed, and Jack had concealed his personal dislikes and had made himself agreeable to both the colonel and his daughter.

The colonel, despite his age, was perfectly at home on a horse; one glance at him was sufficient to prove that he was a horseman of exceptional qualities. After forming Jack's acquaintance he immediately took it on himself to entertain him, much to the amusement of Pauline and Dick.

While waiting for the signal gun, the colonel went into a lengthy reminiscence of how the present scene reminded him of a charge in which he participated while under the command of General Morgan of the Confederate cavalry, and to all appearances Jack was enjoying the narrative.

As for Pauline and Dick, who were a short distance from the colonel and his listener, a handsomer couple could not have been found on the prairie that morning. Dick from his high crowned Stetson, which surmounted his curly, black hair, to his yellow, angora chaps was a model of the Western artist's conception of the cow-puncher.

Pauline, who was riding a buckskin pony of exceptional qualities, was dressed from cowboy boots to divided skirts in typical Western style. A snow-white neckerchief set off a red silk shirt-waist, while her jet black hair braided in two plaits—Indian fashion—gave her an additional touch of the romantic.

Dick, who was engaged in an animated conversation with Pauline, suddenly ceased talking and raised his hand for silence. Far in the distance could be heard a cavalry bugle, the call was taken up and repeated.

"All set!" he exclaimed. "Watch yourselves! Remember what we have discussed about saving the horses at the start; save them for the final run. Jack, you and the colonel can look out for yourselves, I will see Miss Pauline through, and—"

Bang! boom! roared a battery of artillery.

Then, thousands of horses' hoofs pounded the dry prairie as riders, buggies, buckboards and prairie schooners leaped forward in a long, irregular line and clouds of dust settled around and cut off the view of the racing riders and drivers.

Dick, who could not recognize any one in the swirling dust further off than Pauline, could not fail to note her horsemanship, and he mentally averred that Kentucky must have some people who knew a little about horses. Again and again he would caution her not to give her horse his head until the first five miles had been covered. When the dust cleared up they saw that the colonel and Jack were missing.

"Oh, what shall we do; we have lost Daddy Greer!" said Pauline faintly, her lips going pale.

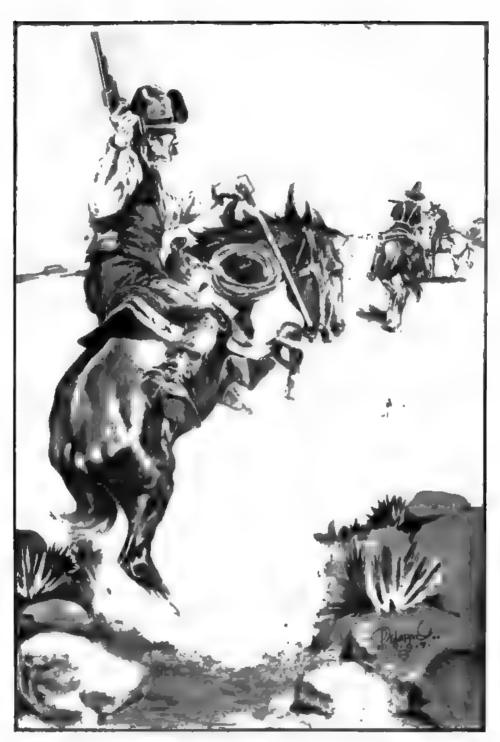
"Don't worry, Miss Pauline." he soothed her, "the colonel and Jack will show up all right. There is but one thing to do, and that is to keep on and secure a good location. They will find us, so there is nothing to worry about. It would be impossible for us to find them while the race is on."

"I am awfully worried," she wailed, "but I know you will find them if they do not find us; so I am going to try to look on the hopeful side."

"Sure. that's the idea," said Dick. "Now, let's pick up a little speed, even the prairie schooners are passing us. They can't keep up at this pace, for they are killing their stock. Look at that wagon on your right."

Pauline turned her head and looked at a wagon which was passing by in a sweeping gallop. The driver, who had tied his lines to a hoop of his prairie schooner, was busily engaged in trying to lighten the weight of his overladen wagon by throwing out various household articles. As they swept by him he was heaving a crate of chickens out of the swaying wagon.

Wrecks of all descriptions, runaways, brokendown wagons, overturned buggies, began to dot the prairie. Then came a series of broken-down or jaded horses, both wagon and saddle stock. Some drivers were throwing household articles out of their swaying wagons, while other drivers cut their horses loose, mounted one of the horses and proceeded on alone—leaving their wives and children in the deserted wagon.



"was a model of the Western Artist's conception of a Cow-Puncher"

look! Isn't that simply awful!" cried

looked in the direction she was pointing time to see a tow-headed child fall from of a high loaded wagon—the parents, nissing their loss, were trying to secure seed from their fast breaking team. As be came even with the fallen child Dick over in the saddle and his right hand out and dragged the child up in front addle. One glance showed him that the as unhurt.

he is not hurt," he replied to Pauline's out it is a thousand wonders that he was

ley raced past the wagon, he swung the rer by the side of its mother and yelled er his shoulder: "Came near forgetting ng, didn't you?"

ie on, little girl, we have got to do some said Dick.

one accord both horses were put out to allop.

too fast," he cautioned. "We will let like this for ten miles, then five miles us in one of the best sections of 'The provided too many are not ahead of us. , we will make a run for it. I think we ke it, for even large numbers of the ridk are failing. They have put them out at the start."

continued on and the miles were covst the number mentioned by Dick. They g passed the harness racers, and riders st falling out, some of whom had given race and were staking out claims. But as danger of the long line of thousands s closing in towards the center instead ing straight, thus reaching the section w ahead of them.

ne noticed that Dick had increased his pace, so she struck her pony with her nd he sprang forward and for a mile : lead. Then her horse suddenly stum-1 crashed to the ground in a flying fall. ined in his horse so suddenly that he im back on his haunches, but before the ad stopped sliding he had sprung from k and was running to the fallen horse r. Very gently he drew her from under e and as he carried her to one side he that the securing of a choice homestead othing if the girl was hurt. Pauline at ment opened her eyes, and after one glance smiled and said in a faint voice: Sterns, I am all right; you can put me

down. I am the least bit dizzy, but I will be all right in a few moments.

"You can't imagine how you scared me,' said Dick, as he placed her on the ground. "I was sure you were badly hurt."

"Oh, I am ready to race again. But look at poor Buckskin. He must be awfully hurt or he would get up. Can't you do something for him?'

Dick approached the fallen horse, and after pulling his fore feet forward, one of which was in a prairie-dog hole, he took the reins from over his head and pulled him to his feet. Then as he started to lead him the pony made a couple of limping steps and stopped.

"Oh, he is lame; poor horse! We won't get

any further, will we?"

"Yes, we will," said Dick, as he removed the saddle and bridle. "I'll turn him loose; but we have not stopped yet. He ran to his horse, and as he unloosened his slicker and let it fall to the ground he said:

"Come on; you get in the saddle and I will get on behind you. He will carry double. We could stake out a claim here, but I believe that we can make five miles yet, and that will put us in the best section."

Without a word of protest the girl ran to the horse and climbed into the saddle. Dick swung up behind her, and they started off into a lope.

At the end of five miles many riders had been passed by them, and stragglers had stopped and were dotting the prairie as they staked out claims. As they neared the scene of stake driving Dick called a halt and jumped to the ground.

"Well, what do you say to a little homesteading?" he inquired. "We can go on, but our horse can't make it much further. We might lose out entirely, as the stragglers and people with jaded stock will either be stopping or falling back and staking claims. Good spot right here for two claims; they will corner on the stream, which lies between us and the parties who are ahead of us—water is going to mean a great deal, and there are lots who are going to overlook that fact.

"I think this is a perfectly lovely spot," said Pauline, as she dismounted. "I fully agree with you about stopping. If we go further we might lose out entirely, so I believe in letting well enough alone."

"All right, good for you," said Dick. "Now I am off to look after the staking. You can wait here where the two claims will overlap. I will ride around them, dismounting and stopping at the corners to place the stakes, but I will not be gone long. Here is my gun and belt; if any one tries to stop on our property haze him on."

"I'll 'smoke' them up," laughed Pauline, as she buckled the belt around her waist.

"Don't take any chances," said Dick, as he mounted his horse. "And remember that there are both good and bad people in this outfit. The bad ones are meaner than a poisoned rattler. I will have my eye on you nearly all the time, and if any one stops I will come in before you have time to have any real trouble, so don't let them bluff you. Well, I'm off. Adios."

"Good-by," said Pauline, "and don't worry about me; I'll see that no Mister man stops

while you are gone."

Just as Dick finished driving the last stake he saw a horseman stop in front of Pauline. He rushed to his horse and started at a gallop towards them, but before he had covered half the distance the man moved on.

"What did he want?" inquired Dick, as he

reined in his horse.

"Dismount, Mr. Homesteader, and I will tell vou." laughed Pauline. "Don't look so serious, he did not insult me."

After Dick dismounted and sat down beside her she continued.

"It was that toad of a man that you whipped the day I met you——"

"Yes." interrupted Dick, "there he is—off to the right of your claim dismounting—he will make a nice neighbor. I am going to make him move on."

"No. please don't start any trouble," pleaded Pauline, who seized Dick's arm as he started to arise. "He was very polite to me; never said a word further than to inquire the extent of the two claims—then he left without another word."

"Well, it is good for his health that he did, or I would have killed him. I don't like him any better than a rattler. I don't like him for a neighbor. I think I will go out and haze him on."

"No." pleaded Pauline." let him alone as long as he lets us alone. He has a perfect right to the land."

"He has a right to the land, but it spoils all fun of homesteading to have him around. But just let him get the least bit out of his berth and there is going to be a killing."

The evening passed away swiftly, Dick's attention being divided between talking to Pauline and moving would-be homesteaders off their claims. Towards night all the area within their vision had been staked, and while a few wagons were going forward, there were large numbers of both wagons and riders who were coming back. The noise of stake driving had ceased, and with the exception of an occasional argument which

would arise between a claim holder and some one attempting to "jump" his property, everything was quiet.

Just as dark was settling and Dick was returning to where Pauline was sitting on a seat made from his saddle and blanket, a man halted a light covered wagon on an adjoining claim. Immediately an angry conversation started between the owner of the claim and the driver of the wagon. As a few words of the conversation drifted to him, an amused expression crossed Dick's face and he turned abruptly and started to meet the wagon, which was driving away from the irritable claim holder. As he neared the wagon he shouted:

"Why, Colonel, I am sure glad to see you!

But what has happened to you?"

"Mister Sterns! Whoa, horse!" roared the Colonel. "Why, it is a real pleasure to see you, suh. And my daughter, Pauline, is she—"

"All right," broke in Dick, as he climbed into the wagon. "We will drive over to where she is, Colonel. Tell me how it comes that you are driving around in a wagon, and where is Jack?"

"One question at a time, young man," replied the Colonel. "I got separated from your young friend when all that dust settled around us, and I never seen him again; but he is a very capable young man, so you need have no uneasiness about him, suh. When I got started some dodfired fool driver turned his wagon over, and in the clouds of blinding dust I ran right square over him—quite a wreck, I assure you, suh. I picked myself up unhurt, but my horse was out of it entirely—lame in both shoulders—and mind you, suh, I had not gone two miles. Decided right there to go and get the team and go in search of you and Pauline; knew I could not make it in time to secure a location, and—"

At this moment the Colonel saw Pauline running to meet them, and he suddenly ceased talk-

ing and iumped out of the wagon.

"Oh. Daddy Greer!" she exclaimed as the Colonel folded her in his arms. "I have been so uneasy about you! Are you hurt? Your horse—and what is the meaning of the wagon?"

"One question at a time, Puss," laughed the Colonel. "I am not hurt. That will be enough to tell you at the present. I am hungrier than a starved hound, so this young man and I will prepare something to eat, and then I will tell you all about my adventures."

"All right, Daddy Greer," laughed Pauline.
"Now since I have gotten you back and you are

not hurt, nothing matters."

Twilight deepened into night, supper had been eaten, the Colonel had repeated his adventures of the day; then the tent had been pitched, d been assigned to the covered wagon, er the prairie tired claim-holders had sleep and were dreaming of future days sperity.

CHAPTER VII

Six Months Later

rapid growth of early Oklahoma towns enonomenal, and the telling of it sounds ries taken from Arabian Nights. Numtowns sprang up within a night, some, as case of Guthrie, with a population of sand people. It is said that a party of stic persons organized an excursion, and eir train reached a suitable place on the they stopped and staked out the site for ty. The most miraculous event of the sys was the settlement of the Cherokee half a day. "The Strip" lay south of sas line, running west of the Arkansas and was fifty miles wide. Between five thousand persons participated in this ening.

e six months had passed a town of six d dotted the prairie in the section chosen and Pauline, embracing quite a bit of mesteads. Not only did they own resisf good structure, but they had money in k.

while Dick was dabbing in real estate spering there was a fly in the ointment—
lline, everything was lovely from that They had been engaged for some time, day of their marriage was not far off. uble was of another nature. Jack had make good on the day of the land rush. se had fallen before he had gone five nd had lamed himself so badly that he at proceed any further, so he had staked aim which in time might be valuable but nt worthless as far as ready money was ed.

had pleaded and insisted that he should if of his claim, but without avail, Jack ing that it was purely a gambling proposed not one where their being partners e considered. He was stubborn and of the shaken in this decision. During reening six months since the land rush a seen but little of him. He was living on his claim part of the time, while the rt was either spent breaking horses for in town. Owing to the fact that Dick on doing something for him every time, he saw but little of him while in town, avoided meeting him. He spent most ime while in town gambling, playing

with varying luck, but keeping ahead of the

From all reports that he had gathered, Dick feared that the time was not far distant when Jack would turn "bad"—he had reached the indifferent stage, where some person's blunder might cause him to do something which in normal times he would not consider doing.

There was another matter that irritated Dick not a little, and that was Pauline's adjoining claim-holder—Charlie Swain, the gambler. His holding, owing to its being near the center of the town, had proven more valuable than either Dick's or Pauline's. While they yet retained all of their holding he had been more fortunate, selling with one exception all that he owned. The one exception was a lot which adjoined the Greer residence. Upon this he had erected a substantial home. With his newly accumulated wealth he had built "The Palace," the largest saloon and gambling house in Langford.

Swain's prosperity did not interest Dick, but his building next to the Greer home and a friendship that he had cultivated with the Colonel did not meet with his approval. The Colonel, who was fastidious on the matter of fine drinks, had fallen an easy victim to Swain's ingenious mind—and as Pauline, who feared the outcome of the Colonel's violent temper, had never informed him that his new friend was the man who had insulted her, everything played in Swain's favor. But as he was playing a deep game he did not make the mistake of being too hasty. He had expressed his regrets to Pauline on numerous occasions for his conduct at their first meeting, claiming his ungentlemanly conduct to have been due to the influence of liquor and not his natural self, a condition which was abnormal with him, possibly caused by hardships encountered coming to Oklahoma. He "It is true that I drink, but, with this one exception, for years I have not drunk to excess.

Pauline disliked Swain, but she had the womanly trait of admiring his neat appearance and polished manners. She believed that his apology was sincere and that he was truly sorry for his conduct, so the spider was weaving his trap to ensnare his victim.

While Dick was aware of Swain's influence over the Colonel and Pauline's attitude towards this embarrassing situation, he was not aware of the fact that he was attempting to gain favor in her eyes until one afternoon of a contemplated horseback ride.

As he galloped down the street at the ap-

pointed hour his eye alighted on Pauline, who, garbed in divided skirts, boots, blue silk shirt-waist, a white silk neckerchief, braided hair hanging from beneath the cowboy hat and mounted on her buckskin pony. made a wonderful picture. But the feeling of pleasure which surged over Dick at the sight of her was instantly replaced by a frown as he noticed that she was in conversation with Charley Swain. As he reined in his horse beside Pauline Swain raised his hat and said:

"So the Colonel is in; all right, thank you, I will go and see him." Then returning Dick's angry glare with a polite nod and a cynical smile, he turned and walked toward the house.

"Come on, Dick," said Pauline, archly, "let's ride! Don't look so mad. Why you look so vicious I am positively afraid of you."

"Pauline," said Dick, as the horses cantered down the street, "I am surprised to see you talking to that 'stinging lizzard' after the way he insulted you. It is bad enough for your father, who does not know his character, to talk to him, but you—I certainly would not have believed it if some one had told me. But after seeing it with my own eyes I am forced to believe it."

"Now, Dick, you make me about half mad," pouted Pauline. "But listen, and don't interrupt me. You are due an explanation, and I will tell you all about it. When you have heard it you will agree that there is nothing so bad about it.

"Mr. Swain is awfully sorry and ashamed of his conduct that day, and he has apologized to me on several occasions. He was under the influence of liquor that day, so it was not his real self. He is sorry and penitent in his apologies. I am really sorry for the man, he is so cut up about the affair."

"Sorry, piffle!" interrupted Dick. "That is just what he is playing for, the low-down loafer. That is just like his breed; they are always playing as if they were doing you a favor or that they were the only honest people in the world."

"Now really, Dick, you are too hard on the man." He was honest in his assertion that he was not normal, and he further stated that this was the first time that he had been drunk for years. He said that he drank, but with the exception of this instance he had never been under the influence of liquor, and on this occasion it was possibly due to the hardships that he had encountered in coming to Oklahoma."

"Drunk, your uncle?" exploded Dick. "He was no more drunk that day than I am right at the present time. But that's a nice yarn and most any woman would fall for it. It is true, possibly, that he is seldom under the influence

of liquor to any extent—gamblers are too smart for anything like that. They usually get their victims drunk, remaining sober themselves so they may be in the proper condition for robbing their victims. But he was not drunk that day; his actions were due to pure low-down cussedness and nothing more."

"Now, Dick, I do not approve of him, but I do think he is interesting," she cried tormentingly.

Instantly Dick was mad all over. Man-like, he had failed to grasp the fact that Pauline had seized the opportunity of talking to Swain, whom she really disliked, in order that he might see them together; and she was diplomatically teasing him on to further jealousy. True to her sex, she could not feel satisfied as to the strength of his love without knowing that he could be jealous of her receiving attention from other men.

"Pauline," said Dick in a cool, even voice, "the idea of your calling that man interesting after the way he insulted you is past me. Why——"

"Now, Mister Bear," interrupted Pauline, "I don't care for any one but you. Don't be silly. Come on, we are out of town, I'll race you! Bet I beat you to Medicine Hill! And hitting her pony with her quirt she was gone, closely followed by the mollified Dick.

The race continued for a couple of miles, Dick holding in his horse so as never to get further to the front than the flank of Pauline's horse, much to the lady's satisfaction. The many races that they had run in the past had always been thus, and Pauline fully believed that the "buckskin" was the speedier of the two horses. When the two horses reached the top of Medicine Hill Pauline's horse was half a neck in the lead, and she was on the ground by the time Dick had dismounted.

"Oh, you cowboy," she chided, "why don't you get a horse that can run?"

"That's all right," laughed Dick, "I'm going to beat you some day, see if I don't. But I will hand it to you, that 'buckskin' can run."

"You are always saying that, Mister Man, but you have got to show me—I'm from show-me county, Missouri. Come on, let's look at the scenery, it never gets old to me when I am up here."

Before them lay the town of Langford, stretched out on the prairie blotting out the valley which began at the base of the hill and extended past the town into the far distance, where it ended in purple mountains. The prairie, as far as the eye could distinguish, was

of green and dark brown spots, which e appearance of a gigantic map. The ass was intersected by squares of roken by the plows of the new home--the beginning of the vanishing of the 1 from the "open range."

lovers, who were building dreams for the picture soon lost its beauty. The passed swiftly and it was dusk before ized its passing and started on the 1 trip.

Dick arrived home he met Jack coming

stabling his horse.

Dick!" he greeted, "making myself Didn't find you around so I just y horse in and was going to tell you

Jack, old boy," said Dick, dismounting ing his hand, "I am sure glad to see vill turn my horse in. We will go in up some eats, then we can have a talk."

, Dick," replied Jack, "but I am due to rty uptown within a short time, so I to go."

on in, Jack, that will keep. You are be a regular stranger to me, and now do come around, running off like that; playing me fair."

es seem like you say," replied Jack, know how I feel about it. I am gety to go back to 'punching' cows-Ariruess—leaving in a day or so. I will :k and talk it all over with you to-

if you won't stay I am banking on seeomorrow. I want you to tell me about hate like smoke to hear you talk of

ng," said Jack, as he started for the ee you tomorrow."

to you, Jack, and don't fail to come." :k disappeared into the night Dick head in emphasis of his disapproval leaving.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHORTY HICKS

lack entered "The Palace" saloon all chance were in full blast-faro, roul**xoker**, according to the players' choice. or a moment at the bar he bought a a stack of chips, after which he saunr to where a group of men were gathnd a roulette wheel.

ng in among the players he placed chips on the black square. The ball rolled and stopped on the black. Leaving his winnings, he shoved the increased stack over to the green square. The ball raced around the wheel and stopped on zero. Angered at his loss he placed his remaining chips on the black. The ball rolled and stopped on the black. The game continues, and while he loses at times his pile of chips steadily increases until they represent a large denomination. There have been two changes in dealers in the attempt to break him, but without success. He quits the colors and lines and starts playing the numbers, occasionally playing safe on zero. It seems as though he has a supernatural insight as to where the ball will stop. At last Charley Swain takes the wheel.

"Going to break me, ain't you, Jack?" he inquired.

"No, I am just getting a little run for my money," replied Jack. "It won't last long nothing good ever lasts long with me.'

Notwithstanding Jack's statement, the luck did continue, but if Swain felt any uneasiness it could not be detected from his expression: and to all appearance he was as cool and suave as if the winnings were on his side of

"What is your limit?" at last inquired Jack. "The 'blue sky,' and whatever is above it!" said Swain as he picked up the ball.

"All right," said Jack, shoving all his chips out on the table, "I am playing the whole works on number thirty-eight.

If he won, this meant thirty-eight times his bet. With the amount he had on the table multiplied by that number it would take Swain's saloon and all he owned to pay it. wore a mask of unconcern as he said: set—that's a good bet—so, here goes the ball, and where it will stop nobody knows!"

A deathly stillness fell over the spectators as the ball, with a swish, left Swain's hand and bounded around the wheel. Jack was as indifferent as Swain—while he did not have at stake as much as Swain, yet there was a small fortune on the table, and it represented every cent that he owned. The ball grew slower and slower, until with one exhausted movement it balanced itself between thirtyeight and thirty-seven, then tottered over on thirty-seven.

"Well, that cleans me," said Jack, as he arose from the table, unmoved as though the stakes had been but "two-bits," instead of a small fortune.

"You played close to it, Jack," said Swain. "You really ought to have had it. Go up to

the bar and take what you want, and here is a stack of chips for you." But as he pushed out a stack of chips Jack waived them back.

"I appreciate your offer, Swain," he said, "but I can't take it. I will take the drink though.'

Jack poured out a stiff drink of whiskey and drank it down. Refilling the glass he pushed the bottle back, and as he did so his eye fell on a short, heavy-set, red-headed man who was standing next to the bar at his right. As a half spoken word of recognition arose to his lips the man deliberately winked at him and nodded towards the street entrance. He slowly dropped his right eyelid, and turned his attention to his glass. As he set the empty glass on the bar the stranger was disappearing through the street door, so he quietly followed.

As Jack passed through the front door of the saloon he saw the red-headed man walking slowly up the street, so he quietly fell in behind him. The man, after one backward glance, turned absuptly off from the main thoroughfare of the town into a dark, unlighted street. Finally after covering several blocks the man entered a poorly constructed, two-story building. As yet no word of recognition had passed the two men, further than the exchange of winks which had passed while in the saloon. Jack entered the door closely behind his guide and followed him through a narrow hall and up a crooked, creaking stairway into a dark room where the guide was in the act of lighting a When the man turned around, Jack seized him by the hand and exclaimed:

"'Shorty' Hicks, I am sure glad to see you! Never thought of seeing you again, after leav-

ing you at Deer Lodge.

'Jack, me boy," exclaimed the man, whose ruddy, clean-shaved face was wreathed in smiles. "I am prouder to see yer than if yer were me brudder. I never dreamed of meetin' with a buddie in this neck of ther woods, but 'tis a proud day ter me that I met yer; and I'm thinking that ther meeting will mean good to both of us. Now take a seat and make yerself at ease, for I've quite a bit ter tell yer.'

"Well," laughed Jack, as he sat down and leaned his chair against the wall, "what are you so darn mysterious about? You use as much caution as you did the night we escaped from Deer Lodge."

"Like this," said Hicks, as he filled and lighted a short briar-wood pipe. "Yer know 'cracking cribs' was me 'long suit' when youse knew me, and it is still me means of a livelihood. I've got a 'hen on' for this hick village,

so it pays not ter spoil a good beginning. I was going to work it by meself, but now since I've run into youse, I would like ter have a buddie about yer calibre. A job is always easier if yer have some one yer can depend on. I will cutline me plans and if yer take to it we will split the boodle in ther middle—yer take half and me the other. What do youse say; is it a go?"

"I need money," said Jack, turning out several empty pockets for illustration. "If being broke is any indication, I am cleaned to the last penny, but, 'Shorty' I can pretty well figure what you are up to, and I can't say that

"Ah, go on an' can dat Sunday talk!" broke in Hicks. "Youse can't tell nudding about it 'til I give yer the lay of things. Now yer knows I'm a nitro-glycerine man-when it comes to using the soup I'm right on ther job. But I'm way ahe'd of the average yegg, cause I can work or 'feel' the combination of the average crib—not many crooks are on ter dat stuff yit. Back in ther State of New York, before I went crooked, I was master mechanic of one of ther biggest vault and safe factories in ther country, so before I went crooked I got pretty well on to how ther boxes were built, and since den I've kept pretty well in practice."

"I've got ther dope on this First National Bank of Langford, and take it from me, I can run dat combination in less than twenty minutes -things all quiet, no noise or excitement, everything as peaceful as a church, see? No danger of any rough stuff-why it's a pipe; like taking candy away from a kid. All yer need ter do is ter stand in ther door of ther rear entrance, or rather when we goes in, yer will watch de street through a crack in de door, see? If anybody comes down ther side street youse can watch dem, and if dey try ter come in, stop them. But there is no danger of dat, cause dis side street is not used much; and there will be no glim, so nobody will see a light from the front of ther building. Man, it will be pure velvet, an' dat bank is as rich as river mud. What sez yer, are youse on?"

"Shorty," said Jack, "go on and work your job, but count me out; I don't want it, I'm trying to play straight."

"Ah, sneak dat 'straight' stuff!" exclaimed Hicks in an angry voice. "Youse knows as well as I does that we are both 'lifers' if dem Montana officers can get der mits on us; and dey haven't quit looking for us, cause when a 'lifer' gits loose dey never quit looking. So yer see we have got a hot chance for playing straight

t der time that we gets a roll, joins the and begins to be useful citizens along some hick officer and der next thing dat ows we are doing de lock-step back at Lodge. Now youse knows dat just as I do."

tat you say is about right," said Jack. Ifter we escaped from the penitentiary I with a good clean bunch of fellows, and been trying to forget the past. If I had good on this land rush I would have sold d gone to some other section and played way, but my horse went bad and I lost I've got a claim that will be worth someome day, but I can't wait on it—the way ds today it is worse than useless. My r made good and tried to divide with me, u know I could not accept anything that ot even from a pardner."

cleaned now, even to the last dollar. I little run on roulette before I met you, ot cleaned on the last whirl of the wheel; tess I will see Dick, borrow a stake from d go back to punching cows."

w, listen ter me!" cried Hicks, smiting ple with his clenched fist. "Yer have rooked once, and yer are an escaped jail in now yer have ther nerve ter set there ed me dat straight stuff—youse makes k. Yer intentions may be good, but t money it can't be done—yer will be yer heels in a steel cage ther next thing know."

ten here, Hicks," said Jack looking him y in the eye, "that jail bird stuff goes, m right here to tell you that the 'crook' ses not. I have never been a crook and ter what I may be in the future, I was rook, in the true sense, when you knew

don't git on yer ear, Jack," apologized
"I did not mean ter offend yer; ferwon't yer?"

at's all right, Shorty," replied Jack, "but ver knew why I was sent to Deer Lodge. I knew was that I was in the penitentiary escaped from it together. I was sent killing a man, not for being a crook; it t murder in the true sense of the word ne people made it that."

ore I got into this trouble I owned a good cattle ranch up in Montana, and ing well. I married the wrong type of —she was one of those kind who can love one man all her time; in other one of those butterfly types who can ist on soft words and flattery."

"I said I owned the ranch, but that was only a figure of speech. I owned it in partnership with a man I had pardnered with for a number of years, but the woman broke up our friendship. I played him fair and warned him, but he had become so infatuated with the woman that he was past the reasoning point."

"One day it came to a showdown—he went for his gun, but I beat him to it. He had it coming to him, for I had played him square—but when it came to the showdown I had it to do—it was his life or mine. The one who deserved what he got, or what I got, went free—they always do. I should have left her, but I loved her too well for my own good."

"I surrendered to the officers of my own accord, never dreaming that the case would go against me. There were only two witnesses—myself and my wife. Well, the woman went against me—swore that it was unprovoked, and that I murdered the man. I took my medicine—never attempted to expose the woman's unfaithfulness, and went to Deer Lodge for life. I was popular in that section, so they would not give me the 'first degree.' If I had gone on the witness stand in my own behalf I would have come clear, for that jury would have believed every word that I said. So you can see I have never been a crook—escaped jail bird, yes."

"Yer certainly got a dirty deal," said Hicks, who had been an interested listener to Jack's narrative. "But a skirt will git a man into trouble every time. Dats ther trouble with me—too many skirts. Dey will put a man on the bum every time if he don't watch his step."

"Now, let's get back to dis Langford job. Here is the way dat yer stand—Yer have been a straight guy, and would yit if yer had half a chance, but yer can't do it-yer are down and out. Yer can go back ter punching cows, but sooner or later some guy will see one of them Montana reward circulars and then back to their strong box yer will go-or another killing, so there yer are. Now, ther guys dat have their coin in this bank have made it easy, an' they have plenty more, or property. Some of it, but for yer horse, ought to have been in yer own pocket. We can pull dis job, split ther coin and blow into Old Mex and live in peace. I'll pull ther job off smooth, then we can go on about our business. No man knows me, nor suspicions me; so yer see yer can go back ter yer homestead and wait until ther thing blows over, and then yer can breeze over across the Rio Grande.'

For several moments after Hicks ceased

speaking Jack sat in a deep study, then he suddenly straightened up in his chair and gave Hicks his hand.

"I'm with you," he said, "I—don't want to do it, but from the way circumstances have stacked up against me there is nothing else to do."

"Dat's ther sensible talk," said Hicks, who grasped the outstretched hand. "Yer meet me in ther alley back of ther bank at one o'clock; could wait later; but ther streets will be pretty well cleared by dat time. And now don't fergit thet we will only have a bit over two hours ter play on—and, take dis wid yer."

"No!" refused Jack, who waved back the twenty dollar gold piece which lay in Hicks'

hand.

"Ah, go on," said Hicks, "yer broke, be sensible—call it on account, if yer will not take a loan."

"All right," said Jack, who took the coin and put it in his pocket. Then he arose and started out, but when he reached the door he turned and said:

"I will meet you in the alley at one o'clock."

CHAPTER IX

A Night of Excitement

It was about one-thirty when Joe Henderson came up the dark, unlighted street which lead by the First National Bank of Langford.

Joe Henderson was a man of cool judgment and iron nerve. As a native of the early West he had followed a varied and exciting career as ranchman, Indian fighter, pony express rider and shotgun express messenger. Owing to these qualifications he was chosen as the first chief of police, or town marshal of Langford—and it was not long before the lawless element learned that they would have to fight for anything that they put over "Old Joe," or any officer of his choosing.

To-night he was tired. He had pursued a Mexican for the last hour, for whom he had a warrant for stealing, but the "greaser" had escaped him in the outskirts of the town. A sigh of relief escaped his lips as he neared the center of the town, and he decided that he would turn in and get some rest. Somehow exertion was telling on him more than it used to. "Must be getting old," he muttered.

Suddenly, as he neared the bank, he became alert and his physical condition was forgotten. Two men were coming out of the side entrance of the bank.

"Throw up your hands!" commanded Old Joe, drawing his pistol, "or I will—"

Bang! came the report from a flash of light which lighted up the street, and he never completed his command; but as he crumpled towards the ground his thumb released the hammer of his Bisley and a roaring report followed as the 45 spat fire and lead at the darkened doorway—Old Joe had "gone under" according to the code of his kind.

One of the two figures grabbed his arm when Old Joe's pistol fired, and he uttered a suppressed groan.

"Are you hurt?" inquired the uninjured man.
"Shot through the arm," replied the other.
"Nothing serious, but it will bother some. Come, let's beat it; there will be a bunch here in a minute—I don't like this shooting."

Then as they ran around the building into the alley, the other man said:

"I didn't want ter do it, but yer know he brought it all on himself."

That is true enough," said the wounded man, "but I'm sick of this killing business."

As the robbers disappeared down the alley several Langford citizens, who had been drawn to the scene by the two pistol shots, turned the corner at the First National Bank, where they saw a crumpled figure lying in the darkened street. The man in the lead ran to the fallen man and turned him over.

"My God!" he exclaimed, and dropped to his knees. "Boys, it's Joe! Are you hurt bad. Joe? Who did it?"

Then as he pillowed the wounded man's head in his lap, Old Joe uttered a groan, and gasped:

"Was it Dick Sterns, Joe?" inquired the man who was holding his head. "Was it—"

But the man suddenly stopped, for Old Joe had given one convulsive gash and his body relaxed—and he knew that his soul had crossed the "Great Divide" to meet his Maker.

"Boys," said the man in a choking voice, after he had removed his hat, "Old Joe is gone, and a gamer, bigger hearted, all-around man never lived—and him gone like this—shot, like a worthless dog, by a sneaking thief."

"Boys, he was true blue—you know that, and you did not know him like I did. I've known him since the old Indian days—fought them with him. He fought clean, there was nothing dirty about him, either in his fighting or his dealings with men. Many a broke and down-and-out man have I seen him stake—he was a man's type of a man."

When the man ceased speaking the men drew in closer and there was an angry glitter zir eyes, as they voiced their approval of allen officer, towards his slayer.

ow, boys," again spoke Joe's friend, "it ting time for us to do something. said absolutely that Sterns shot him, perly I can't get myself to believe it, for he Iways been a clean kind of a fellow, and : has money, I cannot see his motive for uitting this robbery, but he must be looked nd given a chance to explain things; the r the better as something may be picked at will be in his favor, or against him, if guilty."

art of you boys go and round-up some stock. One of you can go and get the Marshal, and some of you can give me nd in moving Joe's body. We will all at The Palace.

e men started on their different missions he street once more became silent.

here were no sheriffs until after the Terridays.)

the meantime Shorty Hicks and Jack had I in a vacant lot, several blocks from the , and were holding a whispered conversa-

low," said Hicks," let me see what I can r yer arm."

et it go, it is not hurt bad," replied Jack. ought it was broken at first, but it is not. ball hit me in the left breast, glanced nd my rib and passed through the muscles y left arm; may have glanced the bone, t is not broken—you can make a sling out y neckerchief if you want to though."

cks opened Jack's shirt and pulled it down his arm, exposing both wounds; then after icing a small bottle he poured some of the I on his handkerchief and quickly rubbed er the groove cut in Jack's left breast. flinched as the liquid entered the wound, Hicks remarked:

dine is what I am putting on it; there thing better in a case of this kind; I alcarry a little for emergencies—won't hurt

hile he was talking he was busily engaged vabbing off the arm wounds. The handnief was then bound tightly above the d. Jack's shirt was pulled back in place, a sling was made of his neckerchief and rm was placed in it—all of which was done very short time, considering that Hicks did lare to use a light, and was resorting to 1 instead of sight.

hanks, old man," said Jack when the op-

eration was completed, "you have fixed me up in fine shape.

"Here is your part of the boodle," said Hicks, shoving two rolls of money into Jack's pockets. "I divided the swag while I was in ther joint, so I think it is about kerrect. Now are yer all right? If yer are not, we will beat it together, but we will stand better chances if we separate."

"I am all right," said Jack, " and my horse is near here; I'll make it all right-you are right Well, so-long, 'Shorty,' about the chances. hope you make it—and try to take care of yourself.'

"Same ter youse, Jack, and I hopes to see yer later somewhere—mebby Old Mex.'

Then as the low-voiced conversation ended the darkness swallowed up the speakers—Jack hurrying in the direction of his horse.

Dick had retired shortly after cooking his supper, but he could not sleep; several times he thought of dressing and going up town. Jack's coming and what he said about leaving the country worried him. He knew that the range was the best place for Jack under the existing circumstances, for his present way of living was going to end bad if he continued it, but he was deeply attached to Jack, who was not only a friend, but a pardner. But, he mused, Jack was not treating him right; he should take part of what he had gained from his property, it was coming to him—they were pardners—and not only that, Jack was responsible for his having it—he would have never come to Oklahoma but for Jack. But Jack was too proud; there was no reason about him in a matter of this kind.

Well, he was going to give him a good stake when he got ready to leave—he would have to take it. And while Dick's troubled mind was musing over doing something for Jack he fell into a fretful sleep.

Dick had been asleep possibly two hours, when he was aroused by a loud lumbering down at his stable. Wondering what could be the matter with the horses, he hastily dressed and made his way out of the house. Nearing the stable he saw the door of the stall containing Jack's horse was open, and then he heard a voice say:

Firefly, old boy, don't you know me? Come on—their ain't any use of acting this wav."

"Hey, Jack," said Dick, as he recognized Jack's voice," you come right out of there and go to bed! I'm not letting you leave like this —and then it is high time you were in bed, anvwav.'

"Dick," interrupted Jack," come in and catch my horse for me—I've had some trouble—and I can't get away too quick."

True to his Western breeding, Dick never inquired as to what had happened, but instead, he instantly reached his hand in through the darkened doorway to secure the bridle, and in so doing his hand momentarily rested on the sleeve of Jack's blood-soaked shirt.

"Why, Jack," exclaimed Dick in a surprised voice, "you are shot! Your arm is all wet with blood—let me take you to the house and for you up."

fix you up.'

"No! Catch the horse; nothing serious about the shooting—all a flesh wound; I've got it bandaged. Here's the bridle; I can't catch him—he smells the blood, and one hand is not much good."

Dick, after a short flurry, bridled the excited Firefly, and led him out and saddled him.

"Hold him!" he commanded. And thrusting the reins into Jack's hand, he started in a run for the house. After a very short time he re-appeared carrying a small sack. Arriving by the side of the horse he quickly removed the slicker from behind the cantle, and after placing the sack in the slicker he re-tied it to the saddle.

"Some eats," he remarked, "and here is a

little present I will slip in your pocket."

"No, I don't want it," said Jack, who had felt the bills which Dick was trying to slip in his pocket. "Money is the cause of my trouble. I don't want it."

"But this is different," said Dick, "this is from me. No, you need not try to keep me from it; I am going to give it to you—take it as a remembrance." Then as Dick shoved the money down in Jack's pocket his hand encountered a large roll of bills, but at the time he did not gather its significance.

"Well, Dick," said Jack, "to remember you, I will take it—" Then as he hesitated for a moment, the distant sound of horses' hoofs came to his ear, and he continued, "Help me

on Dick-I hear them coming."

"Jack," said Dick, "I'll go with you if you

need me."

"No! God bless you Dick!" said Jack in a choked voice, "I don't want you in this—it's bad enough for me to be in it."

As their hands met, Jack exclaimed:

"Good-bye, old pardner, I'm off for Mexico."

"Good-bye, Jack, and don't forget, I'm always your friend. I will hold them until you have made a good start."

Then the night swallowed the horse and his rider.

Dick rushed to the house, procured a lantern and had just returned to his barn and lighted it when a party of riders came thundering down the street, and as they arrived at the alley which leads down to his stable they suddenly reined their horses—true to his expectation, the light at that late hour had attracted their attention.

"Hello, boys!" exclaimed Dick, as he came out of the stable with the lantern in his hand. "My horse got tangled up in his stall, and I had to get him up. What are you boys riding

so late about?"

"It's like this," said Marshal Morgan, riding a little ahead of his posse, and watching Dick's face with a cool pair of grey eyes, "Joe Henderson was killed a bit ago, and we are looking for the man who shot him."

"Not Old Joe?" said Dick in a surprised voice, but not showing the sign of guilt that

the marshal was expecting to see.

"Yes," replied the marshal. "The party first robbed the First National, and then shot Joe. I am sorry, Dick, but I must put you under arrest."

"All right, Morgan, but you know I am not in need of money—I cannot see how you can figure that I would rob the bank and shoot Joe."

"Well," said the marshal, who had motioned for one of his men to dismount, "Joe made a dying statement that rather implicated you."

"Joe evidently mistook some one for me," said Dick, who handed his lantern to the dismounted man and prepared to mount. "Old Joe never had a better friend than me in Langford."

As Dick reached with his right hand to catch the horn of the saddle Marshal Morgan noticed that the palm was stained with blood.

"How did you get that blood on your hand?"

snapped the marshal.

"Why, I got that off my horse," replied Dick without changing his expression, "he cut himself on a nail while he was down."

"John Miller, you and Sam Taylor take the lantern and examine Sterns' horse and see if he has any fresh cuts on him," ordered the marshal. "We will take the prisoner to jail. It may be horse blood, but it strikes me more like it is human blood—and Old Joe's at that."

CHAPTER X

The Way of the West

Dick had waived his preliminary hearing and

bound over to the next term of crimior rather bond was refused him and loomed to spend the intervening two i jail.

ss of the bank had been ten thousand the larger amount having escaped icks' vigilance. While the bank was ver this loss, it did not affect the de-

The public was wrought up over 's" death, and if Dick was guilty it unly going hard with him. This was al public slogan, but, notwithstanding minating evidence, the public as a l not believe him guilty. His reputafinancial position, since they had m, was utterly against an act of this

olonel, regardless of Swains' influence, of the many friends who tried to sefor him, and he was very emphatic retions as to Dick's innocence.

:k the future looked gloomy. led to secure the best legal talent that ould secure, but he realized that a just have something to build upon to : his lack of an alibi and the over-: amount of circumstantial evidence. rdless of consequences he had but one pursue—and that was to shield Jack. ew that he was guilty, the wounded the roll of bills, which his hand had red when putting his money in Jack's ould mean nothing else. He did not of what Jack had done-but right or ack, who had once saved his life at the osing his own, was a friend, nay more t-he was a pardner-and come what e would carry all blame to shield him. to death. But he was breaking his shield his pardner, for his love for and thoughts of losing her made the at he was going to take nearly unen-

'auline—at first she had not taken the eriously as far as Dick's being guilty erned. When she announced that she g to the preliminary hearing, she was ersuaded to stay at home, after the had explained that in a case where the in was as absurd as it was in this case, would be highly improper for her to Then he went on to explain that the ad been made on nothing but flimsy ances, and that Dick would be cleared of the "infamous charge."

hen Dick waived examination and was ail to await trial, that was a horse of

another color. Pauline spent a restless, sleepless night and early after breakfast she stood knocking on the jail door for admission.

"I want to see Mr. Stearns," she said, when Jailor Bud Martin cautiously opened the door and protruded his bewhiskered face. "I am Miss Greer—Mr. Sterns' fiance."

"Say yuh are?" exclaimed the astonished Bud, who failed to comprehend the latter part of her speech. "They say he has lots of 'finances,' but I didn't know yuh were—part of it."

"No, you don't understand," said Pauline, half smiling. "I am the girl that Mr. Stearns is going to marry."

"Uh-huh!" said Bud, grinning. "I've seen yuh two together a lot, missy, and I used ter think that yuh would hitch up some day. Come right in, missy; shore yuh can see him. Dick has just et his breakfast, and he will be plumb proud ter see yuh."

"Follow me," said Bud, after locking the door and leading the way to a flight of steps. "Jail is plumb deserted except for Dick; never see such a scarcity of prisoners since they built the place. Now watch yuhself on these steps; they ain't much—well, they don't build jails much for comfort."

Pauline felt a queer, chokey feeling when Jailer Martin opened a door at the head of the steps and ushered her into a room where three grim, barred cages met her startled gaze.

"Hello, Dick," said Bud, "yuh had better be parting yuh hair, cause I've got one of the purtiest women here ter see yuh thet ever growed." Then as the door swung open, he continued, "yuh go right in, missy, and stay as long as yuh want ter. When yuh are ready ter leave just knock on ther door at the head of the steps, and I will come and let yuh out."

"Thank you, so much," said Pauline in a weak voice. And then she stumbled through the cell door way into Dick's arms and was sobbing on his shoulder. Bud gave one approving glance, and then went out and locked the door.

"Pauline," said Dick, after clasping her to him for a moment, "this is one of the happiest and saddest moments of my life. I am proud of your coming to me like this—it means more to me than I can tell you. But, girlie, I wish you had not come—no, not that I have not been wanting to see you. I have thought of you every hour that I have been awake, but people will talk; it is about you that I am thinking."

"Let them talk," said Pauline defiantly, "little I care about what they may say."

"I believe you," said Dick, kissing her on her defiant mouth. "You are the kind of a girl a man can tie to."

"I just had to come to see you, Dick," said Pauline wistfully, "not only because you are in trouble, but I knew you would tell me why you did not offer any defense at the trial. I know you are innocent, but you have some reason for keeping quiet. You will, I know, tell me what it is, Dick?"

Dick dropped his arm from around Pauline, and sitting down on his cot buried his head in his hands.

"Tell me, please," said Pauline, sitting down beside him and taking his hand in hers. "You know, Dick, what you say to me will be sacred."

"Pauline," he said, looking her in the eye, "it was Jack. I've got to shield him, cost what it may." Then he briefly outlined the events of the fatal night.

"Well," said Pauline thoughtfully, "I know you are deeply attached to Jack, but that attachment does not call for you to sacrifice yourself."

"My attachment, as you call it, is of such a nature that I cannot break it. It is not only based on friendship; it is based on the fact that Jack saved my life once, enduring great torture in so doing, and risking his life in the most unbelievable manner to save me that you have ever heard of. There is not a man in a thousand who would have taken the chance that he did."

Then his eyes grew bright and his face became animated as he pictured the scene far back in the Wind River Mountains where nothing but a slowly uprooting tree held him from a fifteen hundred foot fall and eternity. Then, as Pauline listened breathlessly, he described the heartbreaking struggle that he had made climbing the rope. He dwelt upon his resentment towards Jack, until he recovered his strength and looked around to see what had become of him—saw him lying in a dead faint with his arms locked around a small tree, while tied to his legs was the other end of the rope, that he, after a great struggle, had climbed.

A sob shook Pauline's body as he pictured the anguish and misery endured by Jack during that eventful climb, where but for Jack's iron nerve and determination, the tiny thread would have broken and they would have landed far below in the rock strewn canyon. Knowing how great the odds were in favor of losing

his own life, he, without hesitation, took the chance of saving the life of a man, who at that time was nothing more than an acquaintance.

"Now," he concluded, "you can see why I must shield Jack. He is more than a friend, he is my pardner—in this country there is no greater word."

For a moment Pauline sat in a deep study, then she suddenly looked Dick in the eye and softly said:

"It was indeed noble; it was the grandest act that I ever heard of, but—Dick, there are two ways of looking at the present situation. If there was but you and Dick to consider, your course would be the right one, but you have me to consider. Do you love Jack more than you do me?"

"No, Pauline," replied Dick, placing his arm around her waist and gently drawing her to him, "there has never been any one that I loved like I love you. I never took to women until I met you—never knew the meaning of love until you came into my life. You mean everything to me, but I never have gone back on a pardner, and I can't start in by throwing a man who has saved my life."

"But listen, Dick," persisted Pauline, "Jack has gotten away by now, so there will be no harm in telling."

"No, you are wrong," he replied. "With the telegraph wires, which cover large sections of the country today, and with the circulars with which they would flood the country, they would get or kill him, either one. The odds are against him, and not only that, it is against my creed to tell anything on a man who trusts me—a pardner, never!"

"Yes," said Pauline, drawing away from him, "you would uphold him in this robbery and cold-blooded murder, even against all the love you have for me."

"Pauline!" said Dick sharply, "I am not upholding his act; I certainly do not approve of what he did, but he is my pardner—and, right or wrong, when he needs help I have got to give it to him. It is my sense of honor and friendship that I am up against, and cost what it may I must face it."

"It is hard for you to understand, for where you come from people may look at things differently, and the 'creed' of the cattle country is a little different from any other section. We do not care where a man comes from or what he was, either good or bad,—the present is what we figure on. Neither do we take any stock in anything bad that one person may say about another, for we size a man up by our

ervation of his qualities—good or bad ase may be. What knockers may say in the man's favor, for the true Westnot of that type. If he cannot say a ng about a man he remains silent,"

e the pioneer days it has been the cussughout the West for the latchstring to
the outside of the door. Any traveler
er any ranch house or cabin when the
absent, cook him a meal or spend the
ad he is welcome. All that is expected
a that he shall leave things as he found
But let him violate this, and other custhe country, and of decency, he bemarked man, a degenerate. The cattle
does not knock, but when it chooses
m 'silent' about a man you can say he
ssite of the lowest type."

ey does not mean much out here. If s straight he can borrow money, even he does not own a penny. A note is assary, all that is needed is his word. word is everything in this country, if thim."

now when we tie to a man as a pardner through thick and thin-we never lay i him unless he does us dirt. So you that I can't turn Jack up-even if he er caught, the news would go all over I have a clean reputation and a host is up in the Northwest country, friends at me. If they heard of my turning-up er-yellow and dirty would not half their contempt for me. But I am range d the creed of the cattle country is me. I can't break it-not even to life. I would for you, only too gladly, id-but I cannot. My own pleasure piness is not to be considered. My only you. Were it not for my love for I the worry that I am causing you, my would not be so bitter."

listen, Pauline," he continued, "we are the bridge before we get to it. I have not been convicted, and there is a good chance that I may yet be acquitted."

"Well," said Pauline, springing to her feet, "if you won't tell, I will! So there!"

"Pauline you cannot do that, because I trust you, and then you promised that you would not betray my confidence," said Dick solemnly.

"I don't care if I did," she said, stamping her foot angrily. "I am gaing to! I am not going to let you sacrifice yourself for any fool code like this."

"Pauline," said Dick, "you are not yourself, or you would not talk like that. If you do tell I will deny it, so you will not get anywhere. But if you were to tell it without my backing your story they would at the most only consider that Jack and were both into it—so after all you would only make matters worse."

"Well," said Pauline scorfully, " I believe

now that both of you were in it."

"If I did not love you like I do, Pauline, I would have a lot of contempt for you—after my telling you all of this confidentially. But you are not yourself, you are laboring under excitement or you would not talk that way—for you do believe every word I have told you."

"It is certain," sniffed Pauline. "that you do not love me. Don't interrupt me, I know what I am saying and I am not excited, not one bit, and I will tell you, Dick Sterns—you are the same to me as you would be if I never met you. You can go and let them hang you if you want to—I don't care one way or the other. I am through with you."

"Well, I love you, no matter what you say, Pauline," said Dick brokenly. "You will change your mind when you have time to think things over—if you don't you will regret it more than once."

But Pauline, with her head high in the air, did not reply as she marched out of the cell and began furiously pounding on the door for Jailer Martin.

(To be continued)





The Peace of Night on Lake Share and Mountain Top

A "Bush" Courtship

By ETHEL B. SAVAGE

oubt all men at times get right down to at principles and show themselves as primitive animals they all are under veneer of civilization, but it is in the ore sparsely settled countries that you stripped bare of all pretenses.

Iter all, while you may have contempt hypocrisies and affection of modern it serves the purpose of smoothing the ths and keeping oiled the wheels of

w of the survival of the fittest rules ere, but it was in the vast new country his that I saw it best illustrated.

pach carrying me up from Brisbane ained two young women whose sparkshowed they were enjoying the advenit was a journey of several weeks, were all headed for the same place, be sure we became very well ac-

were English girls—one about twenty age, who had been engaged as barextremely blond type, as all English are—, the other, Martha, about two unger. She had accepted the position player for a dance-hall up country—s her one accomplishment—the death ther having compelled her to earn her ug.

came my opinion that, altho Gertrude talong very well in this wild country older and apparently much more soad and in every way more capable of after herself — Martha, sweet and inof the world would be entirely out of ent.

ne morning, swinging along under the gum-trees, the conversation led around lf. "Do you know anything of this u're going to?" I inquired. "Why, itatingly—"but the wages offered me "Aw, whaddya want to scare her oke in Gertrude angrily, "I've been so different than any of the other town-uttered over this country—lots of men a few women—that's what any girl hy, in these places I hear women are they get loaded up with all sorts of s and a girl has any number of 'Beaus' rom."

"Oh, but Gertrude," exclaimed Martha, with cheeks flaming, "I'm not anxious to-"

"Well, you may hanker to be an old maid," interrupted Gertrude, whose impatience was so great she never could wait for anyone to finish a sentence, "but just you wait, you'll fall, some one of these days—won't she, Mister!" But before I could answer there was a loud splintering crash, the coach lurched to one side and came to a dead stop. Out we piled, to discover that one of the wheels had collapsed—the roads being nothing but water-worn ruts. This necessitated our camping on the spot. The blackbearded Jehu with the assistance of the male passengers—one fortunately being a carpenter -in a remarkably short time re-constructed the broken wheel-there being plenty of suitable material at hand. Still this lost us a whole day, but the unusual incident thawed out every one, and the day was pleasantly spent, becoming a rest from the hard jolting of the leatherspringed coach.

We continued our journey—eventually arriving weary and dust-laden, at our destination.

The little town of St. George—composed of a loosely constructed row of wooden buildings on one side, facing the deep bed of the Balloon River—but at this time of year, no swiftly running stream—nothing but shaded water holes filled with stagnant clay-colored water—shadowed by gigantic gums. These buildings were of crude primitive construction—some roofed with galvanized iron—others with sheets of gum-tree bark held in place with strips of raw-hide.

In this immense territory there are many such townships. As we rattled down the one and only street, the driver whipping up his horses to make a spectacular "entree," out poured the inhabitants—for the monthly mail coach arrival was a highly important occasion.

As we drew up with a flourish at the general store, likewise postoffice, we were greeted by two Hebrew gentlemen and their wives, who ran the combination postoffice, general store, boarding house, billiard room, dance hall and bar. Apparently these people were coining money fast—in fact all four were fat and prosperous looking. The population of these upcountry townships is made up of a flotsam and jetsam of cattle stock men and sheepherders.

These men make these centers their Mecca and spend their check in exchange for hard liquor. They drink deeply and hilariously of the cheap alcohol, often drugged to add to its potency.

Most of them are trying not to remember—no sweet thoughts of far-away homes and loved ones—for from that direction come memories which mean uneasiness and heartache. Rather much severe hard work for a year, then for a week or two, exhilaration and oblivion. The high jinks always carried well into the wee small hours—then a short fitful slumber was sufficient recuperation for a reptition of the previous night's carousings.

On alighting, the young women were given a hearty welcome—I was looked upon with mild curiosity, but given the best accommodations the place afforded—a sweltering back room.

After a hasty wash-up I threw myself down upon the rickety bed and fell asleep—to be awakened an hour or so later by the murmur of voices. The cracks in the warped boards were so wide the speakers might well have been in the same room with me. Then, the clink of money, and a chuckle—"Well, Brown, now the deal is over, again I tell you that you certainly have made a grand bargain, all that fine mob of cattle for a price way below their value. Now, when are you going to pay me the rest of it?"

"Oh, I have it for you at my place—can you ride over there for it, Goldmetz?"

"Sure thing! I shall come after it within three days." Then the scraping of stools over the rough floors—the slam of a door and retreating footsteps along the hall.

Succumbing to the languor of the sultry afternoon and being a little fatigued—I lay idly watching a big horsefly as it vainly tried to escape. Then—a knock at the door, and in stepped a young giant—well over six feet and built accordingly—he certainly dwarfed the room and its contents. "Say, Mister," he began awkwardly, leaning against the door jamb, "I saw you when you got out the coach—are you going to stay here long—perhaps you can tell me something about that little dame I heard you call 'Martha'—my name is Jim Collins," he added.

"Be seated, Jim. No, I don't expect to be here long—neither do I know Miss Landis very well, but I do know her well enough to tell you she ought never to have come to this place."

"So I thought—" coiling the rawhide stockwhip in his hands in rather an embarrassed manner, not looking in my direction.

"Hoho! So soon!" was in my mind, but

instead I lead the conversation in other directions.

That evening, wandering into the dance hall there was Martha at, to her, a strange new occupation. The piano in the corner was wildly out of tune—but by vigorous thumping Martha was making it mark time for the dances. Hanging over the antiquated instrument, was Jim, gazing with his soul in his eyes, down at Martha.

A shaggy unkempt sheepherder had the floor—he was under the influence of the frightfully rank rum and was telling every one, who gave him scant attention, how wonderful his dogs were, especially 'Rory.' "Turn em, turn em," he shouted, acting as though his audience were the sheep. At last a black-bearded cattleman gave him a shove, and being in an unstable condition, he peacefully settled in a corner and went fast asleep.

Then, a little wizened up Irishman, who evidently was a drover, in a thin cracked voice, started in to recount tales of his string of wild horses, 'Brumbies' he called them. The drover's "Gees" and "Haws" fell on deaf ears, as the whole company were only interested in reciting their own exploits.

"You're another," shouted in a husky stentorian tone, "Whaddya mean telling me you can shear two hundred sheep in a day—You blankety blank sundowner!" thus starting the first of the 'Free-for-alls' without which the evening would not be up to standard.

As the various ones waxed noisy and quarrelsome—in marked contrast was a man standing alone—quietly sipping his whiskey and water. Catching Jim's eye, I raised my eyebrows in a questioning manner in that direction.

"Oh, that's 'Silent'—he never talks to anyone—clothes himself in such deep gloom, we never try to fathom him. Of course you know, Mister, most of these men are here because of their pasts—others, like myself, because of a blooming desire for adventure."

"Oh, yes, quite so," I rejoined, "and has not the keen edge of it worn off somewhat by this time?"

"It sure has, Mister, especially during the last few hours."

Well, it seemed to be so, all right, for as I left the scene he and Martha were so very much absorbed in each other—my departure was unnoticed by them—although Gertrude flung me a hearty good-night from her place behind the bar.

Two days passed, during which time I saw very little of the lovers—being quite busy comgovernmental statistics. But on the the third day, I met Martha in the ed hall-way.

and how are you and Jim getting greeted her.

e's such a splendid chap, don't you But say, the oddest thing just ocaw a half hour ago, as he was going room, that his clothes were soaking ater leaving a trail in the hall-way!" nothing to be alarmed about," I

"But there's been no rain for

she exclaimed.

mind, dear child," I replied "in this is he wont catch cold, if that's what's rou. By the way—when is the wed-

llowing morning all was excitement. had come limping into town with a wound — it was Goldmetz's favorite se, a big white-stockinged bay.

n, the black-bearded Irish Sergeant, of the Queensland Mounted Police in that section of the country, imsecured some of the best Black track-the camp of Blacks across the river p the trail.

everal hours they returned—bringing

the dead body of Goldmetz.

on learned all the details—evidently een attacked as he rode through the ere were signs of a terrific struggle quite a bit of ground—then he had gged a short distance and drowned by lant in a shallow water hole in the . Here the mute evidence showed a truggle had taken place, for he put perate fight for his life. His pockets sty—showing he had been robbed.

abering my conversation with Martha ing before—Jim's wet clothes, his dethe money due him which Goldmetz seem inclined to pay—it flashed my mind that Jim Collins must know a about the murder.

led also that his room was situated on side of the one Goldmetz and Brown spied, so he, also, must have heard

the conversation that drifted through the walls that day, and he must have known the Hebrew would have a large sum of money upon his return from Brown's station.

I figured he evidently had decided to collect the money owing him—probably meeting with unexpected resistance and recognition—I conjectured he had committed the murder.

If he had done this thing, gone were the bright dreams he and Martha had been sharing together. For here—altho far from civilization—justice was administered promptly.

Seeing Martha that evening I noticed she was extremely nervous and depressed, admitting, when I questioned her, that she had told another, Gertrude, about Jim's wet clothes. However, the night and the following morning passed without anything unusual happening—and I hoped that possibly my suspicions of Jim were groundless.

That noon as I took my place at the long dining table, I noted that the murder had not disturbed the routine of the hostelry. As the food was placed before Mrs. Manstein to serve, she lifted the lid from each dish, saying, "Well, and what have we here?" in her customary way—which implied she hadn't seen it before, whereas, as a matter of fact, she herself had prepared it in the kitchen.

The other boarders and usual strangers were in their seats—as also was Jim, who sat next to met—across the table from Martha.

The meal had hardly started when the door opened and in strode Sergeant Callahan—booted—spurs jingling—his face serious and set.

"Ah, Sergeant!" exclaimed Mrs. Manstein from the head of the table, "Back again, eh! Say, there, everybody on that side move up and make room for him!"

As he seated himself—directly across from Jim—he looked over and nodded in a friendly sort of way, "Well, Collins, after dinner. I'm going to arrest you—for the murder of Goldmetz."

There was a momentary pause—a silence in the room—then, from Jim, "All right, Sergeant," and the knives and forks resumed their clatter.

A few minutes later Jim spoke again, "Tell you what, Sergeant, I'll make a proposition—You consider yourself the best man in this part of the country," the Sergeant's eyes never left Jim's — "Well, you're six feet two, broad as they make 'em, and strong as a bull—we're not so badly matched, Sergeant, it'll be fair and square, nothing but bare fists—no holds

barred. If you best me I go without further trouble."

"And if you win?" interjected the Sergeant-

"If I win," reasumed Jim slowly, then he paused, searching Martha's white face with eager eyes—what he saw there must have reassured him, for he continued, "If I win, you give me twelve hours leg room—is it a go?"

It was a clever ruse, for Callahan was justly proud of his great strength and naturally would not allow a challenge like this to pass unaccepted. "All right," was the quiet answer, as he bolted a piece of boiled beef.

The dinner ended sooner than usual—the dried apple pie being forgotten.

The Sergeant led the way outside to the dusty road—the whole company crowding out after him. Then he removed his blouse, handed his revolver and handcuffs to a bystander, hitched up his belt and squared himself for action.

Jim Colline was just as rapid in his preparations—removing his shoes and socks, however.

These two fighting animals almost resembled the Gladiators of the old Roman days.

Collins was the taller of the two, and younger, lithe and lean as a panther. The Sergeant more heavily built—with enormous chest and shoulders—it was a toss-up who would win—and the crowd eagerly awaited the beginning of the struggle, for these were a primitive people in a primitive country and a fight of any kind was their only excitement.

Silence prevailed—and no words were spoken by the two men. After some furious blows were exchanged, they clinched—there being no referee there was no parting of the fighters, then Callahan tripped Jim—they both fell with a crash, continuing the struggle on the ground—striving instinctively as all animals do, to seize the throat.

Only the sound of blows and heavy breathing was heard. Their shirts were ripped open and torn as they struck, clawed, and strangled—faces and clothes drenched with blood flowing from noses and ears—the hissing of the one being chocked as he would try to get breath—rolling over and over at one time coming near to plunging down the steep river bank, the crowd surging back and forth to give them room.

For twenty minutes these two giants fought but gradually the greater weight and more powerful build of the Sergeant tired the younger man out and the next time the Sergeant got on top he stayed there—Jim's arms relaxed—fell apart—he lay exhausted and helpless. When asked if he had had enough, his answer was a faint moan—whereupon the Sergeant snapped the handcuffs on, helped him to his feet, leading, half supporting him to a tree where he was chained—this being the only jail.

Martha, white and terror stricken, had caught fleeting glimpses of the dreadful struggle—now, sick and heartbroken she disappeared in the direction of her room, there to gain relief in tears.

For three days and nights Jim was to remain chained by the waist to this tree—guarded by troopers—until the mail coach would arrive to take him to Toowoomba, hundreds of miles distant, for trial.

On the evening of the third day Jim stated he had a matter of great importance to confess. Sergeant Callahan was more than eager to listen.

"Sergeant," said Jim, "I never murdered Goldmetz. I wouldn't tell you the facts nowonly, my old pal, 'Silent' has had plenty of time to make a safe get-a-way. Sergeant, what else could I do-'Silent' once saved me from a murderous black-fellow at the risk of his own life—that scar across his forehead was made by the Black's Nulla Nulla—I was hurt too. but he nursed me back to health. He was always a close mouthed man, so we never talked about the affair. 'Silent' was wet to the skin when he came to my room to get some dry clothing-he made no bones about telling me the whole story and I dipped myself in the water hole to lead suspicion away from him. It worked fine. Sergeant, and I hope you never get him. He never meant to murder the Jew anyway-but the Jew made the mistake of recognizing him—threatening to get even."

The police did not at once believe Jim's story, but on further investigation certain facts made it plain that 'Silent' was the one they wanted—so Jim was freed.

Three hours later the lovers were joining hands before a parson whose wandering steps had brought him to this out-of-the-way community.

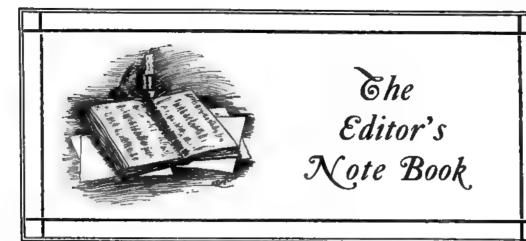
Early the following morning the coach arrived, and Jim and Martha started on their way back to civilization and a new life.

About the same hour of their departure, a small detachment of mounted police dashed off into the "Bush" to pick up the trail of the 'Silent' man—by this time many miles deep into the heart of the "Never-Never" Land.

Late Winter By GEORGE LAW

A cold wind chills the lower air;
White clouds like drifts of icy snow,
Their blithesome wandering checked,
Hang limp within the frozen blue.
The slender shoots of grass
That rose to meet the spring
Now wither away;
The immigrating song-birds
Are still and mope forlorn
The dead hours of the day.
Even the cedar's sturdy boughs droop down
And keep their lifeless tints of wintry brown.





Attention has been directed to an unfortunate line which appeared in the article on Bret Harte written by George Wharton James and published in the December, 1921, issue of the Overland Monthly.

In a facetious spirit one of our proofreaders made a marginal note which applied to a "pied" line in the article. The line itself was not an unusual error and would have been eliminated on final proof.

But it so happened that the machine operator, being of a serious and literal turn of mind, made the supposed correction verbatim, following the encircled marginal note.

The error is greatly to be regretted.

There can be no greater interest to Californians, or to visitors who enjoy the wonders of California, in short to all who love the natural beauties of our mountains and woods, than that of the protection of our Christmas berries.

With the appearance of the flaming red holly our blood is warmed with the first touch of the holiday season; not to see it banked in florist's windows, on the street corners, and in the windows of homes as we pass would be as great a calamity as to miss the first sunshine and flowers of spring.

To know, then, that vigorous action has been taken, which has already shown splendid results in saving the Toyon, or Christmas Berry, from vandalism, and which in time would be bound to destroy it, is a matter of vital interest and satisfaction.

As further action is to be taken at the meeting of the State Wild Flower show, within a short time, the subject is a matter of importance and interest, even though the season for this berry and its distinctive use, is more before the public during the early winter months.

It will be remembered that the Wild Flower Conservation League has, during the past two or three years, conducted a vigorous and justified campaign for the better protection and conservation of the Christmas Berry tree. As a direct result of these efforts, a great deal of splendid sentiment was aroused, and in several counties and localities throughout the State, the supervisors or local magistrates adopted measures (and enforced them also) prohibiting people from wantonly gathering, destroying or injuring trees. In a number of instances, where such vandalism was particularly lawless and unnecessary, quite severe penalties were imposed; and, indeed, became necessary, if the people of California desire to retain any semblance of the colorful charm these beautiful trees impart to our autumn landscapes and scenic highways. It is encouraging to know that support to this excellent movement has been rendered by leading and influential citizens of the State, including many distinguished scientists and educators, whose sentiments are well worth quoting. proved invaluable in strengthening the interest and assisted in crystalizing sentiment into action, which eventually brought about protective legislation. A bill was passed last session by the California Legislature for the protection of the Christmas Berry tree. The law went into effect July 29th, 1921. The successful passage of this bill was largely due to the intelligent handling of the measure by State Senator Walter Eden, who introduced it.

In its efforts to arouse sentiment in favor of

re measures the Wild Flower Conservaague was championed by many of the r clubs, and such well known scientists id Starr Jordan, Luther Burbank, Dr. brams of Stanford University, Dr. Josnnell of the University of California and Francis Saunders, famous naturalist of

sentatives of the leading out-door clubs at the St. Francis Hotel on Novem-1920, regarding methods of preventing ruction of the Toyon or Christmas Redwhich is ravaged by motorists and venholiday decorations at this season of r. The meeting was called by Mrs. M. Rice, president of the California ower Conservation League. Dr. Wm. F. resident of the Sierra Club, gave the of the evening. The following resolus drawn up by Dr. Bade, Arthur C. an, president of the Alpine Club, and Rice of the California Wild Flower ation League:

w of the great destruction to which the r red berry is exposed at this season of be it resolved:

hat we call upon editors to give pubthe danger of the extermination of utiful shrubbery.

hat we urge the school boards of the give warning and proper instruction.

hat we call upon all public spirited ations to take steps to check the destructions of this berry in and heir respective communities, both by mal and legal means.

ollowing clubs were represented: Cali-Audubon Association, Cooper Ornitho-Ilub, California Wild Flower Conservaague, Alpine Club, Sierra Club, Tam-Conservation Club, California Club, a Association of the Pacific.

g the scores of letters received by Mrs. on prominent citizens who championed se, were the following:

Stanford University, Dec. 16, 1919.

a especially interested in your efforts set the Toyon (Tollon) or Christmas rhich is now being so ruthlessly slaught-tong the mountains and beside our It is a noble plant, one of our most I native trees, but it has little chance what it might be if the branches are in the wanton fashion in which I see urried about every day. Some one

ought to be encouraged to cultivate the Christmas Berry for the sake of its ornamental fruits."

Very truly yours, David Starr Jordan.

Santa Rosa, Dec. 16, 1919.

"Twenty-five years ago great stretches of the bay shore were lighted up for months with the brilliant scarlet of the Toyon or 'Christmas Berries' (Heteromeles) and now the hillsides of Sonoma County are being robbed of all these. Automobile, trailer and truck loads of these and Christmas trees and other wild greenery pass on the State highway at this season, mostly for commercial purposes, and while the dwellers in the cities deserve, and should have a taste of wild nature, yet the wholesale destruction of the most shapely and graceful trees will be sadly lamented, not only in the ravaged countryside, but by city dwellers also. It is time to think of saving some of our most beautiful trees, shrubs and flowering plants from extermination."

Luther Burbank.



Mrs. Bertha M. Rice, President of the California Wild Flower Conservation League.

An Act To Add A New Section To The Penal Code To Be Numbered Three Hundred Eighty-Four a, providing for the protection of the Toyon or Christmas Red-berry and prescribing penalties for violation of the provisions thereof.

(Approved May 14, 1921. In effect July 29, 1921).

The People of the State of California do enact as follows:

Section I. A new section is hereby added to the Penal Code, to be numbered three hundred eighty-four a, and to read as follows:

384a. Any person, firm or corporation is guilty of a misdemeanor—

(a) Who mutilates or destroys any Toyon

or Christmas red-berry tree (Heteromeles arbutifolia) growing on public or private land, unless, in the case of private land, the owner gives his consent thereto: or

(b) Who sells, offers, or exposes for sale any Toyon or Christmas red berry (Heteromeles arbutifolia) or any part thereof grown on land in this State; provided that this paragraph shall not prevent the sale of such Christmas redberry taken from privately owned land, by or with the consent in writing of the owner of the land.



Copote -- Clown of the Prairies -- Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

The interesting insight into the lives of wild animals which Enos Mills gives us in his recently published book, "Watched by Wild Animals," brings to the attention of the reader habits and peculiarities of these habitants of the forests that only a fearless observation could obtain.

In his book Mr. Mills, famous nature guide, applies to his wild friends titles that are immediately a keynote to the animals' characteristics. Thus with the little chap, herein illustrated, we note the caption: "Coyote—Clown of the Prairies."

One of the main points which Mr. Mills brings out in his narration, and as indicated by the title of the book, is the fact that all wild animals are of a very curious turn of mind and will follow you miles more to watch than to harm you. "Watched by Wild Animals" is touched with

a descriptive beauty redolent of the woods, and the experiences contained therein show that the author's intimate knowledge ranges from the half-tame little folk of the woods to mountain lion and bear. A naturalist at heart, he developed the profession of nature guide and has been largely instrumental in promoting national and state parks and the preservation of the natural beauty of America.

Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.50.

Florence Hull Winterburn, editor and publisher, has come from the east to make her home in Hollywood, California.

She was the editor of "Childhood" and brought out a special volume entitled "Nursery Ethics," which has received high praise from critics. Scenario writing has also claimed the interest and ability of Mrs. Winterburn.

Ida Eckert-Lawrence, whose poem, "Night on the Desert," 'appears in this issue of the Overland Monthly, is the author of many rare bits of verse and her book, "Day Dreams," has a charm that places it well up in American poetry.

In her early years Mrs. Lawrence lived the free, open life of an out-door girl, spending much of her time on horseback, even helping to herd her father's cattle and the effect of this life on the plains brings inspiration in her stories and poems.

Quoting from the Boston Transcript:

"Mrs. Lawrence was selected to address the International Congresses in Paris. Her subject was 'American Women in Literature,' and so well did she handle it, and in such a masterly manner, that the French press devoted much space to the merits of the paper, which was conceded to be the brightest and most interesting given at the Congresses."

Mrs. Lawrence has joined the colony of writers at Los Angeles, California.



A portrait of Don Marquis, by the distinguished portrait painter Joseph Cummings Chase

-Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Poems and Portraits," Don Marquis's new book which Doubleday, Page & Company published on January 20, is of two parts, fantasies and savage portrait sketches. The poems are a collection of haunting, wistful, tender, eerie fancies that have sometimes intrigued the keeper of the "Sun Dial" and lifted him above the fever and turmoil of the crowded day. He sings of the lonely ghost mourning his sweet solid body, drifting less than the star light

among the living; of the towers of Manhattan that soar like a lyric in stone; of Jesus, the wistful vagabond, whose love led men the Happier Way; of springs of aching ecstasy; and of Egyptian princesses folded in their cases like mummied lotus flowers. The latter half, "Savage Portraits," is a series of ironic caricatures of the personified vices, the petty meannesses and poses that we all recognize in the people about us and of which we are sometimes uneasily conscious in ourselves.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE

(Continued from Page 22)

She tried the side door and it, too, was fastened. Remembering that a screen was off the front window she hurried around only to find the machine pulling into the yard. She had just time to drop behind the big rose bush when the motor stopped not ten feet away and she heard the vision say:

"Well, Hon, we're no nearer a settlement

than we were this time last night.

"I know that as well as you," Clem returned, irritably. "I've argued with you enough, and I'm sick of the whole blamed affair. I won't live with you again. That's a cinch!"

"What will you do? The law is a tyrant. It permits a man to have only one wife at a

time.

"I'm not quarreling with the law," rasped Clem.

"But you are quarreling with your wife, which isn't nice."

"I have told you a hundred times in the last twenty-four hours that you are not my wife. If you are by law, you won't be long. you can count on without fail."

"Oh, Clem, I can't give you up. Can't you

forgive a little joke?"

"Why in the devil didn't you stay with me when you had the chance, if you are so allfired fond of me. I'm glad you didn't, however, but why not have been decent about it? Huh! ran off with that low down Packard. No, sir-ee! I've been twice bled by you and now you're wanting a third chance. Not on your life!"

"But I love you, Clem."

"Love! Bah! you never knew the thrill. You are dead to me; as dead as I thought you were when I sent that five hundred dollars for your funeral expenses. What in the dickens did you mean by such treachery?"

"Oh, Clem," Matie could hear forced sobs. At least they sounded forced to her. "I just had to have some money and-and we thought

it would be such a joke.'

'A joke! That shows how scatter-brained you are. Who wrote that letter?" demanded Clem heatedly. "It was on an undertaker's

regular stationery, all right."

'Packard had a friend in the business," she laughed. "And you never investigated it. Just sent the money, cold blooded. and said you didn't want to see me and—and to cremate my body. You heartless boy.'

"We won't discuss that. You are absolutely uncanny in your conception of the rights of others. There is one question, however, that I wish you would be kind enough to answer. Why didn't you come out and get a divorce and leave me my freedom in place of that rotten funeral dope?"

"Oh, I didn't want to," cooed the vision.

"Well, that is what you will do. I couldn't see my lawyer yesterday. I will tomorrow, and any strings you may have on me will be severed just as soon as the law can do it. I don't want to hurt Matie any more than I have to. I hate you, Nell. Do you hear? I hate you! Matie's little finger is worth many times more than your whole body and I love her many times over those proportions.'

'I like that."

"Glad you do. It's sure the truth."

"Shall I tell her, Clem?"

"Good Lord, no! I'll tell her when I get the nerve.'

"But I'll fight the divorce tooth and nail."

"Yes, I expect you will make it just as nasty as you can for all concerned; but you had better take the advice that I have been trying to drum into your thick head all afternoon. Go back to New York and get your divorce on desertion, or any old grounds you can invent, only leave Matie the quiet she needs-"

'Matie is not worrying me in the least."

"I am aware of that, but she is worrying me. I'd rather die than hurt her any more than I have.

"Why didn't you tell her? I can't figure your Puritan conscience permitting you to do such a thing."

"I acknowledge my mistake, but I'll tell you why. I didn't want her to know there were such women in the world, Nell, as you, and I thought I was safe."

"You might have known that some one would find you, sooner or later. Didn't you ever think that your aunt Mary would leave

you some money?"

'Aunt Mary has a daughter, and you know our families were not on friendly terms. I knew I should never be troubled by her searching me out, and as I had no other relatives I felt perfectly safe. Of course I didn't count on you."

"Florence died a year ago."

"Florence—died!" Matie heard Clem gasp.
"Yes. Florence is dead."

"Well, see here, I've no time to discuss family affairs. Will you do as I suggest?"

"Would you give me some money, Clem?" "Yes, I would. If you go back where you belong; get the separation papers and send them to me, I'll do what I can. I'll do anything to get rid of you quietly. I don't know where in the world I'll dig it up; but I will break my neck trying, if you will be reasonable in your demands.

'Your aunt Mary is dead, too. She left you

a hundred thousand dollars.

'Aunt Mary—dead!" Clem's voice carried a note of genuine grief, then changed to a sar-

castic bite as he said:

"Ah, that gives me a cue. But, why in the dickens didn't you tell me sooner and save all this mess, if it was money you wanted?"

"But I wanted you. Indeed I did, Clem."

"Most likely. A hundred thousand is not bad even if you have a man thrown into the bargain," Clem laughed. "Well, name your price."

"I ought to have half. If I don't get you."

Clem laughed again.

"If you will go away quietly; get the papers to me certified by our old banker, I'll give you one-fourth. That's more than fair. You ought not to get a penny by rights. Of course, I'm not sure but that you are lying."

"Indeed, Clem, it's the honest truth.

you give it to me now?"

"Not on your life. I haven't it, for one reason, and if I had you would be back and try to gouge me for the other seventy-five. No, sir, you can't work me any more.'

"You could have your banker advance it. I'll

promise you to get the divorce all right."

"Nell, I wouldn't trust you out of my sight. And, on second thought, you'll have to do something else."

"What, old tyrant?"

"Sign a paper, before my notary, that you will stay out of California as long as you live.

"O-o-o, I love it here! You horrid man!"

"So do I, and the state is not big enough for the two of us. This is Matie's home and I intend to stay here.

"Perhaps she won't take this as sweet as you

imagine."

'I could choke you, Nell, when I think of all you have done to make her suffer," Clem flared. "She is the dearest wife that God ever gave a man, and I believe that she will look at the matter sanely. If she doesn't-well, we won't discuss her at all. She is too sacred. I won't have you under the same roof with her, that's a sure thing.'

"O-o-o, you old boob! I wouldn't stay all night for anything. Go get my wrap. It's on the davenport. Bah!" Matie heard her say when Clem had gone inside. "Bah! I wouldn't live out here for the world. Fooled the old boy,

too. He thought I cared."

Clem returned with the wrap and said:

doesn't seem right to let you drive back alone. I suppose I'll have to go with you."

"No need. Packard is waiting for me at the

end of the pavement."

"The devil!" "No. Packard."

"I'm ashamed to insult the prince of demons by such a comparison," observed Clem dryly. "It's well you didn't bring him with you."

"We won't discuss him. He is too sacred," mocked the vision. "When will you come in to

fix up the papers?"

"By rights I ought not to fix up anything. I ought to put you and Packard in jail. That's where you belong; but it will save publicity and Matie will suffer less, so I will come through this last time. Meet me at the First National Bank tomorrow at twelve.

"Won't you give me the money, Clem? I

really need it terribly."

"No, I won't advance one red cent. If you don't want to do what I have proposed, don't. I'm through with you and I don't care a hang who knows it."

Matie heard the car lurch; heard a smothered word from the woman and heard Clem start for the bottling works; then his anxious voice ex-

claiming:

"Tex, what in the mischief are you doing in the chicken yard? I felt easy in the thought that you were beside your mistress. Go to her immediately and don't leave her again until I come in."

Matie got painfully to her feet. It was a minute or two before she could straighten her back. The dog was at her side by the time she reached the bedroom. He wriggled and twisted

in his happiness.

She had scarcely touched the bed when the phone commenced to buzz. Her head swam with her contending emotions, and it was with difficulty that she answered the call, she was in such a state of collapse.

"Hello! What's that? Accident? Oh—yes,

Mr. Pinkerton, I'll get him.'

The phone crashed to the floor and Matie was unable to move for some minutes. She called weakly for Clem, then realized the futility of her efforts. She tried to drive the dog out, but he stubbornly refused to leave her side. She stumbled along blindly, but finally reached the bottling plant. Her face was drawn and haggard; her eyes had a vacant, hopeless stare and her breath came in spasmodic gasps.

Clem had his coat off and was working like

"Clem, Clem," she called through chattering teeth.

His hands were full of bottles and they crashed to the floor. With one leap he had her in his arms.

"Matie, my darling! Who has hurt you?" he

cried hoarsely.

"No—one. She's hurt," she answered, clinging wildly to him.

"Hurt? Who's hurt?"

"Your—your cousin. The phone is waiting."
Clem ran to the house with Matie crushed against his throbbing heart. The phone was sputtering fretfully. He placed the girl tenderly on the davenport and took up the receiver.

"Hello---"

"Yes, yes. Mr. Pinkerton, this is Gordon. Heavens! I'll be down right away." He hung ip the receiver and dropped beside Matie.

"Dearest, there has been a terrible accident, and I am needed immediately. Can you stay alone just a little while longer? I will never leave you again after I get this awful mess straightened out. That is if you will ever have —ever want me."

"I'll always want you, Clem. But go to her

now, poor thing."

"You can never know what that means to me, unworthy man that I am. I will explain everything when I get back." He kissed her and called the dog.

"You stay here and take care of her," he

commanded. * * *

"Now for a clean breast of this whole rotten affair," exclaimed Clem two hours later as he

gathered Matie in his arms.

"Save yourself the pain, dear. I know it all and I do not blame you in the least," returned his wife, placing her hand over his lips. "In fact, I love you more than I did before." She then explained the bits of lavender paper and the conversation she had overheard.

Clem was moved to tears, strong man that he

was.

"And you treated her with the utmost courtesy. Oh, what a contrast!" he groaned.

"I believed in you, Clem; believed in you against everything, until you were out so long.

Then I nearly lost faith."

"I don't wonder at that. I marvel how you could believe in me at all. Poor Nell, she was such a leach. I tried to get away from her time and again, but she would speed up, or do some unheard of thing. I couldn't use her rough, though she deserved it, and I wanted to keep her away from you. Of course I never dreamed that you knew."

"Listen, now, to some things that you do not know," he continued. "I just shouted 'Glory' all the way home. Nell thought she was done for, and confessed everything. You know where the road runs into the pavement?"

"Yes, Clem." Matie was listening, her breath

fanning his cheek.

"Well, you remember what a dangerous curve it is? Nell was furious because I wouldn't give her the money she wanted, and she was unusually reckless. Pinkerton found her as he was returning from town, and learned through her cries of terror that she wanted me. He phoned here, also for the ambulance. I beat it by half an hour."

Matie shuddered and crept closer to Clem.

"Shall we wait till you are rested, dear?"

"No, tell me all now."

"Of course you know, if you heard all of that conversation, that I left New York just as soon as I could after she had disgraced my name. She didn't want to get a divorce because she had some premonition that I would get Aunt Mary's money. When she lost all trace of me she got a divorce and married that low-down Packard. Strange, but she loved the rascal. On learning that Aunt Mary had passed away, leaving no heir but me, she and Packard conceived the plan they were carrying out with such nice precision. First they were to get the money, then let me know about the duplicity. They knew that I wouldn't squeal on your account. Nell was bad enough; but the two of them together were satanic."

"But, Clem, is she dead?" cried Matie, unable

longer to endure the suspense.

"No, dear, I thought I had made that plain. She was terribly shaken up, considerably bruised, had a broken wrist and collarbone, I believe, and other minor injuries. But the doctor, who arrived with the ambulance, said she would recover."

"How did she—she find you?" broke in Matie, running her fingers lovingly through

Clem's hair.

"Got track of me through Bims, the fellow I met in the Klondike. He run into Packard, and not knowing the ill favor he was doing me (though I am inclined now to think it was a good favor, for I've always felt that you ought to know), and in the course of their conversation he mentioned me."

"You'll give her some of the money, won't you, Clem?" There was pleading in the tired

voice.

"Yes, dear girl, and we will go into the hospital tomorrow and do what we can for her."

Clem got to his feet, lifting her to the level

of his face.

"Now, dear, you need to sleep for hours and hours. I can never begin to tell you how happy I am in the knowledge that you are mine in the eyes of the law. In the sight of God there was no question before."

Matie clung to him sobbing. The belated

tears were turned loose in torrents.

"I'll never keep another thing from you, so help me God!" he said reverently, kissing her again and again. "Go to bed and Tex will take care of you. I must not let a hundred thousand dollar legacy stand between my word of honor and sentiment. I am dead tired too, but the shipment will go forward as usual; after that we will take time to straighten out this tangle and then spend our days in undisturbed happiness. What do you say, my own sweet wife?"

Matie smiled up into his beaming face.

"My husband," she murmured, "my undi-

vided husband."

THE HOLD UP MAN

(Continued from Page 36)

of polluting the atmosphere of Evy with brutal brawling, but his purpose had grown too lusty now to conquer. As the dam broke and he felt within him the smart of baffled anger he became more fixed in his resolve. Finally he knew what he meant to do.

There was a little woodpile behind the house; far enough away for two who should be engaged in deadly combat not to be seen from within. There, he would wait for his enemy, and there they two should have it out; man to man. And as in olden times, times he had heard about, the stouter, better man should own the woman. Evy was wholly a woman; sweet, clinging; and it was her destiny to belong to the better man. Besides—she had loved him once, and she would—she should!

About eight o'clock the house door opened, and Evy came out, the kid on her shoulder. She had a little basket on her arm, and setting the boy down, she bade him, in her old, well known gentle voice, gather up chips. Then she approached the little saw-horse and with slow, energetic motion, began to try to saw the gnarly old piece of wood in half.

"The rotter—the shirker—" muttered the man crouching back of the bushes. "He lets

her do it, the damn lazy cuttle fish!"

Evy sighed a little, stopped, breathed, settled her shoulders, and renewed her task. Plainly, it was a hard one for her slight strength. A needle was more appropriate to those slim hands than the clumsy saw. The man in the bushes had hard work to lie still, seeing her so spent over her task. But she managed to secure her few bits of wood and piled them beside the meagre handful of chips the restless little white-haired kid had boastingly gathered. She took his hand and went toward the open door. From his niche the far-sighted watcher perceived within a plain, neat, single cot, already spread up, and beside it a child's wooden crib. The house had but one room. It was living room, kitchen and bedroom, all in one. Where, then, did the rotter sleep?

As Evy disappeared within he crept cautiously toward the house, and parting the overhanging vines that curtained the window, peered inside. A clean cloth with blue Japanese border was on the tiny table, which was laid for two; a child's tin plate and porringer at the second place. Joseph drew his hard, sinewy hand across his eyes as if to clear them from a blood mist.

All at once all that he knew of the woman came over him; her candor, her decency, her love of fair-dealing; her shy but resolute belief in the better life to come. Loyal to the core—she was—his Evy—

He turned and made a dash for the door. It was open. In another minute she turned her bright, trusting face toward the shadow that darkened the doorway, and then, with a little glad cry, stood stock still, her two hands pressed over her heart, her lips parted in a word that could not utter itself aloud.

The man approached her slowly, his not ill-looking face working from the conflict of terrible emotions. His fingers twisted and untwisted; the muscles of his sun-burned face, white in patches—the prison stain—showed the strife within him.

"The child!" he muttered hoarsely. "It's

'your' child?"

"I adopted it, Joseph, dear. A poor little orphan with nobody in the world. I could give it bed and food at least. And—it has been company for me, dear,—while I was waiting for you."



TRANSFORMATION OF NELLIE DUNNING

(Continued from Page 32)

wardly limping about with her terrible lameness, with no other ray of hope, had been stamped indelibly upon her mind, and with this impression had come the vision that she could help, that perhaps she could be the means of liberating a soul.

She called upon Doctor Henderson, reputed to be the best surgeon in the town. Yes, he would agree to offer his best services in amputating the limb if all the other expenses could be met.

Heartened by this generous pledge, Sarah Hunter went with humble confidence to her friends and with true Christian consecration solicited their aid—to the end that Nellie Dunning might be provided with a suitable artificial limb and thus relieved of her terrible lameness and restored to the possibility of the larger life.

Success crowned her devoted efforts.

Nearly a year from the time of the camp by the strawberry patch, all being now ready, Nellie was brought, in accordance with the promise her mother had given, into the Hunter household, where she received the tenderest care and most skillful attention.

Three months later she returned to her mountain home in the Mendocino mountains.

But those three short months had wrought wonders. A transformation had come over Nellie Dunning.

She stood erect and beautiful; it required the closest observation to detect the slightest limp in her walk; she had learned something of college life, of church, and of social endeavor; into her soul had come a vision of the exaltation of living, and a wholly new ambition had entered her life. She had come to her great experience a shrinking mountain girl, with her terrible lameness; she left it a beautiful young woman, filled with the graces of abounding young maidenhood and a noble purpose.

The transformation was not yet complete.

Three years later the Hunter family once more pitched their tent by the side of the strawberry patch. On this trip Rodney's college chum, Fred Moreland, had come with the Hunters by special invitation. Fred, who had distinguished himself as the best all-round athlete in the college that year, found here a new land of wonder. Sam showed him the haunts of the deer, Rodney led the way to the best trout holes far up the brook, and generous-hearted old Seth Dunning, staff in hand, his great beard covering his breast, tried vainly to wear him out at his favorite exercise of mountain hiking.

"By jolly," he ejaculated. "I didn't calce'late that the biped lived that could beat ole man Dunning trampin' up and down and around these mountings. And here to see this young college feller fresh as a daisy when I'm just about blowed,—wall, there's somethin' powerful mysterious about it. I fail to connect. Just you wait till tomorrow, by jolly!"

The berries were red and luscious. But Fred Moreland discovered something in the Dunning clearing that had for him far more of atractiveness than even the finest of the red, luscious strawberries.

rawdernes.

It was Nellie!

Since her transforming experience in Napa she had spent a year in boarding school. That year had brought wonderful development and—thanks to her noble purpose—it had left her unspoiled. She still loved her horse-back rides; she was more helpful than ever about the home; understanding the beauty of loving service, she was a general favorite for miles around.

Yes, Fred Moreland, college athlete and brilliant law student, had discovered Nellie Dun-

ning. And he loved her!

The beauty of childhood had passed, but the maturer beauty of young womanhood had come to full bloom. No longer shrinking and awkward with her terrible lameness, now the very center and soul of the family and the pride of the entire vicinity, Nellie Dunning, with abounding health, widened vision, graceful accomplishments, yet withal possessing the charm of simplicity, was ready for another new experience.

It came in the evening, in the midst of the strawberry patch, as the gentle moonbeams stole serenely down through the branches of the great oak. It was Fred Moreland's manly confession of love.

For that moment Nellie had been in unconscious preparation for more than three years.

Fred dropped his luscious red berry and sealed his love—now fully reciprocated—with a kiss. With full justification he called her "his" Mountain Daisy.

The transformation of Nellie Dunning was

complete.

Today Frederick Moreland is one of the leading lawyers in one of the most prosperous mountain towns of Northern California. His wife, Nellie Dunning Moreland, has three beautiful children, is crowned with womanly graces and deservedly esteemed by all who know her. Her life abounds in good works. Her aged father says, again and again, "By jolly! Fred, you beat me at my own game. I give it up!"

A LITTLE TOO MUCH

(Continued from Page 40)

. Too well did he know what it le decided not to accept the ring.

't want the ring," said Highstone
"I have no desire to take a friend's
property!"

ared with bewilderment, but Schranz surprised. He would have done the self.

do you mean?" cried Dodge. "I bet lidn't I? It is yours."

not take it," replied Highstone.

u think I am a baby?" Dodge hissed "Do you mean to insult me? I tell you yours!"

not take it," Highstone repeated ob-

take it," threatened Dodge, "or I'll ring and sell it. The money I get I to you!"

one was in a predicament. He wished times over that he had lost instead. To take the ring from his friend saible; to receive money obtained on was equally undesirable. Highstone lige too well to think that he could be young man's attitude. There was alternative open to him; he decided

said Dodge uneasily, "take the ring have everything settled."

se to accept," replied Highstone, "I do I to say so again."

do you not wish to accept?" Dodge question that Highstone expected.

se my dice are loaded!"

ree young men stared coldly at Highnat gentleman made the sacrifice withard gesture or emotion.

ok!" muttered Lane. "I thought so," ofter eyed Highstone, but the look as of contempt. He had enjoyed a sing night.

ast man I would expect to do such a thranz murmured sadly.

appeared dazed at the disclosure, but did not fail to notice a new light in 's eves.

will kindly return the money in that lered Dodge. "And please leave my nediately."

me put all that he won in the dice the table. He then got his hat and and was soon in the street. A brisk ld bring his to his own home.

a bitter sacrifice, his lying about the

dice, but he was certain the results would warrant it. He now had the dice within his own pocket; no one would know he had lied.

He had walked but a few blocks when a man tapped his shoulder. Turning, he recognized Lane.

"Got away as soon as I could," said Lane, "and ran to catch up with you. Say but Dodge was glad to get back the ring and money!"

"But why do you wish to see me?" asked

Highstone.

"Just to shake hands, old man," laughed Lane. "I know loaded dice when I see them, especially when the dice are transparent. Your dice are not loaded! When your reckless friend gets over his excitement I'll tell him what you did."

"Thank you, Lane, but please wait until he has more money or until he puts that ring on the correct finger of a certain girl."





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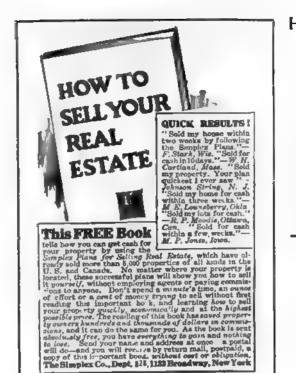
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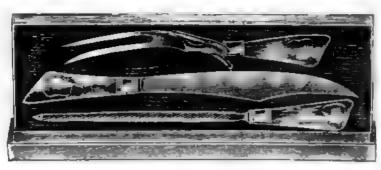
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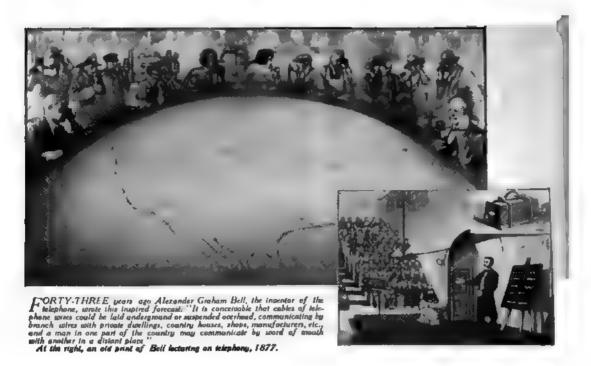
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No. 3

Overland

Monthly

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor.

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THE WHEAT, SHIPS.



Below a Neglected Dam



The Old Mill



Bridal Falls

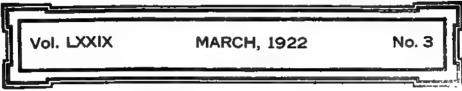


Midel Nature's Solitude



1 V. Coffey, General Chairman Executive Committee of Arrangements, Second Annual Convention D. A. V. W. W.







A Living Hall of Fame

By a World War Veteran

CCORDING to statistics furnished by Mr. Robert L. Webb, executive secretary of that wonderful organization which is ag so much for San Francisco and for the ific Coast, the San Francisco Convention Tourist League, some one hundred and sty conventions will be held in San Frano during 1922. This is to be a banner contion year for the entire Pacific Coast, the at percentage of important conclaves coming he Golden West for their deliberations. buly the other day Mr. Webb declared, "This ndeed going to be a remarkable year for at conventions in San Francisco. National international organizations, possessing er and membership strength without limit, coming here for their great conclaves. In cases of some, we of the San Francisco Contion and Tourist League, found it difficult **k** to sway the votes of eastern members delegates, who were reluctant to permit r business sessions and national meetings to e as far West as even the Mississippi River.

let alone San Francisco. But the splendid achievements of our fair city in previous years, in the handling of conventions, and the excellent entertainment and hospitality offered visitors has gone far and wide, and coupled with the assurance that 'San Francisco Knows How,' our prospective visitors invariably permit themselves to be won over, by the very name of the City of St. Francis."

Webb continued, "Of all the great conventions coming to San Francisco during 1922,—and there are scores of vitally important conferences scheduled for this city during the coming year—I must say that I am most deeply concerned in one national conclave that to me carries more sentiment, more real feeling, and creates in me more determination to do my utmost to cooperate for its success than any other. That is the Second Annual National Convention of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, which is to take place in San Francisco June 26th to 30th inclusive. This great conclave will be attended by many

thousands of wounded and disabled American heroes of the great war from all parts of the United States, who are to be San Francisco's guests of honor. The sacrifices made by these men, our nation's pride during the recent World War, are too prone to be overlooked by unthinking folks, and I am glad to see their preliminary activities for a great National Convention are meeting with keen interest and a generous response on the part of the general public."

The Disabled American Veterans of the World War is the only National organization consisting entirely of wounded, injured and disabled soldiers, sailors and marines of the World It was founded in March, 1920, by a War. group of wounded and disabled men who felt the tremendous need for an organization which would have only the interests of the wounded and disabled at heart. It succeeded from the first in meeting a real need, and chapters were organized throughout the United States. The local posts are based upon the spirit of fellowship, comradeship, mutual aid and cooperation with other agencies. They conduct club rooms, social affairs, entertainments, summer camps, and in general look after the sick in and out of the hospitals, and lend united efforts in all movements to advance the interests of the wounded and disabled. The Constitution prohibits the organization from taking any part in politics or industrial disputes. It also keeps out of sectarian matters. The Disabled American Veterans of the World War are accordingly enjoying the unique and favorable position of working exclusively for needed legislation for the benefit of its members, and the improvement of conditions and accommodations for the many thousands of wounded and disabled American veterans everywhere in the United States. Too many well-meaning organizations have started out on a promising road, with high ideals and commendable purposes, but unfortunately entangled themselves in questions entirely remote from their own objectives and aims, such activities working to their own detriment. National Officers of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War do not receive one cent of salary or pay, and are giving their time freely and generously to the cause of their disabled comrades.

The National Officers of the organization are: Judge Robert S. Marx of Cincinnati, Ohio, National Commander; Ralph A. Horr of Seattle, Wash., National Senior Vice-Commander; Myles Sweeney of New York, National First Junior Vice-Commander; M. J. Culp of Louis-Ville, Kentucky, National Second Junior Vice-

Commander; Edward H. Hug of Chicago, National Third Junior Vice-Commander; J. A. MacFarland of Dalton, Georgia, National Fourth Junior Vice-Commander; Judge Eugens Sharp of Detroit, Mich., Judge Advocate; Remond A. Lasance of Cincinnati, National Adjutant; Michael Aaronsohn of Cincinnati, National Chaplain. William J. O'Connor of See Francisco, is National Executive Committeems, representing the districts of California, Nevata and Arizona.

Recently National Senior Vice-Commands Ralph A. Horr, of Seattle, visited San Francisco, on the last lap of a 30,000 mile tour of the United States, during which time he in spected over one hundred Government private veteran's hospitals and training center, and addressed almost two hundred meetings. An instance of the accomplishments of the Diabled American Veterans of the World War brought out during Mr. Horr's stay in See Francisco, when his charges against the unfini treatment of patients and unsatisfactory contions at the Palo Alto Veterans' Hospital, msulted in the transfer of Major J. M. Wheels, commanding officer at the institution, to another hospital, as a subordinate officer. When interviewed in San Francisco, Mr. Horr declared:

"The Disabled American Veterans of the World War do not want to be considered a structionists, when we urge improved conditions at the hospitals throughout the country was thousands of our sick, wounded and disabled Whenever we see Int 'buddies' lie helpless. rant violations of all codes of common sens and fairness in the treatment of these patients. we make use of the right, as Disabled Veteran ourselves, and as Americans, in the interests of fair play, and a certain sense of obligation for these men, to insist on improvement in condtions, and, where deemed necessary, supported by substantiating affidavits and legitimate com plaints, to insist on the removal of the officers in charge who are responsible for such unsatisfactory administration.

"Our criticism has at all times been of the constructive order, and our close cooperation with the officials of the U. S. Government Vetrans' Bureau will bear this out. Our organization is ever ready to do its part in bringing about results that will enable these thousands of men to receive a fair chance in the fight to regain the health and status in life that was theirs, before they made these great sacrifices during the recent World War."

For the last month or more, the committee of local Disabled American Veterans of the World War that is to direct the program for the great

Convention of the organization, has tively at work in the convention head-. St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco. The e committee directing the details of the ion consists of these wounded and diseterans of the Great War: Herbert V. general chairman: Frederick E. Wilson. y; Melvin I. Schlamm, entertainment; D. Sapiro, finance; Hayle M. Ayres, transportation; William J. O'Connor, ad housing; Edward R. Baker, printing corations; Charles H. Kendrick, dised guests; Harry E. Wentworth, pro-C. L. Straub, parade; George Kelley. ; Graham Lee, registration; Ray Daniel úson.

idition to the Disabled American Vetmmittee, there have been appointed the Committee of five hundred prominent nd business leaders of San Francisco, ny Mayor James Rolph, Jr., and a Frainison Committee, including every franatriotic and civic organization in San These two supplementary commitsponsor many of the great functions d for the week of the big Convention. satiss Cobb Hale, San Francisco society who headed the important war activibe ladies of California during the days forld War, is chairman of the Reception me, in which she will be assisted by one I ladies.

aborate program is being prepared for bled American Veterans' National Conthe tentative arrangements providing reat public reception and ball in San o's magnificent Civic Auditorium, a military parade, a naval review in the San Francisco, daily sightseeing tours mgs, theatre parties, grand public bantertainments in every hotel and San o clubhouse, social functions for the ming to San Francisco for the conclave, events, and numerous other events.

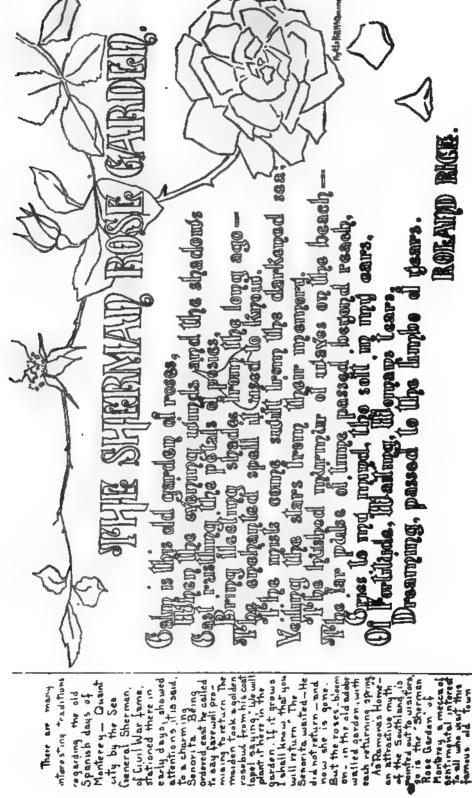
terable interest is being shown in the l'Living Hall of Fame," to be par-

ticipated in at the Convention, by the "greatest hero" of the recent World War, from every State in the Union. Already invitations have been sent to the various Governors throughout the country, requesting that the "greatest hero" from the respective states be officially designated and sent to San Francisco for the Disabled American Veterans' National Convention, heading the delegation of delegates and visitors from these different states. During the National Conclave, it is proposed to assemble the "greatest heroes" in a "Living Hall of Fame," as one of the outstanding features of, the great Convention.

Arrangements have been made for at least 20,000 wounded and disabled American heroes to come to San Francisco for their National Convention during the last week in June. According to the Convention Committee Chairman, Mr. Herbert V. Coffey, this number will be greatly augmented if the one-cent a mile railroad transportation to and from San Francisco is granted. Efforts are being made to secure this attractive fare rate for America's heroes, who are casting eager eyes towards California as their goal for this coming summer. California's wonderful reputation for "hospitality," and the world-famous slogan that "San Francisco Knows How," have reached all of these Disabled American Veterans, everywhere in the United States, and it is their greatest aim to come to the Golden Gate for their National Conclave of June 26th to 30th.

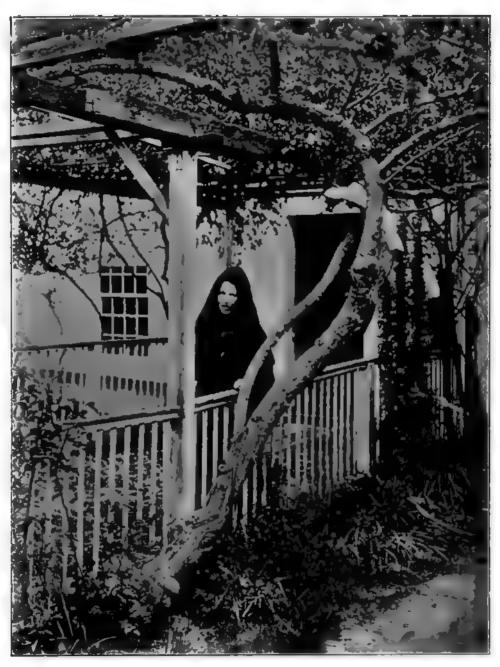
A royal welcome and right hearty reception awaits them, to be sure, and we of the Golden West will be proud to greet these thousands of boys whose sacrifices should be permanently engraved in our hearts. They will indeed be "guests of honor," and we hope and trust that their deliberations will be aided by the cooperation of a grateful people and an appreciative nation. Welcome, a thousand-fold, America's heroes; whose deeds in the past, and mighty service in the future will do so much for the healing of the nation, and the honor of our country.





Senorita Being ordered east he called to any farether mising to return The meiden fook a golden rosebut from his coat lapet a a uning the unit plant it here in the early days, showed attentions it is said.

each returning spring As Ramonas Home



The Sherman Rose-Monterey



Home of Robt. Louis Stevenson-Monterey



Historic "Old Pacific House"-Monterey

Monterey

By AGNES M. MANNING

The sleepy old town of Monterey
Drowsily lies in the summer sun.

Amid her adobes, old and gray,
She dreams of a past forever gone.

Out of the shadowy mists of years,
Far from her present of doubt and fears,
Come the ship and the stalwart men;
The pine-clad hills re-echo again,
With clatter of hoof and soft refrain
Of Mission chimes in a low, sweet strain.

Stealing across the summer sea, Where the breeze-touched waves all merrily, Chase each other in silvery spray, O'er thy shining sands, O, Monterey!

The sleepy old town of Monterey
Drowsily lies in the summer sun.
Silent her streets, and her walls are gray,
Her glory is past, forever gone.
Yet glorious still her maidens fair,
With wonderful eyes and bright brown hair.
Pale are the mists that at morning lie
In fleecy wreaths 'twixt the hills and sky.
Till the cypress boughs spread dark and wide
O'er many a long and lonely ride;
And, by the light breezes softly stirred,
San Carlos' bells may yet be heard.
Still break the waves in a silver spray
On thy shining sands, O Monterey!



First Theatre Built in California-Monterey

Gentleman Joe

A Story of the Great Cattle Range By ELLA STERLING MIGHELS

N a spur of the Sierras lies a green valley, locked in by the winter snows as inexorably as if man instead of nature were the jailer. Here are the winter quarters of a herd of cattle, gaining mere subsistence from the green sage. The cattle are guarded by a small band of vaqueros, waiting for spring, when they will follow the trails toward the rich mountain pastures. They are a hard lot, these vaqueros, dwelling together in the rough cabin. The days are short, the nights long. Gambling and drinking are the only pastimes for men thus hemmed in; and so Romualdo gambles off his silver spurs, and José his silver-mounted bit; and then they quarrel hotly over the result of the game.

Gentleman Joe is a unique personage among the swarthy group. He turns from them with loathing, and, rolling himself in his blankets, lies before the fire. A noble face, proud and of fine lineaments; his hair, brown and curling, touches his broad shoulders, while a patch of silver at the temples shines out strangely; the beard is full and close; the eyes are dark and stern, full of meaning long suppressed. Tonight there is almost agony in the eyes, as the Spanish oaths fly thick and fast, and the close atmosphere, reeking with whisky, poisons the lungs, while recourse to the knife is threatened at every moment. It is singularly inappropriate, but there comes to his memory the picture of a beautiful mother and a little boy kneeling before her with hands folded in prayer.

Called back from this beautiful picture of memory, Joe arises from his place and scans the group. The right word at the right time may

dissipate this rising tumult.

"Boys, we've got to start drivin' the cattle to-morrer, and ye'd better git a little sleep afore mornin'. It'll be a hard day's job, and ye won't

none of ve be fit fur it."

With some disagreement and a promise from José to settle the matter another time, the dissension dies down. Joe knows how to handle them. In an hour's time they are stretched out in slumber; but Joe looks still into the dying embers, feeling himself more alone than if on a desert island.

П

Up from the Sacramento valley come the winding herds into the rich summer pastures of the Sierras. With one of the droves is the usual

old rickety wagon, and in it, besides the dark-skinned young driver and elderly sun-burned woman, is a pale-cheeked girl who seems to defy the sun's burning glances. Her red-gold hair and soft black eyes make her an attractive picture, even without the added touches in her costume—the dark blue dress, the picturesque hat, the long gauntlet gloves, and the creamy silk handkerchief about her throat. She has just recovered from a malarial fever, and by the advice of the physician she seeks the balm of mountain air and the experience of camping out.

Hank Wilson is not a picturesque object. The sun has bleached all the color out of his hair, eyes and mustache, and by a peculiar compensation has turned his originally fair skin utterly brown—that burnt, unpleasant brown which has nothing heroic in it—suggesting no battles, no tropic fires; only a parched desert. Mrs. Wilson, though common-place, is the widow of a wealthy cattle-owner, and Hank is heir to thousands of dollars. What though he writes "i" and "mi"; his signature commands more gold than that of a scholar who can express himself accurately in ten languages.

Hank is already deeply in love with his cousin—a cousin by marriage merely, being but the step-niece of his mother—in his rough way admiring her openly and freely.

As for Arizona Weston, she scarcely saw Hank at all. Utterly unaware of her step-mother's design to make a match between them, she said frankly to herself, "He is one of the people whom when you look at you can't see."

Arrived at Sardine Valley, a new world met Arizona's eye. Day by day she watched the moving panorama, the new herds driven in by the new vaqueros—Mexican, Irish and American—all with the same bronzed complexion and heavy cast of countenance. She was almost fascinated for a while by their faces, hard and sinister in expression, until suddenly she roused herself, saying, "What a horrid lot of people!—they look like the offscourings of the earth." And so turned her eyes again to nature.

Sitting in a little covert of her own on the hillside one day, up from the road near her retreat came the crunching sound of a wagon. The sound stopped, and loud imprecations came

to her ear. As the cursing became lcuder and more blasphemous, she shivered. Peeping through the manzanita around her she saw a heavily laden hay-team, which, in spite of efforts of man and beast, could not be made to budge.

Arizona was a self-willed young maiden, perhape a trifle high-tempered, and she did not like that swearing so near her sacred bower. Without stopping for her hat, she sped down the hill-side. No one but a California girl would have presumed upon man's natural deference to woman in appearing upon such a scene at such a time—no one else would have dared. With hair flying, cheeks tinted and eyes glistening, she confronted the two men with the wagon. They ceased their imprecations abruptly, as if it were an apparition that had suddenly sprung upon them in that wild region, or even a nymph.

"Don't you think I could help you a little?" said the nymph, audaciously.

"Wall, I dunno, but you can," said one of the men.

"Don't you think if you threw off some of that hay they would pull it up easier?"

"I dunno but what they could," said he, again. The men threw off some bales. Arizona advanced meanwhile to the leaders' heads, patting their noses and talking encouragingly. Then, taking them by the bits, while one of the men lifted on a wheel and the other managed the lines and urged the team forward with ejaculations extremely mild and perfectly fit for publication, she added that movement of energy that horses understand, and in a moment they were running up the hill, putting forth their strength to the straining of each muscle; and the men, with a curious look at the girl, said, "Much obleeged," and passed out of sight.

A new band of cattle was winding into the valley, and riding behind was a man upon whom Arizona's eyes rested wonderingly. He was of magnificent physique—broad, full chest and well poised head. The dark gray flannel shirt, the broad drooping sombrero, the twist of crimson silk around the neck, gave him a picturesque appearance. The eyes were handsome and dark as night, the complexion fresh and ruddy, the hair and short curly beard unacquainted with the shears—the hair sprinkled with silver threads at the temples, the beard brown as manhood's dearest wish. There was a certain reserve force in the eyes that made her hesitate in forming her opinion. To her surprise, he lifted his hat as he rode by without more than a single glance; and although the gaze of men's eyes had been turned on her so constantly for the last few weeks that she did not notice it any more, this

man's polite salute without the curious gaze betokened him something different from his fellows.

"He is one of the persons whom, when you look at, you DO see," said the girl to herself, hurrying down the road.

Coming into the little brown cabin, she asked impulsively: "Who is that, Aunt Susan? and where does he come from?"

"Oh, that's Joe—Gentleman Joe, they call him. He keeps a herd of cattle in one of the upper valleys all winter. He's been snowed in since last December."

"But he isn't a vaquero?"

"Well, he ain't now, 'cos he's Hank's man on shares and owns half that herd he just druv in. He's a mighty nice man, but nobody knows nothin' about 'm. He saved Hank's life about four years ago. He cut the lasso that would uv killed 'm in a minit more."

Arizona's eyes flashed with pleasant expectations. "I hope he's nice to talk to," she said to herself.

She watched the rodeo next day with new interest. All the cattle were gathered together—all the herds and strays in the valley, irrespective of their owners. About twenty men from the surrounding valleys were present, and with expert vaqueros "cut out" the cattle bearing their particular brands and the little calves following them, for many of them are strays and wander into strange herds during the long drive up from the winter valleys.

Then came the branding of the calves; but after José had brutally put his silver-spurred heel on the throat of one poor little bull-calf, as he cut its ears and put the burning brand into its flank, and Joe had suddenly sprung at him and rebuked him for his unnecessary cruelty, Arizona turned away white and trembling, her heart going out to the man who found a place for tenderness to the terror-stricken dumb brute among that apparently brutal and half-savage throng of vaqueros. She longed to speak with him.

But he never came near their cabin, seeming to avoid her even. She saw him and Hank sitting on a log one evening, after supper, in the midst of a discussion on cattle matters. With her usual audacity she walked up to them, presuming upon that respect and almost reverence with which men had always treated her from her babyhood, and sat down beside them as if she were a little child who was permitted such familiarity. Joe immediately raised his hat to her, and walked away as if he were the intruder.

Arizona sat there quite delighted with herself. "Say, Henry, do you think there is anything terrible about me?"

"Terrible, why, of course not! Why, what's the matter?" he asked, much softened to see that she came of her own accord to sit and talk with him.

"Why, your Gentleman Joe, there, he seems to think that I am perfectly horrid; he even runs away when I come near him. Say, Henry," in a confidential tone, "I'll be very good friends with you if you will go and bring him back."

In a moment the two men stood before the capricious young woman, who felt under the grave look of the stern dark eyes bent upon her that she would like to solve the mystery of this strange character if she could, and not a bit afraid to try it.

"This is Joe," said Hank, stupidly; "this is my cousin Arizona, from the Bay."

"Joe?" repeated Arizona, "Joe what?"

"Simply Joe," said the handsome man, smiling down at her.

"Nonsense! you must have another name."

"Oh, yes," said Hank, "he has got another name; the boys call him Gentleman Joe sometimes."

"What is that for?" said the childlike maiden, mischievously determined to investigate the matter immediately.

The eyes bent on her looked doubtful, but the smile was still lingering in their depths, and his voice was rich and deep as he replied.

"You know the habit of men when they are off in a wilderness by themselves—the tendency to shorten speech? They first drop the title, then the surname. The Christian name readily lends itself to a distinctive title, and then they become Buffalo Jim, Three Fingered Jack, or anything else that is first given them. It is a primitive state of society, and the only reason I can give for such a title is, that I have passed through it."

Hank looked in dumb surprise, and even Arizona was a little quelled by his unexpected diction; still she whispered to herself. "I'm so glad he is nice to talk to." And from that moment their friendship began.

Ш

It was strange how much more interesting Sardine Valley became after Joe's arrival, and at her own sweet will Arizona wandered around with him, or went riding with him in the moonlight, and lived in a sort of child's paradise.

One day while sitting by the creek, hid by the willows, she heard angry voices approaching and recognized them as belonging to José and Romualdo. The feud between them had grown since that night in the snow-bound valley, and had suddenly come to the surface. Louder and louder their voices grew, deeper and more taunting the insults, till the climax was reached, and the ominous click of a pistol startled her. But another voice broke in and the pistol was struck to the ground.

"Boys, if yer must fight, take yer fists like men, and may the best man win!"

Through the parting in the willows she could see that the men struggled and fought, while Joe stood looking on impassively.

The girl was frightened by the terrible scene; but in a moment her courage came back, and she dashed down the bushes around her, and cried—

"How perfectly horrible! and to think, Joe, that you would let them!"

At her appearance upon the scene the two men stopped fighting and slunk away. She turned to Joe again, her eyes flashing with fire.

"I am ashamed of you, Gentleman Joe! I don't think you are worthy of your name, to encourage such a disgraceful row."

He looked down upon her with an amused smile. She saw in it a meaning which baffled her. "Why did you do it?" she persisted, yet conscious that she had wronged him by her hasty speech.

"No power under heaven could have kept those brutes from killing each other at that moment; not that I care for them, but I feared the bullets would fly in other directions than their carcasses."

She saw his motive, his desire to protect her from danger, and at the same time took notice of the difference in his speech. With feminine perversity she said suddenly:

"Why do you talk differently to me than you do to the men? You talk to me in the purest English; you talk to them like a vaquero."

"Why not?" he responded, looking away off at the horizon and taking off his hat, as if for relief from some tumultuous memory that sprang up at her words.

"You have no right to live such a life as this," said the girl; "you were intended for better things."

He still looked away off and sighed, pressing his lips together.

"I shouldn't wonder if you understood Latin and Greek," she continued, "and had left a nice family in the East somewhere, to mourn you as one dead."

He looked down on her with a scrutinizing glance.

thave a history, Joe, I know you have omantic one—and you will tell it to me,

now," he said, passionately, "not now!"

afternoon the team with the weekly supnd the mail came, and Arizona sprang get her letters. To her surprise the man attention to her, but drove straight to ral. In a moment José came toward h a strange look on his face.

e are your letters—and there is some-

at is it, Joe?" said she, alarmed by his

y a telegram!" She tore is open, and deadly pale. "Papa! Papa!" she L. She tottered, and Joe put her into ... "My father has had a stroke; it is ond. I may never see him again. What > do—so far away!"

hed and hopeless, she sank back in the nere a few moments before she had sat life and brightness. Aunt Susan came with such sympathy as she could offer ought that she must wait a whole day starting for home was agonizing.

y can't I start tonight? By tomorrow g I could reach the train in time, and ome tomorrow night."

y, you couldn't ride all night. It's too us to think on."

but I must! I can't wait till tomorrow, en take all day to get to the station. I wait! Why, I may possibly get there: to see him. Just think of that, Aunt and don't oppose me! Don't oppose

ouldn't trust no wagon on that road toobjected Aunt Susan.

rer mind; let me go on horseback. I've that far before."

ws-a-mercy, hear the girl! I couldn't on horseback."

en, Joe, you will take me, won't you? ust know how I feel! Oh, please, Aunt don't oppose me! Let me go with Joe; feetly safe with him."

Wilson was a Californian, and had to rely upon the reverential feeling disby the roughest men in this new land to-he gentler sex. She saw no more imty in the proposition itself than did the at girl; so she only objected:

on't believe Hank would like yer to run; of the horses takin' a mis-step."

"Oh, if Hank were here I know he'd take me!"

"If you will trust her to me," said Joe, with the gravity of one making a vow, "I promise to take her safely."

IV

To keep her mind from her trouble, as they loped along, Joe talked of many things. Finally she said:

"How well you talk when you want to. Tell me how it is that you stay here in this little valley where there is no world at all, when you could fill a place anywhere in the great world outside?"

"I did have an offer to keep books for a hotel in this outside world you speak of, where I could have handed the ladies in and out and have given the bills to the guests. Would you consider that better? And in the course of time they would have probably called me the prince of hotel clerks, if I did my duty and played my cards well."

"I'm afraid you're dreadfully American."

"I am. I'll be my own master, and flunkey to no man. You have been curious about me, and have desired to hear my history. I have never told it before. I am a man who has been dead for twelve years. What do you think of that for a beginning?"

"It is a very sad one."

"My father and I parted in anger; he was stubborn, and so was I. Neither would yield; and I came to California. I kept up a correspondence with my mother and sisters, and everything I turned my hand to prospered, in spite of my father's sneer that I would come to no good end. Twelve years ago, satisfied with a moderate fortune, I turned all my property, amounting to about twenty thousand, into gold and checks. This I resolved to carry with me, not trusting to banks or men; and, writing to my mother of my intended departure during that week for the old home in Massachusetts, I started on my journey. That was the last letter she ever received from me."

"Oh, what could have prevented you from

going to her after that?"

"I was comparatively young—only twenty-four—and the night I started on my way from the mines, I fell into the hands of gamblers, was drugged and robbed—actually robbed. From a stupor I awoke to find myself in a stage going through a part of the country unknown to me. My evil star was in the ascendant, and, not content with my already forlorn condition, demanded further glutting of its ire. The stage through some fault of the driver was

overturned, and I was drawn out a miserable wreck-my leg broken and my body bruised. For months I lay in a wretched cabin, under the care of a miner who gave what little time he could to bringing me back to health. I never thanked him for it; on the contrary, I often begged him to go away and leave me to die alone. But with that persistence which people have in forcing life on human beings whether they desire it or not, he continued to feed me when I wouldn't feed myself. In those dreary hours I learned many lessons I had never learned before, among them patience and humility two qualities I had never dreamed of. I saw that I had been wrong in the quarrel with my father, but not at first. If my downfall had been caused by something heroic, something brave, I could have endured it, and again striven with the world; but it was too ignominious, too petty and contemptible. I felt ashamed to go on living, I who was such a failure, and I had always despised the prodigal son too much to think of imitating him. From that time I have been simply Joe. Caring nothing for the world, I have lived without it; and being without ambition, except in one particular—to gain possession of perfect health, if I must live—I have been content with this untamed outdoor life with the roughest of com-The man who is without ambition is already dead. I died twelve years ago; and Joe has simply taken my body and gone on existing in it up to the present hour."

"But the dead man could not altogether lose his identity, for his fellow-men have seen something noble enough in him to call him 'Gentleman Joe.'"

"As if a man without a name could be a gentleman! It came about just as inappropriately as the most of such names do. After my long, bitter siege I could scarcely meet men; how much less, then, could I meet women? I so revered them as belonging to another world -one to which I could never again aspire; the world to which belonged my mother and sisters —that I could not listen with patience to those who made the name of woman a means of slander and reproach, no matter how light her conduct. From this foolish instinct a coarsegrained fellow whom I one day rebuked for his idle boasting, called me in derision 'Gentleman Joe;' and, as is usual with such titles, once won, they cling forever. So there is no particular credit in that."

"And your speech—to whom does that belong? To the man who died twelve years ago, or to this paradoxical Gentleman Joe?"

"In order to forget that I ever existed before, I almost anxiously adopted the rough manners and speech of those about me. It seemed a satisfaction to assassinate the King's English, to include in a Pike's Peak vernacular, to be as rough and rude as those about me. But one instinct would never leave me, and to meet a woman made me instantly fall back into the speech I had learned before that other man died."

"I am glad of that, for I don't like swearing."
"That was the reason I avoided you so at first, not knowing but that I had perhaps forgotten my old tongue, I knew of your dislike for rough languarge before I came into the valley."

"How?"

"You rebuked two hay-teamsters in the valley, don't you remember? Such news spreads very fast in this part of the country."

They rode on for a while in silence. The moon poured down almost a solid shower of silver round about them in that pure atmosphere of the high Sierras, and the pines stood out against instinct did not leave the girl, and presently she said gently:

"You have not told me your real name yet, and the story would be incomplete without

it, you know."

"Adams," said he abruptly, and lapsed into silence.

They saw the moon grow dim in the west, and the rosy-tinted fingers of morning lift the curtain of day before they reached the railroad station. There was time for a few minutes' rest before the train would come. Joe, putting her ticket in her hand, said gently:

"I hope you may find him much better."

The girl looked up in his face, and in the cold of the morning felt so desolate and sad that parting with the good, kind friend who had helped her to reach her father a day sooner quite overcame her. Her lip trembled, her eyes filled with tears, and with the confidence of an innocent creature who has learned to lean upon the heart which had always been kind and gentle, she laid her head on his arm and wept.

"You have been so good to me, Joe, and I haven't even thanked you—I haven't even thanked you. There are no words—"

The man looked down upon her with a singular sensation gnawing at his heart. This beautiful, innocent creature was to pass out of his life forever—this confiding creature hiding her tears on his great rough sleeve. What an agony was in the thought! But he did not even press the little hand that lay in his; he only looked upon her with eyes of tenderness and said:

"It is nothing, absolutely nothing. Don't think of thanks; only keep your courage up until you get home. I wish I could help you to bear that burden, for my shoulders are so broad and yours so very slight."

"You will call and see us, Joe, if ever you come to the Bay? Promise me that you will," said she, anxiously.

He smiled sadly.

"I may safely promise that I will call if ever I come to the Bay; but it is extremely improbable that I ever shall."

"Oh, you do not mean to say that I shall never see you again, Joe—do you? I can't bear to think of it. It seems as if you were the dearest friend I ever had."

The man's heart beat in heavy beats, his hand trembled a little, but the gentleman was stronger in him than the man; and he only said, "Perhaps some day we may meet again. I hope so."

In another moment the train was off, steaming upon the narrow canyon on its way across the Sierras, down into the Sacramento valley.

v

Three months after Arizona sat at the breakfast table clad in deepest mourning, her head buried in her arm, and weeping bitterly. Her stepmother had just left the room, after relieving her mind of much practical advice. Arizona could scarcely remember what it was all about, but it was something dreadful-something which added five years to her life. A letter had come from Aunt Susan telling that Joe-her Gentleman Joe-had nearly killed a vaquero who had spoken disrespectfully of her. Felisia had said that she had disgraced the family as well as herself; that after such an escapade as she had indulged in-riding all night with that man-no one would be willing to marry her, perhaps not even Hank; that she ought to feel grateful if Hank would condescend to overlook it. As if this were not enough, she had added that she must marry; that as all her father's property was in Felicia's name, she was dependent on her bounty; that the property was so incumbered there was not more than enough to support one of them decently, and that a marriage with Hank was her only hope.

With the perversity common to women, she hated Hank worse than ever, instead of being grateful to him for his magnanimity. She didn't want any one to marry her. But how would she support herself? Felicia's strong will had taken her home from her. What was she to do to escape from this hateful place which was no longer home? Aunt Susan was kinder to her

than Felicia; but—there was Hank. Like all desperate women, she conceived many wild schemes which she knew to be utterly impracticable. "Oh, if I were a boy," she sobbed; "I'd go up to the winter valley and help Joe tend the cattle." And then she wept still more bitterly as she realized what an impossibility it was to convert herself into a boy.

Lifting her head from the newspaper upon which she had been weeping unconsciously, she gave a hysterical laugh at the little lake of tears upon it, then looked intently at the printed words just underneath. It was an advertisement in the personal column.

Wanted — Information regarding the death of Joseph Adams, who went to California in 1867, and was last heard from in Placer county in 1870. Any information, authentic or of hearsay, thankfully received. Address Mrs. J. L. Adams, Cambridge, Mass.

Her griefs were all forgotten. She fell into a brown study. "He cannot bridge over those twelve long years himself. It is impossible; but I can do it for him."

In a couple of weeks. Aunt Susan and Hank came to spend the winter with Felicia, and everything was taken for granted in regard to Arizona. But the girl showed signs of a mental struggle, being hemmed in upon every side, and vainly seeking for escape. One day, after about three or four weeks' constant attention, Hank brought the matter to a point-blank issue.

"I know I'm not fancy, like yer citified fellers, but I'd give ye every dollar I had in the world, Arizona, and work and slave for ye."

"O, I know, said the girl with a sigh; "you're a real good fellow, Hank. It isn't that, it isn't that! I don't like these silly fops a bit better than you do. I can imagine a man, a noble, handsome gentleman, honest and straightforward—that's the sort of man for my ideal."

"I hope I'm honest and straightforward—" began Hank.

"Oh, yes, you're honest enough, I suppose; but, to tell the truth, Hank, you are not the sort of complexion I like—" and she burst out laughing as she looked at him with his faded eyes, pale hair and mustache, and swarthy parched skin, while he turned and sullenly walked out of the room.

It was only a hysterical laugh on Arizona's part. She was curiously trying to analyze why she disliked Hank so intensely. When she said "a noble, handsome gentleman," she knew at

The Spirit of the West

By A. J. FYNN

"What is the Spirit of the West?"
A stranger asked of me—
"I've heard of it, among the hills
And by the surging sea;
I've heard of it, in city hall
And at the cotter's door,
But 'tis to me a dreamy thing,
A phrase and nothing more."

How many others, we have met,
With words no less sincere,
Have questioned thus, as though it were
A something vague or queer,
Unmindful that, when earth was young
And man ambitious grew,
The spirit prompted him to leave
The old and seek the new.

It stirred the stagnant Orient,
In far-famed days of yore,
And patriarchal Abraham
For sook the land of Ur;
It touched the European coast,
Swept o'er her mightiest sea,
And bold Columbus found a home
For greater liberty.

Across the ocean, westward bound,
The famous Mayflower went,
To find, upon a foreign shore,
Mankind more tolerant;
With vision ever broadening,
Men crossed mount, marsh and plain,
And paused not till time's newest West
Reached earth's unrivaled main.

And so the Spirit of the West
Moves forward with the sun,
Rejoicing in great deeds achieved
But finding tasks undone—
It is that onward, upward call
That speeds from shore to shore,
Nor halts until the best is reached
Or man shall be no more.

Topside in China

By ISABELLE D. HULL

[a time when China is so prominently in the public eye, it is a joy to review a year's visit to these very interesting

: and country.

na cannot stand still but must rise to the s of her enlarged vision. She must rise ponse to a long effort made by her enred sons to do justice to her latent aspiragathered in all these silent years. on, she now experiences a ferment that zo on to its fulfillment until all the peoples world have taken up higher ideals and 1 off the shackles of ignorance and preju-The consensus of opinions of those who from experience, close observation, and contact, is a settled conviction of faith final triumph over this dissatisfied condiof her people. The attitude of the Disnent Conference showed to the world that was worthy of respect and consideration. faith in her future shown by others will e and help in the uplift. We learn these by personal contact and experience: our faith is proven by good works our st vanishes.

: City of Shanghai is very cosmopolitan, propitious place to study the changes that aking place much more rapidly than we e. It will soon be that the life there will e the changes that have taken place in rancisco in the last decade. That spirit ependence and democracy which displaces of distinction in the Chinese comes rapidly. :hildren of the second and third generaare thoroughly imbued with the spirit of icanism. Old customs yield to up-to-date ers, and the distinctive Chinese has only iace," and is likely to lose that in Ameriggressiveness.

e spirit of change has been slow in assertself, but it surely comes. As a race they a decided sense of justice; the following ent illustrates in a striking way this quality: e Chinese tailor, with his portable machine. great institution in Shanghai. He can be ned for a small cost by the day to sew. mitation or power to copy a pattern or out a design exactly is wonderful, but he ittle initiative, and must be told how. It rreat disaster when he makes a mistake or his face."

mployed a visiting tailor in Shanghai. He confidently and did some good work which was to be copied from a pattern. I finally gave him a bell-shaped serge dress skirt to shorten: I expected him to fold up the bias hem. After telling him briefly that I wanted the skirt shortened, I was called from the room, leaving much to his judgment. I wanted it shortened temporarily, intending to lengthen it again. When I returned to the sewing room he had cut off about four inches. In my surprise I said, "Why tailor you have spoiled my skirt!" he was greatly disturbed. On recovering his face he said, "Missy, me can fix 'em. Me can do. Me can take em home tonight." I yielded, and when he returned next morning he had secured a piece of alpaca braid of the same shade, and with a paste or glue he had made a perfect fit. It looked neat and just as if the braid were used for a trimming. I accepted his reparation and found it both neat and serviceable. At the end of the week he would not accept his full pay, arguing that "Me spilum your skirt, me must pay." A CHINAMAN'S HONOR IS HIS GREATEST BUSINESS ASSET.

One of the most delightful days of this wonderful trip was spent in going to a mountain retreat of the missionaries. The day was perfect. We procured Sedan chairs as we expected to climb to the top and the rickshaw was impossible. Our coolies were in fine mood. The scenery was beguiling, and we lost all thought of narrow stone steps and steep grades with the lilacs and honeysuckle and jessamine mingling their perfume which was wafted to us on the shimmering of the leaves of the bamboo. We forgot the sights, sounds and smells of bad sanitation and careless handling of the dead that shock us so often in China.

When the coolie dropped the shaft from his tired shoulders, and in his pidgin English said, "Missy, topside all 'ight," we heartily concurred with him.

On a houseboat trip wonderful opportunity was afforded to obtain a varied knowledge of boat life in China. Two unique specimens were the tub-boat and the cormorant boat. former is what it's name signifies—a veritable Diogenes tub-boat which was used to gather the buffalo horn nuts from under the water.

A cormorant boatman became interested in us and came so near that we could see his little family inside, also the baby cormorants in their basket nests attached at intervals to the side of the boat. In one of these nests were two little birds. The roost for the old birds were also attached to the boat. At our request the boatman made the cormorants fish. He gave them little prods with his bamboo rod; the birds would drop into the water, rustle in a duck-like fashion and come up with fish. They were relieved of them and forced to go again. A slipknot on a cord on the neck prevented them from swallowing. Both children and birds had come and gone in this boat life for generations. "That happiness is from within," is the lesson we learn from these simple, yet philosophical people.

Further on we saw boatmen raking long bleached grass from the bottom of the lake. We imagined that it was food for the water buffalo. When we inquired "What use?" we were told it was for "chow."

While in the vicinity of Soochow we visited, what is claimed to be, the largest pagoda in the world. The pagoda purpose seems to be twofold, either as a monument commemorating the virtue or munificence of some departed benefactor, or as an agent of the "feng shui," the genii of good and evil. As we climbed to the top of "Pei-Tze-Ta" we counted 235 steps. The height is 250 feet. The wheat fields and rice fields and tea farms, mulberry trees and lakes combined to make the view from the pagoda a wonderful panorama that fills a lifetime with magnificent memories and impressions, taking in the homes, as it does, of five millions of human being. America's opportunity fills us with wonder, love and praise. * * The pendulum swings. "God's in His heaven, All's right with the World."

Many short strolls were taken in the suburbs of Shanghai, venturing near the native villages many revelations of a domestic nature were gathered. At one place, a little girl-mother was caring for her baby brother, who sat in his high chair at a distance from his mother's shop. At the approach of a foreigner in these sections, every child darts to cover. When the little mother saw us she hid herself. We determined to test her loyalty, and approached the babe, when to our surprise, she dashed from her hiding place and made a personal attack upon us as she mistrusted our motive. Motherlike, she forgot herself in the protection of her charge. We sometimes could look down from the levees into a home. The picture was often

1/2

very interesting and gave evidence of the life in the average home in China.

We were interested in the farming and business life of these people, so thrifty and eminent in rearing poultry. Many fine breeds of chicken, geese and ducks came from the Orient. An interesting incident during our house-boat trip was the appearance of a very peculiar nature in the canal ahead of us. There seemed a floating mass of life approaching, which proved to be hundreds of live ducks swimming toward us, and we turned aside to allow them to pass. We were told that they had been incubated many miles north of Shanghai, and were browsed and herded until they reached their destination when about three months old, and were marketed in the city. The Chinese claim to be the discoverers of incubation.

We find now and then a mention of the "Menace of the Open Door," or a reference to the Yellow Peril. There are always some "seeing things in the night," but the spiritual force, the bond of life will remain, and we may learn a lesson from the Chinese in their patient waiting for centuries. The light is breaking through the Open Door, and as was explained to me by a missionary in China, giving her reason for accepting the service of a poor coolie to take her in her rickshaw through the snow and ice with chapped, bleeding legs—"It is the only way we can reach them. We never come in contact with them in any other way. It is through service that our work is accomplished." The last war taught us this lesson.

To allow this spirit to die unused would be a great spiritual waste in experience, opportunity and duty. We stand at the bar of history for judgment, for the use we make of this opportunity—unique and momentous. All thinking people today realize that future civilization depends on enlightened, humane education, not upon dreadnaughts nor politicians, leagues nor kings nor princes, but upon the education of the children of the world. Abroad the outlook must be widened. The efficient missionary must go on with his work, the leaders of finance, manufacturing and other interests must engage our people in doing their might to lighten each other's burdens, to instill higher ideals, and make a great drive to hasten the day when all shall believe in the eternal verities.

> "God's in His heaven All's right with the world."

The Youth of Monsieur Parisot

By RALPH DYER

LY, my dear Parisot, she is a remarkle woman," observed Ravelet, the jewr, setting down his glass of cognac and an admiring glance toward the desk just inside the entrance to the ulin.

s remarkably fat, if that is what you Parisot responded, as he allowed his rest frowningly upon the widow portly figure. The latter, looking up from her task of making change, xpansively at him. Parisot scowled ily returned to his brandy. Behind es Ravelet's little black eyes twinkled reciation.

e not going to remain a bachelor all.

The widow is not a Venus, I grant ut she will make an excellent wife. if you marry her, your income will be

not intend to marry for money," Par-, curtly. The jeweler stared at him ment.

what else, then?" he demanded. "You are living writing for the Temps. And me if I remind you of it, Aristide—no longer a young man."

an is as young as he feels," Parisot stoutly reiterating an old, old platind I feel like a boy of twenty." He hand over his firm pink jowl, happy surance that it looked fully as well as Ihen, with a little smile of satisfaction, ad down at the close-fitting, well pressed

Thank Heaven, he could still wear hat didn't make him look like a propopkeeper!

here, Parisot," Ravelet broke in sudon the journalist's meditation, "I give ek to marry the widow!"

!" Parisot rose to his feet in disgust.
gnac is going to your head, Ravelet.
t us get some air." At the cashier's
y stopped to settle their bill. The
loulin beamed on them in her happiner.

evening, messieurs! A fine night! you find those new spice cakes? Yes, hem myself—especially for you." And ed atrociously at Parisot. He stared d felt vaguely dissatisfied. He wished

she wouldn't put on so much rouge—or arrange her mass of coal black hair so carelessly. And that black dress with gaudy, sea green sequins—why couldn't it have been cut so as to expose less of madame's ample bosom? He was thankful when, at last, Ravelet dragged him out into the Rue Lazare. At the next corner, however, the two parted company.

Parisot, on the way to the pension where he lived, stopped at a flower stand in the Boulevard du Montparnasse and purchased a sprig of lilac for his buttonhole.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, inhaling the fresh sweetness of the flower, "I wonder if this little sprig of lilac comes from Vernay. In all France there are no lilacs like those which come from Vernay—." He paused abruptly, conscious of a sudden rush of blood in his cheeks. Borne on the swift wings of Memory a vivid scene from out of the past came sweeping into his brain. An old garden in Vernay, moonlighthe, Parisot, and a slender, fair haired girl. They were standing near the lilac hedge, the opulent purple and white blossoms brushing against their cheeks. The man, very stupidly and awkwardly, had broken the news of his departure for Paris. Helene had received the news quietly enough. But she was passionately certain that she would never marry any one except Parisot. If they could not be married at once then she would wait-years, if necessary. Parisot winced. What a brute he had been to so completely forget her! Why, even now, she might be waiting for him. Well, there could be no harm in learning the truth. Tomorrow he would go to Vernay.

The next day Parisot, squeezed into one of the stuffy, overcrowded compartments of the suburban train, wondered how time had dealt with Helene. Not harshly, he felt sure. And later, as he trudged along an old, familiar road, he pictured to himself a tall, graceful woman with soft hair and bewitching smile.

When he reached the grey stone house where Helene had lived he did not go to the front entrance. Instead he crept around to the little gate in the garden wall. But there he stopped short, appalled by the scene before his eyes. In place of the once trim garden there was a profusion of weeds and uncut grass. Noisy children were playing under the neglected lilac hedge. A woman, with her broad back to

Parisot, was industriously hanging out some clothes.

"Pardon me, madame," Parisot began, uncertainly, "I am looking for Mademoiselle Helene Fanchard—"

The woman swung around, her red hands resting against her hips.

"I am Helene Fanchard," she said, grinning at him. "At any rate, I was—until I changed my name to Madame Doucet."

"You!" gasped Parisot. And he stared foolishly at her. It was incredible—ghastly. Little Helene—this mountain of flesh! No, no, there was some mistake. This red faced creature with the rasping voice was not his old sweetheart.

"I know what you are thinking," the woman remarked bitterly as she noted his expression. "I'm not much like the Helene Fanchard of twenty years ago. Well, monsieur, one can't always raise a family and keep one's figure. At that, I'm as good looking as most women of my age!" Parisot repressed a smile. There, at least, was a touch of the old Helene—that pathetic bit of conceit.

"And who might you be, monsieur?"

Madame Doucet inquired, suddenly.

"Aristide Parisot," he replied, with just the

right touch of dignity.

"You—Parisot?" The woman burst into a coarse laugh. "No, no, I can't believe it. Why, then, you've grown fat-"

"Nothing of the sort!" Parisot bristled. in-

dignantly.

'And those little wrinkles about your eyes," Helene went on, relentlessly, "they do not belong to Aristide-" But the man had departed, angrily slamming the wicket after him. All the way back to Paris he smarted under her flaunting criticism. The impudent baggage! How dared she insinuate that he was fat-and wrinkled! It was a preposterous lie, of coursethe malicious taunt of a disillusioned woman. It was not until he had made an impersonal examination of himself in his mirror that Parisot came to a somewhat reluctant conclusion. Confound it, he reasoned, there was more than a grain of truth in the woman's assertion after all!

"Truly, my dear Parisot, she is a remarkable woman," observed Ravelet. And between sips of his cognac the jeweler cast warm, appraising glances at the widow Moulin. Parisot. too. looked at her with a fresh interest. She was not fat, he decided—merely plump in a pleasing way. Besides, he did not care for thin women. They were apt to be fickle.

The widow had dressed her hair differently and it was becoming. And that black dressdid Ravelet notice how admirably it set off her white skin? Yes, madame was certainly attractive. And beside a certain lady of Parisot's acquaintance she was a paragon of beauty.

"Well, my friend," Ravelet proposed when the meal was over, "what do you say to an evening

at the Comedie Francaise?"

Parisot smiled and shook his head.

"You must excuse me," he said. I have a more important engagement." And the widow Moulin, had she chanced to glance in his direction at that particular moment, would have been rewarded with one of Parisot's most enchanting smiles.

Transformation

By ARTHUR W. ATKINSON

Through the burning sand Of a desert land, A silver river flows. Breeding life on either hand. Singing as it goes.

The flowers upspring, The thrushes sing; Rich verdure crowns the shore; Toil's lilting hammers ring; Life's cup, with Joy, runs o'er!

The Desert Afterglow

Indian Legend By LUCIAN M. LEWIS

God took the gold from the sunset,
A softer light from the moon,
The scarlet and pink from the rainbow,
The blue from a night in June.
The fiery red from a comet,
A gleam from the great North-star,
The purple and rose from the sunrise,
The white from a cloud afar;
Then, blending those exquisite colors,
When the sun was sinking low,
He scattered it over the desert—
Man called it the Afterglow.



Glamour

By RICHARD BAKER THOMAS

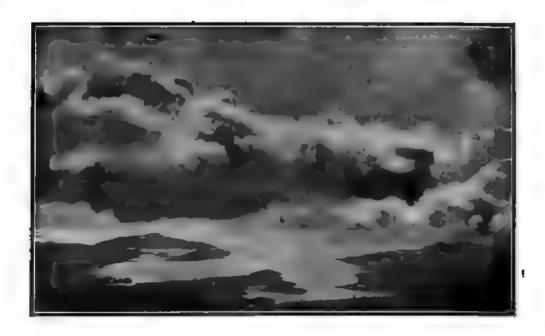
HAT a flood of thoughts surge around this small word. It is the magic film Nature gives our mental vision, converting commonplace objects into things of beauty. It is that which makes Susan's plain face angelic in the eyes of her ardent swain; it is that which converts a pile of ruins, otherwise a blot on the fair lanscape, into the home of romance, conjuring up legends of fair dames and brave knights in the old days of chivalry. It is the blessed gift which prevents our seeing a multitude of things in our daily life in their bare ugliness, throwing over them a halo of poetry and music. Imagine life seen through analytic eyes! Thanks, O Goddess Nature, for this gift, that makes life really worth the living.

The Farallones

By NINA MAY

Standing out in the spume and spray,
Swept by the winds from ocean caves,
The Farallones, from ramparts gray,
Flash signal lights across the waves.
Sentinel of the Western Gate,
That portal to a land of gold,
Old as the seas, they watch and wait,
The prows that pass with laden hold.

What alien ships, what argosies,
From mystic ports of old Cathay,
What rovers of the seven seas,
This way have passed through spume and
spray!
Guarding, lone, in the western seas,
Where wide and free the billows sweep,
Where far winds croon their litanies—
There, Farallones their vigils keep.



Giants Under the Giant Trees

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

HE forest had been very quiet all the morning, even the wind was still; so still that the leaves scarcely rustled, but clung; and silently, to the branches of the trees. the day advanced clouds could be seen g darkly across the sky, and, after a little a light breeze sprung up; after that of sibilant whispering could be heard, all gh the woodland, as if the trees were talkith each other.

group of forest giants, growing near to; had formed a little open space beneath
and this space was encircled by a fringe
, bushes that had grown up outside of the
shadow that was, even at noon-time, under
ighty trees.

edried leaves that carpeted the little open had not been disturbed by any foot-fall for hours; the place seemed to be pregnant primitive peace; the solitude was profound. Idenly the forest aisles were filled with a resounding roar that seemed to reverberack and forth, to and from the very clouds elves. As the sound approached the little space it echoed, and re-echoed, so that ned to be repeated many times.

er a short silence some of the encircling s were pushed apart so that a shaggy face, d up by a pair of wide-open. ciuel, yellow appeared between them. Soon, an imand agile paw thrust itself through the s. pushing them a little farther apart; did so, this paw was quickly followed by ste, and then a long, lithe body bounded he open space. For a few tense moments nugar stood there, glaring fiercely in every ion, while his strong, whip-like tail lashed des and twisted its tufted end over his ng back. As if he had sufficiently sized e situation. he took a few stealthy steps rd, then with one great paw lifted from round he stopped in an attitude of keen ion: he held his head high, and cupped ort. blunt ears, while all the muscles of his us, tawny body were taut and ready for st action: all at once he stiffened, and nething large and clumsy was evidently ig. slowly and carefully, among the trees. ne creature neared the little glade the ir flattened himself and crept along, with oft fur that covered his belly brushing the

ground, until he was partially concealed by the overhanging bushes that were opposite to the direction from which the living object was approaching. His nose was between his great, flat paws; the strong, sharp claws of which kept working back and forth, in and out of their velvety sheaths; as the noise drew nearer he raised his hips so that he stood up on his hind feet, while he still crouched down, in front; his body began to sway, evenly and almost rhythmically, while his lips were skinned back from his powerful teeth in a sort of leering, silent snarl.

The newcomer did not hesitate, but made straight for the little open space beneath the giant trees, with lumbering, yet not uncertain tread. He jammed his way through the encircling fringe of bushes, breaking many little twigs and branches as he passed. When his immense, grizzled head had pushed its way through the leafy barrier, the expression on his broad, furry face was one of mild curiosity, combined with unsophisticated bewilderment; with awkward, shuffling steps he started to walk across the little glade, intent, to all appearances, upon something that was beyond it; he did not seem to see the great cat, crouching there beneath the bushes.

As the bear advanced, the cougar's eyes kept closing until, at last, they were but narrow, shining slits in his ferocious and forbidding face; his tail quivered sinuously and his whole body trembled with suppressed excitement; the hair at the back of his neck and all along his spine stood up, bristling with fury.

When the newcomer was within a few feet of the one who had entered the little glade in advance of him, the latter, with a wild scream of blood-thirsty rage, flung himself upon him, hurtling through the air like a living, vibrant volley thrown from a catapult; he landed squarely on the broad back of the huge creature who, up to that moment, had been tmbling good-naturedly across the little open space that was beneath the giant trees.

Adjusting himself unconsciously to the impact the bear stood for a few tense seconds perfectly still; then, as the cougar's claws kept sinking deeper and deeper into his hide, he tried to dislodge him by the simple method of shaking him off. Although the great cat was, without doubt, much disturbed by the violent

oscillations that took place beneath him, he did not release his hold, but, snarling and spitting, clung even more closely than he had before to the position he had taken; at the same time he sunk his long, sharp teeth into the fleshy part of the huge head that was under his own.

Up to this time the bear had evinced his resentment of the attack that had been made upon him by giving vent to deep, protesting growls; but as the stinging pain at the back of his neck increased, he sent forth a scream of agony combined with a cry of rage. The towering trees, together with the dense underbrush surrounded the natural arena, magnified and made more horrible this hoarse, terrific sound; the cougar, raising his head for an instant, answered the challenge by giving utterance to a high-pitched, piercing and defiant yell.

Realizing the futility of the efforts he had been making and suffering intensely, the bear tried to rid himself of his assailant by putting his own nose close to the ground, and clawing at the creature on his back with his muscular and heavily armored forepaws. The cougar, however, moved too quickly for his poorly directed blows to be effective, so that he only scratched and aggravated his already furious foe. Writhing in agony, almost blinded by the blood that poured over his face, he lifted his head and attempted to disembowel his termenter by ripping him open with the claws of one of his powerful hind feet. Only the remarkable agility of the great cat saved him from this onslaught, for as he slid his lithe body away from the long, sharp weapons with which one of the bear's huge feet was armed, the latter placed that foot upon the ground and dug at him with the claws of the other one.

Weakened by the loss of blood but strung up to a high state of nervous energy, the bear charged, with almost manical fury, back and forth across the carpet of thickly strewn dried leaves, upon which bright red spots were beginning to appear. He tried to scrape the cougar from his back against the underbrush that edged the little open space, but instinctively, with desperate tenacity, his enemy clung to him, making great slits in his tough hide with his claws and tearing at his flesh with his cruel, sharply pointed teeth.

The cougar, being almost entirely free from injury, would probably have overcome the unwieldy creature he had attacked but for the fact that the latter, either as a last resort or because he was wild with pain and fear, threw himself against the trunk of one of the giant trees in such a manner that the cougar was wedged in between the tree and the bulky body of his for.

The bear, with all his remaining strength, pushed resolutely back, bracing his feet against some of the criss-crossed roots of the tree that

protruded above the ground.

The great cat tried to extricate himself by inflicting further injuries upon the object of his venomous hatred; but, although he lacerated the wounds he had already made, the bear did not shrink away from him, having gone beyond being spurred into action.

At length the cougar, crushed, as it were, "between the upper and the nether millstones," gasping for breath, began slowly to release his

As soon as the bear felt the muscles of his torturer relax he rolled over, so that he was face to face with him; throwing his strong forelegs around the feebly resisting body of his recent antagonist with a mighty effort he raised himself so that he sat upon his haunchea, with

when the huge, furry bulk finally toppled over, the dead body of the great cat was beneath it and the only sound that was heard in the little open space beneath the giant trees was the heavy labored breathing of the bear, as he lay exhausted upon the blood-bespattered carpet

of dried leaves.





Reflected Joys

By MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT

Shall we ever learn to know
Love and happiness are best
And that life will sweeter be
When, with love's delight, 'tis blest;
That, in greed and selfishness,
No real happiness we'll find,
And we'll only feel real joy
In e'er being good and kind.

Joy we give to others' lives
Is reflected in our own,
Bringing greatest happiness
That our souls have ever known.
Smiles, upon another's face,
That our loving deeds have brought,
Bring us all the joys of life,
Of which cur dear Saviour taught.

Let us then be giving joy
To help brighten others' lives,
And much happier we'll be
Than the person who just strives
To be gaining for himself
Selfish pleasures of this life,
Never caring if he stirs
Up greed's selfish, evil strife.



In the Wake of the City

By FELIX FLUEGEL

Flashes of light
Penetrating the heavy atmosphere
Of a gray winter night.
The plaintive cries of outbound ferries,
The clatter of hurrying feet,
Shrill voices resonant.
What strange, incongruous discords
Crying through the night!

The Home of Prof. Fogg

By NELLIE RAY COMBS

ON a lofty eminence overlooking the acific, impregnable almost as a fortress, ands the home of Prof. Fogg, alone in adeur of isolation and gloom. For miles no other human habitation greets the d only one road leads to the city.

unique situation was sought out by the or, by whom also the house was planned. not a bungalow or Swiss chalet, but to ernal appearances a near approach to English castle. An architect would so it. In fact, that was what the Professor t, and he should know, having vacated r at the — University long enough ult architectural plans with which he and original designs. And the result was ss from the Professor's standpoint, ideal culture of germs and the study of bacamolested. He therefore resigned his altogether in order to devote more time ng articles on bacteriology. His scienearches had already covered him with as with a garment. He had many ador his depth of learning, pollywog tenand varied accomplishments. Yet, not a re were who sneeringly remarked that Professor known less he would have ore useful to society; that a good ic had been spoiled by the propagation s undesirable, and as a cabinet maker d have rivaled Chippendale any day. his efficiency along so many lines was raceable the fact that Prof. Fogg was a -lack of concentration, scattered forces. r, be that as it may, the home of Prof. ands as a monument to his scientific

I lovers of the sublime there is nothing trancing than the ever restless Pacific, he imaginative an inspiration grand and ble. Thus in a transport more of heaven earth, a young girl viewed the mighty rom the Professor's observatory surby climbing vines forming a canopy above her head. Ever blooming roses heir graceful tendrils about the railing, ng and drooping in many hues of bud som.

my breeze stirred the graceful foliage huge pepper trees that stood like lofty on either side of the gate guarding the entrance to Solitude, the name of the Professor's home. Nestling at their base a mass of golden poppies extended, forming borders to the cement path leading to the front door. Thus was prominence given to the national flower, well chosen. A geranium hedge on either side of the house made homelike the structure, while varied shades of nasturtiums clamored in profusion over the garden wall. Thus was beauty combined with utility, bearing mute evidence to the fact that another's taste had been consulted besides the Professor's own.

Upon this particular afternoon the Professor leaned idly against the railing surrounding the observatory, enjoying the fresh sea breeze tempered by the warmth and glow of an April sun. But it was not the beauty of the landscape or glory of the sea that engrossed his thoughts, as admiringly he watched the varying expression of the white robed girl, the one sweetheart of his life, and bride of a few months. Occasionally he would lift his glass and take a wide sweeping view of the surrounding territory. Looking down the road with vision keen as if expecting intrusion.

"Ah!" said the girl, drawing near, "you are for the once, more a watchman on the tower and less an Agassiz."

"A horseman!" he cried, abruptly leaping to his feet. "Go, Octavia, my love; you must not be seen." With a few more words of weighty import delivered as he hastened to descend, the Professor was soon upon solid ground, ambling leisurely to the gate. Reclining thereon he again lifted his glass. Looking far to the west a solitary rider could be seen cantering briskly along the highway leading directly to Solitude. As the man neared the gate the Professor arose from his apparent scrutiny of a shrub at his feet, and at a glance took his cue from the stranger's appearance.

Soldierly in bearing, with all the deadly equipment thereof. he seemed a very Hercules in strength. Tall, with a well proportioned muscular frame, eyes black and face almost as tan as the khaki suit he wore. With what seemed unbecoming haste he dismounted and salaamed in far eastern style. Fogg responded with an affable salutation.

"May I claim the shelter of your roof for a little rest?" said the stranger. "I have had a long ride and am very tired and thirsty, as is

also my horse."

"Certainly," replied the Professor, "hospitality is my long suit, partly because of my isolation here, but principally I trust from less selfish motives," leading the way to the house as he talked.

"Be seated," he said upon entering, placing a chair beside a table upon which late editions of some leading newspapers were spread. Placing a glass of clear, cold water beside the stranger, he then produced from a corner cupboard a bottle of wine and proceeded to fill two glasses—for be it known this story is laid in 1915 "B. P.," which means "before prohibition"—passing one to the stranger with the remark:

"Let us drink, friend, to our mutual welfare and better acquaintance. My name is Fogg,

late of the — University."

With an appropriate expression of thanks the stranger responded with a toast in which there was no mistaking the friendliness, stating that his name was Frost and that he had but lately arrived from India.

"This is certainly superior wine," he added

as he emptied his glass.

"Yes," said Fogg, "I am a native son, and take great pride in home productions. I have my own small vineyard and superintend, and sometimes assist in the making. The best way in the world to reduce the high cost of living and introduce luxuries along with the necessities of your table, is to produce what you consume. And it is wonderful how little earth is necessary to actually make a living on. But really I am thoughtless as loquacious, forgetting in my desire to talk that wine, however good, is not all sufficient for a hungry man."

"Thank you, but I am not hungry," said

Frost. "Get no food for me."

Fogg had arisen, glancing out the window as he did so.

"A machine is coming this way," he announced.

Frost hastily arose, looked out and exclaimed:

"They are officers, after me. I should have confided in you, then I feel sure you would protect me."

A scrutinizing glance in the man's face and

Fogg said:

"I will protect you and hear your story later. Follow me." Touching a panel a few feet from where he stood, a neat little room was disclosed.

"Enter and make yourself comfortable. You

are safe here."

"My horse!" cried Frost.

"Never mind your horse; I will take care of him."

Fogg then walked out to the gate. The officers, two in number, stopped their car and at once made known their quest.

"Yes," said Fogg, "a man of that description did enter my house, but I had no idea he was a

fugitive.'

"Of course not, but where is he now? That

looks like the horse he was riding."

"It is," said Fogg, "and he can not be very far from here. I gave him a drink and bought this horse. He was short of cash and inquired the way to the nearest railroad station. I directed him to a path through this grove here," indicating direction by a wave of his hand.

"So near and yet so far," said one of the

officers.

Noting their hesitation, Fogg said, "If you gentlemen think by any chance the man could be concealed about my house or grounds you are at liberty to search. Go in and proceed with your duty. I will join you as soon as I give this horse some water."

"Allow me to accompany you," said one of the officers, while the other entered the house.

"That's a fine horse," said the limb of the

"Yes," said Fogg, "I hope that scamp didn't steal him. In that case I'd lose both money and horse."

"It's more than probable he did," was the reply, and he proceeded to enlighten Fogg regarding their quarry.

"A murderer!" cried Fogg. "I'd never have

believed it."

"Of course not; but then one never knows anybody." A statement Fogg thought correct

from a general viewpoint

Thus conversing they returned to the house, where the officer announced that he had completed his search and was satisfied that the culprit was tramping through the grove to the station.

"It strikes me," said the least talkative of the two, "that if we hurry we may catch him before he boards the train.."

"That's so," the other agreed.

Then followed directions as to an outlet to the big road which they all agreed was long and complicated enough.

As they were starting Fogg bethought him of his wine, a thing of which he was par-

ticularly proud.

"See here, gentlemen, if you will promise not to think me trying maliciously to detain you. I'd like to have you try my make of wine," producing bottles and rinsing glasses as he spoke. Whatever they thought was passed over in the satisfaction of the clear sparkle and glow of the unexpected treat, dispatched with gusto. Thanking the Professor, they each seized a cigar and hastened out to their machine. Fogg watched them ride off with evident relief mirrored in a blank smile.

"We forgot to tell you," called back one of the officers, "there is a one thousand dollar reward offered for Frost's capture. If through any chance he should return, manage to keep

him and notify us."

"Certainly," replied Fogg, adding under his breath as the machine dashed away, "I will

use my own judgment about that."

Touching the concealed panel in the smooth surface of the wall, an opening revealed the secret chamber of its occupant.. Seated upon a chintz-covered couch with eyes blazing with the fury of a fiend incarnate, Frost stared uncompromisingly as his supposed captor.

"The reward is yours, Prof. Fogg. A fair exchange for the broken life of a mere bundle

of blood and bones.

"What rubbish you talk, my friend," said gg soothingly. "I am not your betrayer by Fogg soothingly. any means; have lied like a dog to save you from those men."

Momentarily the flash of anger died from his

eyes, rekindling with a thought-

"But the reward; you did not know of it until they were leaving, then it was too late to go back on your statements. No, 'twere easier to act upon the suggestion of the fugitive re-Well, in the fastness of this room turning. I am at your mercy. It is worse than the county jail for security. As for my horse, do not let them swindle you out of him. The noble beast belongs to a friend of mine. It would get him in bad if they discovered that he assisted me. The scoundrel would get another owner for the horse, knowing that he would never dare come forth and claim him. Therefore I insist that if you must give him up learn all you can about the claimant, so if the clouds should ever clear that now lower darkly over my head, some lively prosecutions would follow in the turning of the tables. That horse is called Salem. He is intelligently responsive to his name, and will pay no heed to any other."
"I am glad you told me this," said Fogg, seat-

ing himself. "I shall keep the fact to myself, and if any one calls for him, it will be one

way by which to trap their claim.'

You are right, it will," said Frost, in a tone "It is an immense relief to me more natural. that you are caring for the animal."

'Never fear for his comfort and safety. But

then, Mr. Frost, it depends altogether upon you whether Salem is to be under my care. You are a free man, just as free as before you came under my roof.

"D-n free, with a price upon my head dead or alive! How long do you suppose I'd be at liberty if I once left the shelter of your roof, walking or riding it would not matter, now that I have been traced this far. No, friend, I surrender to you. There is my defense," waving his hand toward the corner where his warlike implements reposed. "Take them out of my Notify the authorities and tell them you have disarmed me. It will show up brave in print for you. Besides you have befriended me and I want you to have that reward. Indianlike, I can appreciate and never forget a kindness.

"See here, Frost, I did not earn my money by traffic in human beings. I am not such a good man myself that I need consign a fellow mortal to prison. All I need to do, and all any other man needs to do is to turn the light of investigation in upon his own soul and see if his integrity could stand alone when once society tears to shreds his protecting mantle of respectability. 'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.' No, Frost, you have the protection of my roof, my silence until such time as you can safely leave. And that you may not feel yourself a prisoner I will show you how to get out, thereby convincing you of my trust in your integrity. You can ot exit by the way you entered. It takes another sliding panel for that. See?" And a touch revealed another opening near the corner.

"I had this room constructed with a view to using it for my experiments," continued the Professor. "Away in here I could not be disturbed. I have not as yet put it to that use, though I do come here sometimes to study.'

"Wonderful! But why not the same exit as entrance?"

"There is a reason unnecessary to explain," said the Professor, loftily, thinking about the two sized holes cut for the Newton big and little cats.

"Forgive my impertinence, friend, and allow me to thank you for your kindness. I think this the most unique little room I was ever in, and I have an idea that it is to prove a heaven to me.'

"A haven, at any rate, a haven of rest and security. But I must now go out and see about our evening meal. You must be near famished. Here are some papers with which to entertain yourself while waiting. The fact is,

Frost, I have read casually about your lively escapade and feel sure there are extenuating circumstances back of that ugly charge of murder."

"I killed a man," flashed Frost, "but I am no murderer. There is a vast difference between a justified killing and a murder."

"I knew there were two sides to the case," said Fogg.

"Usually there is, but my case is a box with four sides, particulars of which I will tell you as soon as you are at liberty to hear."

"That's all right, but in the meantime calm yourself." said Fogg, passing from the room, and leaving the guest to ponder the something familiar about his host. The Professor soon returned with the cheerful announcement:

"Dinner is ready to serve; come, friend."

Frost responded with alacrity, and was soon partaking of a bountiful repast, so superior in quality as to call forth the compliment: "You certainly have a good cook."

"Yes," was the smiling reply, "my daughter is also my cook—at present."

"Excellent," ejaculated Frost, "but I did not know you had a family."

"Only a daughter. She shares my Solitude."

"Then I do not wonder that you find life not only bearable but delightful in this picturesque spot."

"We do, and think it is a veritable Eden, in which I trust no snakes will ever enter. Have something more, Mr. Frost?"

"No. thank you, I have fared sumptuously."

returning to his room as he spoke.

Soon thereafter Fogg entered and found Frost seated upon his cot with his head resting upon his hands in a thoughtful attitude.

"Cheer up, friend," he said kindly, "as be-

cometh one in my private sanctum.

"To me it is a sanctuary," said Frost, "and a gift of the gods this privilege to worship in it. But, friend, while I am truly grateful I can not help but wonder what the end will be. This seclusion leads nowhere, and yet to stir beyond the threshold would doubtless lead to a prison cell, or perhaps an ignominious death."

"We must study up some way to circumvent that disaster. It can be done, it must be done, but in a way I at present know not of. But I hope soon to able to advise you."

A bell, clear and insistent, sounded near.

Fogg hastily arose, saying:

"Everything is here to make you comfortable for the night. If I do not see you again before

morning, turn in when you choose, set your mind at rest and be happy," closing the door securely as he passed out.

With a shade of anxiety upon his features Frost resumed his painful train of thought. Soon the tramp of many feet and sound of voices aroused him from his reverie. Hastily he arose with the mental cry:

"My God, the officers again!"

In a quiver of excitement he listened as the heavy tread jarred dismally the walls of his retreat, against which they beat and thumped with canes in an effort to make good their search. They passed on to other rooms, doors banged and walls thumped. Stairs were ascended and descended, until at last the sounds grew fainter, finally lost in the distance. Silence resumed its sway. Frost listened, listened intently, but hearing nothing, from nerveus exhaustion took a seat. Then from a recumbent position on the couch he still listened. But unbroken silence reigned supreme. It seemed the very air was charged with a deadly, oppressive calm. Even the windmill was quiet, and the roar of the mighty deep afar off. Mercifully he at last fell asleep, arousing only when the dawn of another day was abroad in the land.

The events of the night before were recalled with a mighty rush, and to his listening ears there came the grateful roar of the ocean and dash of surf breaking upon the rocks. Gratefully he arose and set about as neat a toilet as possible under the circumstances, wondering vaguely if the Professor's daughter would be at the breakfast table. He had not long to speculate upon the matter. A welcome tap upon the panel, followed by the genial Professor himself, then greetings and pleasantries ensued.

"Was sorry to disturb you last night," said the Professor, "but the truth is those fellows with a reinforcement came back. I was naturally indignant, but they had orders that had to be obeyed."

"Certainly," said Frost, "I thought at times the jig was up, but thanks to your fortifications the castle did not disclose the quarry."

"Oh, you are secure enough," said Fogg, "but come," as a silvery toned bell announced break-

With a right good will Frost arose and followed his host to the dining room, Fogg doing the honors of service. As on the previous evening, his daughter was absent. Long after the bountiful meal was over, Frost's cogitation revolved around the conspicuous absence of the Professor's daughter.

t manner of girl is she?" he thought, ich a good cook; yet she must be quite The Professor is comparatively a young : looks a bit emaciated, but that is due s to a recent illness."

this unprofitable line of thought he rrupted by the entrance of the Professor ox of fine cigars.

rder to make your stay in my sanctum lerable, friend, you must occasionally seriousness of life in the smoke of a ar. Remember, too, to help yourself to 'ou will find a supply on a shelf behind tain. A curtain in the corner beyond rost had already peeped.

1k vou, but I am filled with wonder to w it is that mine host is so good to me. , it's a practice of the golden rule.'

but the golden rule is not supposed to criminals in its practice.'

ember the exceptions; there are crimd criminals, as well as Christians and 15. Listen—an airship," said Fogg.

about a trial of speed between two of mert bird men, but did not know our would be favored." As he spoke he back to the dining room window.

e," he exclaimed, "they are circling and

right over our heads.'

stepped to the window, closing the panel him. Engrossed for a moment by the 1 the air, Fogg forgot caution, but was by a suspicious sound. Pushing Frost chair he hurried out into the entry. n had entered and were coming directly por by which the Professor stood. Showpadge of authority, one of them said: we here a warrant for the arrest of a

saw in that room back of you.' le I know you to be mistaken," said yet by all means enter and satisfy your-

ying, he threw open the door. The men about in amazement. A table and chair. s all the room contained.

man, where is he?" said one of them. is no exit, closets or place of concealre could not have escaped."

1 the man you saw. Do you not know ss multiplies as well as magnifies?" t's so," said one.

n it must be that we are mistaken," the serted. Agreeing upon that, Fogg invited make a more extensive search if they ined, but they did not, and with profuse s for intrusion took themselves off.

After reconnoitering and securing against further intrusion, Professor Fogg re-entered the dining room, where a very much bewildered Mr. Frost had just appeared.

"How in the world did you do that?" he cried.

"That is one of my inventions," said Fogg. "While I talked with those men in apparent carelessness I was rubbing the door facing in a vital spot, resulting in an exchange of floors, as one went down another entered. Completely off my guard, I never thought to remand you to your sanctum before leaving the room, then it was too late to warn you. This experience shows that the most wary can sometimes be caught napping. Why, I had no idea that outer door was unlocked and those bird men were not out there to entertain us, but to act as spies and decoys. Well, they will not near catch us again.

"Not unless your wonderful mechanical devices fail to work, which I trust they never will. It certainly took a genius to construct a house like this."

Fogg laughed.

"The sorry part of it is I must keep it to myself. But I have two life-saving devices I shall give to the world ere long. They will, I am sure, prove a boon to humanity. No traveler upon land or sea should be without the two escapes from fire and flood. I will show them to you, and you can judge of their practicability when you read the instructions."

Leaving two neat little packages for examination, Fogg said: "I must now go to the laboratory and see how my baby lizards are coming on."

Returning in a moment, he said kindly:

"Here are some papers. Was so sorry this lovely morning that I could not invite you to ride out with me when I went for the morning's mail. You see, I have a box down where the rural carrier can reach it, and a boy is specialized to wheel out here every morning with papers.

"Ah, I see," said Frost, "you are not cut off from civilization, if you are in Solitude.'

"By no means. I also have a telephone which keeps me in touch with parties willing for a consideration to supply all my needs."

"Splendid!" said Frost, looking with interest upon the papers he held.

"Well," said Fogg, I must go and leave you to your reading. Try and make yourself at home as far as limitations will allow."

Left alone, Frost read a brief but highly colored account of himself as a fugitive, being traced to the home of Prof. Fogg. Later the

Professor entered with the smiling announce-

"I am going to the city on the morrow and will consult with some influential friends regarding your case. I have great hopes of seeing you a free man soon."

Frost started, an ejaculation of gladness formed on his lips, but died away in silence. The enormity of his offense against the law overpowered him. Bowing his head upon his hands he looked the dejection he felt.

"I thank you, oh so much," he said at length, "but, friend, the most leniency I can expect is a life sentence in the pen. And I am not willing to pay the price."

"It is not for that we are going to work," said Fogg. "Dead men are preferable to convicts. Every extenuating circumstance back of your crime shall be trotted out and made to work for you. From sources reliable I have gleaned the facts. You killed a man. Why did you do it? The provocation was great. A mutual enemy in the guise of a friend played the part of a mischief-making gossip. He told you that a man named Gordon, whom he pointed out to you, had slandered your family and betrayed your sister. Enraged, you bemoaned your lack of a gun, threatening what you would do with it. At this crucial moment, your wolf in sheep's clothing kindly loaned you his. Then you did the rest—shot a man you never before saw."

"I killed him," said Frost, lifting his head, "but not so cowardly as that. I first asked him to retract his statements, which he neither affirmed nor denied, laughing like he thought it all a good joke. Upon his refusal to tell me where my sister was, I shot him. And if he had as many lives as a cat I would think them all small profit for his offense. But I have been a miserable fugitive ever since. Disguised as you see me I was making an effort to get out of the country, when through mistake I entered upon the wrong road leading here, fortunate mistake, however."

"I hope we will soon be able to infuse more life into Solitude," said the Professor. "Miss Noble, a friend of my daughter, is coming out with me tomorrow. She stayed with daughter during my illness. While convalescing I slept out under that group of eucalyptus trees you saw at your left, and would you believe it, I have had no other medical attention than that derived from natural sources. There is a potency about this California sunshine that invigorates like a tonic. But come," he said, arising as the bell announced dinner.

"How delicious this fragrant coffee," said Frost, quaffing with satisfaction. Replying to

the compliment, Fogg said:

"Yes, the coffee is good; Octavia, my daughter made it." And apparently unobserving the start and pained expression of Frost, continued: "But she didn't make or raise the coffee beans, but next best thing to it we purchased it with some of our own overproduction, such as the chicken and eggs you see before you."

"Splendid!" said Frost, enclosing a lump of

home-made butter in a fresh biscuit.

"Your daughter is certainly a jewel of a cook for one so young—that is, she must be young to be your daughter.

The Professor laughed heartily as he said:

"Octavia is old enough, and a regular As-

thony's wife in perfection."

Pursuing the subject like on fascinated, Frost said: "I should think she'd find it rather lone-

some out here."
"Not at all," said Fogg. "She loves the ocean, will stand for hours dreaming beside it. Have another cup of coffee?" Why, you are not finished?" as Frost arose.

"Nothing more, thank you; I have eaten

heartily and enjoyed it."

"Well, that is as it should be," said Forz.

touching the bell.

Early after breakfast on the following morning Prof. Fogg, arrayed in his best suit, betook himself to Frost's room.

"Come, friend," he said happily, "cheer up; I am off for the city, down where 'life's shadows fall,' and when I return I hope to have straightened your misfortune's tangled skein.

"Many, many thanks," murmured Frost, as

Fogg departed.

In a flutter of excitement that evening Frost prepared for dinner. There was not much he could do to better his appearance, but he did that little to the utmost. He was at last to see the Professor's daughter, and it puzzled him to know why he should be concerned. His toilet was about complete when the Professor entered and regarding him with approval, said:

'You will do. The ladies will doubtless think

you look fine.'

Surprised at the remark. Frost looked up critically, but said nothing.

"Why so melancholy? Have I not been telling

you good news?"

"Certainly, but if I had only not killed that

"Then you'd be glad to know that you did not kill him.

Frost sprang to his feet; such a possibility Continued on Page 66

Legend of the Montecito Grape-Vine

By M. FANNIE MERRITT

BOUT four miles from Santa Barbara, in the Valley of Montecito, there grew the largest grape-vine ever recorded. It was tter of such wonderment that travelers to the southern city just to view its great nd hear the oft-repeated story of romance ras woven about it as delicately as its own is were woven 'neath leaf and branch. Prosaic data connected with the vine is lows: "In circumference it measured four ond four inches at the ground; forty-one they feet from the ground and it rose

ind four inches at the ground; forty-one is, two feet from the ground and it rose feet above ground before branching out; spreading with extreme luxuriance, its hes covered more than five thousand is feet, requiring fifty-two trellises to supit. The largest branch measured thirty in circumference and it was only by conpruning that the branches were kept from ing indefiniately in every direction." The was of the Mission variety, exceedingly c, producing annually from five to six if the small black wine grape, which hung usive clusters beneath the trellises, and an a glorious picture when touched by the utumn coloring.

it it produced, in its first few years of ace, 7000 bunches of grapes that varied one to four pounds in weight, was a matrecord, but leaving statistics, the romance is vine is the story we wish to tell.

prows on a sunny slope of the foothills and ands a fine view of the rugged mountains e direction, and in the other the lovely scito Valley, with glimpses of the blue Pa-The vine is irrigated by waters from the prings of a few miles distant; and the ry about the vine is very beautiful and an in its natural and artificial surround-

cording to tradition, some hundred years are ago, during the occupancy of the Mis-Fathers, there lived in the vicinity of Los es a beautiful young Spanish girl. Not did she possess her full share of Spanish y, but she was looked upon as a queen g the maidens of her native place.

r complexion, tinged with the warm, tte hue of her race, was clear and bright the rich tint of health. Her wealth of hair fell in rippling waves far below her ; and her large, dark eyes were fringed silken lashes that matched the exquisite penciling of the arched brows above them. Her parents, though belonging to the better class of Spanish, had become poor, through extravagance and mismanagement, and had formed the project of bettering their fortunes by wedding their lovely daughter to some wealthy Don.

The lovely Marcellina did not lack for admirers nor ardent lovers, and among them all, Senor Carlos de Domingues was the favorite and the accepted suitor. He was handsome, tall and manly, but alas! without fortune, and socially not the equal of Marcellina. As may be supposed his suit met with no encouragement from the Don and Don Feliz; and they, finding the attachment between the young people was becoming stronger than accorded with their plans for their daughter, resolved to remove to Santa Barbara—a mission some hundred miles north—where resided many wealthy families, among whom they doubted not an alliance would be formed suitable in fortune and position.

The announcement of their contemplated removal struck dismay to the hearts of Marcellina and Carlos; but the latter, receiving courage from desperation, presented his suit to the parents. As was anticipated, is was scornfully rejected and further meetings were sternly forbidden. The lovers were, however, too ardent to be separated thus, and, through the medium of an old Indian nurse, who was devotedly attached to the girl, they obtained one interview before parting.

In the early twilight, Marcellina stole out to an olive orchard, surrounded by an adobe wall, which lay back of the paternal mansion. Here she stood, waiting with throbbing heart the arrival of her lover, while her nurse kept watch on the other side of the wall, ready to give the alarm, by a signal agreed upon, should any one approach from the house. Already the shadows lay dark beneath the thick low branches of the olive trees, and at every rustle and sound the fair transgressor started and trembled. Suddenly a tall figure sprang over the wall, and crept along in its shadow, till he came close to where the waiting maiden stood. "Carlos," she cried, holding out her trembling hands. "Is it you, Marcellina? Ah, poor little one, how she trembles! They are very cruel, but we will not be separated. They shall not take you from me, my precious one.

Then he spoke long, low and rapidly in the beautiful language—so exquisitely fitted for expressions of tenderness and endearment—telling her that, as her parents objected to their union on the ground of his poverty, he had determined to win wealth; that an old Indian, bound to him by his ties of gratitude, possessed knowledge of a rich mine far away among the mountains, and to which he had promised to guide him and his company; and by courage and skill, he would soon return to claim her hand from her ambitious, avaricious parents.

"Remain true to me, Lina, and resist their scheming. Wait for me but two years, my darling, and if, at the end of that time you do not hear of me, know that I have perished in the attempt to win you."

He then gave her a cutting from a grapevine, telling her to carry it to her new home and plant it, keeping it as a reminder of him, and that while it lived and flourished, she might know he loved her and was true to her. The cutting was in the form of a riding whip, and as such she was to carry it, for her journey was to be performed on horesback.

Vowing eternal fidelity, the lovers parted, and the next morning, Don and Dona Feliz, with their daughters and attendants, started on their journey; while Carlos and friends, with their Indian guide, wended their way, full of hope and confidence, over the mountain trail.

Marcellina, as may be supposed, made little use of her grape-vine switch to urge her mustang along the weary way between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Arriving at their destination—four miles from the Mission of Santa Barbara—her first act was to plant the cutting upon the hillside, with many tears and prayers to the Virgin for the success and safety of her lover.

The vine grew and flourished with wonderful luxuriance, and gladdened the heart of the waiting maiden, who could hardly have borne the burden of anxiety and suspense without its silent encouragement; for the Don and Dona had found, as they thought, a suitable companion for their daughter, in a Spaniard of reputed wealth, who promised them liberal compensation for her hand. He was short, of good cricumference, and grizzled with years, but to counter-balance these defects in a lover. his fingers and shirt front shone with gems. Marcellina's violent opposition, however, while it did not move them to renounce their purpose, induced them to postpone the marriage, in the hope she would forget her former love and become more reconciled to their will.

In the interval thus granted, the time for the return of Carlos would expire; and Marcellina prayed daily for the return of her betrothed with the fortune that was to find him favor in the eyes of her parents. The two years were rapidly drawing to a close, yet no sign or token had come, save what she found in the vigorous growth of her cherished vine. At length her parents, pressed with poverty and weary of the prolonged indulgence to what they considered an idle fancy, fixed the day for the wedding with the suitor of their choice, whose only recommendation was his wealth.

The eve of Marcellina's wedding day was the second anniversary of the parting in the olive grove, when Carlos told her that if he did not return or send her word within two years she might know he was dead. She had crept away from the scene of busy preparation within her home, and, hiding herself beneath the shadow of her beloved vine—which was now large enough to shelter her from casual observation in the uncertain gloaming—she sobbed and wept, calling upon the Virgin in hopeless anguish to take her away to the spirit world where she believed Carlos to be.

Approaching footsteps arrested her attention. She started guiltily and attempted to hide her tears, for she dared not let her parents know she still mourned her absent lover.

"Lina! Lina!" greeted her ears in a familiar voice, and stayed her flight. Trembling she waited the near approach of the intruder, when, with one wild, joyous cry of "Carlos!" she drepped into his arms, her beautiful head pressed close to his throbbing heart.

It was, indeed, Carlos returned at last, faithful to his promise, bringing with him a fortune at least equal to that of her aged and detested suitor.

Carlos, with faith in his love and confidence in his ultimate success, followed the Indian across the Coast Range into the heart of the Sierras, where he proved the honesty of his guide and the truth of his promise by the marvelous deposits of gold to which he lead them. Two years sufficed to gain the fortunes for which they so earnestly sought.

All other things being equal, the Don and Dona consented that their daughter should choose between the suitors, and the next day, instead of being led to the altar a wretched sacrifice to their ambition and avarice, she went as the willing and happy bride of Carlos.

Years passed; Don and Dona died and reverses deprived Carlos of his wealth, but strange to say, the faithful vine once a token

of fidelity between the lovers, now became their means of support; for so prolific had it become, and so little did the indolent Spaniards about them turn their attention to the culture of the grape that its fruit brought them an income sufficient for their maintenance.

A few years later a second vine sprang up near the original one, growing almost to an equal size. A large dancing floor was erected beneath the shadow of the vine, and here the Spanish youths and maidens united in the merry dance on Sabbath evenings according to their national custom.

Carlos and Marcellina died at a good old age. leaving behind them over three hundred lineal descendants. For years the big grape vine kept green their memory and the story of their love and faithfulness, long after children and grandchildren ceased to tell of the sweet romance.

Hundreds of tourists have visited the place and find there a never-ceasing charm as they stand and dream beneath its spreading branches. From the hillside one can gaze out over the broad, blue Pacific, keeping green the memory of this true-hearted Spanish maiden, and try to live over again the beautiful faith of her who planted the vine in an immortal love and brought it to bearing and beauty through her tears with which she watered it.

NOTE—Although the big grape vine is now dead it is still on exhibition, having been carefully preserved and guarded through the long years Many of the offshoots, however, are growing in and around Montecito.

The First Blossom

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

I saw the first pink almond bloom today. The hillside 'rose above, but faintly green, Where rains of early spring had lately been; Below, the haze lay blue across the bay. The rough, gnarled branches of the tree were

And where the petals peeped their satin sheen Was tender as the clouds at morning seen A moment e'er they fade and drift away.

No hint of green lay on the bough beside; No springing leaf, no other opening flower Or bud save this upon the gray bough lay. First rosy ripple of the coming tide Of bloom, it gave to me a perfect hour: I saw the first pink almond bloom today.



The Light on Alcatraz

By CHARLES L. TOMPKINS

Grim Alcatraz! Gray Alcatraz!
Drear instrument of Fate,
Where stately ships go down to sea
Beyond the Golden Gate.

And there's a light on Alcatraz
That flashes in the night,
To guide the sailor on his way
And set his course aright.

It beams across the mist and murk,
Unseen by anxious eyes,
That in the shadows blindly wait
The boon the law denies.

There on the heights of Alcatraz It nightly vigil keeps, Unfailing as the stars above Those rocky island steeps.

And may it prove a beacon light
For those who dwell below,
To guide them on their way aright
When forth again they go.

Grim Alcatraz, drear Alcatraz, For those who watch and wait, While stately ships go down to sea Beyond the Golden Gate.



"At night, the soul is no longer the prisoner of a planet; it takes wings, it soars.

During the day, we are citizens of the world; at night, we are citizens of the universe."

-"The Abbe Pierre."

A Song in Summer

By R. R. GREENWOOD

The sea lisps a song To the bayberry slopes, And the goldfinch sings on the spray. And the wild rose nods To the neighboring bee Through the livelong summer day. And the gulls wheel over Against the blue Of the cloud-flecked, changing sky Like winging dreams That have gone astray And vanish like a sigh. And my heart ever holds The song of the sea And the scent of the bayberries, too, And the rose's breath, And the croon of the bee, And the wide sky's cloud-flecked blue. And out of the beauty That lies therein I fashion life's silent song That sings in my heart like a tiny bird When the way seems dark and long.



The Way of the West

By ELMO W. BRIM

CHAPTER XI

The Fickleness of Woman

Pauline had spent another bad night, not of sorrow and anxiety as had been the former night, but of jealousy and outraged pride. And now as she sat in the shade of the front porch of her home, after the colonel had taken himself up town, the sting still remained with her. She felt that she had never been so abused and mistreated in all her twenty summers. She was mad, bitterly mad, at Dick for the way he had mistreated her. Time and again she had said to herself that it mattered little to her whether he got out of jail or not, as she would never marry him, but she did want revenge, just anything to humiliate and worry him.

"All I want is the chance," she said aloud.
"I'll make him miserable or die in the attempt."

She had scarcely spoken before she laughed gleefully, for coming in at the front gate was Charley Swain—and she mentally vowed that he was the answer to her desire.

Mr. Swain, as he turned in at the colonel's residence. felt highly pleased with himself—he had felt that way ever since Dick's arrest. Now he was on his way to see the colonel, whom he knew was safely up town, on a little matter of business. It was a good time to offer his sympathy to Pauline and at the same time poison her mind against Dick—all of course in a sympathetic way. He smiled as he flicked at an imaginary bit of dust on his new broadcloth coat.

"Why, Miss Greer, how are you this charming morning?" said Swain as he paused in front of the porch, bowing low, with his hat in his hand. "It is a pleasure to see you, I assure you."

"Come in, Mr. Swain," said Pauline, arising.

"Ah, no, I hardly have time," said the designing Mr. Swain. "Just a moment to see the colonel on some business—if you will be so kind—"

"Father has gone up town," she interrupted. "but come in, Mr. Swain; I will not hurt you."

"Really, Miss Greer." replied Swain. who could scarcely believe that he was not dreaming when he received Pauline's cordial invita-

tion to enter, and her warm handshake at the head of the steps, "I am in a way afraid of you, but I am only afraid that I may say something that may offend you."

"You are such a flatterer, Mr. Swain. I hardly know when to take you seriously," said Pauline when they were seated.

"Miss Greer, what I say is not flattery—I am always serious when I am talking to you. Even if I was disposed to, I could not be frivolous with you at a time when you are in sorrow as at the present. My heart bleeds for you, Miss Greer, I assure you."

"Why, Mr. Swain," smiled Pauline, "how funny you talk, and what peculiar conclusions you draw. I am not in sorrow, never felt happier in my life."

"But—er—Dick Sterns?" questioned Swain, with poorly concealed eagerness.

Pauline laughed amusedly.

"Really, Mr. Swain, you seem to take it for granted that we were engaged! I can't help feeling sorry for Mr. Sterns, even after his killing that poor officer."

For a moment Swain was too astonished to speak, hardened gambler that he was—then a sudden understanding broke upon him and he knew fate was smiling upon him.

"Miss Greer, I am truly sorry for Mr. Sterns—but if I could only believe that vou were heart-free, I—" and Swain diplomatically ceased speaking.

"Well, I am," retorted Pauline with a saucy toss of her head. "But why should you care, Mr. Swain? You speak as if you wanted to marry me—you shouldn't flirt with a young girl like that."

"Marry you," breathed Swain passionately; "I would marry you within an hour, if you would only have me."

"All right, Mr. Swain," said Pauline calmly, "you are just as good as married. Wait until I get my he?"

Then as Swain reached to embrace her, she brace her, she dodged and laughingly held him off.

"I have never said anything about loving you, Mr. Swain. You had better back out while you have the chance."

"Back out!" scoffed Swain. "I love you enough for both of us. In time you will grow

to love me, so I am content to wait."

"Maybe," laughed Pauline, as she hastened to get her hat. Within herself she was saying, "I know I will hate you."

And so they were married—but even the colonel, who approved of Swain's every act, was not deceived at Pauline's forced gayety, and the thought entered his mind that all was not what it seemed to be.

They had barely started on their honeymoon before the storm broke, and Swain, much to his disgust, found himself in charge of a hysterical bride—to late Pauline realized the great love, which would never die, that she held for another.

Notwithstanding his firm belief that Dick Sterns was guilty, Jailer Bud Martin for the life of him could not help liking him. Dick's sunny and cheerful disposition no doubt had gone a long way in winning the friendship of his jailer.

"Tell yuh what, Betsey," said Bud, pounding the supper table emphatically with his fist, "that gal has tricked this fellow, Dick. An' now yuh mark my words, she are going to live to regret it."

"Paw, how excitable you do git," replied his spouse—woman, fat, good-natured, who occupied a seat opposite her husband. "Do go on and eat yore supper, and fergit about other people's trouble. Jest see how you have jarred your coffee all over the table."

"Now yuh jest listen ter me, Betsey," cried Bud, again hitting the table violently with his fist. "I say she is going ter regret what she has done—I know what I am talking about. An' that Charley Swain, a cheaper type of a tinhorn gambler than that man never lived. There ain't nothing from murder to hoss stealin' that he won't do. Didn't I know him in Denver and Cheyenne? I should say I did—an' I knew everything but good about him."

"He has got money now, but yuh wait, his kind can never keep it; he will lose it in time. and then what? Why, that man does not care for one woman long, he has too many of them, so this one can look out. He will put her in a dance hall when the money is gone, and make her rustle; that's what he will do. I tell yuh, Betsey, I knows exactly what I am talking about —he will break that woman's spirit like a bronktwister breaks a hoss, I know." Then for lack of breath Bud paused and looked indignantly at his wife.

"Now, paw," she gently remonstrated, "do go and eat yore supper; it air gitten cold; and yer have jarred yore coffee all out. Let me pour you som more."

"Now, Betsey," said Bud, who was too much absorbed to notice anything about the coffee, "I tell yuh it air hell fer a feller's girl to treat

him like that."

Suddenly Bud subsided and attacked the supper viciously, not speaking again until he had finished by drinking a third cup of coffee. As he pushed his plate back, he again broached the subject.

"Betsey, this here fellow Dick don't know anything about this marriage an' it air two days since it happened. Now what am I goin' ter do about it?" said Bud, driving his fork into the

table for emphasis.

"Now, paw, yer just do what yer think best;

yer always do the right thing."

"Well, I've got ter tell him, and I hates ter do it, Betsey. I'd ruther take a lickin' than tell thet boy. I know what I will do; it is writ up in ther paper, so I will jest take ther paper up ter him an' let him read it fer himself," said Bud, and seizing a copy of the Langford Herald he rushed upstairs.

To Dick's cheery greeting, as he came in

front of his cell, he responded:

"Thought I would bring yuh ther paper, Dick, so yuh could see ther news and read the sassiety talk." Then, not waiting to listen to Dick's thanks, he beat a hasty retreat.

Dick allowed his eye to rove indifferently over the paper until it rested on the headline: "First Marriage in Langford"—then as its full meaning came to him, his heart skipped a beat and the paper slipped from his fingers. For a long time he sat with his head in his hands. So this was the end, he mused, and this was the woman, the only woman, that he had loved. A woman who really loved a man would never have deserted him like that—not after the confidence that he had bestowed upon her, and with the uncertainty of the future. He dumbly wondered if all women were like that. No wonder Jack hated women.

He knew the course he was pursuing had been hard on her, but it was hard on him. It was the only honorable course to be taken. He had no choice in the matter—it was circumstances—and she should have stood by him, if she really loved him. Well, nothing mattered now; the sooner they hanged him the better. Suddenly he ceased his musing and picking up the paper re-read the marriage announcement. Then he threw back his head and laughed—a cold-blooded laugh, which echoed and re-echoed

ghout the jail. As he started to tear the into shreds, he suddenly shrugged his lers, folded the paper neatly and laid it bunk, and deliberately rolled a cigarette. y sakes, paw," said Betsey, as she heard laugh vibrate through the jail, "do yer se the man has gone mad?"

'ell, if it ware me," roared Bud, "I'd be rned mad that if I ever got out of jail anything to a woman thet treated me like assiety woman has treated Dick. I tell Betsey, I knowed ther first time I see her he warn't no account. Now, ain't I right, Betsey, ain't I right?"

s, paw," meekly agreed his wife, "but, do be quiet, somebody is knocking on ont door."

onder who in tarnation it can be," said as he ambled to the door. "Well, who in er are yuh, and what do yuh want?"

atter from the Marshal to you," came the through the door.

ell, come in—just as soon as I unlock the 'said Bud.

nunder and tarnation, Betsey, roadi!" As Bud swung the door open the parrel of a six-shooter was shoved in his and a cold, icy voice said:

ands up!"
Betsey slowly waddled into the front hall in a tall, slender masked man holding a on her husband, and coolly disarming while her valiant husband was exerting most strength in the attempt to touch aling with his hands.

w, paw." Betsey squeaked, "what air he to yer?"

w you can take your hands down—and said the masked man, pointing his six-r at the trembling Betsey, "can follow nusband up stairs. Need not be afraid. ant is Dick Sterns."

me on, maw," said Bud, in a scared voice.

nan air all right. And I am glad that he
in' to take Dick—'cause he air a good

e very short time Dick had been released ne valiant Bud and Betsey, despite their is, occupied the vacated cell. Dick and scuer left the jail and entered an alley two horses stood tied. When they stopped, seized his rescuer by the hand and ex-

:k, you do not know how much I apte this, but I wish you had not done it." ne it, nothing," exclaimed Jack, removmask. "I had to do it. I couldn't let you go like you was headed. I was in the penitentiary once, so that made it impossible for me to take your place. A man who has been through that hell once will, in a case of this kind, resort to some other means. Here is some money; you will need it. Needn't say anything, you gave it to me. Now get on and ride—we will go a piece together, then we will separate."

"Well," said Dick, when they had mounted and were leaving the jail behind them, "it's good to be on a horse, and to be with you once

more, Jack.'

CHAPTER XII

Old Mexico

The man's tall figure slumped forward in the saddle, fine dust covered his wide, high crowned hat, shirt and leather chaps; his face, too, was covered with dust, even to the extent of giving his short, clipped mustache and short, possibly two weeks' growth of beard, a grayish color. Dark circles surrounded two sharp, clear gray eyes, which shone from the man's sallow face. As he involuntarily rubbed the side of his face a small white scar came into relief by the side of his nose. The horse, which was as gaunt and tired as his rider, wore the brand of a large Wyoming cattle outfit on his right hip. and showed his American breeding as much as the man, who was typical, not only in his appearance, but also in his outfit, of the western plains of the United States.

Around the man and for miles behind him was a desolate country, which varied in color, in some places being of a sandy, yellowish hue. while other sections of the bare, sun-parched earth would be of a brownish color. there would be sections of an alkali formation, which would be white like the driven snow. A dull, scant vegetation covered the sun-parched earth, spiney cactus, of various sizes and shapes. some bearing gorgeous flowers, dotted the landscape, while here grew clusters of bayonet shaped, dust covered yucca; then a solitary palmeto, branchless to the tufted crown, scattered here and there, gave the scene a tropical appearance. The scarlet mottled leaves of the agave cast a little color on the scene of desolation, where thorns are characteristic not only of the plants, but even of the sparse mesquite

The rider now reached a point where the plain began the descent to the valley, which lay a thousand feet below him, and he momentarily reined in his horse to gaze at the lowland scene. The scene was quite a contrast to the desert area which had eaten at the heart-strings of both horse and rider. The long un-

broken valley, which ended in blue mountains in the distance, was covered with green grass; while shaded groves of live-oaks, cottonwood and wild china trees were scattered throughout; like a silver serpent, a stream wound through the valley; here and there timber covered the blank, varying from a narrow fringe to a wide belt. A sigh of relief escaped the lips of the rider, and then, as his eye fell on a ranch-house, partly surrounded by out-buildings, a faint smile hovered on his alkali-parched lips for a second. As the rider urged his horse forward and started down the narrow gorge which led into the valley, the rays of the sun glistened on the six-shooter which hung at his right hip. Both it and the Winchester, partially concealed beneath his knee, were of American make, and the dust had not been allowed to accumulate on either to any extent.

At last the rocky, winding gorge led into the valley and the eyes of both rider and steed lighted up with pleasure as they saw directly in front of them a stream of water. The horse needed no encouragement when he reached the stream and thrust his muzzle deep into the water. The man, who had dropped his canteen into the stream, draws it up, partly filled, and places it eagerly to his mouth: but as he tilts his head backwards a loud report comes from the bank he had just vacated and the canteen is torn from his grasp. As his horse sprang forward his left had steadied him and his right hand flashed up from his hip. Two reports joined in with the volley of shots which came from the timbered bank. Then came a single report from the Bisley six-shooter as the man collapsed upon his horse's neck, and as the horse sprang to the bank the man dropped limply to the ground.

Immediately three heavily armed Mexicans rode across the stream and secured the slain man's horse. "Devil of a 'gringo,'" muttered the one who was leading the horse, and he reined his horse for a moment and spat con-

temptuously on the slain man's body.

Jack's refuge in Mexico was not worth the hardships endured getting there, but he had met the end true to his American blood, and the Mexicans had paid dearly for their act—for when, shortly afterwards, they headed south there were four lead-horses, and lifeless forms were tied on three of them.

The Pendleton ranch was one of the very few successful American-owned ranches in Mexico. Many thousands of cattle roamed in the valley and distant mountain which bore the J. P. brand. Dr. John Pendleton, ten years previous, had quit his practice in Texas and moving into

Mexico had invested the proceeds of years of successful practice and business transactions in cattle and during the ensuing years his wealth had multiplied.

But while the doctor had prospered he had grown to dislike Mexico, and for the last year had been seriously considering selling to a Spanish neighbor, who was very desirous of securing his holdings, and returning to the States to spend his declining years. One of the main reasons for selling was his daughter, Nina, who had just graduated from an Eastern college. Until the present time she had been in school either in Texas or in the East, where she completed her education, spending the summer months on the ranch with her father.

Dr. Pendleton's wife died when Nina was a very small girl, and the doctor had never remarried. His affection for his dead wife and daughter had blinded him towards thoughts of

other women.

As the doctor sat in the shade of the ranchhouse porch he was again revolving the thoughts of closing out his ranch. "Possibly." he thought, "within the next six months." He knew that Nina would now be with him until she found a suitable mate, and her welfare must be considered. This part of Mexico was becoming unsafe, especially for Americans. For the past month Juan Guerros' band of cutthroats had been raiding through the lower end of the valley. Every visitor who had come to the ranch had some new tale of their depredations—robbery, fire and murder, together with the stealing of women, was the old story with them. While the doctor was thus brooding two impulsive arms were suddenly thrown around his neck and a warm kiss was imprinted on his wrinkled forehead.

"Why, Nina," exclaimed the doctor, as he looked around at his daughter, "how you

startled me!"

Nina, after the stolen embrace, had sprung back, and was now laughing at her father. As she stood there regarding him she made a vision of youthful loveliness. Her features were perfect, clearly cut and classic, and her complexion, unspoiled by either climate or paint, was creamy white, with a delightful tinge of red on her cheeks. Long drooping eyelashes partly concealed two mischievous blue eyes. Her head was covered by a mass of wavy golden hair, worn in two long plaits which fell down her shoulder. The small slender hands denoted culture, as did her small feet, which were encased in alligator leather boots.

Her slender, perfect form was dressed in a becoming riding costume of the cowgirl variety. eed, a remarkable girl, a combinaculture and of the "open country."
reither, she was typically Western,
it.

idy Pendleton," said Nina gleefully, we you mean what you say. I'll studying about that Juan—what him? Now 'fess up—you know it he soul."

niled the doctor, as he glanced at stume, "possibly I was; but, Nina, re getting more serious every day. had better take 'Red' with you eel safer about you."

idy," she cried, throwing her arms teck and giving him a kiss on the se. "I do not want any one with would be you—and you are always r some other excuse. Can't take at will make Anita jealous."

, have it your way, pet," he said. today, so do not ride too far, or I boys out looking for you."

so far, Daddy Pendelton," she said him a parting hug. Then springset, seizing a sombrero and pulling her golden locks, she hurried down is where a small, bow-legged redsoy was holding a clean-limbed dark which seemed proud of the hander-mounted saddle, silver-mounted en hair bridle which decorated him. sclaimed Nina, "I didn't mean to aiting for me like this. I will cerbe more prompt next time."

but pure pleasure, Miss Nina," said g broadly as he placed his hat on fiery red hair. "I would admire hoss all day for yuh, Miss Nina." ou go, Red, trying to flatter me

s Nina, I am telling yuh for fair," his complexion assuming the color "Now don't yuh think I had better rith yuh today, Miss Nina. A bunch ere run off from Rancho El Verde ad three vaqueros were shot."

Au go, trying to scare me about that again," she replied with a smile.

on, I am not half as afraid of him be of Anita if she should see you me. I know she would literally eyes out." Then before Red had a composure she hit her pony with ad was gone.

ina's intention to ride to the head y and from there up the rocky gorge

to the plains, but she wisely kept her intentions to herself, for she knew her father would have insisted on sending Red with her—heavily armed at that.

"It may be dangerous," she smiled as she rode along, "but I have not been up there since I came home, and I cannot enjoy that beautiful view under an armed bodyguard. Red is all right, but it is just the sentiment. I am going to chance it just this one time. Daddy Pendleton would have a fit if he knew, but there is no one to tell him, so I will be all right for this time anyway."

As she neared the ford at the head of the valley her pony suddenly jumped sideways and refused to go any further.

"Why, Beauty," she exclaimed, patting the pony on the shoulder, "what are you getting excited about?" Wheeling her horse and riding closer to the ford she saw a still, stark figure lying near the water.

Hastily dismounting, she tied Beauty to a tree and suppressing a shudder she went up and knelt by the silent figure. Even before her hand reached the man's breast she knew that his heart had long been silent, for she had counted at least three dark red splotches on the chest and stomach. Shuddering, she withdrew her hand and picking up the man's hat which had fallen to his side, placed it tenderly over his face—a face which even in death was handsome. The man was possibly forty, dark-haired, close cropped mustache, and there was a short, white scar by the side of his nose.

As she arose her foot struck something hard in the sand and glancing down she saw that it was a large calibre pistol; then for the first time she saw an open notebook clenched in the dead man's hand. When she had removed it she glanced at it and slowly read:

"I and another fellow robbed the Langford bank and killed the marshal. Dick Sterns had nothing to do with it.

The writing was jerky and poorly written, showing that it required great determination to have written it in his dying agony. Nina thrust the notebook in a pocket of her skirt and mounting Beauty started in a mad gallop for home.

As Nina dashed up to the stable her father and Red ran forward to see what was the matter.

"Oh, daddy," she sobbed as she sprang into his waiting arms, "it is just simply awful! There is a poor dead man up at the ford next to the plains—just shot up awfully!"

"Nina," said her father, stroking her hair, "I am mighty sorry that you should have been the one to find him."

"Daddy, it was a shock, but I am not sorry that I found him, because he is an American, and it is only right that people of his own nationality should find and bury him."

"Come on, Nina, and we will go to the house," said her father gently. "Red will look

after the body."

"Shore, I will," said Red. "I will get Slim

an' we'll look after him.'

"Daddy," said Nina as they neared the house, "it just makes my blood boil for Mexican outlaws to murder an American like that." And she meant what she said. True, she had read the man's confession—had it at that moment in her pocket—but she knew that he had written that confession, while in his dying anguish, to clear some one. And then he was an American, and he had died like one.

CHAPTER XIII

Dick Wilson

"Hey, yuh piebald fool, what are yuh acting that way for?" said Red Johnson as he spurred his rearing and pitching pony. "Yuh act like vuh were a 'bronc' instead of an ol'-time cowhorse."

Then as Red tried to urge his horse into the mesquite a low groan came to his ears.

"Woa, Peanuts!" he exclaimed as he reined his horse. "Guess the 'cholas' have done gone and shot up another pilgrim. I'll just tie yuh, Peanuts, so you won't run off and leave me, then I will see what ails this gent.

Red, after tying Peanuts securely, started forward, but after he had made a step or two he pushed his hat back and scratched his thatch of fiery red hair for a moment, then he returned to his horse and removed his Winchester from its saddle holster.

'Yuh can't tell just what ter do in a country overrun by a bunch of pepper-eating 'cholas,' he remarked as he advanced into the mesquite

with his rifle ready for action.

When he reached an open space in the brush he saw the figure of a man who lay with his face buried in between two ground-cactuses, and running forward he turned the man over and placed his hand on his left breast to see if there was a heartbeat: then as Red felt over the man's blood-wet shirt the man emitted a low groan.

'Fust durn man thet I ever saw shot through ther heart thet could groan," said Red in a surprised voice. Then as he opened the man's shirt he saw that while the bullet had entered

the man's breast directly over his heart it had evidently been deflected, either up or down, instead of going straight through the body.

"Say, ol'-timer," ejaculated Red, half in astonishment and half in pleasure, "yuh are coming along fine; just buck up a little and I will lead my horse in here an' take yuh where we can do something for yuh."

The man, who possibly understood a little of this conversation, half opened his eyes. Red noting this semi-state of consciousness hurried back to here he had tied Peanuts.

"Now, Peanuts," he admonished while he was returning his rifle to its holster, "I want yuh to act like yuh had some sense, 'cause we have got a hombre who is shot up a whole lot. De yuh sabe?" Then they started into the mesquite. Peanuts, acting as though he thoroughly understood his master's words, followed without protest.

Red's alert eye had taken in everything from the wounded man to the surrounding ground, and from the signs he had come to the following conclusion: The man had been shot two or three hours previous and the outlaws, who numbered ten or fifteen, had taken everything from his horse to his hat and boots. Three red splotches on the ground evidently meant that he had killed or wounded three of the attacking party.

Peanuts, after one snort, stood still while Red, after much difficulty, lifted the man to his

"Now listen, mister," said Red emphatically, "yuh have got ter help me or I will never get

yuh on that hoss.'

The wounded man blindly attempted to follow Red's orders as he led him to the horse. After placing his hand on the horn and his foot in the stirrup Red, after much heaving and grunting, succeeded in getting him in the saddle, where he slumped forward in a stupor.

"I'll just rope his feet under ther horse's belly," said Red as he took his rope down, "an' then I'll take hitches on him so he will stay in the saddle. He will fall off if I don't, an' durned if I want to put him on Peanuts any

more.

As Red started back for the Pendleton ranch from which he had left early that morning, he could not but admire the curly black haired "I'll bet he is shorely an ace with stranger. ther women," mused Red.

The wounded man became delirious during the last stages of the five miles to the ranch. It seemed that a woman named Pauline and a man that he occasionally called Jack had figured

in his past life, although from his dealk Red could make nothing out of it.

daddy, come down to the corral! Red ing in one of the boys hurt," shouted ho had seen Red Johnson coming around al with a limp figure tied on his horse., who is it, and is he badly hurt?" Nina ed breathlessly as she arrived at the

gent is shorely shot-up right considereplied Red, who was busily engaged in knots. "Stranger in these parts—called Dick Wilson at fust, but then he didn't an half know what he was talking about. ien he has been a rip-snorter; shorely en plumb tired of his line uv talk."

us moment Dr. Pendleton arrived and Red place the man on the ground.

went clear through him, doctor," ex-Red, who was watching the doctor as a hasty examination of the wound and man's temperature.

a, run to the house and have Anita a bed for him," exclaimed the doctor nished his examination. "We must do ng for him right away, but I fear that but little chance of his recovery.

ina hurried away on her errand, the doced to Red and said:

and get a couple of the boys and we ry him to the house."

wounded man's condition was accord-Dr. Pendleton's statement after he had the wound, very serious. The wound as not necessarily serious, unless comis set in, but the deflected course of et could not be ascertained to any acactent. What the doctor feared more than g else was the high and raging fever atient, caused from the shock and being so long to the glare of the tropical sun. only hope for the man lay in careful. Anita, a pretty, intelligent Mexican

. Anita, a pretty, intelligent Mexican to in ordinary times was housekeeper a's maid, was placed in charge of the m.

notwithstanding the arguments of her prepared her own room for the patient isted that it should be used; and as ne won her point. Not only did she his sacrifice, but she hovered around room until the doctor, who feared her rould suffer, took the matter in hand and her entry except for certain short during the day, the heavy watching be-

ing done by Red Johnson during the night and Anita during the day.

Red usually had a line of talk that he took pleasure in distributing at the bunk-house each morning while the other riders were dressing. He was always enthusiastic over the interest displayed by Nina in the welfare of the patient, and Red's expression, "I tell yuh, boys, I'd let any of yuh empty yuh six-shooters in ter me ter have Miss Nina hover over me like she does that Wilson gent," became a by-word around the bunk-house.

For two weeks the man's fever continued and he either lay in a quiet stupor or was in a raving, delirious state. Yet, strange to say, while he raved madly when Red and Anita were in the room and talked of Pauline and Jack, he was always quiet when Nina was in the room.

"Tell yuh, boys," said Red one morning at breakfast, "it shorely is plumb past me how Miss Nina can charm this pilgrim, but she shorely does. I've seen her come in ther room and he'd be plumb battty, but ther moment thet she would lay her hand on his forehead he would get as quiet and peaceable as a kid."

One morning at the end of the third week Nine sent Anita out of the sick room on an errand and after arranging some flowers she glanced at the patient, and much to her surprise she saw that he was looking intently at

"Are you real," he said in a weak voice, "or am I dead and seeing angels?"

"Hush," exclaimed Nina, dimpling prettily, "you must not talk, not for awhile anyway. You are very much alive, but you have been a very sick man for the last three weeks. This is the first time you have been conscious. You were ambushed by Mexicans, but we found you and now you are going to get well real soon—if you will just be nice and do as you are told."

As she ceased speaking the past suddenly flashed into the wounded man's mind—the robbery. Pauline's unfaithfulness, and his escape to Mexico—and an expression of sorrow and bitterness crossed his face.

"Now don't let anything worry you," said Nina, who had noticed the man's expression and feared that he was going to become delirious again. "You are with friends—we are all Americans like yourself."

"My name is Dick Wilson," said the man before she could stop him, "from the States. I

appreciate everything so much."

"Now listen," she commanded, "you must not talk any more. I know you are grateful and we are glad to do all we can for you, but we cannot do much for you unless you will help us

to do it; so you must not talk any more. I am going to read to you now, so no more talking."

When Anita returned a short time later, the patient was fast asleep and Nina was placing a book on the table.

"Sh!" she whispered. "Anita, he is lots better; talked a while ago. So now I am going to leave you with him, but when he awakes do not let him talk."

"Si, senorita," replied Anita, giving her mistress an adoring glance.

"I know you will look after him, Anita," said Nina approvingly. "Don't let him talk."

Dick Wilson, as Dick now chose to call himself, improved rapidly and he was surprised to find that the bitterness of the past, which was so vivid at his first consciousness, was leaving him; somehow, he did not feel so sure as he once had that all women were like Pauline. He had been quick to note from the pictures and all the little "keepsakes" that the room that he occupied belonged to his fairy nurse. Jack had been mistaken, he mused, for all women could not be alike. Pauline was always looking for things to be done for her, her pleasures and desires always came first; but here was a woman who seemed to get pleasure out of doing things for others. So each day Pauline gradually grew out of his life and was forgotten.

As for Nina, her first acts had been done purely out of sympathy, but now, since the patient was improving, she feared to analyze her sentiment.

CHAPTER XIV The Real Woman

"Shorely is a great thing ter be an invalid," said Red Johnson as he and Slim Aldred were

saddling two ponies down in the corral.

"Wal," said Slim, as he slipped a Winchester under the fender of the saddle he had cinched on the pony, "I don't cotton-up much ter this here sick business. I know when I got shot thet time at Del Rio, and when I bruck my laig down in ther Big Bend country, nuther one of them spells was anything to braig about."

"Shorely not," agreed Red, "But yuh didn't

"Shorely not," agreed Red, "But yuh didn't have no good lookin' nurse like Miss Nina to nuss yuh—that's what makes sickness a plumb

pleasure resort."

"No, all I had them times wuz greasers ter

look after me," replied Slim.

"Aint no wonder yuh didn't like it," grinned Red. "I caint stand greasers when I am well. Now yuh look at this Wilson pilgrim and see how nice things has been for him—Miss Nina for boss nuss, and now fer ther last week she

takes him out every day fer a ride. Now aint thet a life to lead?"

"Shorely is," sighed Slim as they lead the

horses out of the corral.

"I tell yuh, Slim, I would be shot with a cannon if I could have Miss Nina fer a nuss."

"She would shorely nuss yuh," replied Slim. "Yuh know the time Jim Evans wuz shot, and Sid Howlett bruk his laig; yuh know where they went—not ter ther bunk-house; no siree, she wouldn't hear to it. Had them taken to the ranch-house an' give up her room both times; no other room was good enough, so she said. Yuh know how she looked after them; and yuh know if one of us boys mashes a finger an' she knows about it, she makes as much fuss about it is if there wuz danger of it's killin' him."

"Yes," sighed Red, "but nothin' ever ails me—I jest caint have no luck." At this moment Nina and her patient came out of the ranch-house and walked slowly down towards the

waiting cowboys.

"They shorely be a fine looking pair," exclaimed Slim in admiration. Then he suddenly became busy tightening the cinch.

"Best looking couple in Chihuahua, or Ol' Mexico fer thet matter," agreed Red as he suddenly slipped a stirrup over the horn of the saddle, in order to make it appear to Miss Nina that they had just that moment completed

saddling the stock.

"You need not be bluffing, Red Johnson," laughed Nina. "I know you and Slim have been waiting and blessing us for not coming for a long time. I try to improve, but I get worse every time I go riding. Well, let me off this time and I will try to do better in the future."

"Why, no, yuh have been pretty pert," said Red seriously. "Me an' Slim have jest this minute finished saddling. If yuh had been a minute sooner yuh would have had ter wait; aint it so, Slim?"

"Shorely is," agreed Slim as he helped Dick to mount. "We jest this minute got finished;

no wait at all."

"Well, have it your way," smiled Nina, "but you can't fool me—and I certainly appreciate your being so nice and patient with me."

"Shorely a plumb pleasure, Miss Nina," said

both riders.

After watching Nina and Dick until they disappeared around a grove of the valley, Shim looked at his companion and said:

"Red, he has shorely got his rope on her."

"Ah, yuh jest think that because Miss Nina is sorry fer him," retorted Red indignantly. "An"

ter everybody that hez been sick. now cows, Slim, but yuh are a poor it comes ter judgin' women."

snorted Slim. "I knows more bout five minutes then yuh do in a lifenow let me tell yuh something: oman's eyes gets soft an' dreamy, tina's does when she looks at this t, she is shorely in love."

ows lots about love, Slim," grum-"But this Wilson man is not a mong men, an' when it comes ter has shore got ther looks. Yuh may

er all."

aid Slim, "ther man thet marries Miss hore got ter be a clean guy—an' if s her every man in the J. P. outfit

r his scalp.'

ve said a mouthful," replied Red. I have seen an' heard about this stacks up pretty good. He appreything yuh does fer him, an' he is at. Yuh know the day he was shot; ny Dix was up in the Sierras that said he happened ter see a bunch or more riders down in the valley; he looked them over through his saw that they wuz Mex, an' they dead cholas tied to ther horses; an' leading a horse that had an empty puncher-saddle on him-so there ubt about his gettin' his man when him. He aint no braggin' kind; all t out of him was: "They surprised surprised them a little before they n with me." I like a man who don't nuch bazoo bout hisself."

t no bad guy," agreed Slim

I Dick had been having a great time. picked prairie flowers, discussed resting subjects about the wild life est and Mexico, and at noon had excellent lunch which Nina had the shade of a large live-oak. After the noonday had subsided they had why on to the head of the valley, r forded the stream that lay between and the high, elevated plain.

l a poor man here once who had been lexicans. He—" Nina suddenly hesithen continued: "But I am not going out him; it is too sad—and you are nurses must not let their patients

t sad or serious subjects."

said Dick smiling, "I am going to be ky patient. I am going to work next nght to be at work right now. I am named of the way you are letting me lie around. I won't be worth my salt when I go back to work; I am right spoiled."

"You will have plenty of time to work, so you shouldn't worry. Then you have been working for the past week—you have ridden with me every day; some one has got that to do, for father will not let me ride alone since the Mexican outlaws have become so bad."

"This is the first time I have ever heard of 'pleasure' rides being styled work. Why, Miss Nina, if riding with you could be considered a job, and I could get it, I would never throw another rope after cattle."

Nina blushed prettily and turned the con-

versation into a less dangerous channel.

"There is a wonderful view from up there," she said, pointing with her quirt to the plains which rose high above them. "Do you think you are strong enough for the ride?"

"I sure am," he said, urging his horse forward. "I never felt better or stronger in my

life. Come on, let's go!"

"Now," said Nina when their horses had finished the steep climb, and stood panting at the edge of the plain, "let's leave the horses and go over to that boulder, the view is prettier."

For a few moments, after they were seated on a giant boulder which overhung the valley, they were both silent. There was something in the beauty of the valley and distant mountains which was brought out even more fully by the "land of dead things" which lay around them, that was past comprehension. Even Dick, who in his travels had seen many imposing and grand views of scenery, was impressed by the beauty of the valley, and by the marked contrast effected by "land of dead things."

It was a strange coincidence that both Dick and Jack should have come to this same spot within so short a time, yet under so widely different circumstances. While both admired the scenery, it had a different meaning. To Dick it meant love; to Jack, rest for his tortured body, and safety—but, like many other things in life, they were never to know.

"Is it not wonderful from up here—have you

ever seen anything like it?"

"No, I never have," he replied. "There is something wonderful and unreal about it, I have never seen anything exactly like it. There is such a marked contrast everywhere.

"There is something," said Nina, looking dreamily into the valley, "about the contrast that always reminds me of people—the good and the bad—only they are not separated like this; if they were isolated like this we would have a much better world."

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The Suowdrop

By MARGARET TREVOR

First little wildflower of the year The snowdrop wakes to light, A tiny bell on slender stem— A dainty woodland sprite,

Alone in wilderness of green Of tree and fern and brake, It nods its head on every breeze And cries to Nature "Wake!"

Welcome little bell of hope Thou messenger of cheer! For now we know that Winter's gone And Spring is almost here.



The Charm of Blueskin

By W. S. BIRGE, M. D.

years ago the ship to which I bed was condemned as unseaworthy. port of Melbourne, Australia, and fortune, or misfortune, to remain for several wees before getting a new voyage. During this time I a public house which was known by me of the "Blueskin." The sign-English tavern or inn must have an device - represented a huge eel blue on a light ground with Blueskin pitals, and below this the passerby ed in smaller lettering that Alexander only licensed to furnish entertainnan and beast. I had been recomsome other American seamen to take rters at this inn, and I found everypleasant and homelike there, but the and the name of the house puzzled ingly, and I resolved, if opportunity ask an explanation thereof.

er, or "Sandy" Stuart, as he was rally called, was an elderly man of wny make, evidently of Scotch birth, ost of that race, thrifty, shrewd and

He was of fair complexion with hair which seemed to have preservzinal color, although he must have entering upon his seventh decade, at wife was a blonde, buxom Irish womight well have been a beauty in her ays. There was a daughter of perty, fair to look upon and bearing a emblance to her mother; also a son have been nearly forty years old and ly of his own, but living hard by, and d out, making himself quite at home. uart, as he was called, bore some nblance to the old landlord, but the stch features were much softened and lown, and he was swarthy in comrith very fine dark eyes and hair st have been of jetty blackness in I already showing a tinge of gray. I wn as having been the issue of a preriage, for it was scarcely possible that I his Irish wife could both be his par-

rm evening, when the tide of custom have ceased for the night, and old s about to close up the shutters, I he doorway, and glancing up at the ign I remarked to him: "That's an odd sign, isn't it?"

"What is?" he asked.

"That serpentine symbol on your sign, and the name of your house, too; I've been quite unable to see the fitness of it."

"Ah, indeed! Perhaps not, but thereby hangs a tale, as old Will Shakespeare says. You may have observed that my son has an odd name, too—Qualan Stuart. Can you put that and that together now?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, after thinking a moment. "Qualan is the name sometimes applied to Strong's Island, one of the Caroline group, which I have visited two or three times in my life, and I have heard these people talk about Blueskin, or at least a word which had that sound, as the name of their god or Great Spirit."

"Just so," answered Sandy, with an approving smile.

"I thought it likely that in the course of your whaling voyages you had cruised down that way, and so you'll comprehend the story that I'm going to tell you. It's a quiet time now, and we can enjoy a pipe while I spin out the yarn."

I had only touched at the Carolina Islands for a few days at a time, and was not really much acquainted with the habits and customs or the superstitions of the natives. But the little that I knew prepared me to listen to more from the old man, who had lived among those people, and broken bread-fruit with them. But I will let him tell his tale in his own way, promising that the more the reader knows of the locality and its inhabitants, the more readily he will credit the whole narrative of Sandy Stuart:

I was a strapping, happy-go-lucky young fellow when I shipped at Hobart Town, for a trading voyage down among the Groups, in the brig Newcastle. I was only an able seaman, though I ought to have been even then at least chief mate if not master of some vessel, for I had been well educated in old Scotland, and was competent exough both in seamanship and navigation, but my reckless habits had been against me, and kept me in the background. However, that is all over since I have grown older and

wiser, though the wisdom did not come until it was too late to rise in my profession. Things have turned out more comfortably for me in my age than I had a right to expect. But still I feel always that mine is a life of disappointment, for I ought to have done better than bring up in a public house at the close of a voyage. However, I won't tire you any more with moralizing over wasted opportunities.

We had knocked about for some months among the savages at the Mulgraves and the King's Mills, driving a trade for shells and cocoanut oil, and anything that we thought could be sold again in the colonial ports, but the Newcastle was a venerably old castle, and plagued us much at the pumps, especially after we had rasped her on a coral reef one night through the carelessness of the lookout. The usage was none of the best, and I determined to cut and run as soon as a good opportunity offered. So when we were lying in the weather harbor of Qualan, or Strong's Island, as you call it, I made a secret bargain with one of the chiefs. who stowed me away so snugly that the captain, after exhausting all his arguments in the way of persuation, threats and bribery, was compelled to put to sea one hand short.

He left word that he meant to come back to the island in a few days to get his lost man, but of course he did not come. The object was merely to scare and annoy me, and I knew well enough that if he had really intended to come back, he would have kept secret about it.

So, as soon as the Newcastle's royals had sunk below the horizon, I came out of my retirement and made myself as free of the island as the authorities would allow. Although the Strong's Islanders seem to be a very mild, inoffensive people, they are treacherous in their dealings with whites, and have many barbarous customs among themselves, which would seem hardly credible to a casual visitor. More than one vessel has been cut off and destroyed in those harbors, the crew being all put to death, upon the safe principle that dead men tell no tales.

There was only one white man residing among them when I landed—an Irishman, known simply as Larry, who had been there many years, and was quite as much of a savage as any of the natives. A young woman by the name of Saysa, a sister of the chief who had helped me to desert, became very fond of me, and I had powerful friends in her and her brother. But as you know the government there is despotic in the highest degree, and the power of etiquette and deference to superior rank exceeds anything in that way to be found among the

islanders of the Pacific. Not only I, myself, but my friends Selic and Saysa, would have to be very careful not to offend the chiefs of higher grade, and especially to keep the right side of the king, who seemed to hold the lives of all inferiors quite at the mercy of his arbitrary will. The Irishman Larry had acquired a good deal of influence, and as he understood the language I found it would be necessary to conciliate him on all occasions, at least for the present, but I perceived that with my superior intelligence, I would soon know more than he did, and get ahead of him in the king's favor.

"But I had been only a few days among these people when an unfortunate accident was near putting an end to all my plans and prospects. My friend Selic, the chief, was the owner of a shotgun, and loaned it to me to go into the woods to shoot tropical pigeons. A young native—one of Selic's vassals he might be called, a rather weak minded fellow, but alert of eye and swift of foot-was sent with me to act as guide and also to carry the game which I might be lucky enough to kill. At a moment when poor Arlik was running a little in advance of me and looking back, my gun, catching on a twig, unfortunately went off, and one of the small shot spoiled one of his eyes forever. Of course I was horror-stricken at this mishap, and I at once led the poor fellow home, telling every one honestly just what had occurred, and how it happened. I was much surprised at the looks of sadness that I met with from Selic and others of my best friends, for their feeling of concern appeared to be not so much for the poor sufferer as for myself, and the anguish of my bright-eved Savsa was pitiful to behold. A crowd was soon drawn together by the news. and on the arrival of the king a few solema words spoken to him by one of the higher chiefs, who went down on his knees while speaking, appeared to arouse in him something which was not so much anger as a certain sternness, like that of the Roman father, as if he had a duty to perform at any sacrifice. At a signal from him I was seized by three or four stalwart men, who used no more violence than was necessary to make me their prisoner, and started off toward the great-council-house. I felt that my best policy would be to offer no resistance and to face boldly any and all investigation into the facts of the case.

I looked around for Larry, the Irish beachcomber, who of all men could best befriend me in this instance.

"Larry," said I, "surely you will explain the facts to the king. You know I wouldn't have

poor lad for the world, and it was enaccident."

now it, of course," answered Larry, in only say that the case is so much for you. You don't know the law mas here, or you wouldn't have been to tell the whole truth. If you could le out that you and Arlik had quarrel-you had put his eye out intentionally, 't have gone very hard with you. But, hardly dare tell you what the punishikely to be."

ruly, rough fellow that he was, he uite overcome, as with the thought of

g horrible to talk about.
t out, Larry," I cried, "and tell me
t you mean. Walk alongside of us,
aring, and let me know the whole at
ay what is to be done with him.

you bear the whole truth?" he asked.
yes, anything better than to be in the said. Out with it!"

e dark," he repeated. "Ah! that's it. in the dark in less than half an hour. at out both your eyes, as sure as you're nan."

ay try to imagine, if you can, the efarry's announcement upon me, a an, full of life and vigor. I had cerfull share of courage, as compared fellow-men, but here was a fate to be seemed far more horrible than instant is soon as the first shock was over, my made up to sell my life as dearly as when the final moment came. I would mit to being blinded, but would fight st breath, and die with my eyes wide

up the talk with the beach-comber. m with questions to learn anything that of possible service to me, but all was I terrible enough. I now learned for ime that the immutable law of Qualan more severe upon accidents like this m any case of injury intentionally quarrel might be fought out, and each it take his chance in the duel, but in accident the reparation must be, as s possible, double the original debt, he regal authorities always took the n hand, the injured person had no it. It was not simply "an eye for an a tooth for a tooth," but the lex taliired two for one in every case. If a accident knocked out the tooth of anmust lose two teeth: if he broke his 's arm, both of his own arms must be n a similar manner, and if a finger were crushed, he must lose the same finger from each hand. As I had darkened one of Arlik's eyes, I was, of course, doomed to life-long darkness. The operation would be performed, he said, with a powerful vegetable acid, which would destroy the sight at once, but would leave no other injuries and affect no other part. Larry had seen this process performed only once during all the years he had lived at Qualan, but had witnessed many other applications of the law ofdouble retribution, even to the breaking of both legs.

"And can you do nothing to save or help me, Larry?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I would if I could, but it would be more than my own life is worth to interfere. The law must take its course."

I looked around upon the faces of the dense crowd. There was no expression of anger or ill will against me, nor, on the other hand, could I perceive a shade of pity on a single countenance. All were set with an air of stern determination and of pride in their unanimous respect for the law. I missed the face of my Saysa, whom I wished so much to look upon for the last time, but to beg any favor of my escort would have been an idle waste of breath. I nerved myself for the death-struggle that was to come, set my teeth firmly, and moved on. We entered the great council-house, the crowd of men, women and children following, though in good order, and without noisy demonstrations.

The king and chief led the way, and his majesty motioned my conductors to lead me to one of the rude benches and seat me there. I had hoped for at least a glance of pity from Selic, but he stood calm and immovable like all the other officials. When I was seated, they were about to bind my hands together behind my back, but I resisted this stoutly, and Larry, coming to my aid, explained to the king that I knew what my fate was to be, and was prepared to meet it like a man.

There was a murmur of admiration at what they considered my heroic courage, and the royal command was given to my keeper to refrain from any violence, merely standing upon their guard to seize me at a moment's warning, should it be found necessary. They fell back a little, and now their attention had been centered upon an old woman who was entering the door at the farther end of the great temple, bearing a calabash, which I felt must be the vessel containing the fatal essence to be applied to my eyes. At his instant there was a quick light step on the bamboo floor behind me, the lightest

touch of a soft hand, and something rough, cold and clammy passed round my throat.

A yell broke from those who saw it, joined in and swelled by the whole assembly; but my movement was too late—the deft little fingers of my faithful Saysa had fastened the something, whatever it might be, at the back of my neck, for with a side glance I had recognized her, and now heard her clear voice utter a scream of triumph. The whole crowd, even to the king himself, dropped as with one accord upon their knees, and the cry of "Blueskin!" shook the rafters of the ccuncilhouse.

"Keep the collar on, Sandy," roared Larry. You are safe with that on your neck, and no man dare lay hands on you."

Scarcely knowing what I did, I rose to my feet, the crowd made way for me, and I walked out into the air a free man. My Saysa pressed close to my side, and put her hand in mine, so full of joy that she had no power of speech. To my astonishment no violence was affered to her, and as to myself I wanted to fall on my knees and worship her as an angel from heaven.

Now you are wondering what all this meant, and I must tell you before I continue my narrative. The enchanted necklace was simly the skin of a certain peculiar species of eel, such as I have never seen elsewhere, and which even at Qualan is very rare and is never met with except in a certain little cove or inlet way up at the head of the lagoon. This eel is especially sacred to the great deity, Blueskin, and its skin, worn on the person, operates as the most powerful of all the forms of taboo. So long as this charm encircled my neck I was safe, for in its presence even human law was suspended in its operation, and not royalty itself dare lay violent hands upon the wearer.

It was employed only in great and special emergencies, and instances of its use in this way to save the condemned from punishment were exceedingly rare. In such cases, if applied by the hands of a woman, it was instantly acknowledged as the special act of Blueskin himself, acting through her as his agent.

My person was now looked upon as sacred, and the crowd dispersed to their several pursuits. It was nightfall when we arrived at the house of my preserver, and then while I held her to my heart, she told me how to conduct myself, so as to be safe from all harm.

You know that those Strong's Islanders. especially the females, are wonderfully quick at picking up English, and Saysa was one of the brightest specimens among them all. What she

could not say in words, she made me understand by the most expressive pantomime and gestures, so that Larry himself could add very little to my knowledge of the taboo mysteries when I again met him the next day.

I must now wear the eelskin necklace night and day, never venturing to remove it for a moment, until a period of three moons had elapsed. No person would dare to take it of. except in one particular manner, and this would be by passing the end of another skin of the same sort through mine, between it and my neck, and then pulling upon it. If any one could succeed in doing this, and this breaking my collar, I should be at the mercy of the law, and my faithful Saysa hardly suffered me to stir abroad alone, going with me wherever I went, keeping watch and guard upon all who approached me, and I knew that she had another skin always concealed upon her person in the hope that she might be able to replace mine in case of loss or accident. Only one attempt was made to break my necklace, and this came near being successful. I had fallen asleep one afternoon in the house, and my preserver had left me only for a few minutes, when I was awakened by a strangling sensation, and striking cut wildly I knocked over an old man who was trying to pull my precious collar apart with another eelskin which he had slyly passed through it while I was napping. In spite of my blow, he hung on to his own eelskin and gave another desperate tug. For a minute it was doubtful whether I should be choked or have my neck dislocated, but luckily his own Blueskin proved the weaker of the two, for it parted in his hands and he fell over backward. He was on his feet again like a cat and fled in terror from the hut to relate the story of his failure to his comrades, who were waiting outside. Had he succeeded I should have been seized on the instant, and the human would have got the better of the divine law.

You may be sure that after this Saysa and I were doubly cautious, but no further attempts were made. I never knew where Saysa managed to obtain the two dried skins, for the "rolkan"—as the eel is called, when they dare to name it at all—is exceedingly rare, only a single one is met with at a time, and one may lay in wait many days and nights in the little cove without meeting with even one. Not only is it difficult to capture but the destruction of it is limited by royal decrees which are received as having something of divine origin. But Saysa, who was wonderfully gifted with strong common sense, could make the most of the superstitions of others, while in her own mind

cared but little for the royal edicts or for terrible Blueskin himself.

er religion was that of humanity and love, I am satisfied that she never believed in hing like a personal God, either according to Qualan or the Christian idea of deity. The expiration of the appointed period tree moons, Saysa joyfully took off my unfortable cravat, and I was not sorry to go ad free from the incumbrance, and safe the pursuit of the law, at least for the sent. I was now entirely relieved from that of social ban under which I had lived for months, and went about my business like tive of the island.

was married to my Saysa with all due cereies, according to the custom of her people, felt myself settled down to become a sav-

I was called into the royal presence and med from the king's own mouth that I d never be allowed to go on board any or even to communicate with the crew ty vessel that might arrive. This was a hard attent to submit to, but I had no choice in matter, and the fiat of the great Blueskin announced from the throne was strictly end ever after. When any vessel was seen oaching, I was ordered away into the intrand confined there in a sort of guarde or calaboose, which was carefully watchay and night.

was well treated, and my wife was always y side. But my wife would have been the it if I had strayed beyond certain limits.

soon as the vessel departed all restricwere removed, and I was free to go about usiness as before.

re Irishman, Larry, was drowned by the upig of his canoe a few months after I landand no one was permitted to be discharged
any vessel, while I heard that several deis had been promptly caught and carried
to bondage.

was the only white man residing on Qualan ig the period of fifteen years after the influence of the period of fifteen years after the influence of the large of t

vas not told by the king or chiefs the reasor my thus being forbidden to leave their try, and it was a long time before I could he truth from my wife. But as I became and more master of the language I picked any things which were not intended for my or understanding, and having gathered a of the truth I prevailed upon Saysa to the whole clear to me. And here comes the strangest part of the strange superstitious belief of Oualan.

One who has been saved from the law by a woman having invested him with the skin of the "rolkan," and has succeeded in wearing it for three moons, is safe from immediate punishment, as you have already seen. But the operation of the law is only suspended; penalty is laid up not only against him if he outlives his victim, but against his posterity if otherwise. I was safe during the life of Arlik, but instantly on his decease, I would be held to account for the maining, and the old penalty rigidly enforced, the operation of destroying my eyes to be performed on the day and hour set apart for Arlik's funeral. It was believed that only in this way could Arlik find favor with the great Blueskin, and get what one might call his ticket of admission to the happy home beyond.

But this was not all, and not even the worst feature of the terrible possibilities. Under the internal ingenuity of the Qualan law, if I myself chanced to die before Arlik the penalty of my accident was to be visited upon my innocent To appease Blueskin, my first born must be blinded with the infernal liquid, and if I left no issue the nearest relative or connection must suffer, which in this case would be my true and tender wife, Saysa, who had thus placed herself in the line of danger when she had thus saved me and married me. And in neither case could the "ro!kan" be brought into play to stay the divine wrath. The power of the eelskin taboo extended only during a single life, and this the shorter of the two. From the summons of Blueskin at the death of either party there could be no earthly appeal.

You may try to imagine, if you can, the effect upon my mind when I got a clear understanding of all the devilish requirements of this strange religion. I could no longer be easy for a moment, but felt that I was like one standing upon a gunnowder line. At any moment Ar'ik might suddenly die, or worse yet I might die myself and the fiendish retribution be visited upon my boy, or even upon Saysa, who was dearer to me in those days than any other human being. There was no escape for me unless indeed I tried my fortune upon the sea, running the risk of drowning or of starvation. The chances of the future were never referred to by any one in my presence, but my perfect isolation from all white men continued, and I knew that I was being kept for the sacrifice.

The laws of the Medes and Persians were not more immutable than those of Qualan, nor were they based upon such infernal theology.

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"The summer rose is dead;
The sad leaves, withered,
Strew ankle-deep the pathway to our tread,"—
Ina Coolbrith.

How many dreamers, sightseers, lovers of the romantic and beautiful have loitered 'neath the arbor of the famous "Sherman Rose" of Monterey, drinking in the rare fragrance from the roses on this old vine?

Or, idly watching the breeze-stirred petals falling about the gray-walled adobe, have unconsciously weaved each petal into that age-old romance of the gallant soldier, General Sherman, and his beautiful Spanish Senorita?

But advancement overrules sentiment, and, if we are correctly informel, the wheels of progress are to grind into oblivion this historic place. Although Landmark clubs have managed to preserve buildings, trees, rocks, even, about which early history and romance of California has been woven, there seems to be a good deal of question as to saving this landmark of one of our earliest Spanish families.

It has been generally known for some time that commercial interests have been negotiating for the purchase of this property, it being stated that not only is a large building to be erected, but that a street is to be cut through just about where the famous arbor stands.

There is probably no town in California that gives so much of the atmosphere of early Spanish life—a life care-free and of languid ease, as clings about Monterey. The town which Stevenson loved so much; where the

first theatre of California was built and where the old Custom House still stands; a memory of thrilling days when Spaniards, Americans and British intermingled in the making of early California history.

A few of the picturesque adobe homes, where danced and sang and drank the proud old families, still stand, but many are camouflaged behind the hideous boarding of cheap store fronts.

Not many of the little gardens that were brightened by old fashioned hollyhocks; clinging rose vines, heavy with their burden of gold and red blooms, remain to remind one of the days of the coquette listening at her latticed window to the impassioned voice of her lover and the soft strains of the guitar.

We still find romance in the little town, however. The harbor, though given over to a cartain degree to commercial interests, still retains a bit of its old, drowsy picturesqueness. The bright little fishing smacks, darting in and out of the cove; the tangle of great, brown nots, of ropes and mast-heads rising against the blue Pacific, are inspirations for brush and pen.

But without the rambling, Spanish gardens with their quaint pink and yellow pasteled walk and red tiled tops, the gray-walled adobes, the Robert Louis Stevenson house, the old Custom House and the few other historical buildings, that are yet receiving some care—without these the charm of OLD Monterey will be gone.

Must then the widely known attraction— the "Sherman Rose," with its historic garden impregnated with the atmosphere of Spanish-California, give way to the cold, stern strides of progress?

Shepard Lippincott, whose poetry and added much to American literature in everal years, has contributed another er poems to this month's Overland entitled "Reflected Joys."

hristian Christmas," which we pubthe December, 1921, issue, savors that sweet, quaint language of the hich has characterized much of her us was especially brought out in Miss's book of poetry printed some years ons of Life," and in the many poems under Opie Read and in many eastern

Dverland readers will enjoy these few ons from Miss Lippincott, we only wish would permit of giving some sketches and of her other literary accomplishthey have appeared in "Who's Who in "International Who's Who," "Men of America," etc.

vishing to add to their knowledge of , and also gain some beneficial axioms , hould read the marvelous, yet of "Wawona"—known as "Wawona

lighels, depicts the migration and life ny, recently from the press, by Ella of the Indian tribes of the Northwest, especially does it tell of the wonderful of an Indian woman who lived to merations about her.

of prophecy brought her into history, depth of a courageosuly sustaining, nature saved her tribe for the highest all advantages that afterwards were

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complished and obliging pianist had several selections, when one of the group of listeners in the hotel parlor Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Several hoed the request, and one lady was y desirous to hear the piece, explainer husband had belonged to that very—Current Literature.

rpenter was noted for the quickness, and it was a common saying in the rhich he lived that he always had an ady when it was required. He was duced as "Dr. Carter." Immediately saw his error, and corrected himself. ind," said the doctor, "it's only a slip."

"Autobiography of a Tame Coyote," by Madge Morris Wagner; illustrations by James A. Holden.

The pathetic tale of a captive coyote that, through the too successful operations of "scalp hunters" is bereaved of family and home, and is in imminent danger of ending his days as an attraction to a saloon, in front of which he is chained to an old barrel.

Glimpses into his home life, his method of providing for his family, his fight to protect them and his subsequent flight into a more friendly country, after the five babies are gone and the mother has become a victim to the "\$5.00 per head" bounty hunters, makes a very entertaining little story; also an instructive one to those unacquainted with this too-much disliked chap of plain and hills.

The illustrations accompanying the story are most attractive.

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It may be a matter of interest to know that Arthur W. Atkinson, whose poem "Transformation" appears in this issue, has had the endorsement and recognition of some of our most eminent writers and statesmen. Among them might be mentioned the late Theodore Roosevelt, Ex-President Wilson, Rudyard Kipling, Marshall Foch and David Lloyd George.

An unusual of adventure is being published this week by D. Appleton and Company, "Double-Crossed," by W. Douglas Newton. This English writer, who won such high praise last year for his novel of English suburban life, "Low Ceilings," has in "Double-Crossed" combined his distinguished ability for characterization with a story of adventure of splendid force and fire. It is the story of an English woman, heiress to great wealth, who is lured by a group of conspirators across the ocean and into the wildest depths of Canada's northwest. These conspirators, a picturesque band, use a ne'erdo-well, for whom she had felt a girlish love, as their lure. A young English diplomat, who happens to be sailing on the same steamer, becomes her champion. Seldom is a climax so breathtaking as the novel's final pages when pistols crack in the far Northwest.

Mistress (engaging new maid): "You say the last family you worked for were Germans?" Maid (apologetically): "Yes'm—but they was sterilized when the war broke out."—Snap-Shots.

The Blind Gardner

By CATHERINE PECK-WYLDE

Take what you want, I cannot bear their smell,

I, who am blind, perhaps resent it more than though my eyes could take my thoughts away.

You see I was not always thus, and once this perfume was the breath of life because it spoke to me of one adored.

Ours was a love as pure as lilies' breath,

Ours was a passion conquering even death.

She wore white lilies on the day we wed,

But one short week—again she wore them—dead.

A hideous wreck that tore her from my arms, and then, as though a kindly Heaven above

In pity took my sight, lest I awake and fail to see her there-

Do I plant seeds? Oh, never! For they flaunt and sway above in breeze and sun, and lie in shallow earth a few short days,

But bulbs are different. Blind and hard and cold like my poor heart.

I feel for them. I know their yearning for the sun.

Come every day and pluck each flower that grows.

Bring me your bulbs; I'll love and care for them,

Year in, year out, I'll labor day by day

That they at last may feel the sun's warm ray.

It may be my blind soul, dark and alone,

May struggle with them up through earth and stone, And burst at last through weight of leaf and sod,

Through Nature's sunshine up to Nature's God.

The Eighth Annual State Exhibit of California Wild Flowers will be held at the St. Francis Hotel next month, opening on April 20th and continuing for three days. The first State exhibit of wild flowers was held at the Panama Pacific International Exposition. It is given each year under the auspices of the Wild Flower Conservation League, directed by Mrs. Bertha M. Rice. Rare specimens for the exhibit are sent in from many sections of the State and are classified by botanists with the scientific and common names. The object is to show the variety, beauty and value of the native flora. The league is conducting an educational campaign for the better protection of wild flowers and shrubs.

A conference of nature lovers, that will be National in its scope, will attend the coming exhibit of California wild flowers in April, and many eminent speakers will address the gatherings. Among those who will participate in the program will be Dr. David Starr Jordan, Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, Luther Burbank, Dr.

Ray Lyman Wilbur, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler. The classification of the flowers will be under the direction of Mrs. Roxanna Ferris, assisted by Prof. H. L. Mason and advanced students from the science department of the universities.

The patrons of the State exhibit include many of the leading scientists and educators of the west, and a number of society women from the peninsula, who are actively interesting themselves in this movement, are Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Richard McCreavy, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Miss Marion Ziele, and many others are included as patronesses of the coming exhibit.

On Tuesday, April 4th, at the Sorosis Club, Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels, First Historian of Literary California, is, by request, giving an evening recital of the Days of '49.

Mrs. Mighels will speak from her yet unnublished book, "Ar Vyvah, or Better than Gold," an allegorical story of California.



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GENTLEMAN JOE

Continued from Page 23

once why the idea of marrying him was so repugnant to her. She saw a vision of her ideal before her; and in the midst of all a sob filled her throat, and then, most inappropriately, she laughed. In a moment more, however, she was sobbing in real earnest. "I wonder how long I can hold out?" she questioned herself; "there seems to be no escape." Then drying her tears quickly, she said, "At any rate there is plenty of water in the bay, and I can drown myself if necessary." And she held her head up in defiance once more.

At this moment, the Chinese boy brought in a card and laid it beside her. "Joseph Adams," she exclaimed, the roseate color flooding her face, and a heavenly sparkle coming into her black eyes.

Without waiting to smooth a curl or straighten a fold, she ran through the hall and into the parlor, like the impulsive creature she

"Joe!" she exclaimed, then stood abashed and shrinking before the elegant gentleman who rose to meet her—a gentleman in irreproachable black, with well-cropped head, of military cut, the silvered temples more noticeable than before, with handsome drooping mustache of brightest brown, with ruddy cheeks and fine broad shoulders; but the handsome brown eyes were the same, kindly and responsive.

"Mr. Adams," she faltered.

He took her two hands in his; he looked full into her eyes, dwelling on the timid look which was turned to him; he let his eyes rove over the girlish form in its somber garments, up to the soft white roll around her snowy throat, then back to the black eyes once more. There was nothing more to be said.

Stirred to deepest emotion, once more she remembered that cold, desolate morning on the platform, when she had bidden him good-bye on her way to her father's dying-bed. With a sob, from the vividness with which the picture was presented, she hid her face once more on his sleeve and cried softly to herself; but the arm was folded around her this time, and the little hand was tenderly clasped.

And then she forgot herself and asked of his mother. Sitting down, he told of the change that had come over his life. As he would not return to the old home, being completely unfitted for such an existence, his mother was coming to him.

"Imagine such happiness as this falling to my share," he said earnestly. "In a few days I am to go to meet her; but I could not receive her till I had come to you—to you, Arizona. Little did I imagine the day the teamster told me there was a strange young lady on the other side of the mountain that she was going to alter the whole course of my life; that she—"

"I'm so glad that you were not angry at my taking on myself the bridging of the chasm between you and your old world. I'm so daring that I venture often where I ought not—and I'm so glad that this was not one of the times."

"And I am so daring," said he, rising, "that I have ventured here to your very home to tell you the words trembling on my lips—that you are my world; though I have left a life behind me and am about to enter upon a new one, it will be naught to me without you—for you are my world, Arizona."

The gleam in his handsome dark eyes told even more. Willingly she extended her two hands, and said with something of her old audacious spirit:

"Then Joe—Gentleman Joe—your world stands ready and waiting."

THE HOME OF PROF. FOGG

Continued from Page 40

had never occurred to him. He said not a word, but overcome with emotion stared at Fogg.

"Calm yourself; sit down," said the Pro-

"I saw Prof. Gordon of the — University this morning. He is the man you are supposed to have killed. He forgives you, and with his wife, your sister, will meet you in my dining room this evening."

"My sister!"

"Yes; they were married when you did the shooting. You were unknown to Gordon, and taking you for a madman he was not fast enough with his explanations. But there is the bell. We will go in and meet Prof. Gordon and the ladies."

Arising slowly, Frost said, with agitation:

"Honestly, friend, it takes as much bravery to meet Gordon as it would the hangman."

"Cheer up; he is by no means formidable," said Fogg, leading the way to the dining room.

"Octavia," said Fogg upon entering, "here is your brother, George."

er an affectionate greeting Frost said to ster:

here is Prof. Gordon?"

e is here," said Octavia, turning to Fogg. s," said the Professor, "Octavia is my wife have no daughter."

nen your name is Gordon?"

is. And I have apprised the police that still alive, so the dogs are called off."

th a laugh of genuine mirth Frost said: knew from the first there was something ar about you; strange I did not suspect. certainly glad you are Gordon. I would have you for a brother than anybody I

nank you; I am equally pleased."
this juncture Miss Noble entered, fair and
with a flower-like beauty that long ago
nslaved George Frost.

eanor!" he exclaimed.

corge!" she said, advancing to meet him. is is indeed a royal surprise," said Frost Professor. "Do you know Eleanor is my?"

s, Octavia told me. Now we must all eat nner and after that we will plan the wed-

I the planning resulted in a wedding and hat made of Solitude a veritable carnival

THE WAY OF THE WEST

Continued from Page 55

s, that is true," he agreed. But to him ntrast represented two women—one cond no one but herself; while the other was a when she was making sacrifices for the rt of others.

me, no matter how often I may come.

I love it; somehow I think differently I am up here, but it is very seldom that I my one with me—who can understand ppreciate it. I brought Red with me once, the scenery, for he was constantly making comparisons. He has ridden over the and mountains so much that he cannot my beauty in them. The desert was conty bringing memories of his past to his memories where hardships and lack of figured largely. I remember one funny

comparison that he made was: 'I would be so plumb dry that a drap of water would have tasted like liceker in Ol' Mexico.'"

"Red is all right," said Dick. "I owe my life to you and Red, and I always stand by my friends. He has always been used to action, so naturally sentiment would not have a very deep hold on him. Then again his life has been out in the open where mountains, plains and deserts have become as every-day to him as his cow-pony—they are merely the setting, and they are considered only when they produce hardships."

"Well," said Nina, looking at him seriously, "mister man, where do you get all your views? Your appreciation of the beautiful is so little different from most of men—I am curious to know about it."

"It came from the early training I received from my mother," he said tenderly. "I've ridden in mountains nearly all my life; a mountain cowboy has a stronger love and understanding for mountains and beautiful scenery than one who has ridden the plains, but my sentiment came from my mother. She and my father came from the South in the early pioneer days: she was a woman of education and culture, and she had a wonderful understanding of all things which were beautiful. I never went to school a day in my life—there were no schools in the section of Wyoming where we lived-but she taught me until I was sixteen, when she died; she only lived a year after my father's death. Since then I have rustled for myself, but I have never forgotten her nor her many beautiful characteristics.

"She must have been a wonderful woman," said Nina thoughtfully. "My mother died just when I was reaching the age to appreciate her. I have never forgotten her—I can understand your loss, and how you feel about it."

For a long time they remained silent, looking into the valley below, but their thoughts were not on the beauty of the scene. When the deepening shadows recalled them to the lateness of the hour and they started homeward, there was a mutual understanding between them, although no word had been spoken.

CHAPTER XV

Mexicans

The men had left that morning to begin the round-up. They were first going to work the Sierra Madre Mountains for "strays," after which they would work the valley.

Now, since the noise of their leaving had subsided, everything was deathly quiet. Nina, as her eyes wandered from the empty corral to the long, deserted bunk-house, thought she had never seen the ranch so quiet and deserted. She missed Red Johnson's good natured remarks, and she missed—and her face suddenly became rosy. "Yes," she thought, "I do miss him awfully."

Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs in the rear of the corral, and as Nina heard the approach of the running horses, she said:

"Wonder why they are coming back; they surely must have had trouble." Then her startled gaze fell on fifteen or more gaudily dressed, heavily armed Mexicans who were galloping towards her. Had not the full danger of her position dawned upon her, she would have admired the picture they made as the sun flashed on the silver and gold trimmings of bridles, saddles, sombreros, embroidered jackets, scarlet scarfs and velveteen calzeneros. Thrown across their shoulders, and its fold open to the breeze. were beautiful mangas of brilliant colors. But while they, with their gaudy, expensive costumes, and running steeds, made a picture which bespoke of romance, it was also a picture which had spelled disaster to many a ranchero down in the valley.

As Nina ran toward the house, a Mexican more gaudily dressed than his companions, reined in his horse beside her, and swooping down seized her around the waist; but the act was his last, for as his arm encircled her waist a pistol spoke from the porch of the ranch-house, and the man fell to the ground carrying Nina with him.

As she struggled to her feet she saw her father pitch forward off the porch, and suppressing a shriek, she ran forward and gathered him in her arms. As she held him to her breast she knew that he was dead, for the blood was flowing from an ugly wound in his temple. An insane fury suddenly seized her; choking down her sobs she quietly grasped her father's fallen six-shooter, and, before they had noted her act, fired twice, with deadly effect, at two of the grinning faces of the horsemen who surrounded her. Then, as a Mexican sprang from his horse and caught her around the waist, she pulled the trigger again, but there was only a metallic click—the daughter had finished the work started by her fallen father. When the man snatched the pistol from her hand she hit him with her small, clenched fist squarely on his leering mouth, bringing both blood and oaths from his bruised lips. Then as the man seized and pinioned her hands behind her another Mexican joined him and Nina felt a rope being tied

around her hands; then the next thing she knew they had swung her into the saddle of one of the four horses which had lost their rider.

Two Mexicans at this moment came up from the stable with their arms full of hay, which they carried into the ranch-house; then as one of them applied a match a rifle cracked and he pitched over into the ignited hay; as the rifle spoke again the other greaser dropped his hay and ran for his horse, one arm hanging limply at his side. He noted that his comrades with the gringo girl were disappearing around the corner of the corral.

As the wounded man attempted to mount the remaining horse a Mexican girl, carrying a rifle, ran out on the porch, and as her eye fell on the man she raised the rifle and deliberately fired. The man slumped down in a lifeless heap by the side of the horse. Anita, the Mexican girl, had conquered her first racial desire and had renounced it for her friends.

'Boys," said Red Johnson as they rode down through the valley, "I'll be durned if that noise ain't shooting, an' it's back at ther ranch."

With one accord the cavalcade halted. Back in the distance came the report of a volley of shots.
"Come on, boys." yelled the foreman, Joe

As the madly riding men neared the ranch they saw a volume of smoke issuing from the front of the ranch-house: but it suddenly died out and they saw Anita rush out and kneel by the side of some one who was lying by the side of the porch.

When in a short cime they reined in their horses, and part of them dismounted, they found Anita with Dr. Pendleton's head pillowed in her lap. A hasty examination showed that he was not dead, although there was a dangerous wound in his chest, and a flesh wound in his thigh, but there was no wound in his temple. Contrary to Nina's belief, the blood on his temple was only a slight flesh wound caused by a glancing bullet.

"Annita, where is Miss Nina?" cried Dick a sudden weakness overcoming him.

"Dey teek her with theem. Go thees way," replied Annita, pointing past the corral. Then

as Joe Tipton detailed two men to assist Annita the men wheeled their horses and dashed past

the corral with Dick in their lead.

"Not too fast, boys," cautioned Joe Tipton, who caught up with them during the first mile. "You must save your horses for the final run. Look out for an ambush—these cholas are great on that stuff.

the first five miles had been covered of madly riding horsemen could be seen distance. It was evident that they had ir pursuers, for they could be seen quirt-r fast lagging steeds.

s," shouted Joe Tipton, "wait until I word before rushing them—too many they will not fight—they will split into." Then as they began to close in on any would from time to time turn in their and fire upon their pursuers, but they far away to be effective.

"yelled Tipton at the top of his voice, nem hell!" And yelling like mad the tantly responded and dashed forward as spur and quirt could drive their mounts. ipton had predicted, the greasers sepone bunch going north while the other south. When they split Dick perceived: horse was carrying double, so he dashursuit of the Mexicans who were headed As he neared the fleeing bandits, they are and fire upon him and the men who llowing him, the bullets whining uncomnear at times.

and his companions began firing on the corsemen, with the exception of the one as carrying Nina. In a few moments sican suddenly lurched forward in his and fell to the ground. The four re-

Mexicans immediately gave up all of fight and began whipping their eeds.

It the one carrying Nina began drawing and as he saw the others leaving him he o wild shots at Dick, and then seeing was losing out as the two shots had alis pursuers to gain on him, he released and Nina fell to the ground where she rer into a quiet heap. But this act only I his end, for Dick fired twice and he rerumpled and fell to the ground. Beshorse had quit sliding, from the applying of the spade bit, Dick had disland was running to the quiet form of

. are you hurt?" he inquired with a is voice. Raising her head in his arms ed that her hands were tied, and as he thongs which bound them he felt a latred towards all Mexicans.

, Dick," said a weak voice, "how did here?"

, are you hurt?" inquired Dick earnestnoticed she was not fully aware of the conditions. "I am afraid that you are." "No, I am not hurt," she replied, and began sobbing, "but my poor, dear father—he is dead."

"No, he is not dead, Nina," said Dick, soothingly; "we just came by the ranch—he is

wounded, but not seriously."

"Oh, I know he is dead!" she exclaimed bitterly. "It is unkind in you to try to deceive me. He was shot in the temple—I saw the blood pouring out of the wound."

"Now listen, Nina," said Dick. "The wound that you saw in the temple was nothing but a mere scratch; it looked bad with all the blood, but the bullet never entered, it glanced. He is wounded in the breast, but I do not think it will prove fatal."

"Oh, I am so awfully glad that father is not dead!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Come, let's get back to him! We have got to get him to a doctor, and we can't get started too soon."

"Are you sure you are not hurt," he inquired

anxiously.

"Sure, I am, Dick. You see the grass is so thick along here that the fall just knocked the breath out of me without seriously hurting me. Come, let's hurry!"

Before they had covered half of the distance to the ranch they were overtaken by a party of returning cowboys and one of the men gave Nina his horse and they hurried on ahead of the others to the ranch, where they were met by Red Johnson.

"How is father, Red?" inquired Nina, her lips trembling. "Now tell me the truth, Red."

"Miss Nina, yuh father is not dangerously wounded," replied Red. "He is conscious, an' he is giving orders like his old self. We are going to start for El Paso—"

But Nina, closely followed by Dick, had waited to hear no more. She flew into the house

and rushed to her father's room.

"Nina," said a weak voice, "don't worry,

child. I am not dangerously wounded."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she cried, kneeling by the bed and seizing her father's hand. "Daddy, I am so glad, for I thought they had killed you."

"Annita and "Red" have patched me up a little, but I will need medical attention, so we are leaving for El Paso." After a moment he continued: "Dick, tell Joe to keep five of the boys and stay here; the others will go with us. We ought to get to El Paso tomorrow."

As Dick approached the stable he heard Red Johnson talking to the men, who had all as-

sembled by this time.

"I tell yuh, fellows," he said proudly, "mebbe Miss Nina didn't work on them cholas—she shorely got two of them; yuh can see their pizen carcasses from here. Annita told me all about it; an' now that Mexican gal of mine ain't off a bit when it comes ter pumping a Winchester—she got two of them. She is all right, believe me."

Dick, who had started Slim with the wagon to the ranch-house, next delivered his message to Joe Tipton, who decidede to send Dick, Red and eight others on the trip to El Paso.

While the men who were to remain at the ranch went up to arrange the wagon and place the wounded man in it, Dick and the men who were to make the trip rode down to a pasture where they secured fresh mounts.

A young Irish sailor, after pulling in forty or fifty fathoms of line, muttered to himself: "Sure, it's as long as today and tomorrow! It's a good week's work for any five men. More of it yit? The say's mighty deep, to be sure." Then he suddenly stopped short; and, looking up to the officer on watch, he exclaimed, "Bad luck to me, sorr, if I don't belave somebody's cut off the other end of this line!"

Guest (to head-waiter): "Is your name 'Tide'?" Waiter: "No, sir." Guest: "Or 'Time'?" Waiter: "Not at all." Guest: "Well, it ought to be one of them. You wait on no man."—Texas Siftings.

Sergeant (drilling awkward squad): "Company! Attention company, lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you!" One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. The officer, seeing this, exclaimed angrily, "And who is that fellow over there holding up both legs?"—Chicago News.



THE CHARM OF BLUESKIN

Continued from Page 61

As I before intimated, it was several years before I found out and understood the whole truth. The great cause of Saysa's unwillingness to enlighten me was the fear that I would make an attempt at escape, abandoning her and my children. But as she came in time to understand me better, she no longer had any fear on that score, and indeed she need have had none. My escape from the island would have had the same legal effect as my death, entailing blindness upon my son, and if I took the boy with me, she herself must suffer in like manner.

Indeed, when I came to comprehend all the contingencies, I no longer had any desire to escape, unless my family went with me. We felt that we must live or die together, and from that time the understanding was perfect between Saysa and myself. I felt that nothing could shake her absolute faith in me.

The boy, of course, knew nothing of the fearful burden which his parents were forced to carry, sustained only by their love for each other.

Thus the years wore on until Qualan Stuart had grown to a stout boy of thirteen, when my poor friend Arlik fell sick of a slow, intermittent fever, and I was called to attend him. As I had taken a partial course of study in anatomy and medicine when a youth in old Scotland, I really knew something of the matter, and from my successful handling of many similar cases I had acquired quite a reputation as a medical man. Arlik and I had always been fast friends, and well the worthy fellow knew that no human being had a more direct interest in his recovery than I had. His death would be more than death to me, and you may depend upon it that I employed my best skill and care upon his case.

But a study of his symptoms for a few days satisfied me that he would never recover. At each recurrence of the fever he grew weaker and it was evident that he had not vitality enough to work a cure. His death would not be immediate or sudden, but Alik was surely doomed.

I made light of the case, however, and expressed the most perfect conviction of my ability to complete a cure. In the intervals when he was stronger I made the most of the fact, and assured the king and every one else, excepting my faithful wife, that he was gaining rapidly and would soon be well again. But while I thus

ad suspicion, there was the most perfect anding with Saysa, and we knew that vas no time to be lost. We must take ances of the ocean, carrying our boy

, and live or die together.

d my own small canoe, in which I was med to go outside the reef, torching for ish, and it was quite a matter of course wives to accompany us on these cruises. I had often taken my boy, too, as he w getting stout enough to be of service begin learning the duties of a man.

day when Arlik was unusually bright predictions of his rapid recovery louder er before, I gave the secret word to Saythat evening, if ever, was to be our At dusk, having just paid a visit to my who was in high spirits, and honestly rent from the sick-room directly to the where my wife and boy awaited me with see in readiness for pushing off.

e were several other canoes going out, me which had started earlier were alm the fishing grounds with their torches away merrily. We lagged a little in r of the consorts and were among the arrive, taking up our station at the lee the line.

know something yourself of the manner ng flying fish. The canoes lie to close rind with their great sails of matting d taut; and the flying fish, attracted by it of the blazing torches, fly against the l drop into the bottom of the canoe.

ng our places at the lee end of the fleet, ed the canoe to gradually sag off, widendistance between us and our neighbors. en the proper moment seemed to have I swung her off with a free sheet, dropy torch as if by accident into the sea. was nothing for it now but to make the speed, and we plied our paddles with muscle we possessed. Under the united of the paddles and the sail, with a brisk vind blowing, our progress was very ad we were soon looking back upon the ghts like dim sparks in the distance. We I no signs of their having taken the and now felt sure of getting a good start pursuit.

had arms in the canoe and were deternever to be carried back alive. My ife had taken care to smuggle in an exply of breadfruit and other provisions we all, calabashes of fresh water.

ing my course to the west-northwest as I could by the stars and the wind, we be paddles steadily for several hours,

and Saysa insisted upon exerting herself even after I was exhausted, and our dear boy had sunk down from drowsiness.

When day broke, the highland of Qualan loomed dimly on the horizon like a faint cloud, but after a brief rest we renewed our labors, our hearts trembling with fear of pursuit. I knew that as soon as our departure was made certain, large canoes, strongly manned, would be sent out in chase and would gain rapidly upon us, but I put my trust in the thought that the ocean is wide, and the old saying that a stern chase is a long one. My hope was to reach the island of Ponapi or Ascension, knowing that it was high land, visible at a great distance, and if I could keep the same general course I should hardly go amiss of it. We saw nothing to break the clear horizon until late the next afternoon, when the sharp eyes of my wife spied a sail nearly ahead and we outdid ourselves in our eagerness to draw nearer to her.

When the sun dipped below the ocean we had approached so that I could see her lower sails or courses nearly down to her hull, but my anxiety was great as to whether they had seen us. If she was a whaler, as I hoped, it was possible that her lookouts at the mast-head might catch sight of our sail when they took their last look round the horizon before descending from their stations at sundown, but this was only a chance and an uncertainty. I was delighted to observe a few minutes later that she was taking in her topgallant sails, for this made me certain that she was a whaler, shortening sail for the night, as is common on cruising grounds.

We strained every nerve and muscle to our paddles, for every inch seemed important, as increasing our chance of being seen while the men were aloft furling sails. We gained so much during the short twilight that as we rose on the wave I could see a thin line of her black hull. But our attention had been so absorbed with the ship that we had neglected to look astern, and my heart sank within me when suddenly my boy uttered a little sharp cry and touched me on the shoulder. I turned around and there, looming in the last shimmer of the twilight, was the head of a great leg-of-mutton sail, such as was carried by the war canoes of Qualan.

My brave Saysa also looked and took in the situation, but the determination in her eye was only more fierce, and her bare, rounded arm appeared to gather new strength of muscle as she faced round again to her work at the paddle.

I quickly rallied my courage, and reflected

that although our pursuers must have seen the ship, it was quite possible that they might not yet have seen our sail, which was comparatively small, for as they were low down near the surface of the sea their range of vision was not to be compared with that of the masthead-man on board the whaler. I wanted then to let my sail drop, hoping to dodge our pursuers in the dark, but on the other hand I wanted every inch I could gain by its power, for the ship might go away from us, all unconscious of our desperate fate, if we had not been seen by her.

On the ship depended my salvation, for if I could only communicate with her my dangers were over. I must keep up the power of both sails and paddles, and if I could only shape my course direct enough in the dark, I might well be able to overhaul her now that she was under

easy sail.

We exchanged not a word for an hour, but I could hear the beating of the faithful heart at my side as we plied our paddle-strokes for dear life. Now and then I gave an anxious glance to windward, but the darkness had shut down upon our pursuers, as well as upon the ship to which we were looking for deliverance.

Again my keen-eyed boy uttered his short, sharp cry, pointing with his hand away off the port bow. His mother missed her regular paddle dip and also pointed with her hand.

"Light, ho!" I shouted instinctively, for the old sailor impulse was yet strong within me, and my hopes went up so high that for a moment I was reckless of the danger of making a noise. If the ship kept a light set I could easily reach her, for I should have a guide to steer by. I did not know why she should set a light and was not prepared for the full joy and happiness that so soon awaited me.

For a few minutes toil at the paddles made it plain, as we and the light neared each other so rapidly, that the ship had tacked soon after dark and was now heading up toward us with her signal lanterns aloft in full swing. Our sail had been seen then before night had closed in, and the ship had maneuvered accordingly.

As we answered her hail, she swung her head yards in aback and in a few minutes more we were on the deck of the colonial whaler Brutus of Sydney, and telling our tale to a score of British seamen. My canoe was pushed adrift and left to her fate as soon as we had jumped out of her, and the ship at once lowered her signal lanterns, but still lay aback.

We heard the Strong's islanders in the great canoe off our weather beam, hovering around us so as to see, but not be seen, heard their cries when they first discovered my drifting canoe and heard their yells of baffled rage when they were certain she was empty.

But they did not venture to approach the ship any nearer, and as we filled away on our course I wished them joy of their job in beating back to the island, which I hope they reached in safety.

It all seemed like a dream to me who had not been on board a ship or seen the features of a white man for nearly fifteen years. I had been so long an outcast that although it was five months before the Brutus returned to her home port, I had scarcely even then acquired the ways and customs of civilized men.

But we were lucky in obtaining a good fare of sperm oil, and as I did a seaman's duty to the best of my ability I was allowed a lay of the catchings, and many little presents were made to my wife and boy by our shipmates, so that we were not quite penniless when we stepped ashore in Australia. I soon found employment, for I could not think of going to sea again and leaving Saysa in what to her was a strange land.

We were in a fair way to prosper, and I should have been very happy but for the failing health of my wife, who had been so true and loving to me through all our changes and trials.

But Saysa was a child of the tropics and the new climate was too much for her. She captinued steadily to droop and no medical and could reach the case. Within a year I was a widower, and but for the son who was left to me. I should have felt that I was alone in the world. I was too wise now to ever fall the the habits of dissipation and I persevered in the steady, upright course, doing by whole duty the boy, and rearing him up to an honoration manhood.

Time healed the old wound, and when Qui had himself taken a wife and built up his he I married my present companion who had he left a widow with one little daughter and public-house business on her hands, thousands premises were under mortgage for half value. But with my savings I was able to away all that burden, and starting fair world. We have been as fortunate as well any right to expect. The house used known as the King George, but I took a to rechristen it, and though you might that the eel is not a very attractive sign. can judge what associations I have in counsetion with it and whether the whim was an excusable one.

It is rather a joke spelling Blueskin on the sign, for I must tell you that the rolkan is not

it all, but of an ugly grey color, and not a respectable looking as the one representthe artist. But it is getting very late, and the a parting sip to the memory of Saysa, I am sure has found the great reawrd, are professing the Christian faith or otherwe will turn in for the night.

was reading the paper instead of washing rindows of the hotel when the manager in. "What's this?" he said. "Pack up things, and go." So poor Bill drew his y, went upstairs, and put on his good, a. Coming down he met the manager, iid not recognize him in his black coat. rou want a job?" asked he. "Yes, sir." Bill. "Can you clean windows?" "Yes,

"You look a handy sort of fellow."

1k you sir," said Bill; and in half an hour

2 back in the same old room earning two

3 a week more than before—but cleaning

adow this time, and not reading the paper.

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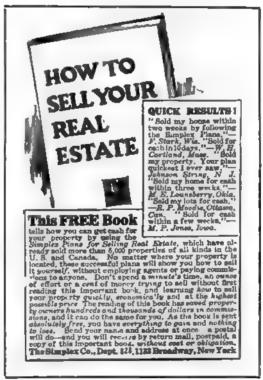
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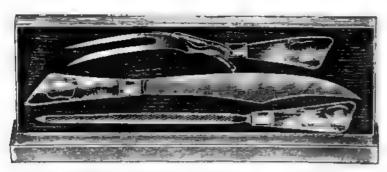
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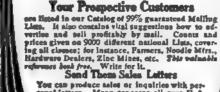
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No. 4

Overland.

Monthly

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor,

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"A land without ruins is a land without memories."

Santa Clara Centenary—Page 11



Blossoms-Santa Clara Valley



"Christian and Pagan Indians attended-" Senta Clara Centenary—Page 12



"The M.ssion bells toll out their age-old messages"



Michael C. Dunne, as "Padre Jose Maria del Real"



The Santa Clara Centenary

By EDWARD SHIPSEY, S. J.

ANTA CLARA VALLEY, Santa Clara County, the Town of Santa Clara and the University of Santa Clara all feel rom the Mission of Santa Clara they were both the glory of a far-famed name and amor of a romantic past. They are celeg a birthday of local and state-wide inand of national as well. It may even ripples of comment in Old Spain. For other must yet feel a pang of concern for sughter who in babyhood was lost to her

d if Spain may consider California a ster lost while young, we often conceive Vest somewhat differently. We conceive did Edwin Coolidge, one of our own poets, he Strong, Young West," which

ands like a careless giant

inting the world with unwearied eyes."

t in its very youth there is an element of tion. For we do not associate gray hairs green years, nor ruins and memories with ng land. Yet such is the contradiction of smia, which gives point to the remark ofessor H. E. Bolton, of the University of smia, that "One of the anomalies of his-1 studies just now is the fact that the fields are the newest."

has been said that "A land without ruins land without memories—a land without wies is a land without history." Rome

and Greece are lands with memories and their ruins come to mind. The abbey ruins of England fired the imagination of Scott and many others. California has her memories and Santa Clara is celebrating the hundredth anniversary of an episode in the history of one of them.

The century plant was formerly thought to bloom once in a hundred years. We have all seen so many in bloom that we may seriously doubt if they were all one hundred years old. Authorities in botany bear out these suspicions. Santa Clara sins in the opposite direction. An institution that is nearly one hundred and fifty years old is celebrating a centenary. The plant that is now blooming there after a hundred years is a plant that was twice removed. Mission Santa Clara had three sites. The third was dedicated in 1822 and now forms the nucleus of the University of Santa Clara group of buildings and about it center the present commemorative activities.

When Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and Franklin were establishing, on the Eastern Coast, the young republic which in our time has grown to the colossus of modern nations. Serra, Palou, Pena and Murguia were establishing, on the Western Coast, the missions which have colored the life and architecture of lovely California. The year 1776 is familiar and sacred to us as Americans. It is sacred and should be familiar to us as Californians.

It was on March 30, 1776 that members of the Anza Expedition, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel Anza and Father Pedro Font, gave its name to what is locally known as the Guadalupe River. In Father Font's diary is this entry, "1776, March 30. We halted at four in the afternoon on the other side of a river, which we called Rio de Guadalupe." The full name is River of Our Lady of Guadalupe and was called from the famous Guadalupe shrine in Mexico.

On January 6, 1777, nine months later, a little colonizing party gathered at Mission Dolores, San Francisco, and moved southeast toward the Rio Guadalupe to make a foundation in the valley yet unnamed. At its head were Lieutenant Moraga and Father Thomas de la Pena (pen-ya).

"On January 12, 1777," says Rev. James A. Colligan, S. J., in his History of Santa Clara Mission, "Father Pena planted the Mission Cross and celebrated Mass on the banks of a little stream on the westerly side of the Guadalupe River at a spot now forming part of Laurel Wood Farm, near Agnew Station." This was the first site of Santa Clara Mission, and is about two miles from the town of Santa Clara.

The church and other buildings destined to form the community center known as "The Mission" were begun. Messengers were sent to the capital, Monterey, to San Carlos Mission, for Father Murguia. On January 21, he arrived with cattle, seed, implements, and other necessaries. That date marks the beginning of agriculture, stock raising, architecture and vocational training in the valley. Junipero Serra as head of all the Missions made visits on September 28, and October 10, 1777.

The first winter at Santa Clara Mission, 1777 to 1778, was Washington's winter at Valley Forge. When he was holding out in that dreary period, those who named this valley were making their early struggle to develop its natural resources and civilize the low natives who were its inhabitants. They were endeavoring to introduce into it the stock, grain, vines and trees, the implements and knowledge of building construction which have since formed the basis of its material prosperity.

As Washington was hampered with cold and lack of supplies, Murguia and Pena were disturbed by floods. In 1779 the site was twice flooded. Many buildings of the new community center were destroyed. It was resolved to move to higher ground. A second site was chosen.

This second site is within the township of Santa Clara at Franklin and Campbell avenues. The spot is about half way between the present site and the Southern Pacific depot. Locating it exactly was the merest accident. in 1911 were preparing to lay a pipe line on Campbell avenue. In digging, they struck a stone evidently shaped by hand. Investigation showed it to be the cornerstone of the Second Mission, and it is now in the library in the University of Santa Clara. A cavity in the center contained medals, a crucifix and coins. No coin bore a date later than 1778. Mission records show that it was laid by Serra himself on November 19, 1781, and mention that medals. a crucifix and coins were placed in it.

The dedication of this church and mission was set for May 15, 1784. When Serra and Palou arrived for the ceremony a sad community awaited them. Murguia, the builder, had died four days before. Nevertheless on the evening of that day, Serra blessed the new church, the finest of all in California. He was assisted by Fathers Palou and Pena. Governor Fages was present, Commandante Moraga and a great multitude of Christian and pagan Indians and of settlers. The new group of buildings served until 1818. In that year an earthquake whetted upon them its appetite for ruin.

One hundred years ago the third and present site with its buildings was dedicated. The ceremony took place on the eve of the Feast of St. Clare, August 11, 1822. Serra, Palou, Pela and Murguia had long since rested from their labors. It is the completion of this century that is being commemorated.

An adobe steeple ornamented this church until 1841, when a wooden one replaced it. In 1861 or 1862 when the Franciscans had passed on and the former mission had become the nucleus of the University of Santa Clara, this wooden steeple was removed and the present facade, having two towers, was built. In 1885 the tottering adobe walls had to make way for wooden walls. The quaint reredos remain and the old ceiling painting, executed on the crudely hewn boards, attracts the attention of thousands of visitors each year.

The cross which stands in front of the Mission is the cross the Spanish soldiers and Indians reared and the Padres blessed at the first site in 1777. It has followed the fortunes of the succeeding locations and spent the years between 1779 and 1822 at the second location. It is covered with white pine to protect it from the weather, but a piece of glass at its base makes the original redwood visible. The three bells,

t used, come down from the earlier time, and are cast in 1798 and 1799. They were given Santa Clara by Charles IV of Spain on the press condition that they be tolled each evenhundred Alumni of the University of Santa Clara were gathered in the Inner Garden of the Santa Clara Campus. They were upon the very site of the old Mission Quadrangle that



Arthur J. Saxe as Don Luis Castanares

g as a reminder to the living to say a prayer of the dead. At half past eight each evening say toll out their age-long message.

On May 30, 1921 they did so under most amatic and significant circumstances. Five

had been the scene of so many stirring eventsin by-gone days. On the left was the old Mission Church. At their back a long adobe wall. On their right rose dark olive trees that had waved calmly through a hundred years of history. Every shrub and tree glowed with hidden and many-colored electric lights. At half past eight the bells tolled forth the usual message. As they did so the body rose and remained in prayerful silence while the president of the association slowly read out the names of Santa Clara men fallen in the World War. Did Carlos Cuarto ever dream that the bells he gave would call forth such an expression from a people but then becoming a nation and whose very tongue was probably unfamiliar to him?

Mr. Z. S. Eldredge in his introduction to "History of California: The Rise and Progress of an American State," says: "It is the intention of the writers of these volumes to give in simple narrative the story of California, more interesting it may be and more romantic than that of any other state in the Union; to give in proper sequence the procession of events which culminated in the blending of the ancient streams of Spanish and English colonization to form an American state. There is so much that seems strange and remote to the American of Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic descent that altogether the story of this California of ours is most fascinating." Then he instances the Mis-The incident just mentioned brings the The present centenary does the point out. same.

One who has delved but slightly into Californiana cannot but notice a difference in mental attitude between works brought out, say in 1850 or 1860, and works of the present day. This attitude regards the Missions. Americans were comparatively few and strangers in a strange land. Today we have to pause to realize that things were ever different. Then the Missions were in their decay. Their day of glory was past. There was no general Mission architecture, now so much at home in California and so little at home anywhere else, to meet one at every step whether in public buildings or in private homes. The loftiness of the lives of the Padres had not been caught. The present spirit of respectful admiration, flowing over into enthusiasm at times, was not so much in evidence.

Nor is it surprising. It was necessary that time should throw its halo around what the Padres did. Anglo-Saxon colonizing efforts had no counterpart which corresponded to the Missions, no agency devoted solely and intensely to the salvation and elevation of the natives. The Spanish government or certain individuals within it may have looked upon the missionary effort largely or solely as promoting acquisition or colonization. The cultured Spanish gentle-

man who left his all, put on the brown robe of the friar and sailed to the ends of the earth in the expectation of certain hardships and dangers had but one aim. Today we see its selfsacrificing nobility. Conquistador, Don and Commandante are fading figures. The Padre lives.

In the February number of the Overland Monthly there is a picture of a Franciscan, cowled and calmly serious. He is walking slowly in the covered ambulatory within a row of Mission arches. The light of sunset glows upon the wrinkled features, strangely kind, yet firm. It glows upon the swelling lines of the succeeding architectural curves above his head. Darkly it reveals the hand-hewn beams that support the roof of the portico. It casts shadows across his footway. He himself is in the sunset of his years, as befits one who is a symbol of the past. The caption "Mission Father—Friend and Counsellor to Poor and Rich Alike" tells his story. Any man of education anywhere, seeing the picture would say "California!"

A man of wide reading or one naturally given to reflection would add "The picture speaks of work accomplished; it says nothing directly of labor expended." When we hear the Missions mentioned we think of them in their glory or in the picturesqueness of their decay. We do not

think of their beginnings.

Englehardt, "Missions and Missionaries of California," the best authority on the subject, mentions several cases, even among these heroic men, of requests to leave California because of the seeming hopelessness of accomplishing anything, and two cases of loss of mind from hardships. Those who first came into the Santa Clara Valley shared the general impression that California was an island. They had no delusion regarding the low grade in the scale of civilization occupied by the natives. They had no delusion regarding the tantalizing interference on the part of the military that so often thwarted them. Captain George Vancouver, who visited Santa Clara in 1792, draws a striking contrast between the soldiers he had seen at the different posts and the Friars at Santa Clara: the mea of war, lazy and instructed not to labor for fear it would lower them in the eyes of the natives; the men of peace, laboring like slaves themselves and guiding the low Indians whose respect they had won in the ways of work. It reminds one of the remark of Vancouver's fellow countryman of today, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, "I would not go to a monastery for the same reason I would not go to the mountains to hunt bear. It is too much work."

Some early writers comment unfavorably on the crude implements used and on the low condition of the natives, "when all was said and done." They forgot the distance those implements were brought or the difficulties under which they were made in a time when all implements were comparatively crude. They did not see, as we see, that the marvel is not that so little was done but that with so little, so much was accomplished.

The Franciscan was the first "Man with a Hoe" in Santa Clara Valley as in the rest of California. He introduced architecture and built masterpieces with Indian hands and mud and straw which have colored the whole architecture of a great state. And if nature which has treated the rock and mortar of English ruins kindly, is causing California mud and straw to trickle away, the people who have come after are perpetuating the style.

The Franciscan introduced music, painting, and sculpture. About the community center called The Mission, the trades began to flourish and the Indians to be trained in them, black-smithing, carpentry and all the forms of husbandry. Here was a school of vocational training, over a century before that term was coined.

Santa Clara Mission marks the beginning of the redwood lumber industry in California. Specimens lumbered one hundred and one hundred and fifty years ago may be seen there. At the Mission the first grain and vegetables were set out and the first fruit trees, and in this connection the first irrigation was started.

By the Padres the first cattle were brought into the valley and the first sheep, mules and horses. Beef flesh became a drug on the market and cattle were killed for their hides and tallow. Ships came from the good port of Boston for these. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" describes such a trip around The Horn. So those who think Boston and California the two great cultural centers in the country may shake hands across the stretches of the past almost from the days of the Boston Tea Party. Americans were known on the Western Coast as "Boston Men" long before the name "Gringo" was heard of. It was the cattle of California that first attracted Americans and many, captivated by the beauty of the country. remained.

In Mission days, California was unfenced and great herds of cattle, brought in from Spain through Mexico, roamed the mountains and the valleys. Annually in May or June a round-up was held, and called by the Spanish name Ro-



Santa Clara Valley, where the first grain, vegetables and fruit trees were set out

deo (Ro-day-o). Vaqueros and Mayordomos, mounted on blooded Arabian horses, presided. The cattle belonging to each Rancho, known by their brand, were separated. The calves that followed their mothers were thereby recognized as the property of a given man.

The work of separation over, the festivities began and a show of feats and skill. The Rodeo was the event of the year. There were gathered the wealth and beauty of the locality. The Santa Clara Rodeo was one of the greatest of these. Horsemen competed for prizes, in contests of roping, riding, and racing. The great-

Merie at the suggestion of Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., formerly president of Santa Clara, is produced from time to time by the students and alumni of the University of Santa Clara, and is never staged away from its natural setting, the very old Mission grounds themselves on which the scene of its action is laid.

The story opens with the Mission in the background. The war between Mexico and the United States is at its height. Padre Jose Maria de Real, the last Franciscan superior, is surveying the motley assemblage, passing among them and giving his blessing to all. Soquel, a reac-



"The Santa Clara Rodeo was the event of the year-horsemen competed for prizes"

est prizes were not listed. For the fair hand of many a Senorita was won by some colorful and dashing master of the arena.

The advance of the Americans from the East reduced the romance and social pre-eminence of the Spanish Rodeo to the level of the Wild West Show. Before Cheyenne, Pendleton or Prescott were heard of, hearts were being broken and history made at the Santa Clara Rodeos.

The events surrounding the period of the American occupation can best be told by a brief description of the Mission Play of Santa Clara. This play, consisting of a prologue, three acts and an epilogue, was written by Martin V.

gade Indian, is heard wailing because of the drought that threatens the valley and because of his sick and starving child. Don Fernando Castanares, a fine example of the stately old Spanish Don, has disinherited his son, Don Luis, for striking the aide to the commandante at Monterey and thus bringing disgrace of court martial upon the family. Even the Padre cannot calm the rage which has been accentuated by recent expressions of sympathy for the coming Yankees on the part of the wayward boy. Jack Mosely is an unscrupulous land agent who bribes Soquel to steal the Mission land grant. Word comes that Monterey has fallen, that Sloan has struck the Axtee Eagle

ised the Stars and Stripes. In Captain m. U. S. A., the bearer of the tidings, the senses a friend. Gay-hearted Don Luis refuge in the Mission from Don Antonio de on the military charge. Disguised as ant, he promises the pompous and nearmilitary secretary to serve a warrant on During the evening fiesta, Soquel the land grant and gives it to Mosley. m returns, raving. His child has died s reveals his theft. Don Luis, still disis dispatched to Monterey to thwart the if the grant and to return with American y aid. Mosley excites the Indians against ssion. Captain Mallison and Mission atts prepare to hold out till help comes. is Mallison's prisoner for a time but es-

The attack begins. When the defense hopeless, a bugle call announces relief. adre's prayers for rain are heard. Don ith the re-filed land grant, throws himself feet of the kneeling Padre. The epilogue a the calm which follows storm.

The transformation from 1846 to what we now see has been gradual yet phenomenal. The day will be vividly recalled at Santa Clara on May I when Franciscans will celebrate an openair Mass beneath the identical cross in front of which their brown-robed brethren celebrated it at the dedication of the first Mission in 1777, of the second in 1784 and the third in 1822.

The presence of Governor Stephens at this ceremony will recall the similar presence of his Spanish predecessor, Governor Pedro Fages in 1784, and indirectly it will recall the first American governor of California, Peter H. Burnett, whose great-grandson is cast in the Mission Play of this year.

An old tradition attributes to Fr. Magin Catala, who was at Santa Clara in the first quarter of the last century, a prophecy to the effect that another people, speaking another language, would come from the East. We are that people, that language is ours and ours is the state which has grown out of the blending of the two great streams of colonization.



The Mission Santa Clara in 1846

Spring in California By HARRIET BARNETT

I love the freshets of the waking year
That glisten through the tender tufting grass
And whisper liquid purlings as they pass.
I love the first gold buttercups that tier
The freshn'ing hill. I love Spring's pioneer
The meadow-lark, whose subtle notes surpass
The whist'ing winds; and oh!—the verdant mass
A-burst on bud and bough a-far and near!

I love the flutt'ring mood of almond bloom.

The sifting downward as of pearly wing

And nestling in the green blossom-plume;

But most of all I love that holy thing—

The sap, the scent, the glow, the life, the loom,

The unseen essence that's the life of Spring.

Mirage

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Above the heat-waves breaking On hazy shores that seem To grow from faded purple And gold all spent of gleam Is spread a desert's dream.

Above the sands and ridges Barren and hard and dry, A haunting beauty fashions Its magic in the sky Where no birds now go by. . .

A little lake is rippled By winds not reaching here, And trees of slender beauty On low shores linger near The waters strangely clear.

Unreal! A thing of vision, Empty as is the air. Beauty bred of delusion. Mirage! . . But O, how fair Above sands old and bare! . . .

Above the desert places Of days when nothing seems Sure of the quest it follows— Of far-off trees and streams Mirage send, O my Dreams!

For me, said the Sagui, Yesterday hath no meaning; Tomorrow hath no existence. I only live in the fullness of Today.

-Calcutta Review.

The Keeper of Maynila

By JAMES HANSON

N a cozy little spot, away down in Luzon, just off the silver beach of Subic Bay, there stands a low bungalow with a 1g bronze-green roof. The best artificers: islands designed it, say old-timers.

is a sublime exhibition! The place is surled by maynila hedges, in which waxy, white blossoms stand out like limpid s in a jewel casket; and black-stemmed actually sighing with the weight of juicy and ancient, writhing dap-dap trees, blossoms have all the seeming of bloody s.

d beyond that are the rice-paddies and the shacks, where dwell the men who toil; and the compound and mud-wallow; the patient caribos seek compensation the labor of the day.

that belongs to Joe Winkle—a chap who all the hallmarks of an even-tempered n. It was a present from a great chief.

metimes a great banca anchors off-shore.
visitors are the old chief who has
berry-brown features, and his daughter,
me girl whose beauty is benumbing. They
ond of Joe, for Joe twice saved—. But
n lies the story.

* * *

nila is a melting pot of the Western and rn worlds. Stroll today up the Escolta and vill see the same sights and raiment that I have confronted you a decade ago.

d there, almost opposite the Bridge of stood the Mactan Eating Pavilion, cond by Cabiz Tazabas, the eldest son of an ate mat weaver. For this is a tale of long

siness was good that night; it catered to variciousness of Tazabas, laved him in a id contentment, seeped to the obscure of his squat, pock-marked being.

sat at his desk of palma brava wood, his ing black eyes narrowed to pinholes peerrough silver-rimmed spectacles at the halfof girls who worked there.

en he rose from his stool, got his ancient which was graven in geometric designs and-brown from incessant puffs, filled it a pledget of tobacco, applied a sulphur , and settled himself back to enjoy it.

looked at the sum advertised in his coffers and scrawled an entry in his great account ledger.

"Ah-h-h!" a long-drawn sigh of contentment escaped him. And Tazabas closed his eyes for a moment and imagined himself an aristocrat, with great fleets of cascos and bancas, and uncountable fields of rice and camotes, and a roomy fandango-house where he reigned king among his harpies.

Abruptly he ceased smoking, and his eyes focused maliciously upon the slender Maynila, who, on account of the nearness of the morning, permitted her steps to lag while attending upon the customers.

Tazabas muttered a few guttural and cryptic words in Tagalog and made for her.

From a table in one corner of the room a blond-haired, lithe fellow with hazel eyes and a set chin, rose and bestowed a disdainful inspection upon the restaurant proprietor.

"Better look out, gu-gu," he drawled smoothly, significantly. "You might get hurt."

The corner of the intruder's lip curled slightly upward, his face otherwise devoid of emotion. Then he sauntered to his chair and casually lit a cigarette, evidently considering the situation settled.

Tazabas liked not the nitrous undercurrent of the interloper's tone. Americans were too quick to strike; they did not argue. He made a reluctant retreat, muttering jungle-curses of his race upon the officious stranger.

Maynila expressed her thanks to the man by a flash of her eyes and a smile of welcome.

"I'll be through, Joe, in about five minutes,' she said. "I'm glad you were here."

It was by his own will that Joe Winkle had assumed guardianship over Maynila. It was his righteous duty, he had argued. No living creature save Maynila knew just why; but had one the power to peep into the mazes of his mind he would have seen a panorama of events that began years before.

Ten years previous the caldrons of hell capsized over the Philippines. The torrential typhoon descended from the lead-blue lofts and severely smote the islands with rain, wind, and famine.

Out on the murky, turgid Pasig, that once coiled like a majestic blue python, lay the casco and banca fleets, battered and broken, as though tossed carelessly aside by some bestial cyclops of the elder world. Within their sable confines the devil of death had emitted his withering breath.

One—a high-sterned, high-prowed, spacious casco with designs painted grotesquely on her bow—lay half submerged in the quicksands.

And Winkle, the roamer, with humaneness in his bosom, crept through her narrow passages.

The stench of bilch-water and rancid grease had not yet served to obliterate breath and consciousness from the nursling who clung, under a squalid heap of rags, to the barren breast of the shriveled, lifeless creature who had given it birth.

Two great eyes, dimmed of luster, pleaded up to him, as with an infant's intuition she sensed that he was her savior; she wailed her plaint against his breast with thin pipings that were insidiously articulate.

"Well, you poor little cuss!" he comforted. Persons laughed and jeered at him; but he shed their jibes as areca fronds shed the rain.

Even a mop-haired, pot-bellied sampan renegade ceased from abusing his spawn of young to bare his simian teeth and heap raucous taunts upon one who was so crazy as to save a baby when one could plunder.

With one swipe did Joe Winkle bowl him over into the muddy water and left him to thrash ridiculously about while his lacquered, conoid bamboo hat floated away in the current.

Then passed days, and weeks merged into months, and months into years, and Winkle toiled faithfully and patiently so that the waif might have the necessities befitting a maiden whose American calendar-age was measured at fourteen years.

He noticed her beauty one day while strolling with her in the Lunetta. Indeed, more than one wealthy European planter had delayed his carameta to bestow a lingering scrutiny at her conspicuous charm which was a rarity.

Her skin was honey-gold—might have been fashioned from the shards of ancient and mellow ivory. Her body, symmetrical of contour was clothed in countless folds of piña-cloth. Her sloe eyes, under the merest threads of eyebrows; her hair brushed back, sleek as a casque of polished ebony, with ornaments of the finest selected tortoise and trocas shell—that, and her all-trusting demeanor, gave her the timid tenderness of the calyx of a maynila blossom. And Maynila he had her christened.

Winkle was proud of her. And on that day he studied her and thought:

"She's royal—high-born. No ordinary man owned that casco. It must have belonged to some great chief here on a visit. I'll have to see if the police can't find him some day. But in the meantime I'll get her educated."

And he did.

He found a haven for her in an institution where she found education and companions of her own race and sex.

Despite the fact that she was brown and he was white, they must remain close friends. As time passed she refused to accept more monetary aid from him, for she would toil for her own upkeep. Hence the episode at the eating place of Capiz Tazabas.

Out into the streets they went and they became a part of the endless stream of humanity, ignoring the bazaars whose windows displayed Oriental treasures, eschewing the dance halls, from whose entrances floated the shuffle of dancers and the mellow music of guitars, and passing by all else, till he saw her safely ensconced behind the walls of her home.

Even as they bade good-night a plot was engendered in the brain of Tazabas—an idea that boded no good to either of them.

At that moment, in a mouldy, moisture-dripping chamber below his restaurant, Tazabas was in whispered conclave with his brotherhood of brown Camorra. They had donned their panoply of nefariousness. And Maynila was the subject of the discussion.

Tazabas had resolved to possess her. But how? Money would not solve the problem. Many were the women—mestizos, Japanese, Chinese, even American—within the forbidden walls of Sampaloc whose souls could be purchased for a handful of pesos; but none were there who exposed such beauty as Maynila. Curses on her companion, the white devil! May he expire in a nest of red ants!

A thought struck Tazabas. He would entice the unsuspecting American into a room—then—the bolo, or perhaps poison, such as the sap of the upas tree, or the deadly curare. A bribe would be tried first; perhaps it would not be refused when it meant life or death. One thing was certain: he must have Maynila.

Thus was born the sinister plot.

As soon as Tazabas was alone he went into an inner room and pulled a hempen cord which rang a bell in the distance.

A Dayak-faced slave girl answered its sum-

He demanded food and drink, as he sank to a couch.

imber one bino and tuba," he instructed. ight I quaff the best, for I am obsessed a great mellowness. Ah! The gods are the gods are kind. And bring me an portion of breadfruit with the cream of a coconut atop of it, and avocados and inds and alligator-pears. Ah-h-h!"

l as he drank, permitting the reeking to percolate through his brain, he saw la shimmering before him as the mistress his vampires in the fandango-house, and hed aloud:

the morrow; on the morrow." And he it of the American, and laughed, an evil, us throat-noise. "I shall not welcome as my ancestors welcomed Magellan—pears and darts and battle yells as loud rumbles of Taal—but with graciousness calm words—and—ah, it shall be the of the ca-lot—it is quicker—"

next day Tazabas sent out an emissary rch for Winkle. Upon finding him the ager bared his betel-blackened fangs, and l:

y master desires a word with the keeper ynila."

ikle answered the request.

found the restaurant proprietor in his sary place at his desk, where he sat in all eness of a repulsive idol of brown clay.

eyes were like two piercing balls of fire, fixed Winkle in a myopic gaze through convex lenses of his spectacles. He is up:

aynila, the blossom of sweetness" us features rippled an oily glow like the trching of a mongoos' back—"should into herself a husband."

ikle raised a questioning glance.

have been blessed with her presence," azabas, in explanation, "and my heart has mitten with a great love for her."

kle drew himself up haughtily, and one of his lip twitched with a tiny somethat smacked of contemptuousness, as he d the other's meaning.

abas understood Winkle's attitude and craftily:

t I offer lucre,"—again he smiled, servile, nt—"offer the dignified sum of two hunlollars for the possession of her."

u can go to hell," was the laconic re-

t I may give three-"

kle slammed the door, thus abruptly bitf the foul suggestion which was to him as unsavory as a scent of a bumboatman's dish of snails.

With head erect, and shrugging his shoulders as if quitting the presence of a loathsome beast, he hurried his way down the street.

"To-night is the last night that girl is going to work there," he avowed. "I'm afraid—"

But the incident was not closed, so far as Tazabas was concerned. He had not expected the American to accept. Then the thought swept across his vision. The sheer lucidness of his plan forced a subtle smile to his lips, one that might have been born in the very vestibule of death. He emitted a sibilant laugh and expectorated a vast amount of betel-nut juice from between his reddened lips, after the manner of his race, and set himself to tolerate the passing hours, till would come the moment to give climax to his idea.

Finally the day ebbed away and night oozed in from the streets. Outside shadowy forms silently passed the steamy windows. A customer entered—and another—until the usual number of visitors had arrived.

In the same manner, as the hour grew late, they passed out into the street. Finally the silence became broken only by the staccato Tagalog, Ilocano, and Visayan dialects of the few Filipino customers who lingered there and exchanged news of the trading marts and discussed their recent winnings and losses at the cock-pits. The air was opaque with smoke, which dimmed the whole room, and there was nothing in the atmosphere that might have indicated the sinister thoughts of some of the occupants.

The hour approached. Tazabas smiled leeringly at a comrade, whose face was mummy-like with its parchment skin, as the time struck by the clock accommodated the thought of both.

The door rattled—was opened. The keeper of Maynila had arrived. Winkle ignored Tazabas, as his eyes roamed the room for the one whom he sought.

"You're right on time, Joe," greeted Maynila.

Then Tazabas, with his usual manner, took up the great leather-bound account book and started for a side room.

At that moment another entered from the kitchen with a tray of clean dishes which he deposited on a table. And yet another, with two companions, crept noiselessly into the room.

Abruptly, by a signal, the lights were extinguished, leaving the place in inky darkness. The heavy ledger dropped on Winkle's head with a soft "sap!," while Tazabas clutched his



"In a casy spot way down in Luzan."

in an iron grip. At the same moment was thrown over Maynila's head, alshe had swooned from fright.

er the restaurant, in Tazaba's private livartments, Winkle regained his senses.

k, clotted blood covered his face and A thousand specks flashed and oscillated it of his eyes, as with a groan, he sat erect. His mind was filled with a name-rad anent Maynila's welfare. He groaned and staggered to his feet.

place of his confinement was as dark xis and damp and malodorous. He called me and searched about the place for her. everal minutes of search he became conhat she was not there. He looked about

avenue of escape.

ing his way carefully about he came to a He tested it. It was of teak, unyielding lid. With a cry of rage, his pulses ng rapidly, he threw himself with herforce against it. But it was useless. I the door swung suddenly back, reveal-the wash of yellow light, several warlike s. Formidability, tinged with the ironic

y that showed them to have a paid lust od, was written in their attitude. of them waved a significant finger at

beyed, glad to escape the scuttling cock-, and fless and insects that stung his

ke no outbreak," purred one-Winkle zed him as the hollow-chested, pygmean ger who had accosted him—"and you

get hurt."

thrust him into an inner room. There ked his eyes in astonishment at the sight net his gaze. It was like emerging from rt cañons of obscurity onto the glimmerards of Paradise. The room was an 's cave of wealth in Oriental art. It m spellbound for an instant, but only instant. He wheeled about and hotly led of Tazabas:

ere's Maynila?"

's safe," drawled Tazabas, with a yawn aid weariness, "about twenty feet from Why?"

he spurned to hide behind the mask of cunning and blandness. He had the ad, and he knew it. His cold, aloof showed his hereditary hatred for the acc.

fered you two hunded dollars for a little ration." he began.

Winkle's fist clenched, and he felt the gnawing desire to emplant his fist in the insolent face opposite him.

"Better not," hinted a voice behind him, and Winkle felt the point of a bolo in the small of his back.

Tazabas smiled again.

"Will you accept?"

"No, you damned rat!"

Tazabas winced. His voice came in slow, definite distinctness:

"Perhaps you don't quite understand the situation. I have Maynila; I'm going to keep her. You see—ah—we hate to commit what you call 'murder,' but we may have to. I want the girl; I already have her. So why not take the money and get out? Just think what you can buy with two hundred—"

Winkle's answer was sudden. Things happened with amazing quickness in the following instant. Tazabas, his eyelids aflutter, stretched his length on the floor. Then the flat of a cleaver thudded against Winkle's head.

But no real harm was done. Two brown devils pinioned Winkle's arms to his side as though they were held in a vise, while two more held his legs.

Tazabas staggered groggily to his feet. His words were short and pregnant with vehement hatred.

"The girl will convince him; let her talk to him," he said. Then he and his henchmen left the room.

Maynila cried out gladly at the sight of her friend. She faltered in genuine fear:

"Joe, they are going to kill you!" Her eyes denoted that she had been weeping, and her hair, which was always so tidy, streamed wildly about her face, and her clothes were torn in a dozen different places.

"Let 'em try it," was the response, but the tone had no ring of confidence.

"But you don't know my people," she protested. "Tazabas means it. He is the leader of a gang of smugglers, and he traffics in slave girls." Her pleadings became frantically tearful. "Please, Joe, do as they wish. Don't think of me—"

Something in her offer of self-sacrifice caused a strange tightening in his throat, and caused his admiration for her to increase a thousandfold. His mind bridged the gap of years and he saw the nursling of the stranded casco, remembered the laughter of jeering folk, and

again saw her bloom into the radiant creature who now sobbed before him.

His fists clenched anew, and he drew himself up with an enormous resolve.

"I'll see it through," he whispered. "Besides I had news for you today. The chief of police has trace of your father."

He sprang to the door; it was locked from the outside. A smile overspread his lips as he slipped a latch into place, thus preventing anybody from entering without first battering down the door. Suddenly a knock came—was repeated.

"Open," came the command.
"You open it," flung back Winkle.

A silence ensued, and became broken by gutteral voices in discussion. Again the door was tried—again more voices.

Some invigorating potion seemed to course through Winkle's veins, causing his breath to come a little quicker, and setting his legs at remble, not from fear, but with the excitement of it all.

He glanced over his shoulder at Mayaila.



"Ancient dap-dap trees—where the patient caribos seek compensation—"

"That'll hold 'em for awhile," he announced.
"Tazabas has a good latch on the door of his private room."

His eyes searched the room. A pile of boxes were stacked in one corner. Perhaps the instrument with which they were opened lay about. The boxes were filled with countless, mouldy square tins like sardine cans, on which were inscribed hieroglyphics.

"Hop!" he breathed. "No use looking in there."

Time was becoming short. Tazabas would soon be coming back for his answer. Nothing was overlooked in the diligent search. Winkle even peered into the vases for something that might aid him. She had taken refuge behind an ebony desk, where she kneeled as if in prayer.

The moments became anxious as a new sound reached their ears—a sound that Winkle understood, and caused him to search hurriedly about for something with which to arm himself.

They were chopping down the door.

Out of the corner of his eye, as his glance again went to the door, he saw a dark object. He reached for it, still watching the door. It felt heavy—strangely familiar. A moment later he stared bulgy-eyed at a desk telephone.

Great globules of perspiration broke out on his forehead as he removed the receiver. What if the line were dead! Then he heard the click of the connection, andnber?"

the poured out his tale into eager ears. ently chips began to fall into the room never-enlarging aperture. The cleaving I for a moment while a pair of beady over high oily cheekbones, peered into m.

1 as Winkle clutched a massive Japanese 1 hand, osseous and big-veined, reached h the hole and fumbled with the latch.

vase was heaved, as if flung from a lt, crushing the Mongolian's hand and to the floor in a thousand vermillion, and green fragments.

the latch was sprung, and instantly the became a whirlpool of fuming, seething,

rous humanity.

as life or death. Winkle swung a chair on the cranium of the one who had dealt a cleaver blow.

the very midst of the melee he went, nt out his hammer-like fists to do damage. released a straight jab to the unprotected fone, a scream of warning came from la, and he turned his head aside barely e to avoid a razor-edged knife which his jugular vein.

began to pant for breath. His clothes from him in shreds, his shirt stripped revealing a chest that expanded and with each intake of breath needed by ing lungs within.

in they rushed him.

swung a terrific blow at Tazaba's chin, dropped him as though he had been hit man!

igs began to grow dim before Winkle's

vision. His antagonists seemed to fade grotesquely away into distance, and sounds assumed gigantic proportions.

Just as complete blackness enveloped him, a flat face appeared at the door and shrieked in

an alarmed falsetto.

The room became a panic; became a ludicrously funny situation in which brown men squealed like rats that trample and claw each other while fleeing rising water. Then—

A squad of big, burly policemen and constabulary soldiers clubbed their entrance into

the place.

"Yez will, will yez?" grunted an Irish officer, with a bulbous stomach, his stick falling like a flail upon one that sought to brush past him. "Take that, yez bloomin' spalpeen. Oi'll hand yez a smack—"

The room seemed a jumble of affairs as Winkle sat erect and regained the use of his weary mind. His head was swathed in bandages. Maynila smiled before him. Over in one corner hunched Tazabas, barren of bravado and menace, gazing with lowered eyes at the shiny bands that encircled his wrists.

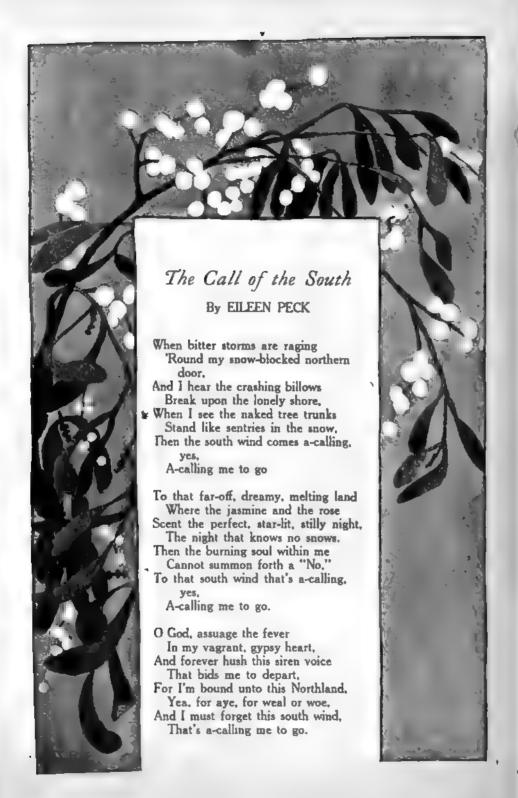
A sergeant of police was rubbing his hands in satisfaction as he conversed with a corporal. Snatches of their conversation reached Winkle:

"Wagon'll be here in a minute—make me a lieutenant for this—Tazabas, the big gun of the hop ring that's been worrying us." The corporal glanced at Winkle, then whispered something to the sergeant. "If she's the girl, the boy's in luck. Daughter of old Rizal Laoag—know the old man well—nice old chap too. and rich as a mint—"

Sparks and Stars By HELENE SEARCY

We built a pine-cone fire one night; Swiftly it flamed and high, Sending wild sparks of scarlet light To kiss the blue starred sky.

Alone I watch stars far and still, Thinking how night is dark. Look! There above the pine-clad hill Flies one, a gypsy spark.



Easter, Its Meaning and Its Message

Written for the Easter Month Edition of the Overland Monthly

By REV. D. CHARLES GARDNER, Chaplain of Stanford University

I springtime nature puts on her resurion robes of green; the trees adorn nselves as for a bridal; flowers belandscape—even the birds and beasts

season the note of gladness takes of the human soul. The ancients ival in the spring. They celebrated y awakening of nature out of the sleep of winter to the joyousness of the name of a pagan goddess, Eostre. tian Church appropriated that Festival d it to the yearly celebration of the m of Christ, our Christian festival ster. As the Spring Festival of the appressed the joy felt in the re-birth of Easter expresses the joy felt by the in the hope of Immortality, hope forthe fact of Christ's resurrection from

s the end of every living thing. Man all creation is not satisfied to yield to ent verdict of nature. He ventures to ether death means the end of his

t men say: "When we're dead, we're at's the end." But that is the light f ignorance. What is the verdict of the summary of human knowledge? ysiologist says: "Oxidation is the basis then oxidation ceases, that is the end That may be true of the body. Is it the soul? Science has nothing to say ul. The soul is so far an intangible ich cannot be seen through the instruscience.

peaking in the name of science say, nortality of the soul cannot be proved." is averse to accepting any conclusions mot be verified." True! But if we rove, by process of reason, that the safter death, neither can science t the soul dies at death. The idea that is life is only a supposition, an inferassumption. Professor Fiske, one of leading evolutionists, speaks boldly abject. He says: "The materialistic in that the life of the soul ends with the body, is perhaps the most colossal in-

stance of baseless assumption that is known in the history of philosophy."

I have just been reading Hutchinson's novel, "If Winter Comes." The author paints a vivid picture of the impression which the approach of death makes upon a sensitive mind.

"Yes, Mrs. Perch was sinking. More pronounced now that masklike aspect of her face. Yes, dying. He spoke the word to himself. 'Dying.' As of a fire in the grate gone to one dull spark among the greying ashes. It is out; it cannot burn again. So life here too far retired, too deeply sunk to struggle back and vitalize again that hue, those lips, that masklike effigy.

Profound and awful mystery. form was in process a most dreadful activity. The spirit was preparing to vacate the habitation it had so long occupied. It gave no sign. The better to hide its preparation it had drawn that mask about the face. Seventy years it had sojourned here; now it was bound away. Seventy years it had been known to passer-by through the door and windows of this its habitation; now, deeply retired within the inner chambers, it set its house in order to be gone. Profound and awful mystery. Dreadful and momentous activity. From the windows of her eyes turning off the lights; from the engines of her powers cutting off its forces; drawing the furnaces; dissevering the contacts. A lifetime within this home; now passenger into an eternity. A lifetime settled; now preparing to be away on a journey inconceivably tremendous, unimaginably awful."

Face to face with such an experience, we say: "The spirit has departed." The spirit is the Person. In the "ego," the "I" of one's nature is the consciousness of identity. The "ego," the self, the spiritual consciousness, at its best, feels that it can never die.

It is Tennyson's thought:

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die,

And Thou hast made him: Thou are just."
I know that appearances are against the postulate of immortality. Man as we know him, comes up and is cut down like a flower. If he survives youth, age creeps on. One by one his

senses fall into ruin, and ultimately his body dissolves. "Dust thou are and unto dust shalt thou return." And what happens to the physical body of a man apparently happens to his spiritual nature.

In time the mind fails. Memory clouds. Imagination dulls. Reason, judgment and will become weakened. When the Silence falls. and the sleep of death overtakes the tired body, it seems as if there may be no awakening for the soul. It seems so, for human personality as we know it functions only through a material No one in our experience has come back from the grave. No one has spoken to us out of the Silence.

Science looks, and listens with ever increasing interest to the so-called psychic phenomena, but no one within the shadow has stepped even into the twilight of spiritual reality so that we could be sure of his existence.

Death appears to be the end of life.

But appearances are deceptive. "The sun is sinking down the western sky." Yet that is not true, despite the evidence of our senses. Astronomy tells us the truth.

Apparently the earth is standing still. As a matter of fact the earth is flying through space at the rate of nineteen miles a second.

Despite appearances, reason must guide us in answering the problem of human destiny.

The eye is not a good guide!

Of course it is difficult to picture the life of the disembodied spirit—to imagine the conditions of existence in another world. And the crowds of the departed—this thought adds to the puzzle of immortality!

But the fact which most daunts the modern mind in regard to life after death is not the condition of existence in another world—it is the puzzling thought that the life of the soul is

dependent upon the brain.

Some of the functions of the brain we know. Every thought and word and deed has its reaction there. Brain and mind are linked together in such close intimacy that men have concluded that without brain mind cannot exist.

But we must not lightly conclude that the brain generates thought as the kettle generates

Perhaps the soul is to the brain what the engineer is to the engine. I am writing this article for the Overland. Is it my brain, or is it I, myself, which dictates these thoughts?

Thought is produced by certain chemical activities in my brain. True! But I fancy that the real author of these thoughts on immortality cannot be a chemical force. I, myself, a person not entirely bound up in matter, dictate to my brain. I am simply using my brain as the agent in the task. It seems to me that I personally stand behind all the physiological and psychical processes of thought and pen.

The hope of Immortality is the hope that the "I," the self, will survive the separation from body and brain.

What are the arguments in favor of this hope?

Imagination, reason, conscience and will, all these spiritual parts of our nature cling to life. Because for the moment we cannot demonstrate the reality of life beyond death, must we therefore say that death must be the endthat the life of the soul ends with the grave?

The hope of immortality is universal. The savage in his ignorance—the polite pagan in his idealistic philosophy — civilized and barbarian—all have some belief in life after death.

It may be a dream, a splendid guess, but, as Immanuel Kant said: "A dream which all persons dream together, and which they must dream, is no longer a dream, but a reality."

I think we can say that the hope of Immortality is more than race consciousness, more than a tradition or a myth. It is a matter of deep personal conviction.

Sir Walter Raleigh in the speech before he sails says: "Hope is the vision on a dead man's The novelist I have mentioned confirms that thought in another scene of his novel.

"He heard Effie's voice, 'Oh, she's dead! She's dead!' Dead? He stared upon her dead face. Where was gone that mask? Whence had come this glory? That inhabitant of this her body, in act of going had looked back, and its look had done this thing. It had closed the door upon a ruined house, and looked, and left a temple. It had departed from beneath a mask, and looked, and that which had been masked now was beautified."

And there is the argument suggested by the thought of human development. Is it possible to believe that the process of evolution should end in the production of a Shakespeare, a Lincoln, a Roosevelt—and that these great spirits must be forever stilled in the silence of a tomb?

Matthew Arnold, thinking of his talented father, wrote after his death: "O strong soul, by what shore tarriest thou now? For that force, surely, hath not been left vain. Somewhere, surely, afar, in the sounding labourhouse, vast of being, is practiced that strength, silent, beneficent, firm."

That natural cry of the soul leads me to my

ust point—that when our loved ones die, we o not cease to love them. We love them more san ever.

I have just been reading a lovely poem, "In Iemoriam." John L. McLane, Jr., speaks thus f his affection for the departed.

th. no more dead than the unsleeping stars,

The music of our lips shall sing forever, eauty exalted, and your love wane never,

Though year by year the lustre of the moon 7ither, and Spring go from us all too soon;

Yet shall Time's fingers twist Love's binding bars

loser about our hearts, for your mute breath

Has stirred to song the silences of Death.

ou were the moon of all our devicus ways:

Yours was the faith of flowers: yours the pride

Of beauty's final laughter—now the days,
Hallowed by your pervading light, sweep by
Till Death, grown golden since the hour you
died.

Calls us to you . . it will be good to die.

It will be good to die since you have died:
It will be good to go the way you trod
Wide-eyed, undreaming, like some lovely god
Flushed with the dawn of an unearthly pride.
It will be good to try the ways you tried,
And venture unafraid into the dark
That lies beyond the furthest planet's spark—
It will be good to die since you have died. . .

* * *





row howeash spreading branches where graste motors flow

The Sea Gull By DELMAR H. WILLIAMS

Come sail with me Francisco's bay And watch the wily sea gulls play; See how they poise, and start, and glide, And gaze forever on the tide

With slender downward drooping head, And graceful, pointed pinions spread, While tail and tightly folded feet In nature's perfect rudder meet,

From depths rebounds their raucous shriek, They're darting downward like a streak; Battling to seize a morsel on a swell They fight "like all the fiends of hell."

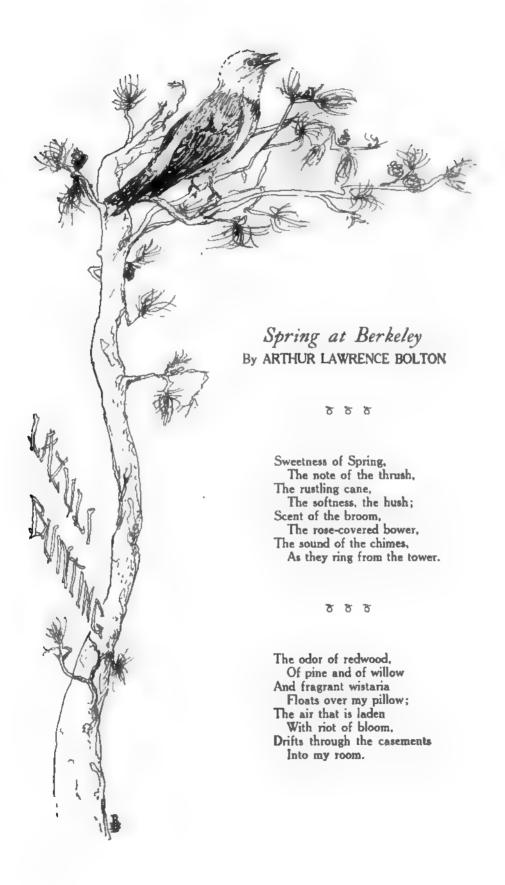
The decks with eager watchers lined. The rudder churns the foam behind, We head where deep-draft vessels go And tides by proud Vallejo flow;

But see that sleek and snowy breast That puts to shame old Shasta's crest; Is this that awkward, stumbling flock That roams forlorn about the dock?

Oh! bird that soars so far and free You've brought a lesson home to me: I must keep forever on the wing Or be an awkward, stumbling thing,

And bravely face each task that's sent Nor hug repose to find content, Soar for aye where God intended Alert until the journey's ended.





Sierra Gold

By CHARLES HOWARD SHINN

I was late afternoon in a canon of the California Sierras, seven thousand feet above the sea; the sunlight breaking gh between snow-peaks on the west smote way down a granite cliff and flooded the eastern end of the cañon, leaving long ws over pine forests lower down. Every-: silence brooded in vast spaces. A solitary larger than an eagle - the rare Calivulture-was floating in mid-air above vide, glacier-hewn basin of gray granite. iles from crest to crest, half a mile deep, with gigantic fragments of stone, streaked enormous forests, gleaming with far-off waters and unmapped lakes in circles of The bird, gazing down with his mar-

vision saw two prospectors sitting in the ws in the base of the giant cliff where a of rusty quartz cropped out before them. ng in shorter circles, he noted that they desperately worn, even to the edge of ence, and that as they sat in silence upon ick they held each other's hands, looking wards to where a miner's pick lay beside dy-broken notch in the quartz.

immovable sat the two that again the vulture swooped nearer, marking their camp by a spring; the bed of fir boughs; orn outfit; the pack-mule grazing among xcks; but seeing at last that they moved, se again into alpine spaces, crossed a : and swept on over other canons between mightier snow peaks, watching for miles ours every sign of life in the forests or on ıcks.

last the prospectors, turning from that dull of gold wide and free in the prospect but still clasping hands, talked with each Said the man, with a man's insistence e obvious: "Wife, it has come at last. We my back the mansion, and take our old among those we knew; we can again a library; we can build up our university. we are not very old yet."

f course not." she said, looking with a into his wrinkled face, his granite-grey under snow-white brows. "The mountains been good to us these twenty years since came prospectors.

the strike is what it seems to be," she ured, "I suppose that we can have all that y gives. We shall again be like other people, and live in houses, in cities, in the noise and turmoil, and leave our loneliness, our companionship, our toil for daily bread, our study together for assaying, and all the wisdom of the miner's ancient business. But can we ever forget? Can we ever escape from the mountains which have been our refuge in times of trouble? And ought we to try to escape, or change our lives, now that we ourselves have changed so much?"

He looked at her with his whole heart in his eyes, seeing the gray hair, the tired face, the beauty beyond beauty which had made her, ever since they first met thirty years before, so dear to him that no sorrow, not even their two great losses, had staid long or cut deeply while he had her fellowship.

"Wife," he said, "all that is true, and I knew it even as you spoke. We put aside the trick We read each of needless words long ago. other's looks: we know each other's hearts, and our lives have been made one. We went down into the depths together; we dwelt in the deserts, we wintered in the snows. We have left our trails from Cape St. Lucas to the Arctic Circle, and we have played the game of life with courage all these years. And you-" His voice broke, his face lit up as he looked at her. There was silence again and the shadows lengthened from rock to rock.

The woman rose and built a fire: the man deepened the prospect pit and broke off masses of quartz with rich gold. Soon they sat down to their supper and rested in the dusk, watching the stars come out one by one in the blueblack heavens.

Again the man spoke first. "It is a real bonanza," he said. "We can hammer out a hundred thousand dollars from that ore chimney with mortar and pestle before snow falls. Then we can run a mill with power from yonder waterfall, at the head of the cañon, and in two years there will be ten thousand people here, and the fame of the mine will glitter from London to Uganda."

"And what is its name?" she asked, under the starlight, beside the camp-fire. "Is it to be the same old name that we-" She paused here, with tremulous lips, and he put his arm around her.

"Not so," he answered to her thought. "That is our own possession. Our university boy who

died in the Service, our university girl who faded away in her bright youth, are "the children" to us always, but we know better now than to name our mine after them. It needs no name as yet; we might even give it away."

"Then you've been thinking that also!" she cried, "we are enough different, and enough alike; our results tally in the end. Here lies the problem: how much can we yield ourselves to our fortune, and still keep ourselves? Last night when we camped five miles down the cañon, tired as we were and excited as you felt over the prospect of finding before long the source of that "float," you still took out your old rod, and brown hackle, and you caught a magnificent fifteen-inch trout for supper. We both said, you remember, that it was almost like one of our youthful camps, when we were learning how, ages ago; when we took the babies and I put them to sleep early and waited by the fire for you to climb back, up the trail from the Royal Gorge of the American, with your fish and snake adventures. But tonight you heard the trout leaping yonder, and you even let me build the fire, while you staid deepening the prospect hole, already rich enough to frighten us. We missed the trout. while you are somewhat less happy this moment than you have been for many a long

day."

"Yes," the man responded, "it is just so. But we shall fish again, don't worry; we shall go where we please and be our own masters henceforth. It may well be that we shall not care for the old life, the great city, the splendid social functions, the French cooks and Vanity Fair. In that case we can sail the New Zealand fiords, climb the Andes, dig up a few prehistoric cities, or set all the inventors at work on new submarine vessels until we are able to map the underseas from pole to pole."

"Yes," she said, "I feel that, too. We may do what we please. Now, what is it that we please to do? Let us give it shape and name, here in the mountains, while we are still able to think it out. In a year from now, if we drift along, and open up our mine in the regular way, congratulations will pour in upon us, but shall we not be caught in a spider-web of bondages, now vaguely seen, far off and absurd, but then real, and infinitely hard to break?"

"I see what we shall gain, but what shall we lose? What rights, if any, do we as individuals possess now as against the demand which this bonanza makes upon us, to be mainly used for mankind, but only in small part for ourselves; to give work to thousands; to build a palace

of Inyo marble where men and women shall teach science and literature for ages to come a memorial building, at our own Alma Mater?"

"In one sense I feel that we have no personal rights at all. To this result our ten years have been directed, and it is only a part of the whole life-game. In another sense I would say that this, too, must be conquered. Let us not be slaves of anything on earth."

"In a little time," he answered, smiling as if there were pleasure in the thought, "we could take out enough gold to live on in comfort, and then we could blast the cliff over the mine



Old prospector "Panning"

so deep that it might not come to hight again for centuries, by which time you know, its magic might be lost forever. But still I fed sure that the avalanches and snow-rivers would soon reveal its wealth. Who can say what evil it might not work in the hands of unscruptulous men—evil for which we should justly be held responsible when the balance-sheets are made out—as thus:

"Item, a certain golden ledge in the Sierras of which two prospectors were once afraid. It was their one talent, unwisely buried out of sight, and left there till ages after. Another, inding, thereby made himself the unjust ruler of a people and wrought wickedness all his lays, corrupting justice at its fountain head. And the souls of those two prospectors looking orth, knew all that was done with the gold which had once been theirs. Is not the parable plain?"

"Then there is no other way but the beaten rack?" she cried out in sudden despair. "Shall we be paid twice over for these years of joy and labor? Now, looking back, I perceive that would rather load up Long-ear tomorrow and ake a new trail, though we are old and worn, and give this mine away, and be again as we vere yesterday."

"Comrade of my heart," he answered her, there is always a way out. Have we not earned that? Better you know it than I do, and often have you shown me the way. Let us 10th keep, and give. Let us take for ourselves he few thousands that are needed to make us comfortable when we can no longer climb the nonntain trails. To you and me then, with reedful reserve, enough, but not too much. Then, as for the rest, it can be put in trust so hat after we are gone the authorities of that miversity which is ours and was our chiltren's will send graduates of its mining college sere, and work out this new bonanza. Do you sot think, Partner, that it will keep till then? Can we not build a cabin up by the waterfall and lakes, and live here, where we belong, guarding the university mine? Now and then or old time's sake we will take a prospector's

trail again, but this will be headquarters, and we shall not leave the Sierras, not spoil this canon. After us, let those to whom we shall be only two old prospectors who loved their university, let loose the deep thunder of the stamps, yonder on that slope of pines by the waterfall, and run their wire cables down to the shaft."

"It sounds all right," she said, laughing as she spoke, "but in a year you will hear of some especial need of money there, and you will tell the mining college to go right ahead. There are other canons and trout-streams, you know, and perhaps we shall not mind in a year. Sometimes we may even want to slip quietly into the metropolis, just for an opera."

"Of course," he added, "our Alma Mater may crystallize into hard materialism—as even universities have. Perhaps we must search the world over until we find the right sort of healthy idealists of rightly radical fellow-workers of ours who have the courage, the world-love, and who will use these millions of gold which are ours, humanly speaking—will use them to bring the world together in everlasting friendship."

"You mean—the ending of all war?"

"Yes, that, and more; the ending of crime, disease, poverty, ignorance, misunderstandings; the right education of every child."

"It sounds possible," she cried. "The whole

earth may be one City of Happiness."

She clasped his hand. They leaned back and watched the constellations move overhead, and felt as if they were children of the universe.





The Words of Tellalah

Verses of Indian Folklore

THE RAVEN

By CHARLES J. NORTH

The moon god staid too long behind the mountains.

Too long she staid within the cleansing place.

The night gods raced around the sweet grass valley.

Namonah and Nemonis hid their face.

"O mother moon god," spoke the man Namonah, "Why do you leave us in the dark so long? The children in the dark time fear the evil, And all the bad gods in the night grow strong."

The moon god heard him from behind the mountains.

She called the long-necked raven and he came. Namonah stood and waited in the dark place. He heard the call of one who spoke his name.

"Namonah, oldest of the moon god's children. The moon god mother sends to you the light. Before the wigwam door I build the campfire, And all the dark gods then will lose their sight."

He then showed to Namonah all the dry sticks. Namonah rubbed them and they made the blaze. He then showed to Namonah all the pine knots. To light his trail through all the night's dark ways.

The raven stood with him before the campfire. He showed Namonah how to cook the meat. The raven showed him how to sew the blanket. And deer skin moccasins to hold his feet.

Namonah said, "O raven, all the mountains Grow up so high, beyond I do not know. O raven, take me on your head and lift me, That I may see the things beyond that grow.

The raven's neck began to grow above him. Namonah sat upon the raven's head. Nemonis and the children all grew small then. The sweet grass valley lay below him dead.

He looked and saw the wigwam of the south wind.

Where all the crimson rivers grow and run. He looked and saw the wigwams of the dark gods, Who wake and howl to drive away the sun. He saw beyond the mountains of the snow gods. He saw so far that he could see no more. He saw between the gray clouds of the valley, The shadow of the wigwam and its door. He saw the shadow wigwam of the sun gods. He saw where all the light gods lose their sleep. He saw where all the day gods build the campfire,

Where all the red gods all their blankets keep. He looked above the narrows of the river. And long he looked to find the jumping light. He saw beyond the frost gods and the rivers, He looked and nothing more he saw but white.

Namonah spoke and said to him, "O raven, I see beyond but yet I see no end.
I see no end beyond the flying shadows
That all the wind gods and the cloud gods send."

"Namonah," said the raven, "all the dark trails Lay in the valleys that you cannot know. And where they run beyond the flying shadows, The sons of women cannot see to go."

"I see beyond the shadows of the dark clouds.

I see beyond where all the dark clouds end.

I see where all the bright trails start the climbing.

I see the strong light that the star gods send.

The wigwams of the star gods stand beyond them.

They stand upon the sky god's open floor.
The sky god's floor is like the clear, still water.
The bottom stands, the water walks no more.
Beyond the torch lights in the star god's wigwams,

Beyond the wigwam of the Manitou,
I see the inside of the big blue wigwam.
I look but see no torch light shining through.

"O raven, tell me who it is that lives there."
"Namonah, I have never seen his face.
Above the valleys of the star god's wigwams,
My neck and eyes have gone through all the space.

No star god ever saw beyond the blue skin. They do not know his valley or his name. They feel his breath and sometimes hear his whisper.

They found the blue lodge standing when they came."

"Now he who walks and follows on the dark trail,

Until he finds the edges of the blue,

Finds all the new shoes that will climb the steep trail,

And then he finds the blanket that is new. He climbs and then he finds the star god's wigwam.

He walks upon the star god's wigwam floor. He looks down through and sees the sweet grass valley.

He sees the rough trails that he walks no more. He sees the feathered arrows of the north wind. He sees the heat gods run the fiery race.
He sees the bad gods of the smoking waters.
He sees the storm gods come from every place.
He stands above them in the star god's wigwam.
They do not touch the bottom of his feet.
He walks along the banks of restful rivers.
Where all the soft winds and the smooth trails meet."

The children of Namonah stand and listen. The raven speaks the good words and they hear. The raven takes their hand along the dark trail. He walks before them and they have no fear.

Tellalah from his father heard the good words. His father's fathers heard them long ago. The children of Namonah tell their children. They listen to the raven and they know.



Torres Straits Islands

By THOS. J. McMAHON, F. R. G. S.

EW parts of the world have had a more interesting development of Torres Straits to the north of Queensland, Australia. These islands, probably fragments of the immense continent that is supposed to have connected Asia with Australia at one time, vary in size from a mere patch of sand or coral to a few that are about 50 square miles in area. They are inhabited by a very progressive. industrious and intelligent people. 25 years ago many Americans were interested in the rich pearls of the Torres Straits Islands. Thursday Island, the commercial center of the group, was then one of the most cosmopolitan places on earth. For some years there was a slump in the pearl industry that nearly put an end to it, but now it has suddenly revived in a most astonishing manner. These years of depression were really years of recovery, for the reefs are richer than ever in pearl shells of all kinds.

Trochas shell and beche-de-mer have become products of international importance. The exports of the Torres Straits Islands have mounted rapidly from a mere few thousand pounds to tens of thousands of pounds sterling a year. During the war the Japanese were most prominently and eagerly engaged in these industries on the islands, but now Americans and Australians are participating, and present conditions promise that this rich field of marine products will once again become a commercial rendezvous of many thousands of various nationalities.

Pearls are being found in great numbers, many ranging from 300 pounds to 1000 pounds in value. The pearling industry is safeguarded by many excellent laws to keep it free from any dishonest aspects. A fair proportion of the number of divers are Asiatics, and often owners lose valuable pearls by means that are as varied as they are interesting. When Torres Straits Islanders are engaged as divers, and they mostly are, the "mysterious drifting," as it is called, of valuable pearls to dishonest dealers is very rare. The aim is to have all pearls brought into an open market. This means that buyers of many nations are prepared to rival one another and pay big sums for the pearls they fancy. open market brings much activity to the industry and much prosperity to all concerned in it.

Beche-de-mer, or sea slug (also known as trepang), is also collected by the pearl divers.

Many thousands of tons of it are shipped annually to China where it is prized as a high-class food for wealthy Chinese. Beche-de-mer is an ugly, black, flabby, unappetizing looking class of food, but it undergoes a wonderful change when boiled and prepared by an experienced chef. It is also one of the most foul smelling of marine products, especially when lying stacked in heaps for days at a time out in the sun on a pearling lugger. Its value, however, can be gauged from the fact that some varieties bring as much as 600 pounds a ton. This slug is picked off the reefs when the tide is low; in some places it is found in large quantities, in others only the most rare specimens are located.

Trochas shell collecting has become the chief industry at the islands, although divers and others engaged in it are ever on the lookout for pearls and beche-de-mer. Trochas shell is much used in the manufacture of buttons and is a splendid substitute for making pearl goods. Prior to the war the Germans and the Austrians were much interested in the Torres Straits Islands and were always taking great quantities of this shell. England and Australia also used much of it. On the opening of the war one of the first actions of the German Pacific fleet was to try to capture the islands and it would have done so if the Australian navy had not been prompt in getting to the Torres Straits. While there was an upset to this flourishing trade, it did not languish, for Japan was ready and prepared to keep it going. The trade to that country was brisk throughout the period of the No fewer than 1600 factories were opened in Japan between 1914 and 1920 for the making of buttons and pearl articles. In the last twelve months there has been a very sudden world demand for the shell, with the result that trochas now stands very high in commercial value. It has risen from 8 pounds per ton to 120 pounds per ton and there are prospects of even further increases in the immediate future as the demand is remarkably keen and gives assurance of continuing for many years.

Diving for pearls or trochas shell is very interesting to the onlooker, but it is fraught with many dangers to the divers. Asiatic divers, as a rule, use a dress and many appliances in diving; they sometimes drop into depths of 100 feet or more. Deaths from paralysis are not so common, as government regulations are drastic

in causing every precaution to be taken to prevent accidents. Government investigation is prompt in case of the death of a diver, and any carelessness is heavily fined.

The Torres Straits Islanders are considered the expert divers of the world, diving without dress or appliances of any kind, and to depths quite equal to those reached by the Asiatics. These native divers wear only rubber-rimmed, tight-fitting goggles through which they can see what they are doing while under water. They cover their bodies before diving with a liberal coating of cocoanut oil. Each diver carries a basket on the left side for holding shell collected and in which is kept a large trade knife in case of attack by sharks or other big fish. Sometimes these divers have a rope tied under the arms, but usually they simply dive, or drop, into the water from the deck of the luggers. They can remain under water for many minutes at a time without any distress. Swimming about the reefs or banks they can pick up pearls or trochas shells. In fine weather and clear water all their movements can be seen. Occasionally they are attacked by sharks and then the trade knife is used with much dexterity. The native will invariably be victorious in the fight, for the shark being stabbed several times will retire to die in some lonely spot beneath the reefs. Other divers waiting on a lugger know when a battle is in progress by the blood that comes to the surface of the sea, and instantly dive to the rescue of their mate. One thing a shark cannot stand is a crowd, and in seeing the divers approaching will beat a hasty retreat.

The most serious danger to divers. Asiatic or native, is that of being caught by the powerful clam shells which lie open on the reefs. These great shells are sometimes twelve feet in circumference. If a diver by accident puts his foot or hand into one of them it promptly closes with a grip no force can open. Death is then certain. Diving has one or two peculiarities. One of them is particularly interesting. It is not wise for two divers known to be in the least unfriendly to go diving together in the same At pressures of 20 to 40 pounds per square inch, so it is calculated, a diver's nerves begin to jump, and a man supposed to be quarrelsome will instantly want to fight any enemy in sight. If by chance two unfriendly divers come into contact with one another they at once enter into a life and death struggle. If attached to life ropes, the men on the luggers are quickly aware something is happening and the divers are hauled to the surface; they are amazed when told they have been quarreling.

The experience either makes them friendly, or careful never again to work together. Native divers are very systematic at their work. They are never in a hurry. Even when diving into great depths with high pressure they do everything slowly. Sometimes it appears as if they were actually sitting and resting on the way.

It is a most impressive and animated scene to see a fleet at its work. If a large fleet, the luggers are spread over a great area. There is an unceasing noise of chattering, shouts, cries, songs and laughter of the native crews. Should the fleet be anchored in the vicinity of an island, the native women of the villages frequently come down to the beach fantastically dressed and much garlanded with leaves and flowers, dancing and singing to encourage the divers.

While there are now many fleets of luggers operating it is expected that the coming year will see a large increase in their number and that the industry will be placed on a much steadier basis. One firm now has a fleet of over 800 luggers. The approximate cost of a lugger is between 800 pounds and 1500 pounds. To comply with government regulations all luggers must be fitted out so as to have every appliance for safety and every convenience that will add to the comfort of the crew and divers. Government inspectors board them at least once a month. Any owner once found guilty of any neglect seldom has his pearling license renewed.

Today the Torres Strait Islands form one of the most important commercial adjuncts of the Commonwealth of Australia, and this fact concentrates public attention on the natives who are the chief agents in carrying on the profitable industries. These islands come within the jurisdiction of Queensland and their administration is as successful as it is interesting. people have self-government under white administration, or teachers. The Queensland government encourages trade and education. Laws of health have doubled the population and have regenerated it into a strong and energetic race. From people once much exploited. they are today thriving; increasing in population and possessing capabilities far above many native races of the South Pacific. Both men and women are veritable giants in stature, well formed, with handsome, regular features. Their moral and physical vigor is reflected in the fact that the islands are self-supporting. Governmental aid is hardly known beyond the expenses of administration.

The natives not only support their families, their sick and their aged, but also maintain

wn institutions such as churches, schools, teaching institutes and the cost of native of luggers engaged in the shell industries. of the natives are wealthy in landed ty, own large fleets, employ many men twe big bank accounts. The people as a are quite civilized, well educated and anized. The Anglican Mission is an intermediate for much good and has helped materithe prosperity of the people.

is of progress are to be seen on every. The native villages are laid out on a splan. The houses, native in design, vindows and doors and under the condition of law, are built some feet off the ground. three years they have to be pulled down timed and new houses erected so as to a to the vermin of any kind. This materially maintaining the excellent health of the rs. The villages are municipally governed, eets are well swept and, with the modern y arrangements, there is perfect clean-Enidemics, once general, are nowadays

Epidemics, once general, are nowadays wn; indeed, they are almost impossible. rerage life of the native is three score and

natives are happy and contented under system of self-government. Each white istrator (sometimes a woman, and invarisise in their government) is assisted by native councillors and a small native force. The councillors are distinguished: word "Councillor" in white letters on ant of red jerseys. They are usually men h intelligence and some personality. They eminated by the people and are appointed: Queensland government on the advice aggestion of the administrator. In the f a deadlock both men and women have lit is part of the many duties of the

councillors to see that the villagers keep their houses, food and clothing clean-vermin or refuse found on premises means a court case and punishment; that they do not gossip -a serious offense in these islands; that they send their children to school regularly; that church is attended; that the native gardens are tilled and tended; that the men faithfully perform their work in the shell industries; and that the moral standards of the community are maintained. If the councillors are suspicious of a housewife in her methods of cooking, they enter the kitchen, lift the cover of the saucepan and taste whatever is being cooked. If fault is found an explanation or promise of amendment is demanded. A local court is held daily to punish delinquents, or to advise householders in the many duties required of them.

The government in a wise way is allowing full scope for native individuality. This results in many simple and interesting customs continuing in vogue which give a decided charm to the native character. Native songs and dances, full of melody and grace, are part of native festivals. The men and women have adopted many civilized customs, especially at weddings. Brides, for instance, wear the wreath, veil and orange blossoms.

The natives speak English fluently and are exceedingly proud of their ancestry, which is of the best South Sea and Papuan blood. They indignantly resent the suggestion of any connection whatever with the blacks of North Australia. They can be considered a valuable working community as their pearl, trochas shell and beche-de-mer industries are of outstanding importance. The Torres Straits Islanders also stand out conspicuously as an example of what can be accomplished among black folk under a wise, humane and just government.





A Reflected Glory- In the State of Washington

"Grandpa"

A Reminiscence of Bret Harte by His Grandson

(Reprinted by Request)

WAS GRANDPA—just grandpa—and only as such do I remember him. I saw um with a child's eyes and loved him child's heart, for he was white-haired, and sympathetic, and all that makes the f "grandpa" so full of sentiment and on.

he was not feeble in spite of his years white hair. His features were handhis expression naturally distinguished. Let hair, the splendid eyes, the aristonose, the drooping mustache, every f his face, bore the mark of high culture tellect, and his figure, always well-d, possessed that natural dignity of carstinctive of the gentleman.

of Christmas. We grandfather, I always of Christmas. We grandchildren, my Geoffrey and myself, saw little of him at this time, and thus the coming of as meant the coming of grandpa, with oys and picture books, and good things stockings.

dpa had an extraordinary liking for ical tops, and it was much to our depr they were usually tops that did funny and made us laugh—and made grandpa too. That must have been the reason: meant so much to us as children, believed toys and loved to play with set as we did.

all always remember the last Christmas with us. The family was then staying trren Height," a house that my father ilt at Caversham, near Reading, overthe River Thames, and grandpa had from London on Christmas eve. Among ny toys he had brought us a little lady in ploomers who rode around on a bicycle nanied by a small white dog. I cannot it laugh as I recall the many miraculous nat lady cyclist used to perform. There end to her tricks. We would wind her I place her on the table. Around and she would go, her little knees wobbling down, and the faithful "Fido" trotting her. Frequently, without the slightest g, she would suddenly stop and then gain with such furious energy that she lose her balance and generally finish the nance by riding on her head at a most us angle, with the ever faithful "Fido" beside her in the air. This aerial feat of "Fido" greatly amazed our little fox terrier, Boonder, and it was all we could do to prevent him from climbing upon the table and tearing the performers to pieces.

How we roared and clapped our hands, and how grandpa laughed—laughed until the team rolled down his cheeks. Little did I realize then, or even stop to think that this same beloved grandpa, who laughed and clapped his hands with us, was he who gave to the world "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "M'liss," "Salomy Jane," and that most beautiful of his poems, "Dickens in Camp."

It is not strange, therefore, that with the cherished memory of this Christmas I should think of him always as "grandpa," for it was the last time I saw him. He died in Camberly, Surrey, in the house of his dear friend, Madame Van de Velde, who has since passed away. At this time my family was staying at Richmond, just outside of London. I remember clearly the morning of his death. A silence had fallen over the household. I felt instinctively that it was a silence of sorrow, though the cause of it was yet unknown to me, for everyone spoke in a whisper and moved about the house softly and with a cautiousness almost akin to fear. My grandmother had not appeared at breakfast that morning, nor my aunt Ethel, and I asked my father the reason for their absence. He looked at me strangely and told me that grandma was ill, to be a good boy and not worry. But the shaking of his voice, the wearied look in his eyes and the tense embrace he gave me betrayed a deeper grief than illness. It was the grief not of anguish, but of bereavement.

Bewildered, I turned away, wondering. There on the floor lay an open copy of the "Daily Telegraph," with the glaring headline:

"BRET HARTE DEAD."

And then through a mist of tears I saw once more the little lady cyclist with her funny wobbly knees and "Fido" by her side, I heard again that laughter and that clapping of hands—but now only faintly, as a distant echo—and with the passing vision of a face I loved so well, my heart broke.

The world had lost a great man, but my loss was even greater than the world's, for I had lost "grandpa."

-RICHARD BRET HARTE.

Diablo Canyon

By GERTRUDE BRYANT

ED WOLF, Indian renegade and cattle thief, urged his pinto to and hugged in closer to the evening shadows cast by the desert range.

For the White Man's law was down upon him. He swung from the mesa trail and raced through a sandy wash dry from summer heat. Once he slackened pace and threw a glance over his shoulder; not a horseman was in sight. He had outdistanced the rangers. He muttered savagely and dashed on, spurring his lagging pony to spirited effort.

At the entrance to a narrow gorge that broke like a ruptured vein in the breast of the mountain, Red drew rein and lent his ear for the sound of cantering feet. Silence reached him, startled by the mournful cry of a lonely covote. He sniffed keenly for the scent of animal breath and sweat, but the soft warm breeze was fragrant with wild-sage and cactus blossoms.

He had eluded his pursuers.

Exultant, Wolf swore roughly, in the language of the western cowboy, damning Mexican Joe for his cowardly betrayal. He hoped the rangers would hang that white-livered peon to the limb of a cottonwood.

"The next time I steal cattle," he muttered, "I'll select an honest man to drive the herd to

the Rio Grande.'

With quick decision Red kicked his pony to action and rode through the narrow gap. If he could reach his cavern in the fastness of the mountain he would be safe for a time, and could defy the officers of the law. When danger had passed he could easily cross the divide and drop down the western slope to fresh pastures.

He pushed forward through the twilight dusk, his lean body erect, his eagle eyes alert. pony picked its way cautiously across the rocky basin where the floods rush down, and began to climb the narrow, dangerous trail that gave

Diablo Canyon its Satanic name.

Black night came down in gloomy, mysterious silence; the purplish shadows deepened to inky wells; storm clouds beat up menacingly over the range; a gray mist veiled the heavens: the wind shifted to the north and puffed an icy breath through the gorge, chilling Red's unprotected body.

"Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good,"

he muttered savagely.

The wind increased to a gale, switching the protesting pines, and scattering particles of frozen rain. Red Wolf slumped forward in his saddle, breasting the sudden onrush of the blizzard, shielding his bronze face from the sleet's stinging lash with the broad brim of his sombrero. He knew every foot of the trail that led to his snug retreat, but strangely he was uneasy, sensing disaster—a brooding calamity.

He steered closer to the sheltering ledge and cursed the elements much as he had blasphemed his cowardly accomplice.—As he buttoned the collar of his flannel blouse, he had a longing for

the warmth of his bear-skin coat.

In spite of his discomfort Red exulted in Much as the rangers wanted him. dead or alive, they would hesitate to brave the canyon's devil-traps in a howling blizzard.

He grunted his malicious contempt for the

white cowards.

The sleety rain flaked to clinging snow, draping the blurred crags with virginal whiteness; the evergreens put on Christmas garlands; soft down carpeted the path.

Red Wolf's thoughts were on the shelter of his cave and the heat of a flaming fire. He had a vision of himself sitting before a towering blaze warming his numb fingers and chilled limbs.—The fancy pleased him and he dwek upon it dreamingly.

On and on, as the trail led to the summit, the cautious pony slipped, swerving dangerously. Red spoke to the animal in his native tongue.

"Tread careful, you beast. Below are the pits of hell."

The ascent became more hazardous; the storm increased its fury; the snow was blind-Wolf could not see ten paces ahead, so he rode slowly, apprehension gripping him. The canyon's creeping noises seemed supernatural their ghostly echoes mocking him for a coward. The roaring wind buffeted him mercilessly: the heavy snow wrapped him in like a cold blanket. chilling his body to the marrow of his bones. If only he could reach his cavern, and cuddle under the big fur robe that covered his hemlock bed.

Red halted to take his bearings. Through the white mist he recognized a familiar land mark.

"Eagle Rock," he muttered. "The half-way

post."

He changed hands on the bridle and urged his pony to greater effort. A drowsiness swayed him in the saddle; his eyes were heavy with ng, he forced himself to wakefulness. t go on.

size the state of a pine. The unexpected crash startled rous horse and he reared, backing perilver the edge of a sheer precipice where g, pawing frantically for a firm hold on pery path.

ng his danger Red sprang to the ground ged with all his muscled strength at the a desperate attempt to drag the animal

the trail.

pony floundered, stamping at the rocky an effort to gain the trail. Suddenly lanche of gravel turned loose with a ng roar, sweeping the beast before its to the gorge below.

dropped the dragging reins and flung

back upon the path.

fying sounds reached him. The rumbling a stones; the rush of a great body tearugh underbrush; the screams of a horse wounded.

swore, and eased slowly to his feet. As sed on, he found the snow hip-deep in its. His sluggish blood raced as he d against the storm, and for a time he heed of the cold.

and up, he met the giant fury at its

searched for the twin boulders that I the pocket doorway to his cavern re-His limbs dragged like leaden weights; it pulsed weakly; his eyes smarted with The cave—the cave. If only he could a shelter.—The vision of a glowing fire I him; the red tongues leaped at him the pelting sleet.

ripped over a log and fell heavily, ug his tall form in the drift; weariness ed him and he lay still, half asleep. But r of freezing took hold of him and he ad to his feet. He must go on.

an an icy hand into his blouse to make that the purse of pesos was safe. The cattle had brought a fancy price. The gold was there, but the brush of frozen fingers threw him into a panic. The blizzard was seeking to destroy him. If he surrendered, it would beat him down to his death. He must reach the cavern with its warm bed and dry wood.

At last he found the cleft in the ledge and stumbled through to his dooryard. He was weary to exhaustion, but his cold flesh had lost all feeling. He fell, to rise and fall again. But he was conscious that the cave was at the end of the slope. He was almost home. Soon he could put a quick match to birch leaves, and wrap his tired body in the fur robe.

Strange fancies began to torment him. The storm had voices which jeered at him maliciously.

"Cattle thief. Cattle thief," taunted the wind.

A snow-laden branch brushed him to his knees. In his terrified mind the swaying mass took on the rigid form of his old pal, Mexican Joe, swinging to the limb of a cottonwood.

He sprang up to escape this horror and the trail fell from under his feet. He brought up abruptly against a friendly tree trunk, the evergreen that concealed the entrance to his cavern. There before his drowsy eyes was the inky blotch of his doorway.

Shelter—shelter. He had escaped the pursuing rangers, and the blind fury of the storm. He was safe—safe.

He snarled his victory in the face of the gale. He had pitted his man's strength against its turbulent force and won. He had reached shelter. A few steps, a lighted match, the quick flare of a flame, and the warmth of a bear-fur rug to his cold limbs would ease the aching pain.

He crawled to his threshold.—Sleep worried his eyes; his bruised body demanded relaxation; he must rest a few moments—

His shaggy head dropped wearily to his frozen arms, and he slept—eternally.



Mountain Song

By GEORGE LAW

Trek to the mountains-Snow-water fountains-Kyaks and pack-burro, You and I: Over the high trail-Gray squirrel and crested quail-Up to the pine trees Where the grouse are ever drumming; Under the open sky-Rare health and bright eye-Balsamic odors And wind crying shrill; Leave strife and care behind, Far from the city's grind, Trek to the mountains Vacation time.



Tis is the season of youth! Tis the time of spring! Spring with its smiling sky, blossoming trees, flowering garden and nuptial splendours of vegetation. How sweet and radiant Nature looks, folded in her mantle of wonderous hues.

Youth and spring! They make one supreme music! List to the merry carolling of the birds, and enjoy the banquet of life: for life rushes on and time flies. Spring! thou inspirest love in the young, and revivest fond memories in the old! Who can resist thy mighty, magical spell; thine all-powerful sway?

-Calcutta Review.

A Jest and Its Sequel

By SCOTT JONES

RWAY stood before the mirror that n top of the old-fashioned bureau. ying himself with native pride. For he had longingly looked forward to

moment.

reared in Columbus, New Mexico, atural product of the border. nance and warm heart were his by a shyness and craftiness were the is training and environment. characteristic was his friendliness ember of the feminine sex, yet, like 1 in that loneliest of all lonely lands, ner husband nor sweetheart to any. served as Constable. Justice of the now was newly appointed Deputy ıal.

ed into the mirror, he slowly folded at and fondly patted a bright, new ad securely to his vest, just over his pride in those eyes, looking out at ne mirror, receded and a more sevr tone was reflected as his right y sought his hip and in a moment a tic leaped to a level of that line of

needs once more carefully read his : papers and softly chuckling to himthem into the scarred top drawer. room, he quickly returned and door, cautiously, noiselessly as bewho has been resolved into an arm

Walking along the street, he soon sessed of another thrill through the ss that his fellow citizens were taksterest in him, and almost impercepoulders went upward and backward As he passed the "Black Cat" es, speaking in loud tones, reached

ell you, Villa is about to raid this

off your feet!"

e here; didn't you and I, and others t green automobile going west, drive blazes?"

nat if we did?"

med rail footers wouldn't believe yes, but I just wish we had a U. S. e. He'd go out and stop them; at ut what they're up to!"

s ceased and Ben dodged into a way and waited. Soon the speakers filed out and he observed that they were

Just a moment, John; I want a word with you," he said, detaining him who was so sure of a coming raid.

Lifting the breast of his coat, he showed his

friend his new badge, saying:

"John, I've just been appointed, and if you have any information of anything going on that's wrong, I'm here, right on the spot, dutybound to do my best to serve the Government.'

"Sure, Ben, I've seen some Mexicans acting suspiciously, and a big, green motor car went west two hours ago and there was a bad looking man at the wheel, and I guess we're in for it, all right."

John's face was full of concern and Ben's

mind filled with anxiety.

Firstly, he must reflect and since, as yet, he had no office, he went immediately to his room. In an hour, he reappeared, walking briskly towards the livery stable. Ten minutes later, he emerged, mounted, and quickly disappeared

galloping westward.

John Williams and his two friends quietly stole into the "Black Cat" and laughed long and heartily. They had not seen any green automobile but having become possessed with the knowledge of Erway's appointment, had met and planned a little joke upon their friend. After partaking of several drinks and filling their pockets with choice cigars, they informed the proprietor that Erway had been appointed deputy marshal and was standing "treats;" that he had been suddenly called out of town but upon his return would come in and pay the bill. Since these men were engaged in business and well known to the proprietor he took a drink and a cigar, and charged the whole to

As Ben's cayuse cantered along the road that leads to-nobody knows where - Ben found time for much reflection. He had no expectation of being able to overtake a motor car that had something over three hours the start of him. He was compelled to admit to himself that he had no definite plan or idea of his destination, but still pursued his way, for his mind craved action, and his sense of duty and obligation compelled him to keep a sharp eye open for signs and clue. It was two hours past midday when he had left town and now it was nearing five o'clock, so he calculated his position must be twenty miles west of his starting point.

There are no sign boards in that desolate country—one judges distance by time only.

Observing a slight commotion in the grease-wood upon his right he left the road and turned in that direction. When he reached the spot there was no sign of life about. Riding to the top of a nearby broken ridge, his eye caught a fleeting glance of two coyotes as they literally faded away from the landscape.

"Now what in the name of the Devil startled those varmints?" he murmured to himself, dismounting and tying the lariat to an overgrown bit of chaparral. "It could not have been my presence, for they were surely heading towards me when they first winded me."

His vision swept the horizon in every direction. The sun's yellow glare lighted up the barren sand like a giant searchlight.

"I could see a lizard ten miles away in that light and—"

Ben never spoke the remainer of that which was in his mind, for he heard a voice distinctly say:

"I am so dreadfully warm!"

None but a woman could utter words in such soft, silvery tones. Dropping to his hands and knees he cautiously crept to the edge of the bluff and, peering down, to his astonishment, beheld a large red automobile, parked against the wall of the bluff about fifty feet below him and partially shaded by a niche in the rock.

"Now what in damnation!" arose to Ben's lips, but he smothered it, for he was nearly overwhelmed by the loveliness of the girl sitting at the wheel of the car. He could see no others, yet he doubted not but that more were near, else why the conversation? Yet he had spoken words aloud that afternoon to himself. Why should not others, in that despised, desolate country?

Stretching himself an inch more, to better view the base of the bluff, he loosened a handful of sand and it fell squarely upon the hat of the girl. Instantly a pair of snapping black eyes were raised to his and as they filled with horror, the girl's lips parted and she gave a terrified, smothered shriek.

At once an elderly appearing woman came from underneath the car and engaged the girl in conversation. Ben arose to his feet and bowed graciously to the girl and inquired if they were in trouble.

"And will the Senor be kind enough to help us?" she replied.

Ben turned to the left and hastily skirting the ridge soon found a place where he was able to climb down. Approaching the car he removed his sombrero and smiled, saying:

"I am not much of a mechanic, but will eadeavor to make up what I lack in skill by my desire to aid you."

His open, frank face and guileless manner disarmed the girl and she smiled frankly up at him. Ben lost no time in peeling off his coat and getting to work.

The elder woman stepped into the motor car, seating herself by the girl. She wore a heavy veil, as was the custom of her people, and to Ben's inquiring look the girl touched her lips with her finger and sadly shook her head in the negative.

Ben passed a half hour in overhauling the car and motor without locating any trouble whatever.

"We experienced great difficulty on the road and came in here, seeking relief from the burning sun and hoping to be able to locate the trouble. I can turn the engine over, but it won't start."

The girl spoke in such distress that Ben's tender heart was touched with her anxiety, and he laid aside his dignity and crawled underneath the body of the car, determined to find and if possible repair the break. He was hard at work, tapping one rcd after another, examining each wire and connection, when he noticed his sleeves were becoming spotted with red paint. Brushing a rod with a handful of waste the red was absorbed, leaving the rod a rich dark green in color. So, thought he, that was what the old lady was up to when he had discovered them. She was just finishing the job and no doubt the blistering sun and wind had dried the paint on the body of the car so quickly that it had not been noticeable to him. Cautiously he stretched his arm to full length and touched the end of the body. Yes, it was dry but freshly painted with some quickly drying material that had not yet thoroughly hard-He was looking for a big green motor car with two men occupying it. This one contained two women. Perplexed, with suspicion aroused, he lay quietly thinking, and while thus occupied became conscious that he was being watched by the elder of the two ladies, who had stepped from the car. It now occurred to him that in removing his coat he had inadvertently exposed his star. Grasping the hind axle he began drawing himself backward from underneath the car, when with a whir, the motor started and he scarcely had time to flatten out as the car speeded over and away from him. As he raised himself to his knees the elder woman turned and fired point blank at him.

Ben's right hand fairly flew to his hip and taking quick aim at the big gasoline tank he kept pressing the trigger until his gun was empty.

"Shucks," he said, "too far away. I might

as well shoot at the sun."

Yet he followed on and his heart beat faster and faster, as he beheld the telltale drops in the sand. A bit farther they grew to a tiny stream. Shaking his fist at the receding cloud of dust he muttered:

"You're going a mile a minute now, but you won't go many minutes with a puncture like

that."

Running back he seized his coat and climbed up to where he had left his horse. As he drew on his coat he felt a stab of pain in his left shoulder.

"That old lady must have punctured me, too."

Ripping open his sleeve he found it was but a scratch and, swinging into the saddle dashed for the road.

The sun was dropping behind the rim of the

sand ridge.

Spurring his refreshed pony to his utmost he soon passed the spot where the huge car had swung back into the road. So sharply had been the turn that there was no trace of the two outer wheels until the course led straight away.

"Some driver, that girl!" he ejaculated, as he strained his vision for a sight of the car.

A mile away the road bore to the right and chaparral obstructed his view beyond this turn. Urging his cayuse on he quickly reached the turn and there, approximately two miles down the road, was an object which he doubted not, must be the big red car. Pulling his horse down to a canter he leisurely rode on and upon drawing nearer, observed the elder of the women making frantic efforts to mend the gasoline tank. When she noted Ben's approach she ceased her efforts and seizing a can emptied its contents into the tank. As Ben drew nearer she sprang upon the running board and instantly the big car sped away.

"So that's your little game," mused Ben, as again he dug the spurs into the leathery hide of

his tough little pony.

Twilight came, yet night was delayed by that clear atmosphere, and when Ben had tolled off another two miles he came upon them again, and this time both women were working upon the still leaking tank. He called to them:

"What are you folks up to, anyway?"

The girl quickly climbed into the car and seated herself at the wheel, while the woman began emptying the contents of another can into the tank.

Again Ben called to them:

"I happen to be an officer of the law, and since you have attempted my life I place you under arrest. Will you submit?"

For answer three shots rang out and as many puffs of dust rose a few yards in front of Ben. He had grown wary and was keeping back out

of range.

This time the shots must have been fired by the girl since the woman was still pouring gasoline into the tank. Ben was sorely perplexed, and nonplussed as well, since he could not fire upon women and could not establish in his own mind any particular reason or motive for their firing upon him. He reasoned that they might be smugglers and this would account for their repainting the car. They were returning to Columbus and he never doubted but that this was the green car his friends had seen. Approaching a few yards nearer he called to them:

"Stand away from that tank or take the consequences, for I mean to have another try for it."

The woman stepped to one side and received something from the hands of the girl just as Ben poured four shots into the tank. As his fourth shot rang out his horse fell—shot through the head.

He sprang free from him and tore for the friendly chaparral, thoroughly alarmed since he realized a .30-.30 rifle was spraying bullets all about him.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" was all he could say as he lay flat upon the burning sand.

Then he heard the throbbing motor as it seemed to roar its defiance at him and listened as the sounds grew fainter and fainter and suddenly ceased.

"They're stuck again!" he cried exultingly.

Going to where the car had started and following on, he could plainly see a wet line made by gasoline dripping from the leaking tank.

Going back and making sure that his horse was dead he again turned down the road. In fifteen minutes he paused but could hear no sounds. He felt sure they must have used their last quart of gasoline, else they would be mending the tank. He proceeded cautiously and was soon able to make out a blur of some sort

about ten feet to the right of the road and in a cleared space. He dropped to his hands and knees, and trying out each foot of the ground, crept noiselessly to within a hundred feet of the "blur" which proved to be the car. Though night had settled down he could make out its lines, indistinctly but assuredly. It lay just off the road, broadside to him, engine pointing towards the bushes.

"Pretty foxy ladies!" soliloquized Ben, as he noted the cleared space about the car, precluding any one's safe approach thereto. Neither sight nor sound of its occupants could he distinguish.

"I'm simply bound to know what the contents of that huge tonneau are," thought Ben.

Backing away for thirty yards he began circling to the right and squirming along like a snake, came out in an hour fifty yards beyond the car and directly opposite his first position. Inch by inch, he made his way to within a few feet of the cleared space about the car and not over fifty feet from the car itself. Emboldened by the darkness, which now enveloped everything, he crept further on and upon reaching the cleared space could make out a shadowy form leaning against the car and apparently peering across it in the direction whence he had come. Gaining his feet, and drawing his automatic, Ben advanced cautiously to within a dozen feet of that form. Pausing, he said;

"If you move even an inch, I shall be com-

pelled to shoot you!"

The form did not move, and he had taken three steps when a shot rang out and the figure of the girl arose in the front seat. At the flash the form whirled, but Ben was not to be taken unawares again, and as the report of his .45 died away, a rifle fell clattering to the ground and the limp form of the woman crumpled and settled down upon the running board. With a bound Ben reached the car and facing the girl cried:

"Pass me your gun, butt first, or I'll break your pretty arm as I fear you already have mine."

Still she hesitated and Ben thrust his .45 up close to her face and in a moment her revolver

dropped to the floor of the car.

"Right this way, my dark-eyed Susan," said Ben, opening the door, and she stepped down upon the ground beside him. "Any more guns or Mexican paraphernalia about you, Senorita?"

"None whatever, I assure you."

"Your last shot went a little bit deeper than her first one, though in the same locality, and

I am obliged to trouble you to take my handkerchief and bind it up, since I've lost the use of that wing for the present and must keep you covered with the other one."

She smiled most bewitchingly up into his face.

"No more of that tender stuff with me," said Ben, gruffly, as she staunched the flow of blood and bound up his wound, as he pressed the nuzzle of his .45 a bit harder against her side.

"I was so sorry," she said simply.

"That it was not my head, instead of my arm," he replied. "And now," he added, "you had better attend to that woman."

"Woman!" she scoffed. "You poor Amer-

icano fool!"

At length Ben received the light. Bowing

graciously to the girl, he said:

"Thank you for your compliments. They at least sting no more than your bullets. I tried to help you and succeeded in making a fool of myself, but you cannot catch me napping again. I am no longer Ben Erway, the man; I am just a plain arm of the law. One little mistake on your part and I promise you, you shall feel the weight of that arm. Now attend to your friend—I only drilled his right shoulder. Americans shoot straight and when they shoot at a gasoline tank they don't hit a rock."

The girl flushed deeply, but was saved this mortification by the merciful shades of night.

As she and Erway approached the crumpled figure the form arose and drawing itself up proudly, tore the dress from its shoulders and stepped forth—a uniformed Mexican officer.

"And who are you?" asked Ben, turning to

the girl.

"His wife," she replied, and fell into a violent

fit of weeping.

Keeping them covered he stepped to the car. switched on its lights and ordered them to stand directly in their glare while he hastily searched for any hidden arms. Suffering the girl to bind up the man's broken shoulder, he secured a rope and bound the man's one sound arm and commanded him to lie down, fifty feet in front of the car, directly in the pathway of that strong light. He now compelled the girl to tie the man's feet to some greasewood. done he stuck his gun in its holster and whipping out the lariat, which he had removed from his horse, in a flash bound the garl's arms securely to her sides. Procuring another rope from the car he tied one end of this securely about her skirts, around her knees, and placed

(Continued on page 67)

Beware!

By W. L. MASON

When a fellow comes to meet you with a bright, engaging smile, And gives you a royal greeting in true California style, While his eyes are clear and shining, and he's debonair and gay. And offers you the glad hand in a confidential way.

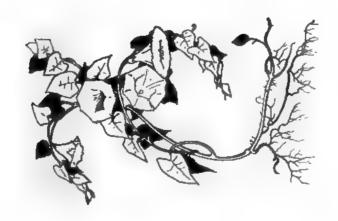
He will bear a little watching, for he knows a thing or two About the Eastern tenderfoot who comes here well-to-do. He knows he's made his little pile, and has a bunch of kale. And is looking for a gold mine, or an orange grove for sale.

If you're not "up to snuff" perhaps he'll trim your hard-earned pile Till it looks about like thirty cents in just a little while. But don't you think that this 'ere chap is native to the soil, Though he smells of orange blossoms, and his clothing reeks with oil.

He's just a shrewd adventurer who's learned the art of graft, Who doesn't mind a little thing like altering a draft, Or handing out a gold brick to an unsuspecting guy, Or selling him a rancho in the bright cerulean sky.

The native son would never stoop to such a scurvy trick— He welcomes all right gladly; like a brother he will stick If he only thinks you mean it whene'er he hears you say That you have burned your bridges, and are really here to stay.

Then a welcome to the visitors who come here from afar, No matter how they get here, by train or motor car; They will help to make the Golden State a better place to be Till the fertile plains are teeming from the mountains to the sea.



The Way of the West

By ELMO W. BRIM

Chapter XVI

The Pursuit

IGH UP in the Sierra Madre mountains, on the morning of the attack upon the ranch, a gaudily dressed Mexican lay prone upon an immense, projecting boulder, beneath which there is a sheer fall of several thousand feet. From this viewpoint may be seen the entire length of the upper part of the valley, which spreads out and ends in the far distance at the foot of an elevated plain.

The man was one of Juan Guerros' scouts—it was the unfailing custom of this outlaw to not only have men watch the approach to his camp, from points which commanded the surrounding country, but also have scouts watching all important raiding parties that he sent out. The scout's duty was to watch until the raid was a success or a failure, then to return to the camp and make his report to him or his tenients—one of them always remained in camp. In this manner he was always in touch with his force.

If the raiding force was surrounded, the one in charge of the camp went to their assistance, but if the attacked force was too strong they merely divided and made their return to the camp in small bunches. If the raid was a success, or if the raiders were making a successful escape, the reserve force might attempt a robbery in some other section, if circumstances favored its being done at once. In event of this, one man would be left at the deserted camp to notify the others upon their return. This method and the fact that Guerros' headquarters were always far in the Sierra Madre mountains was the secret of his success.

The man on the boulder after producing tobacco and corn husks rolled and lighted a Mexican cigarillo, then he exhaled a cloud of smoke and dreamily eyed the valley. From time to time he had used the excellent pair of field glasses which lay by his side to view the section of the valley lying next to the elevated plain. To the naked eye the blur of a ranchhouse could be seen, but the distance was too great to discern anything smaller.

"Por Dios!" exclaimed the man, exhaling a cloud of smoke. "Why do they not appear?" Had they not known that to-day the "vaqueros" started on their "rodeo"—and had they not made an early start in order to make the attack as soon as the vaqueros were a safe distance

from the rancho? The vaqueros had lor left, and only the "golden-haired one," the mighty chieftain, Juan Guerros, desi his margarita, remained at the rancho.

"Carrajo!" he exclaimed in disgust, "I He spat the cigarillo from his mouseizing the glasses he swept the area the ranch-house. Then his body became as the glass was focused upon a perhorsemen who had rounded the correct were dashing towards the gringo senori was fleeing to the ranch-house. He receive the steed of Pedro Sanchez—Juan Companeros and seized the gringo a around the waist—then he crumpled a to the ground carrying her with him.

"Dios de mi alma!—God of my soul claimed the spy, crossing himself. possible—the mighty Pedro killed? H grey-haired gringo has paid for his act gringo senorita—what a diablo she is—my companeros has she killed. Ah, bu have her—but why are they retreating?"

The picture in the glass changed to dashing out of a smoking ranch-house: man reached the open and attempted to his horse a woman appeared through the with a Winchester in her hand; then the went to her shoulder—a puff of smoke the man crumbled to the ground.

"Diablo!" exclaimed the spy fiercely. possible? Annita—I played with her as a she kill one of her race. Yes, she has two, for one remains in the house—k gringos—Bah!"

"What devils these gringos are," he t as he lowered his glasses. "They have six of my companeros—four of them replaced, but one—the valiant Peda never be." Silently he crossed himself.

"Ah!" he exclaimed as a smile over his villainous face, "but they have the haired one —is she not worth the pri will now see where the gringo vaquen then I am off to make my report—the course, are on the rodeo."

But when he at last found the riders J P outfit, he found them dashing mawards the ranch, and as his glasses for

1 the subsequent chase and rescue of series of groans and curses issued from

. When at last he saw the wagon and rt leave the ranch, he secured his horse ashed down the mountainside, never g until he passed the guards, entered the stronghold and was in the presence of ster.

ensued wild outbursts of Spanish as and man went over the details of the g defeat of his men and the loss of his erished desire-"the golden-haired one." Guerros' evil bearded face became disn rage as he thought of the losses that suffered from gringos during the past -fifteen good man he had lost, and sanchez among the number. Pedro was host of ordinary men—and he could replaced. Well, he would show themid kill every one of them. Yes, and the a senorita—Annita—killer of her own she should suffer, he would put out her d cut off her tongue—he would show The golden-haired one" would be his they covered the distance to El Paso—

ig his men around him, he began shouters, and in a short time he rode out of luded cañon at the head of twenty armed men, and started in pursuit of on and its escort, which at that moment ty miles away on its journey to El Paso.

would stop him.

hrough the afternoon and the long enight the wagon and its escort kept on. As noon of the second day apd they were many miles from the on Ranch, only two halts of short dura-I been made to cook light meals and to ne stock to eat and rest. El Paso was ly thirty miles ahead of them, so the the journey was not far if they enad no trouble. Dr. Pendleton was withthe hardships of the trip much better ey had expected, and now under the e of an opiate he was quietly sleeping. gue uneasiness hung over the tired riders mped in their saddles as they rode be-: wagon. Even Red Johnson, to whom dships amounted to no more than rain ck's back, was silent and depressed. The r seemed charged with uncertainty and

But if trouble came it would not come tedly, for at each halt guards had been out, and now as they journeyed onouts covered their advance, flanks and rear. This left five men to follow the wagon that Slim was driving.

As the wagon rattled along, Slim produced the "makings" and rolled another cigarette, but when he lighted it, he only took a couple of inhales and then disgustedly threw it from him—he had smoked so much that tobacco had lost its flavor. Reaching into his pocket he produced a "plug" and bit off a generous chew.

"Don't believe terbaccy will ever taste good ter me any more," he reflected as he suddenly spat the chew to the ground.

Slim wanted some one to talk to; he was awfully tired and sleepy—driving always made him sleepy. During the long, wearisome night he had chewed tobacco until his jaws ached—since then it had been one cigarette after another.

"Shorely have plumb ruint my appetite fer terbaccy," he mused. "But I jest had ter do somethin' fer company an' ter keep awake—terbaccy is the only thing thet would heve done it, an' now I've done gone an' lost my taste fer it."

The unbroken valley had at last given way to a series of broken hills, and Slim noted that a short distance ahead the trail entered between two rocky hills. Glancing back into the wagon he saw that Dr. Pendleton and Annita, who was huddled in one corner of the wagon, were sleeping; but Nina sat in the other corner wide awake.

"Miss Nina," said Slim softly, "Yuh shorely aught ter sleep a little." But she only smiled and shook her head.

As Slim turned his attention to his team, there came the clear report of a rifle, which was followed by a volley of shots. Instantly the riders, who were half dozing in their saddles, wheeled their horses toward the firfng. From the flanks two riders dashed after them. Slim, whose orders were in case of an attack to keep driving, lashed his leaders and wheelers into a steady trot. As he entered the pass he met Ned Chambers galloping back, and as he passed he shouted:

"Keep going! There is another valley, and then another pass—we will hold them."

Slim nodded his head, and then he said:

"Miss Nina, don't worry, we will look after yuh."

"I am not worrying, Slim," she replied, "except for daddy. Annita and I have rifles, and if it comes to it we can use them."

"Yuh shorely can," said Slim in an admiring tone.

As the seven riders galloped back they were met by Guy Blake, the rear guard, who pulled down his horse and yelled:

"Come on, boys—get into the pass! Too many of them for the open." And closely followed by the others, he dashed after the wagon.

The riders had barely dismounted and taken cover in the rocky pass before a score of gaudily clad Mexicans came madly galloping over the hill into the valley. Then came a volley of shots from the concealed riders, which threw the charging Mexicans into utter confusion, and they suddenly wheeled their horses and dashed out of range, leaving six of their number motionless on the ground.

"Boys," said Ned Chambers, "while they are getting their nerve up we will get away from here; there is an adjoining valley and then another pass like this. Come on, we will get ready to give them another surprise." The men ran to their horses, and as they galloped through the pass into the valley they smiled as they heard a volley of shots from their rear—the outlaws had reorganized and were firing at their old position.

Possibly a half hour went by after taking their new position, before any of the attacking party showed themselves, then two men rode slowly out of the pass into the valley. When they were half way across, one of the riders suddenly threw up his rifle, but the report came too late—and two riderless horses turned tail and fled.

"Boys," said Dick after another period of quietude, "they may be a long time coming; and then again they may try to work around and attack us from the flank. There is but one thing to do and that is to let one man stay with me; if they come we will hold them; if they go some other way, you will be with the wagon."

"I'll stay with you, Wilson," said Red, "I'd plumb admire a little entertainment of this kind." After a few moments' parley, the men wished them luck and galloped after the wagon.

When after about five miles they overtook the wagon, Nina felt the blood leave her face as she saw Dick and Red were missing; while she was relieved when she learned that they were not killed, there was a pain in her heart and a dread that refused to leave her when she learned why they had stayed—she wondered if she was to win a love only to lose it.

Chapter XVII The Last Stand

After arriving at the hospital in El Pas men waited patiently for Nina to appea give them the doctor's decision regardin Pendleton's wound. When at last she down the hospital steps her face was wn in smiles.

"Boys, it is almost too good to be true exclaimed. "Daddy is suffering from I blood from the two wounds more that thing else. They say the ball did not go this lung—it struck a rib and glanced a and came out at his back. He will not to stay in the hospital very long—isn't the good for anything?"

Then, after a low cheer had greete assertion, she continued:

"Now listen, boys—just as soon as ye get something to eat and fresh horses you to go back and get Red and Dick. I a fully uneasy about them. They are for or they would have been in by now."

"Wal, Miss Nina," exclaimed Slim, bunch will shorely do their part."

"Yuh bet we will!" was the unanimous
"I know you will," said Nina, running
and climbing up on the wagon to the d
seat

"Miss Nina," said Ned Chambers, s "yuh are not intimating that you are with us?"

"Why, sure, Ned," smiled Nina. "Ce I am going. You need all the fighting that you can get."

"Miss Nina," pleaded Slim, "yuh go back into ther horsepill; yore pappy need We will get Dick and Red. Yuh are I down fer sleep, so yuh go in and rest to —yuh needs it. We are not going a ste yuh." A chorus of voices immediate proved Slim's assertion.

"Now listen, boys," exclaimed Nina, ing her feet angrily, "the doctor gave some liquid food, and he went to sleep: afterwards. The doctor assured me the would be all right and that he is not going in any danger at all. If I stay, all I can is to sleep. I would not sleep, that is can because I am worried about Dick and R am not going to close my eyes until I they are safe—so there is no argument sleep. We will have a wagon to follow we can't tell, they may be wounded ride back in the wagon, and get some so that is all there is to it—I am going."

t, Miss Nina," protested Ned Chambers,

ere is no use arguing," interrupted Nina, going! You know I can shoot as good of you, and as long as I can I am not to let that measly bunch of Mexicans ick and Red without helping to save not after what they did for Daddy. on, let's be going! We haven't any time: and too, we might pick up a few boys we are getting ready. Come on, Slim, up here and take your horses." Slim, talf an attempt to speak, took charge of um and they started down the street, folby a worried yet admiring bunch of

ig! zip! ping!—a bullet hit and ricolinto the air with a wicked whine from ck Red Johnson was peering around. —roared Dick's rifle as Red withdrew his and angrily rubbed the dust from his eyes. t him, Red," announced Dick cheerfully. In glad you did," replied Red as sight gain restored to his eyes, "ther durn fool bout blinded me."

t you?" inquired Dick anxiously.

, but ther durn chola hit within about ches of my head, an' filled my eyes so full k dust thet they feel like they had been appered."

h men ceased talking and became interin firing at the white puffs of smoke were coming from the sides and tops of to hills which formed the pass some four ed yards away. Overhead bullets whined agry bees, while others hit the tocks and etted with angry whines into the air. several minutes of unsuccessful firing, shouted:

zd, keep a sharp lookout and I will expose at—if any of them fall for it, let them it." Dick placed his hat over the muzzle rifle and cautiously pushed it around the zr which concealed him. Spat!—sounded et as it centered the hat.

got him!" yelled Red, as the roar of his ied out. "Ther durn fool showed half of ied when he shot. Yuh watch now, an' we them a shot at my sky-piece." But Red shoved his hat around the rock no an responded to the bait. The firing conlateadily, but it was very cautious in ate shooting.

ettin' too smart, ain't they?" inquired Red. s," replied Dick, "and they are getting the tage of us too. You can see that they have nearly all crawled up towards the top of those hills, which puts them above us. If we stay here they are going to get us soon. What do you think of emptying our rifles into them, then under the cover of the smoke, crawling down to our horses and trying to make for some hill that is surrounded by a valley?—the wagon is over half way to El Paso by now, so we are pretty sure of holding them, and we can do it without exposing ourselves too much. We should get to a good location before they get their horses and come within range of us."

"Good stunt," replied Red, slipping cartridges into the magazine of his rifle. "I know of the very kind of er hill yuh are looking for, an' it has ther valley around it. Tell me when

yuh are ready."

"All right," came the reply, "let them have it." Two Winchesters pumped a volley of rapid shots over the crest of the two hills, and as clouds of smoke covered their position Dick and Red crawled carefully, under cover of boulders, to the pass where their horses were tied. As they mounted, the Mexicans who had been flustrated by their rapid fire, recovered their nerve and began volley firing into the smoke made by the fool gringos—who by this silly method were laying themselves open to sudden destruction.

After running their horses for four or five miles, the hills opened into a valley which was surrounded by larger hills. Both riders gave a yell of pleasure as they saw a small rocky refuge near the center of the valley. They put spurs to their horses and in a few moments reined in at the rear of these rocks and dismounted.

"Looks jest like it was made ter order, don't it?" inquired Red. "I was not kidding yuh when I told yuh thet I knew a real place."

"Sure does," agreed Dick. "Let's get on top, so we will be ready to receive our

company."

In a short time they had climbed to the top of the rock-strewn mound and were safely concealed behind two large boulders.

"Them greasers," said Red, "aught to be showing up soon—an' mad is no name fer the way they'll feel about ther march we stole on them."

"They are mad all right," agreed Dick, "but we can sure handle them from here. We are out of range from the hills, so they will have to come out into the open. Of course they may leave us and cut in after the wagon."

"Won't do them any good," replied Red.
"It's a rough broken country around here on

both sides of ther trail—I've rode all through this section. If they take to ther hills they will never overtake ther wagon; their only chance is through here—an' here they surely come!"

As he finished speaking ten men galloped in through the pass and suddenly reined in their horses.

"By golly they are shorely thinned out," grinned Red. "But what are they up to?"

"Look out," cautioned Dick, "they are going to try to make the pass by circling the hills; wait until they get nearly around and then let them have it. I'll take the right hand bunch, you take the left."

When the two parties of madly racing riders neared the pass a volley of shots were poured into them by the unseen riflemen, and they wheeled and rode back in utter confusion. leaving three of their number on the ground.

"That's handing it to them," laughed Red.
"An' thar ain't so many of ther pizen lizards as

thar has been."

"Yes," agreed Dick, "we have sure taken them to a cleaning. I do not think they will make another attempt until dark, so they haven't any chance of overtaking the wagon. But they will sure try to get even by getting us."

"Wal," said Red, squinting at the fast disappearing sun, "a couple of hours will give them all ther night they want. Let them come, we will shorely give them all they are looking for. Let's take er smoke, I heve been so busy for ther last several hours thet I plumb fergot thet I used terbaccy."

While Dick and Red were smoking they noticed that the Mexicans had ridden close to the pass and were looking at something in the valley where the first fight had taken place.

"What do yer suppose it is?" inquired Red.
"I can't make it out," replied Dick, "unless

there are some more greasers coming."

"Ther holy jumping jasper!" exclaimed Red in astonishment, as a number of riders came through the pass. "Two—six—ten—all ther greasers in Ol'Mexico are coming—thet makes seventeen of them. Wal, two white men are equal to that many cholas."

"I don't know, Red, but we will give them the best in the shop. Get ready, they are getting ready to make some kind of a move."

The new arrivals had barely entered the valley before a order from someone in authority threw them in line, and they came charging across the valley.

"Let them have it!" shouted Dick when they were half way across, and they began deliber-

ately firing upon the charging horsemen, who were by this time firing upon them. As the riders neared the rocky hill the fire became too strong for them, and wheeling their horses they retreated in utter riot, leaving a number of limp figures on the ground. Three unhorsed men ran for cover at the foot of the hill. Bang!—roared Red's rifle, and one of them fell.

"Wish we had got ther other two skunks," he said ruefully. "I don't like ther idea of them being so close to us—ther pizen lizards. We got six though, an' thet puts them back ter eleven—they are not as much off as they thought they were."

"They have got nerve, all right," said Dick admiringly, "if we had daylight for it they would not be worth considering—but eleven men in the dark are not a nice proposition."

"It ain't a matter of nerve," said Red emphatically, "they jest haint got no sense. Been fighting and robbing Mexicans so long they think they can run on fellows thet can shoot like they would a bunch of peons—but they are shorely gettin' educated fast. We will hold them cause it won't be very dark, an' the moon will be up early. Dick, I ain't worrying bout them cholas—what is eating my soul out is my stummick, it feels like it war growed ter my backbone."

"If it wasn't for the two fellows at the foot of the hill," said Dick, "we would get our horses and make a run for it, but we can't risk it. I am like you, Red, about the eating—I'd risk most anything right now for a good square meal."

"I'd shorely make yuh a pardner," groaned Red.

While the two men waited the shadows of night and the surrounding hills darkened the valley, so they failed to see the forms that were slowly crowling across the valley to join the two men who were concealed at the foot of the hill. Nor did the attacking party realize that a force of fourteen men and a golden-haired girl were galloping madly to the rescue of the two gringos who were making their last stand.

Bang!—a shaft of fire spat from the muzzle of Red Johnson's rifle, as he fired in the direction of a suddenly loosened rock, which bounded down the side of the hill. Hardly had the report died before Dick heard some one climbing up the hill, directly to his rear. With his rifle cocked, he was creeping around a boulder when he was suddenly confronted by a leering, bearded face, and as he pressed the trigger he felt a stinging pain as a flash of fire

swept nearly to his breast, then without a sound he fell in between two boulders. Hardly had Dick fallen before the moon crept over the hills and threw a silvery gleam of light into the valley; while from the distance there came the sound of pounding horses' hoofs—and a shrill cowboy, Hi! yippi! yip! broke the stillness which followed the last shots.

Suddenly the figures which were nearing the top of the hill turned and dashed for the bottom, while Red Johnson fired shot after shot after their retreating forms. So interested was he in his work that two J P riders and Nina climbed nearly to the summit and yelled three times before he heard them and ceased firing—the Mexicans had reached their horses and disappeared several minutes previous, but Red was so wrought up that he had failed to note that he did not have a target and was firing more out of pure joy than anything else.

"Red, where is Dick?" inquired Nina excitedly.

"He is-?"

Nina uttered a terrific cry as she discovered a dark figure in between two boulders, and running over she knelt beside him and drew his head into her lap.

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" she exclaimed pitiously. "Tell me you are not going to die!"

His eyes suddenly opened and he looked up into hers and smiled.

"Nina, sweetheart, I've got to get well now," he answered huskily, "since you are here." Then as she pressed her lips to his, Red Johnson said—

"Boys, it shorely does bet h—, ther mischief thet I never can get hurt. Say, heve yuh got anythin' to eat? I'm plumb nigh daid fer some rations."

"Yes," one of the men replied, "we will take Dick down to the wagon and yuh can get all yuh want to eat."

"Wal," grinned Red, "I was jest going ter ask yuh what in thunder yuh had come fer, but since yuh brought rations I understand."

Chapter XVIII Hospital Days

Dr. Pendleton sat in a comfortable arm chair on the shady porch of the Arlington Hospital reading a letter. The letter was written in Spanish and from time to time he would pause and a tiny wrinkle would enter between his eyes as he encountered some word meaning of which would not be clear to him at first reading.

Two weeks had passed since the wounded

men had been brought to the hospital. Dr. Pendleton's wounds had not been of a serious nature; loss of blood and the trying journey had weakened him, but he had quickly recovered. In another week he would be fit to leave the hospital. His period in the hospital had really been enjoyable. Dr. Kennedy, who had but lately come to El Paso where he had established a hospital, proved to be an old school-mate and this was their first meeting since their graduation at the medical college, so they had a great time living over the past—each day some forgotten incident coming back into their memory.

Dick had received a wound in his left lung, and owing to his recent recovery from a wound in that lung it came near to being fatal, but with good medical attention and nursing he was now out of danger and on the road to recovery. Nina and Annita had been given rooms at the hospital and they had proven valuable assistants to the doctor's force, which, owing to a small practice, was yet small.

On the night of the rescue the wagon bearing Dick and Nina arrived at the hospital in the early hours of morning but contrary to her promise, Nina was wide awake when the riders entered the wagon to remove Dick's unconscious form—in fact she had not closed her eyes from the scene of the fight to the hospital. When the doctor came out and told her that there was a chance for Dick's recovery the reaction of the two sleepless nights and the danger and excitement that she had gone through set in-she fell in a dead faint before the doctor could After she was restored to consciousness she was placed in a bed where she fell into an exhausted sleep, but against the protest of the doctor she was up the following evening, and there was no resisting her demands until she had seen both patients; since then she had spent every available hour that the doctor would allow with them.

Until the men returned to the ranch, which was a few days previous, one of their number called at the hospital both morning and afternoon to inquire about Dr. Pendleton and Dick.

"Daddy, what are you frowning about?" inquired a soft voice at the doctor's side.

As Dr. Pendleton looked up he beheld a vision of loveliness, dressed in a fluffy creation of white which brought out more vividly the wonderful color of her golden hair.

"Why, Nina," he exclaimed, "how you surprised me; you have the nurses beat when it comes to walking softly. As to my frowning, I did not know that I was, but I judge it was

caused by trying to read this Spanish letter—it always tries my patience to try to interpret a letter of this type."

"Spanish? Who is it from, Daddy?" inquired

Nina. "Let me see it."

"You can see it," said her father, handing her the letter, "but I doubt if you can read all of it. It is an offer from Senor Avarillo for the Pendleton Ranch."

"For the ranch, Daddy!" exclaimed Nina, letting the letter fall from her hand, "you are

not going to sell, are you, Daddy?"

"Nina," said the doctor thoughtfully, "I have considered selling for over a year—ever since Senor Avarillo made his first offer—and now since he has again made me an offer I have decided to sell."

"Oh, Daddy, I am so sorry!" said Nina in a tremulous voice, "I don't see how I can give up that beautiful valley, the wonderful mountains—and my dry, arid plain which overlooks the

valley."

"Well, Nina, I know the sentiment that you have for the country. I myself feel that way about it, but the association is not the best—there is no social life; then there will be always more or less danger attached to living there. Heretofore you have spent but a few months of each year there—if you had to live there all the time it would doubtless lose its charm. Now that you will be with me I think we should live with people of our own nationality. The time is coming fast when I will be supplanted in your affections."

"Why Daddy, how funny you talk," said Nina, blushing and burying her head on her father's shoulder. "You know no one can take

your place with me."

"I believe you," replied the doctor, "but affection for a parent and love are two different types of affection. I am not blind, my dear—I have been noticing the signs for quite awhile and it is only natural that the time should not be far removed. If the choosing were left to me I could not select a more desirable mate; he is a man of estimable qualities and he risked his life for our safety."

"Yes, Daddy Pendleton, I love him," she almost whispered. Then she kissed him and

sprang to her feet.

"I've got to run along to my other patient— I've got something important to tell him." As she disappeared into the hospital, the doctor smiled and resumed his letter.

The doctor insisted that Dick should stay in bed at least a week longer, and Dick never offered a word of protest. His wound had ceased to worry him and he felt fit to be up and walking around, which was merely presumption on his part, but when a man is in love and his love is returned, he naturally has more confidence, and in many instances overestimates his ability—now since he was on the road to recovery, each day was like a wonderful dream. He and Nina were dream-building and with her to love and pet him it is a small wonder that he found no fault with the doctor's orders.

There was one cloud on the horizon and it gave him a great deal of worry. Pauline had long since ceased to enter into his thoughts, but the events which lead to her renouncing him had not. He was going to tell Nina—it was his duty to tell her. While he knew that it would make no difference to Nina, as far as her affections were concerned, he felt he must tell her and impress it upon her that while he was innocent, yet it would always be standing against him, and some day the hand of the law might again rest heavily upon him. In Mexico it would have no weight whatsoever, but would they always remain in Mexico? He hardly thought so.

This morning, as he lay with his eyes half closed his mind was again engaged in turning over the problem, and he thought bitterly of the circumstantial evidence which had fastened the crime upon him. Suddenly a small pair of hands covered his eyes and, as his hand stole up and caught a small wrist, a dainty pair of lips kissed him lightly on the tip of his nose.

"I got you that time, 'Miss Silence'," he laughed as he pulled her to him and kissed her

twice on her smiling mouth.

"Now Dick," she said, shaking a protesting finger in his face, "be quiet! You are going to hurt your wound."

"Oh, it's well," smiled Dick, kissing her again. "I will have to go out and get shot again so I will have a real excuse for playing invalid."

"Dick Wilson, if you don't turn me loose I am going to make the doctor discharge you," threatened Nina. "I will expose you to him—you know he really thinks that you are a sick man. Now let me sit down beside you. I have got a lot of news to tell you. That's right, turn me loose."

"Well hurry up and tell me the news," said

Dick, jokingly.

"I don't see how I forgot to tell you," continued Nina as she sat down on the bed beside him, "but Red and Annita got married—and I was the maid of honor—"

"What!" interrupted Dick, "Old Red married? Well, I hope I may never—"

"Yes," she continued, "they married and

went back to the ranch with the boys."

"I wish I had known it," said Dick, "I would have given them a present. But I will get one just as soon as I get out and send it to them. I owe a lot more to Red than I will ever be able to pay him."

"It was a great wedding—Annita was so pretty," said Nina. "And would you believe it?

—Red got so excited that the preacher had

to repeat part of the ceremony to him."

"No, I can't imagine Red playing the part of the excited bride-groom," laughed Dick. "But it excites some of the nerviest men, that nothing else would excite. Now when we get married I will not get excited—I will be too pleased at the thoughts of owning you."

"Now, don't be so certain, Mister Man," teased Nina, "you know, 'There is many a slip

between the cup and the lip'."

"That is only too true," said Dick, suddenly growing serious. "That reminds me—I have been mixed up in some circumstances during my past life that it is my duty to tell you about. What I refer to was not a fault of my own, but I got the credit for it."

"I don't want to hear any of your ancient history," said Nina, placing her hand over his mouth. "All men make mistakes. The only really good men are these who say they are good—and the most of them are liars. That's why they need women to marry them and make good citizens out of them. I was just teasing you—so don't get serious any more."

"I think I should tell you," protested Dick.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Nina. "Now listen—Daddy is selling the J P Ranch, and moving out of Mexico."

"Selling the Pendleton Ranch," repeated Dick in astonishment.

"Yes, Senor Avarillo has been after him to sell for a long time; this morning he got a letter from him making another offer, so he has decided to sell."

"Well, I am sorry," said Dick. "That ranch has a lot of pleasant memories for me. But for it I would never have met you. I will never forget the afternoon that we spent on the plain

which overlooks the valley."

"Neither will I," said Nina softly, as her hand stole into Dick's. "I hate awfully to have Daddy sell, but he thinks that we should move where we can live with people of our own nationality and I guess he is right."

"Maybe he is," said Dick as he drew her to

him. "Anyway, if we lose the old associations, we will not lose each other."

"No," replied Nina, softly. "Daddy was just talking about you—and he thinks you are just wonderful—and he—er—"

"Willing for us to get married," cried Dick, kissing her blushing face. "Let's call — the

preacher!"

"No, you will have to get well. I won't marry an invalid," said Nina, as she suddenly slipped from his embrace and stood laughing in front of him. "Now you go right to sleep! I've talked to you too long; you will never get well at this rate."

"All right, doctor," laughed Dick as she was

leaving the room.

After she had left, Dick lay thinking of the charge that the law still had against him and the new change which had come about—the selling of the ranch and leaving Chehauhau

were greatly against him.

"I should have told her," he muttered, "but she would not have listened. Well, I shall tell her father. He is a fine man, and he will help us to work it out." Then he fell into a light slumber and dreamed of "golden days" when he and Nina were happy and there was no cloud to mar their happiness.

Chapter XIX Recognized

From all outward appearances the slender, dark-haired man who sat in a corner of the Voydon hotel was highly satisfied with himself; indeed he wore such a satisfied and prosperous appearance that several persons around the hotel, who had seen him playing for high stakes at the "Arcade" the night previous, mentally decided that he had made a big "winning."

However, looks are often deceptive especially is it the case among gamblers. And such was the case with Charley Swain as he smoked an excellent cigar in a self-satisfied manner. His appearance was in keeping with years of careful training—it was only skin-deep. Inwardly he was horribly disgusted with himself, and the thoughts of the future sickened him. Only yesterday he had been a man of financial prominence, today he was "cleaned"—his money, gambling house and all his holdings in Oklahoma swept away.

Swain, like most professional gamblers, could not help being a "plunger." It is a gambler's characteristic to fleece the chump player until he has accumulated a fair amount of money,

(Continued on page 66)

The Heart of a Dog

By MARGARET DARRELL

nRUE!— excited—verv. verv dreadfully excited I have been and am; but why will you not understand? Human contact has sharpened my intelligence, not destroyed, not dulled it. So surely you, who know all things in the heaven and earth, can understand me, who am merely a master-worshiping dog. Harken! and observe that though I bark and wag my tail I am trying to tell you a story -a story I long for you to know.

It is impossible to say how I will make you understand: but if I continue to try you may

finally comprehend.

Ever since eight years ago, when you brought me here a troublesome, shoe-destroying airedale pup, my love and my loyalty have been yours. Always my greatest happiness has been to lie here—in this room—at your feet. My greatest honor has been to listen to you reading aloud the manuscripts you were writing. not think I understood them, but I did. Their subjects-honor, ethics, loyalty-were too near the eternal dog-heart for me not to. Ever I yearned to prove to you I understood them. Often I longed for a man to come upon you juddenly, his every intent evil, so that I might spring upon him in your defense.

Many and many a night I have silently stolen through the house—oh, so gently—looking for the marauder who never came. Many and many a day, as we rambled over the hills, I have wished some animal might attack you

that I might die for you.

Then last year the baby was born. thought I was jealous because I wanted to nose him about, but all I wanted was to play with him. He was so tiny and pink and dear. Human-like you did not understand and I was not allowed near him. But he was yours, so ever I watched over him from a-far.

Then the old man came. The old man with the wolfish eyes, and I looked at him and growled under my breath. I suspected him almost from the first. He never attempted to harm me. He has never been other than kind to me; but, as I have said, his eyes! were those of a wolf—quick, sneaking, afraid even to meet the gaze of a dog. Whenever his glance fell upon the baby my blood ran cold: and so by degrees—very gradually—I came to know his secret intent. I made up my mind to watch the old fellow and thus know his every plan. So I stalked at his heels every possible moment, hardly ever leaving him from my sight. You ruefully remarked I had found a new love, and pretended you were not hurt, But you were, and there was no way for me to explain. My dog-heart hurt too. But my loyalty was greater than misunderstanding, so ever I nosed in the footsteps of the old man.

Then upon the day he had been gardener just three months, I heard some one call him from the shadow of the hedge as he smoked his evening pipe. He looked guiltily around before he answered the summons. When he saw they were unobserved, except for me, he and the stranger plotted to steal the baby some night as you slept.

I immediately raced to you and tried to make you understand. You jeered at me for being fickle. You scolded me for bothering you, declaring I had reached the age when I should be content to lie by your chair and have my ears absent-mindedly pulled as you read.

Then I knew it was for me to watch alone. and that at last the opportunity to serve you had come. Night by night I slept out, though it made my joints ache with rheumatism, for I am really an old dog, but it was only by being out that I could watch the dreadful old man.

Again we met the stranger. I learned everything was in readiness for the kidnapping. which was to be the next night—last night.

Early I disappeared. You thought I had. gone outside to sleep, but I was hidden in the nursery. Hidden behind the cretonne curtains

of the alcove where the toys are kept.

I lay very still. The mistress undressed the baby and said a glorious mother-prayer for his safe-keeping. You came in to give him his good-night kiss, while all the time I pressed close to the wall behind the curtains fearing I might be found and driven out of the room.

Finally you turned out the light and left. The soft breathing of Junior in his cradle was

scarcely audible.

Presently I heard a slight sound. I knew it was a shoe scraping, as the foot it encased was thrust over a window sill. I lay very still, my heart throbbing with excitement. For perhaps half an hour there was no sound, then I heard soft foot-steps stealing toward the crib.

The hair on my neck bristled, and it was all I could do to stifle the growl in my throat,

A white streak gleamed across the floor, then disappeared. But that second of illumination had been long enough for me to see where the old man stood. I sprang upon his shoulders biting at his throat. He let out one scream as he fell to the floor, then wrestled with me in silence. He managed to get a grip upon me and tore me from his back and hurled me through the open window.

His scream had aroused you. At your approach he fled the way he had come. But when you got there the nursery was quiet

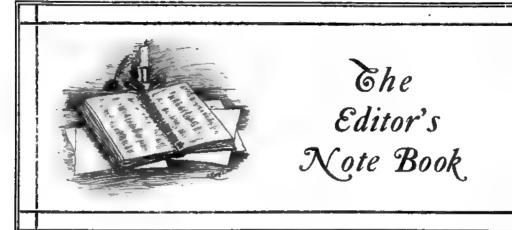
except for the gurgling of the baby, and yot thought the cry had been a phantom of your sleep. My barking in the garden you chided.

Today you mourn because your gardener has left you. You are unaware that the brother's bed-side he wrote he is attending is his own, and that he will always carry the mark of my teeth in his neck and shoulders.

I am barking frantically to make you understand that which I now feel will ever remain unknown because of the limitations of your human understanding. But I am happy, fervenily, outrageously happy, because I have served you—you, my master.







ALDY of Nome is dead.

Baldy, whose fame from east to west, north to south, from the ice-bound trails of Alaska to the blood-stained fields of France, has gone to that haven that knows but peace for deeds well done.

He was but a dog, some may say, but—he was "Baldy," and the proud sire of canine messengers of mercy. For in the late war twenty sons and grandsons braved the dangers of war that they might carry important orders to outposts; bring in the alarm where lay the wounded and, under fire, face the dangers that earned for many of them the croix de guerre.

With the blood of old Baldy coursing through their veins they unflinchingly, and with human intelligence (or more), met the rigorous conditions of the Alps, where strategy and endurance and skill counted as perhaps in no other of the perils of the war.

In his last declining years when Baldy, almost blind yet with brain active beyond his physical strength, dozed in the sun-lit garden of the Berkeley home of his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Darling, could one doubt that he lived over and over again his life as a Sweepstake winner in the far North; a life of gentleness and intelligence among his own kind, as well as among men, and one which bred stamina in the pups that were to figure so vitally in a World War.

The spirit of Baldy, his wonderful determination and endurance have been recounted in many ways but perhaps, to the readers of "Baldy of Nome," written by Esther Birdsall Darling, was the fine supremacy of the animal no better shown than in her account of one of.

the great All-Alaska Sweepstakes when Beldy was in the lead and suddenly went lame.

The team was making up time at Timber Road House, time which had been lost at Candle, when the appalling discovery was made that Baldy had gone lame.

'Midst all the gayeties of flying banners and streamers; of wildly cheering, betting miners, women from the States, children, Eskimos; snapping, barking "huskies" and—the "Queen of the North," with her attendants, to shower blessings over the departing teams, they had "hit the trail for Candle."

With seemingly all the North betting on his Baldy had surged forward, carrying the White and Gold of the Allan-Darling Kennels. Through the dreaded Death Valley, "where the dead silence is broken only by the wailing and shrieking of the wind as it sweeps down in sudden fury from the sentinel peaks—unswervingly, never hesitating, though the sudden gusts from the mountainside often curved the team into a half-circle and he was forced to brace himself to keep from being carried off his feet," went Baldy. Then at the relay station, after a night's rest, he awoke stiff and lame.

There was but one alternative—to follow the usual custom of placing him on the aled until he was again able to take his place on the team. After much resistance he was put in a sleeping bag, tied, and gently lifted onto the sled and two other dogs put at the head of the team.

But, before an order could be given to so ahead "there was the sound of gnawing, and the quick rending of cloth as from the best emerged the head of Baldy, his eyes blazies

termination and his sharp fangs tearing tenings apart, and the hide to shreds. aldy threw himself from the sled with pain, but in a frenzy of haste."

inuing Mrs. Darling's description:
h intense amazement they ("Scotty"
und assistants) watched him drag himith the utmost difficulty, out of the sled,
to the front of the team.

paused a moment, and then by a sueffort started off, expecting the others to

There was no response to his desperate—for they were not used to a loose

gain and again he tried, and as the men peechless—"he crept close to Allan and; up into his face reproachfully seemed to be restored to his rightful place." I not seem possible that the dog could go but he was given his chance and ahead go and in the final dash of the most ontested race the North had ever known an and Darling team was "led to victory by of Nome."

mes when life has gone wrong with you e world seems a dreary place, ur dog ever silently crept to your feet, arning eyes turned to your face-: made you feel that he understands, I that he asks of you sare your lot, be it good or ill, chance to be loyal and true? 1 branded a failure? He does not knower? He does not care— Master to him—that's all that counts— L and his day is fair. irth and station are nothing to him; ce and a Hut are the same; s love is yours in honor and peace, yours through disaster and shame. 1 others forget you and pass you by, ver your Faithful Friend,-

to give up the best that is his,

shly, unto the end.

-Esther Birdsall Darling.

(From "Dogs of all Nations.")

ly, the invincible, long since has run his reepstake; his dreams of those days, and deeds of his valiant puppies in France ded; under the beloved rose bushes of 1-shot garden at Berkeley will lie all that of Baldy, whose spirit has already met the of the morrow.

—A. G. McK—

"In Colors of the West," by Glenn Ward Dresbach, appears this month from the publishing house of Henry Holt & Company, New York.

On another page will be found one of his poems, "The Mirage," which is contained in his new edition.

There has been a great deal of attention drawn to Mr. Dresbach's work of late and most favorable comment made on his poems, such as "The Old Sailor," in the March Century; "Song" in the September number of the Overland Monthly and other verse that has appeared from time to time.

8 8 8

Apropos of the lines given in a recent issue in these columns on the story of the coyote from "Watched by Wild Animals," Enos Mills, we quote the following quip from Keith Preston's Periscope of the Chicago Daily News:

It was a cynical coyote Come to a crumbling shack to gloat On hopeless human ills; He struck a Shavian attitude, And howled a Wellsian platitude, And winked at Enos Mills."

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As we go to press a copy of "Abbe Pierre," by Jay William Hudson has come to this desk.

The very title of the book, "Abbe Pierre," and the picture of the quaint Gascon village that comes to mind as one glances over the opening pages, assures one of a delightfully restful hour in its reading.

Does one ever tire of romance when as in this case a good bit of humor sparkles throughout and the more serious thoughts of such a character as the Abbe reflect the deeper thoughts within ourselves.

Nowhere could the author more aptly have placed his setting for this romance of the French girl Germaine Sance and her young American lover than in the picturesque, colorful Gascon village where the scenes and customs are interestingly depicted.

D. Appleton & Company.

8 8 8

A candidate for municipal honors, irritated by the groans and unfriendly remarks with which he was received at one of his first meetings, exclaimed furiously, "I don't care what you say: you have got to have me whether you like me or not!" "Why, guv'nor," inquired a placid individual, at the back of the hall, "you ain't the blessed measles, are you?" The League of American Pen Women, Inc., held its Silver Jubilee, Biennial Convention and Book Fair at the Wardman Park Hotel, Washington, D. C., April 25 to 28.

Twenty-five years ago a group of seventeen women planted the roots of the League of American Pen Women in the illustrious soil of the Nation's capital, visioning at the time that the logical place for a national organization was the capital of the United States. Women only were eligible for active membership who were engaged professionally in creative work of the pen, pencil or brush, or who, for assosiate membership, could prove sustained effort. From this group has grown an organization having representation in all parts of the United States, maintaining a National Headquarters at Washington, D. C., with branches in fifteen of the largest cities and carrying on its rolls over 1500 writing women and others engaged in kindred creative work.

Among these names is that of the First Lady of the Land. Mrs. Harding earned her eligibility to active membership in the League of American Pen Women during the time she was assisting her husband in the editing and running of his own paper, the Marion Star.

In the absence of the national president, Mrs. William Atherton Du Puy, the executive office will be filled for the balance of the term by the first national vice-president, Mrs. Henry Wilder-Keyes, wife of the Junior Scnator of New Hampshire. Mrs. Keyes is the author of the much-discussed "Letters of a Senator's Wife," which have been running for the past year in "Good Housekeeping," and she will autograph her last novel, "The Career of David Noble," at the Book Fair.

Mrs. Harry Atwood Colman, second vicepresident and chairman of the convention, set forth a program of wide scope, which included all business sessions, the election of national officers and the discussion of many problems of those engaged in the field of literary and artistic endeavor. Time was allowed for short addresses from those of recognized authority, among those speaking were Mr. Will Hays and Rupert Hughes.

Accredited delegates were sent from every branch throughout the country, including Alaska and Hawaii. Representatives from writer's clubs, press clubs and arts clubs for the purpose of cooperation and affiliation with the League of American Pen Women, attended.

California, as usual, was royally represented, having four organizations in its principal cities.

The youngest at San Jose was introduced at the national convention by its sponsor and organizer, Mrs. Daniel C. Lothrop, widely known and loved as the author of "The Five Little Peppers" and vice-president at large for the Western Regional District for the League.

One of the interesting events under the Book Fair was the Authors' Breakfast at twelve noon. April 26, at the Wardman Park Hotel. There were 600 plates and a limited number of guests of honor, men and women whose names are well known to the world of literary and artistic achievement, and prominent guests from official and diplomatic life. The event was one of the most interesting ever held in Washington. Among the guests announced were: Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett; Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, foremost of American women composers; Miss Margaret Widdemar; General John J. Pershing; Mr. Basil King; Dr. Maurice Francis Egan; Mr. John Farrar, editor of The Bookman: Mr. W. F. Bigelow, editor of Good Housekeeping; Mr. Lyman Sturgis, editor of Century.

Mrs. Theodore Tiller, president of the District of Columbia League of American Pea Women and chairman of the hospitalities for the convention, planned many delightful entertainments for the visiting delegates and guests. The whole culminated in the Authors' Costume Carnival Ball on the evening of the 28th. This for the past three years has been one of the most talked-of social functions at Washington's gay season. It is a beaux-arts ball, a historical pageant, an evening of revelry, bringing into being the characters from the pages of history, fiction and romance as only they of the art can do.

Miss Eliza Pope Van Dyne is national executive secretary.

In reviewing Brookes More's volume of verse, "The Beggar's Vision," in our December issue we called attention to the fact that his publishers made the statement that a book most likely to have a permanent place in our literature must be of a substance and beauty not of any particular generation, but of all time. And that on this idea Brookes More's verse would be most lasting.

It would seem that the criticism, or prophecy, was well made as a second large printing of the "Beggar's Vision" is announced.

The World Will Lift Its Hat to You

By WALTER J. NORTON

Failure comes to many a guy,
Because he lacks the grit to try;
He tries, at first, to make a hit
And failing—just sulks, then quits.
That kind of man, in life's hard race,
Ne'er meets success in any place:
But storms and frets and stews
And figures he was just bound to lose!

Jack Dempsey, in the fighting game, Climbed step by step to world-wide fame. If he'd allowed his feet to chill—He'd be a second rater still.

So, barring none, he faced them all And beat each one—the great, the small. No yellow streak runs up his back; The world takes off its hat to Jack.

When John McGraw is in last place
And starts to win the Pennant race,
He never lets a losing day
Slow down his 'pep' or hurt his play.
With zeal and punch, which nerve inspires,
He battles on—he never tires.
In due reward to spunk and vim
The world takes off its hat to him.

NOTE: In publishing these verses, where the reader can readily detect the intensity with which the writer was inspired, we do so knowing that through the inexorable law of life which makes a man pay for a deed rashly but wrongly done, this man is paying. And in the drab of the present he does not forget, and will know again what it means to have—"the World lift its Hat to Freedom's Son."

When Alfred E. Loomis, son of Charles Battell Loomis, the author of many cheerful books of distinctively American humor, brought to The Century Co. recently a juvenile entitled "The Cruise of the Hippocampus" (which they will publish this autumn) it was almost exactly twenty-three years, they say, from the time that Mr. Loomis' father brought them the manuscript of "The Four-masted Cat Boat," also a story of a cruise, which they published in 1899.

"The Jeweled Serpent," a mystery story of the Far East by Katharine Treat Blackledge, If Pershing hadn't ever tried,
A country's honor might have died;
But "Over There" in bloody France,
Backed by his men, he took a chance.
He knew of course, beyond a guess,
That constant trying brings success.
It's over now, the war is won—
Our hats are off to "Freedom's Son."

When Carnegie lived o'er the sea,
He didn't own a sou markee;
But leaving home, his native soil,
He blended brains and skillful toil;
Through thrift—in driving home each deal
He spanned the world with iron and steel:
Tho' he's beyond the border dim,
Still we remove our hats to him.

And so it is, since life began,
With thinker, sport or fighting-man,
If one aspires to win renown,
One cannot do it sitting down.
The failures of today should train
A man to try and try and try again:
Thus success awaits you—and if you do
The World will Lift its Hat to You.

"Angel Face" by Reginald N. Hincks, the story of a Canadian's venturing in England, and "The Stronger Light" by Mary Gertrude Balch, fiction in a New England setting, are among the novels that will be published this spring by The Cornhill Publishing Company.

Belle: "Beatrice has refused to marry Barclay."

Beulah: "And why, pray?"

"Says she will never marry a man whose wealth contains less than six ciphers."

"Well, good sakes alive! Barclay's wealth is all ciphers!"—Yonkers Statesman.

For those interested in birds and beasts of the sea—the hunting of penguins and albatrosses; the mystery of their egg-laying haunts, and the hunting of "sea elephants," is all very curious and is entertainingly told by A. Hyatt Verrill.

D. Appleton & Company.

THE WAY OF THE WEST

(Continued from page 59)

then the small game fails to appeal to him; he must buck games or players where the lid is off and the blue sky is the limit. Sometimes his dream comes true, but nine times out of ten he returns and starts anew on his old victims or seeks a new field for victims of a similar nature.

Swain, after the building of "The Palace," had accumulated quite a bit of money and was in a prosperous condition—the most prosperous of his worthless existence. But after the first year gambling had fallen off until his saloon and gambling house was no longer a paying proposition. When a stranger from the East, with more money than brains, took a fancy to his holdings, Swain promptly closed out to him. With the proceeds, and all other available money, he had hastened to El Paso with the dream of his life in sight—he for once had the money to back his judgment to the limit in a big game. For over a year he had been hearing of the big games and the fortunes which were won or lost at the "Arcade" and he had the gambler's hunch that some day he was going to "buck" and break the "Arcade."

But in one bright night the dream had faded, taking everything with it—he had even wagered and lost his residence. Never had he played for higher stakes and never had fate been more fickle.

"Well," he mused, "I'm 'cleaned', that's all there is to it. I can't go back to Oklahoma broke—true, there is Pauline—she has money —the money counts, but Pauline does not. But there is no chance of getting her money, so there is nothing to it. As to love—Bah! there is nothing to women—I've had too many of them. Temporarily Pauline appealed to me but that wore off long ago. She did not love me to start with; the honeymoon was a series of hysterics. For once I was a big fool-marrying another man's woman is not what it is cracked up to be. She has never lost an opportunity to flaunt that fact in my face and she has taken great delight in telling me that she merely married me to spite the other man.

"She is the only woman I never broke; I'll hand her that—. She never loved me and she has money—that counteracts against breaking her spirit by abuse. If she had loved me or if she had been penniless I could have done it

"Bah! the hatred is mutual; it's high time to shake her. I will never give her the pleasure of knowing that I am broke—it would give her entirely too much pleasure. Well, I am not entirely broke; I have a town lot back at Langford—it just this minute occurred to me; I'd forgotten all about that and Walter Dixon is just 'rairing' to buy it. I'll wire him and get the money; it won't be much but it will mean a lot to a man that's broke. I'll get it, drift into Mexico and try all over again. What the—"

Suddenly he reached up and pulled his hat down over his eyes and watched a well-developed man, dressed as a cowboy, cross the hotel lobby. Although he had but a glance at the man's face there was something strangely familiar in both face and form. Anyway he was not going to take any chances for fear his deductions were correct.

The man stopped at the desk and as he stood laughing and talking to the clerk Swain got a full view of his face. A moment afterwards he unconsciously pushed his hat on the back of his head and disclosed a mass of curly black hair. The man was pale, showing clearly that he had but recently undergone a severe spell of sickness, but there could be no doubt of the laughing eyes and handsome features as belonging to Dick Sterns. Swain repressed an involuntary exclamation and resumed his cigar.

"What luck," he mused, "has caused our trails to cross again? Well, he has happened along at a good time; there is a five hundred dollar reward for him back in Oklahoma. 'Chicken feed'—but I need every penny that I can get. There is more to it than that; I have always hated that man and have intended getting even with him for that hero-stunt that he played at the boomer camp—a lot of business he had butting in on an innocent flirtation. Well, I will send him back where he belongs—that will even things up a little.

"I will kill two birds with one stone, for I will get even with that fool wife of mine. It will nearly kill her when they bring him back Crazy about him, then treated him shabby like she did—that's the way with these fool women—always doing something smart, then regretting it all the rest of their lives. Oh. I know women—there isn't anything to any of them..... Well, she is the only one who was not crazy about me. If it hadn't been for the money I would have broke her long ago; the money gave her independence. If I cared to I could break her yet; the colonel is under my thumb and she believes in the colonel. I could advise him on some good business speculations and in a short time clean her of her wad of money—not a bad business proposition.

Continued on page 68)

A JEST AND ITS SEQUEL

(Continued from page 50)

her halfway between her husband and the car. He then tied the other end of the rope to the front axle.

"There," he said, grimly, "I guess you won't disturb me for awhile."

Gathering up some dry brush he kindled a fire a few feet from the side of the car and proceeded to investigate the tonneau. When he had finished checking it up by the light of his brush fire, he found he had listed three machine guns, fifty rifles, a dozen revolvers and much ammunition. He also found everything necessary to enable him to repair the tank, but could find no gasoline. It was nearly morning when he had completed his tasks. He had waited patiently, hoping some passing autoist might spare him a gallon or two of gasoline. but it was after sunrise when he observed one coming at terrific speed towards him. He blocked the road compelling him to stop, and secured the needed gasoline. Also the information that Villa, with a large troop, had raided Columbus just before dawn, shut up the town, killed many and had again escaped.

Placing his prisoners in the car Ben managed to guide the big machine to town and delivered the whole outfit to the commandant there. Then he sought a physician, had his arm dressed, and going to his room wrote out a detailed report of his work.

Four days later, when passing the "Black Cat," he was hailed by the proprietor and requested to come inside. Here he was presented with a bill for refreshments.

."Some mistake here, old man. I never ordered these."

At this moment one of the three friends entered and overheard his remark.

"Erway," he said, "it was all a joke planned by John. Poor John, how terribly true came his prophecy, for he was killed that morning, being one of the first to rush out to aid the soldiers."

The archbishop had preached a fine sermon on the beauties of married life. Two old Irish women, coming out of church, were heard commenting upon his address. "'Tis a fine sermon his Riverence would be after givin' us," said Bridget. "It is indade," replied Maggie, "and I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does."—Tit-Bits.

WHERE KIPLING WROTE "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

Thirty years make few changes in a London street, and Villiers street running down to the Thames past the smoke-smudged walls of Charing Cross Railway Station is much the same as when Rudyard Kipling lived in Number 19, the Embankment Chambers, and struggled for recognition from the London editors, says Arthur Bartlett Maurice in "Literary Pilgrimages" in the New York Herald.

The third-floor rooms in the Embankment Chambers where Kipling worked in his early twenties are the scene of nearly all the stories with a London background that he has written.

"For example, 'The Light that Failed.' The rooms shared by Torpenhow and Dick Heldar were Kipling's own rooms. From the doorway of No. 19 poor Dick, stricken with blindness, groped down to the water's edge for the sense of the Thames's damp and the feel of the ships that wafted to his nostrils the pungent smells of the East. Lying across that doorway, Torpenhow first found Bessie Broke, the little street girl from 'south o' the river," who fell in love with him, and revenged herself on Dick for his interference by scraping away the face of the Melancholia. On a table of the Kipling rooms in the Embankment Chambers. Charlie Mears, of 'The Finest Story in the World', scrawled the words, meaningless to him, that told of the agony of the galley slave. The very table once had being. Kipling had been burning the midnight oil and generally overworking himself. On the table he had graved the words: 'Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee'—the motto which the galley slave carved upon his oar."

Harsh Sentence.—Abe Cory brought the following story over from New York the other day:

A negro charged with stealing a watch had been arraigned before a court. The judge was not convinced that he was guilty and said:

"You are acquitted, Sam."

"Acquitted," repeated Sam doubtfully. "What do you mean, Judge?"

"That's the sentence; you are acquitted."
Still looking somewhat confused, Sam said:
"Judge, does that mean I have to give the watch back?"—Christian Evangelist.

"Blessed be our ignorance, for it maketh conversation."—"Abbe Pierre."

THE WAY OF THE WEST

(Continued from page 66)

could stand in with the party and get half for pulling the stunt. I may play that some time but not now. I want to send her lover back to her and the gallows, damn him—that will be killing two with the same pebble. Then Old Mexico for a period. Later I may look her up and break her—then she can go like the others have done. Well, I see Mr. Dick Sterns of Oklahoma has gone up to his room so I'd better see the clerk and get his 'habits.'"

"Who was the man you were just talking to?" inquired Swain as he stopped at the desk. "His face is rather familiar to me but I just can't exactly place him."

"His name is Dick Wilson," replied the clerk, "and believe me he is a live wire. He is one of the fellows who cleaned up Juan Guerros' band of outlaws over in Chehauhau not long ago."

"Were they a pretty bad bunch?" encouraged Swain.

"Bad is not the name for them. You must be a stranger by asking that question."

"Yes, I am," replied Swain, "but go on with your story."

"Well," continued the clerk, "this bunch of outlaws had been a scourge to Chehauhau and to the Texas border for over a year—robbing and pillaging ranches, carrying off women; in fact nothing had been too mean for them to do.

"But when they attacked the JP Ranch they hit a snag-all American riders. Several of them were killed, but they wounded Dr. Pendleton, the owner, and carried away his daughter. The men who had started a round-up heard the firing, returned and after a chase rescued the daughter; then they started for El Paso with the wounded man. The Mexicans got together and pursued them and in the fight which followed back in the hills the Mexicans retreated after the first fire. While they were getting organized this fellow Wilson made the others start in with the wagon while he and another man remained to hold the outlaws back. A relief party went back after them but they had about cleaned up the greasers. This fellow was shot in the last fighting but they say he killed Juan Guerros with his last shot—fired after that outlaw had shot him. Yes sir, that man is what they call a 'fighting fool'."

"He surely must be," agreed Swain. "guess he will be leaving soon, won't he?"

"I hardly think so," replied the clerk, "he engaged a room and board for a month—paid for it in advance. He has been here but a little over a week. He has not fully recovered from his wound, and Dr. Pendleton has gone back, into Chehauhau to sell his ranch to some Mexican. He will locate in Texas upon his return and it is my understanding that Wilson is acting as his business agent during his absence. It will not be long before Wilson will be in the doctor's family, so he is already taking him in as a business partner."

"How is that?" inquired Swain.

"Well, the doctor's daughter Miss Nina and Wilson are to be married soon. She is the prettiest and one of the most sensible girls in the southwest. I say he is a lucky man."

"He must be when it comes to women," agreed Swain. "Does the lady stop at this hotel?"

"No, she is stopping with friends of the family; she always does when she is in E Paso," replied the clerk.

Swain bought a cigar and after making a plausible excuse left the talkative clerk and rushed to the telegraph office where he sent two wires to Langford, Oklahoma. One was to the party who wanted to buy his town lot, the other read:

"M. T. Morgan, U. S. Marshal,

Langford, Oklahoma.

Dick Sterns is in El Paso. Bring the reward money and come at once. I can turn him over to you. Wire when you will arrive and I will meet your train. Wire care Voydon Hotel.

Charles Swain."

As Swain sat in the corner of the Voydon Hotel the next afternoon, a boy handed him a telegram. Breaking it open he read:

"Charley Swain.

c/o Voydon Hotel,

El Paso, Texas.

Will arrive Wednesday on the noon train-Will have money.

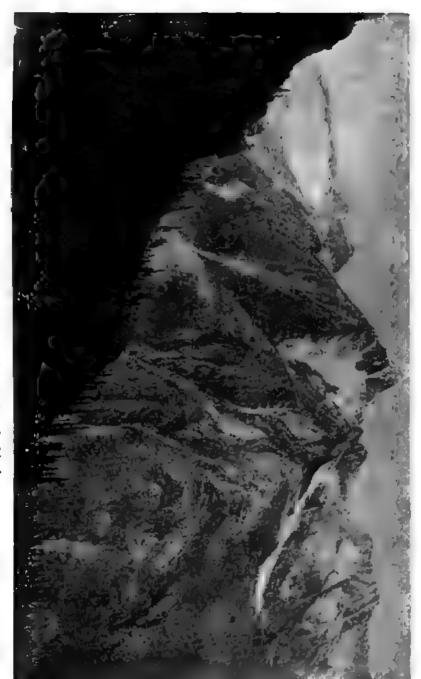
M. T. Morgan, U. S. Marshal."

"Good," exclaimed Swain to himself, "only two more days to wait, then Mexico."

(To be concluded in the May Issue.)

Pathetic.—"How do you feel about reforming the movies?"

"Most of the pictures I've seen are more to be pitied than censored."—Judge.



Where majestic mountains rear their tips into cloud-banks

An Italian having applied for citizenship, was being examined in the naturalization court. "Who is the President of the United States?" "Mr. Wils'." "Who is the Vice-President?" "Mr. Marsh'." "If the President should die, who would then be President?" "Mr. Marsh"." "Could you be President?" "No." "Why?" "Mister, you 'scuse, please. I vera busy worka da mine.—Everybody's Magazine.





STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGE. MENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1809.

OF OVERLAND MONTHLY

published monthly at San Francisco, California, for March, 1922.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. Van der Zwaal, who, having been duly swore according to law, deposes and says that he is the secretary-treasurer of the Overland Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and bellef, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 445, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form. tions, printed on the reverse of to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Overland Publishing Co., 259 Minns St., San Francisco, Cal.

Editor, Almira Guild McKeon, 259 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal.

Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, B. G. Barnett, 259 Mines St., San Francisco, Cal.

- 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)
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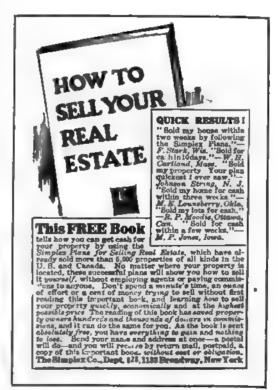
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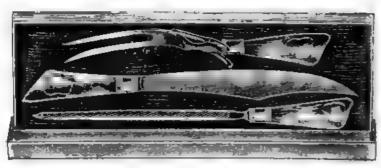
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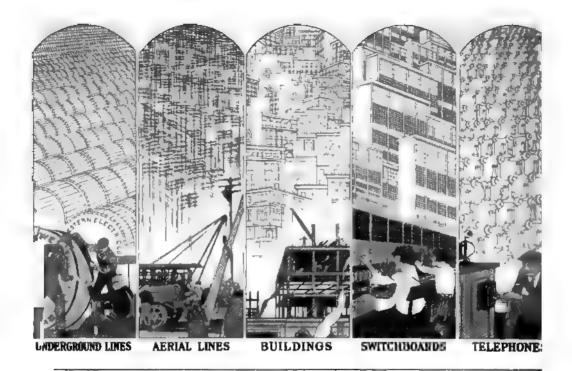
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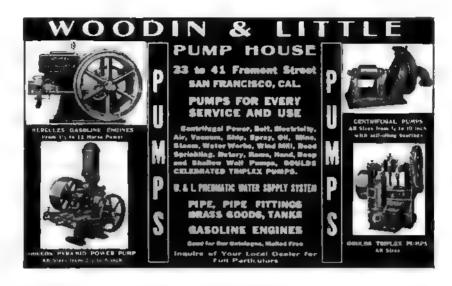
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No. 5

Overland

Monthly

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor.

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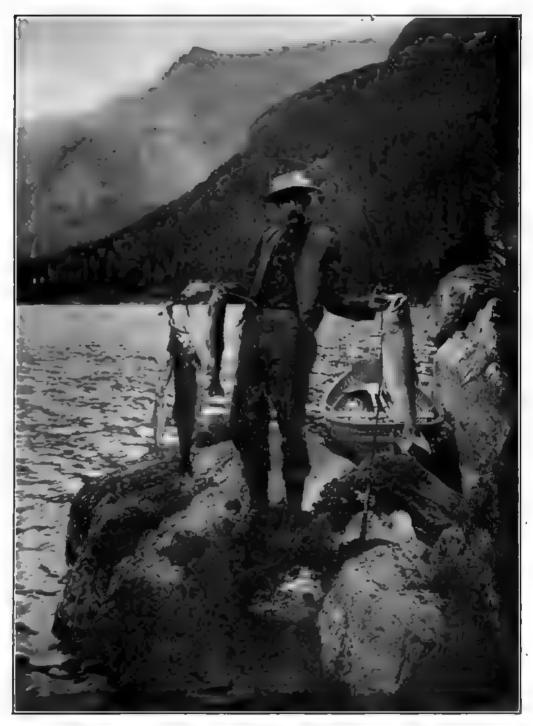
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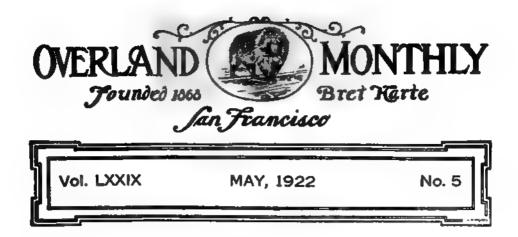
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"When Nature Bids us leave the greed-stricken avenues of men and vacation where the fighting trout leap high"



"A Medley of Schooners with now and then a Giant Liner Bound for Distant Seas"



The Luck of the Mollie Hendricks

By E. L. PENRY

T was Monday morning, along the water-front of San Francisco, and the tardy sun was just breaking through a high fog. The ferries were still emptying their hordes of commuters into the Ferry building. There was a continual din from the trucks and drays as they rattled and bumped along the Embartadero, and the street cars clanged and rumbled as they swung around the Loop, halted to fill with bustling and rushing humanity, and disappeared up Market street.

A medley of freighters, scows, car barges, schooners from the lumber ports of the north, copra-laden ones from the South Seas, and other craft, with now and then a giant liner in or bound for distant seas in tow of an insignificant tug, moved in and out of the wharves. Out in the fairway, and to the south, three men-o'-war lay at anchor like so many sleeping

watch-dogs.

A steamer from up the Sacramento river plowed her way majestically along the pierheads until opposite the slip of the Bay and River Transportation Company, then with a toot of warning she nosed into her berth. The side had barely scraped the wharf when she was made fast, the gangplank run out, and the process of unloading begun. A young man in a blue uniform as trim and neat as the ship, and with "Captain" printed on his cap, stepped out of the wheelhouse, ran quickly down the latter to the main deck, and met an elderly man, similarly dressed, who had just come up from the cargo deck.

"Hello, Ben," the latter greeted the younger man; "you're half an hour ahead of time."

"Caught the tide running out through the Strait," explained Ben Whiffle,

"Well, if everything's all right, I'll take command and you can start on your two weeks' spree," said the other. He was a man close on to sixty, and beside him Ben looked young to command a vessel. "Where d'you figure on going?"

"I'm not sure yet, Ole," replied Ben lighting a cigarette. "I might take a trip down to Los Angeles. They're a couple of fine boats on that run. D'you know, Ole, when I see those trim, speedy vessels I feel like trying deep water."

"Take my advice and stay where you are," the old man cautioned. "You've a fine berth as it is. Say, Ben, that reminds me. You were saying that you're looking for a boat of your own, and I've just heard of something that might suit you. You know the Mollie Hendricks?—she belonged to that company that went on the rocks last month—well, she's up for sale at Thomas' ship yard. She's a little old, but in good condition; I'll bet you can get her pretty reasonably."

"Thanks, Ole, I'll take a look at her," said Ben.

Benjamin F. Whiffle had spent eleven of his thirty years on San Francisco Bay and adjacent waterways. His first job was that of deckhand on the old steamer Gold, plying between San Francisco and Petaluma at the head of the Petaluma Creek, and it was then that he fixed his goal as a master's and pilot's certificate. He gave himself five years to attain it; but circumstances decreed differently, and he overshot his mark by two years. After two years of piloting on the bays, and Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, he was given command of his first vessel under his master's certificate, and it would appear that he had reached the summit of his ambition. But he had not. He began to cast his eye covetously at the River Belle, queen of the bay and rivers, and flagship of the Bay and River Transportation Company fleet, and he did not rest till he trod her decks as captain.

But still he found that he had to round one more bend in the river of his fortunes before his actual goal could be reached. That goal was to be his own boss; to be the owner of a vessel as well as captain. He realized that it would require hard work, both mental and physical, but he had \$4000 in savings and an abundance of determination and confidence.

Therefore, three quarters of an hour after he had brought in the River Belle, on that morning early in August when his friend Ole told him of the Mollie Hendricks, Ben Whiffle threaded his way among the litter of timber, cordage, barrels, small boats and other articles that went to make up the Thomas ship yard, and approached a shed marked "Office." A river steamer was tied at a wharf which jutted out into the bay, and a party of workmen were laying the keel for a salmon boat.

A man in mud-spattered overalls, and with what appeared to be a strip of oakum drooping from his upper lip, stepped from the gloom of the office building into the doorway and leaned against the casing. He nodded pleasantly to Ben, and scratched behind his ear with the butt of a fountain pen.

"Mr. Thomas?" inquired Ben.

"I'm the fellow you're looking for," replied Mr. Thomas.

"My name's Whiffle," said Ben.

"Whiffle of the River Belle? Glad to know you, Captain. What can I do for you?"

"I understand the Mollie Hendricks is for sale. Is that right?" said Ben.

"Yes, sir, Captain, and there she lays," said Mr. Thomas, pointing to the craft. "She's a good average of her type on the bay, and couldn't be touched at the price if it wasn't for the slump in shipping. You're a riverman and know a good boat when you see it."

They sauntered out onto the wharf, and Ben,

running his skilled eye over the vessel, pronounced her good.

"What's the terms?" he asked.

"Ten thousand cash," said Mr. Thomas. "I wish you'd been here last week when we still had her on the ways. Her hull's as sound as a new dollar."

Ben gave the vessel another appraising glance.

"Will a hundred hold her till Saturday?" he

"Yes, that'll do it," replied the ship builder; and Ben wrote the check.

Next day Ben Whiffle and the inspector of hulls and boilers went over the Mollie Hendricks thoroughly.

"Well," said Ben, leaning against a steamchest when the inspection was completed, "what's the verdict?"

"The hull and boilers are good enough, but the engines, though in fair condition, are beginning to show their age," said the inspector.

"They'll last a couple of years without a lot

of repairs, will they?" Ben queried.

"Oh, certainly," the inspector assured him.

"Good for five years for that matter.

"Yes; at the figure she's a good proposition. What do you expect to do, Whiffle? Comer the river shipping?" the inspector smiled.

"How'd you guess it?" Ben retorted.

Armed with the inspector's official report, Ben went across the bay to Richmond, his home town, and invaded the loan department of the Second National Bank.

The definition of "whiffle" is, "To veer about; to be fickle and unsteady," but Ben was just the opposite. That fact fought on his side, and Thursday saw him the owner of the Mollie Hendricks with an \$8,000 first mortgage on the vessel, held by the Second National Bank, and \$2,000 in cash for operating expenses. He had given his employers two weeks' notice, and he was now his own master. If Morgan suddenly gained control of the entire wealth of the world, he would feel no whit prouder or elated than did Benjamin F. Whiffle when the various parties finished signing on the dotted lines.

"Well," said his brother, while Ben paused at home long enough for a bite to eat, "now that you've got the old tub, what are you going to do with it?"

"Don't fret yourself, sonny," said Ben, soothingly. "When you're old enough to shave without the aid of a magnifying glass, you'll understand business matters better."

Ben had touched his brother on a tender spot. "Getting to be a humorist now you're a capital-

cha?" sneered his brother. "First thing you'll be offering me a job in the

gh Ben's mother gave him to underat she considered his venture a rather r undertaking, she nevertheless found during chats with the neighbors to casually, "Bennie's vessel," or "Benamer."

next port of call in his whirlwind of was the Oakland plant of the Great Milling Company.

many tons of wheat, corn or barley handle f.o.b. the boat at your dock, the rt of next week?" Ben inquired of the when they were seated in the latter's

manager pawed through a litter of on his desk and brought up one that to suit him. It was very evident that ot preach or practise the gospel of the sk.

where from 75 to 100 tons of wheat," y answered.

t is your best price?" was Whiffle's next

San Francisco quotation if delivered than noon next Saturday."

's about sixty a ton?"

nanager nodded. "About that," he said. right," said Ben. "You can make cut ract to that effect."

re do you expect to get this wheat?": manager as Ben slipped the contract pocket.

the river," replied Ben. He thought it say as little about his plans as possible. derstand that that territory is pretty well," remarked the manager.

now it is, sir, but I can try it," Ben

t's the stuff," laughed the other.

e going to the ferry, Whiffle went to office where he registered and posted a the Sacramento Bee. The letter concheck and advertising copy which read:

WHEAT GROWERS!

Avoid having your crop lie in the vator or warehouse indefinitely bere receiving your money.

I will buy your sacked wheat at any uding on the Sacramento river at

SAN FRANCISCO QUOTATION ten per cent.

Call aboard steamer Mollie Hendricks, Pier No. 6, Sacramento, on Aug. 11, 12 or 13, and make arrangements with Benj. F. Whiffle.

Then Ben boarded a Key Route train for San Francisco.

Late Friday afternoon Ben Whiffle let down a window in the wheelhouse of the Mollie Hendricks and put out his head.

"All right, Waller, cast off," he shouted to

his mate.

The bow and stern lines were brought aboard. Ben pulled on the whistle cord and a sharp blast followed. He jerked once on the engineroom signal-wire and a bell tinkled below; the paddle-wheel at the stern commenced to revolve and the Mollie Hendricks surged away from the wharf at Thomas' ship yard. Ben plowed with not a little pride along the waterfront, keeping well out in the stream, and shaved neatly the stern of a Southern Pacific ferry. He chuckled to himself when the passengers aboard the ferry eyed with apprehension the proximity of the river steamer.

The Mollie Hendricks could not compare with the River Belle, and her upper works were in need of a coat of paint; but she was easy to manage and her captain and owner had

many reasons to be proud of her.

When abreast of the Southampton Shoal Light, the River Belle steamed smartly past them on her way up the river. As she did so she saluted the Mollie Hendricks with a sharp blast, which Ben returned, and Ole stepped out of the wheelhouse.

"Here's luck to you and your vessel," he shouted.

"Thanks. I'll see you in Sacramento," Ben shouted back.

"You bet." And the River Belle rapidly forged ahead.

"How's she coming?" inquired Waller, enter-

ing the wheelhouse.

"First rate," said Ben. "We're hitting close to eight. Hey, Todd!" he called down the speaking tube.

"Hey!" replied "Lanky" Todd, the chief

engineer.

"How are the engines? Are you forcing

"No, sir," replied Lanky. "They're all right. They're turning at the most economical speed now."

"Good," said Ben. "Don't treat them rough."

"And don't you try to give the seals swimming lessons," Todd retorted. "I've only played

with a throttle for close onto twenty years. That's me."

"Do we go right through to Sacramento?" asked Waller.

"No: we take on oil and water at the Standard's Schofield Avenue wharf," Ben answered.

The sun was sinking in a great blaze of color when they approached the Standard Oil wharf and ran inside and tied up. Two hose lines were taken aboard, and the oil began pouring into the fuel tanks while the water tanks were being replenished. Ben debated a moment whether he would ask for thirty days' time, but decided that it would be best to start out on a cash basis. He therefore went down to the wharf and gave his check; and once again they cast off. The Mollie Hendricks backed out, and when, in response to one bell and a jingle, she went ahead at full speed, Ben Whiffle turned the wheel over to Waller, with an order to be called when they reached the Strait of Carquinez. Then he went below to his cabin.

He spent half an hour at his desk, figuring; then rolled into his bunk, supremely satisfied with the past, present, and what he could see of the future. He fell asleep calculating how long it would take to lift the mortgage on the vessel. He was awakened near midnight by a deckhand and told that they were at the entrance of the Strait. He went out on deck. the cold, damp wind blowing up San Pablo Bay driving the last bit of drowsiness from his brain, and climbed to the wheelhouse. Off the port beam twinkled the lights of Vallejo and the navy yard on Mare Island.

Waller spoke a few words concerning the ship as Ben took the wheel, and then went below and turned in. The Mollie Hendricks increased her gentle rocking and dipping to a roll as she entered the rough water that seethed and swirled and boiled through the Strait, and Ben Whiffle settled himself for the long run up the Strait of Carquinez, through the lower part of Suisun Bay to Pittsburg, across to Collinsville and into the Sacramento; and then up the river past Rio Vista and other towns till he reached the State Capital.

The factory whistles of Sacramento were calling the men to work Saturday morning, August 9th, when the Mollie Hendricks rocked in against Pier No. 6 and tied up. The River Belle had been at her dock for two hours. Ben Whiffle had stood quite a long trick in bringing his steamer up the river, and his eyes were heavy with sleep when he shouted down the speaking-tube:

"Let your steam go down, Lanky; we'll be here for a few days. You can go ashore if you want to. I'm going to turn in."
"All right, Cap," Lanky called up.

Ben rose refreshed at one o'clock, and, after much spluttering over a basin of cold water, he slipped into his street clothes and went into the main cabin to his dinner. A huge bowl of the Chinese cook's appetizing clam chowder soon disappeared, followed by a medium-sized steak and mashed potatoes, much bread and butter. and a cup of coffee. Life on the river evidently produced a fair appetite.

"Here, Charley, another java," said Ben, and Charley trotted in with the pot, grinning to know that his new skipper liked his cooking.

"More chowder?" inquired the cook, in fairly good English.

"Have the men eaten yet?" said Ben.

"Yes, sir," said Charley, "him all eat an hour

"All right then; a little more chowder," Ben directed.

His repast finished, he left the ship, and, joining Ole, sauntered uptown in the blazing sunlight and attended a theatre. One picture showed the steamers shooting the rapids on the St. Lawrence river. Ben admired the pilots' skill, but was of the opinion that he could do as well after a little experience. Ben was not a conceited young man-neither was he troubled with an excess of modestv.

Next afternoon he and a fellow-pilot whose ship did not leave till six o'clock rode out to Marsh Field and watched the maneuvers and stunts performed by the aviators for some charitable organization. Ben was tempted to go up in one of the planes, but he decided that he could not afford to part with ten dollars.

All of Monday he spent aboard the Mollie Hendricks, directing various work about the vessel and getting her ready for a cargo. Every little while he cast a glance ashore in quest of his wheat growers, but none appeared within range of his vision. When the chronometer is his cabin struck two bells and the whistles announced to the grateful workmen that it was quitting time, Ben had received no prospective sellers. He began to be anxious. It was just possible, however, he reasoned to himself, that something had delayed his letter to the paper and it had not been received in time to appear in today's issue. Then again it might possibly be, though he would not allow himself to admit it, that maybe—maybe the grain men did not

be deal with an unknown buyer in the market; that probably they preferred with someone they knew a little more Farmers had been the victim before of r characters who were able to disappear twe the grower nothing to show for his it a worthless piece of paper. But still, not fair to classify all farmers as narrow-where buyers were concerned, merely: a small percentage of the latter were st. It was more than likely that the sement had failed to appear. He would ptown and settle all doubts by buying a f the Bee.

the third page, in the lower left-hand he found his notice shouting in blackpe its message to the grain-growing puben read it through twice to make sure were no errors in it that would effect emplishing its purpose, and his breathing slightly heavier when he found there one; and it was also spaced better than thought possible. Ben knew that as an er he rode no higher than the average

but he nevertheless felt that he had to expect better results from his first than he had.

ever, his determination and naturally I disposition reassured itself by the time returned to the Mollie Hendricks; for, himself, most of the grain men did not their paper till late in the day, and they not bother to drive in to see him till the llowing. And he fell asleep that night g his line of argument to be used on the f wheat men that would swarm aboard amer next morning.

the cards of business do not always fall nave planned for them to fall; it is more he player who tumbles and is finally t up with his head against the wall and litors against him. And it is a nerveig process, even though you stop short vall. as Captain Ben Whiffle soon learned. lesday came and went with no visitor : wharfinger. That gentleman was beto worry about Ben's ability to pay arfage, even though he was well known he river front, but a few mystic passes fountain pen in a check book restored able manner. Of course he wouldn't of doubting Captain Whiffle's integrity, was customary, etc., etc.

ever, Wednesday, the last day that the ement was to appear, produced a tiredlittle man with a yellowish complexion. "I've got a little shirt-tail of a ranch down the river that's the most unhealthy hole in the world—I'm full of malaria," he said in a tired, pathetic voice, as he and Ben sat in the doorway of the main cabin to catch what little breeze there was. It was a scorching day, with the heat waves dancing on the deck and the river and tideland cooking up a hot, muggy vapor that made one feel like diving overboard.

"I've got ten tons of wheat—good wheat, too-" went on the little man, who said his name was Chilson, "and I can't get rid of it. Of course I could have sold it to the Association -everybody else has his crop signed up and in the warehouse or elevator—but if I'd done that my grain would of been tied up, and I need the money next Thursday to meet a note. thought I could do better and get my money sooner on the outside. It's beginning to look like I'd have been as well off if I'd signed up. I haven't got enough to ship on my own account, so the buyers offer me anything they want; but I'll dump the lot in the river before I'll let them have it at what they offer. What are you offering, Mr. Whiffle? Ten per cent less than the 'Frisco price, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Ben, thinking of what little service his line of argument was when his flock of wheat growers had proved to be but one.

"That's better than any of us figured on, but I don't suppose you've had many growers to see you?" and the little man smiled faintly.

Ben smiled back. "The truth is," he said, "you're the first, and I think will be the last one."

"I thought so," said Mr. Chilson, with a forlorn shake of his head. "You see, Mr. Whiffle, nearly everybody is signed up. In my neck of the woods I know of only two others besides myself who stayed on the outside, and they've sold their crops already."

The little man walked over to the water cooler and took a drink.

"Well, now, Mr. Chilson," said Ben, when the little man had returned to his seat, "if your wheat is on the river—"

"It's stacked on the levee ready to load," the other interjected.

"I'll take it and pay cash, provided, though, that I can get enough around here to make up a full cargo."

The hopeful light which had appeared in the little man's eyes died at Ben's reservation.

"But if I do (and I think I will)," and the little man brightened, "it will be in the next day or two. You have a telephone?"

"No; but my nearest neighbor is only a

hundred yards from my house, and he has a phone."

"Good. I'll phone you so you can be at the river when I get there. Have you any men to

help load?"

"I've got a couple of overgrown boys. They aren't good for much—got their heads full of football and don't do nothing at home but fight over the liniment bottle—but I'll manage to have them there. I'm so chock full of malaria myself that I'm only half a man."

He rambled on for a quarter of an hourlonger, and when he left, he and Ben were good friends. Ben saw him ashore and watched him disappear up the wharf; then, deep in thought, he slowly made his way back to the cabin. For some minutes he sat staring at, but not seeing, the muddy waters of the river. He turned over in his mind what Chilson had said. Ben always knew that the Association was strong, but he had had no idea that they controlled the grain market to the extent revealed to him by Chilson.

"Well," Ben told himself, "if I can't get the grain before then, maybe I can get it after."

Rising and walking to the rail he looked along the water front and located the elevator of the Grain Growers' Association, Inc. For a few moments he stood as if undecided; then he came to a decision.

Ten minutes later he was at the offices of the Grain Growers' Association, Inc., and was ushered into the private office of a Mr. Coppershield, the manager. He was a pleasant man of average build, slightly gray, and gave the impression (which was sincere to a large degree) that he was interested in the welfare of whomever he happened to be talking to.

"Well, Captain," he said, when Ben had made known his name, "what brings you around our way? Something mutually beneficial, I hope."

"To put the matter plainly," replied Ben, "I'm here in Sacramento with a steamer of my own, with no cargo in sight, and a contract with the Great Western Milling Company calling for from 75 to 100 tons of wheat to be delivered by Saturday noon. So far, I've only been able to account for ten tons."

"H'm," said Mr. Coppershield, leaning back in his chair and frowning slightly, "that's bad. Is there a penalty for failure to deliver within the time limit?"

"Yes, sir. That's just—the trouble," said Ben, lighting a cigarette.

"May I ask how much?"

"Five hundred dollars," Ben replied, with a wry grin.

"H'm," said Coppershield, wtih a deeper frown, "that's worse."

"I know it," said Ben, "and that's why I'm here. I want to know if I can get 75 tons of wheat from you."

Coppershield's good-natured face became clouded with a look of deep regret. "Captain Whiffle, I'm very sorry, but we couldn't sell you a ton of anything for the price of your ship. We're contracted down to the sweepings. I'm awfully sorry; but sympathy won't take the place of wheat when five hundred is involved. I've found that out myself."

"Well," said Ben, rising, "there's nothing to be gained by staying here and wasting your time. It looks like I'm on a sand-bar, hard and

fast."

"I wouldn't say that yet. You can leave your address with me, and if I hear of anything in your line in the next day or two, I'll let you know," Mr. Coppershield added.

"Thanks, Mr. Coppershield," said Ben. "Pier Number six, the Mollie Hendricks. I'll be there

till Friday evening, I guess."

"If anything turns up, I'll let you know," said Mr. Coppershield as they parted. "In my posi-

tion I hear of all sorts of things."

Eight o'clock Friday morning. The sky and sun promised another blistering day. The factories and mills were commencing to hum with activity, and the river front swarmed with life. Ben Whiffle sat on deck, his elbows on the rail and his head in his hands. He had no eves for anything but a few square feet of wharf directly beneath him. For Ben's spirits were sinking as fast as the sun was climbing in the sky. The River Belle was unloading at a wharf three ship lengths ahead, and Ben was beginning to wish that he still had the command of her and had never heard of the Mollie Hendricks; when a person has reached that depth of remorse, he has nearly touched bottom. Whiffle had searched the town for at least sixty-five tops of wheat, but none was to be had. He felt as though he were being held under water; every minute it became more difficult to breath.

"The world looks blacker than hell this morning," he said to the chief engineer, who halted on his way overside on shore-leave.

"No cargo in sight?" said Lanky.

"Not a pound," said Ben.

Lanky whistled through his teeth a momest. "No offense, Cap, but how about wages?" he said.

"You needn't worry about that," Ben replied.
"I can pay you all a month in advance, and a bonus besides."

ed to hear it," Lanky grinned, and left.

Lord," groaned Ben to himself. "There is a hoodoo on this ship. No wonder the ny that had her before went on the

this critical period in Ben Whiffle's idency, one of the deckhands carried a of water into the bow, seated himself oil of cable, removed his shoes and socks, roceeded to bathe his corns. The effect cool water on his grateful feet was song that he felt he must express his gratin in some manner. If he had been a piguld have grunted, but being only a man k out a harmonica, and, after a few prery notes, began to play, in the lowest key le, that dreariest of melancholy songs: e Gloaming." The deckhand must have a gloomy man, for he was thoroughly ng himself.

I-in the glo-a-ming, O-o-o my dar-ling, hen the lights are di-i-m and lo-o-w." iarmonica moaned on, and the gloomy and rubbed his feet blissfully together in

music had anything but a soothing effect n. He popped to the surface of the water ich he was mentally struggling, charged the corner of the cabin, and glanced y about for a missile. Fortunately none andy.

It the hell out of here with that thing!" ared at the astonished deckhand. And bedient mortal caught up his footgear and t and vanished into the hold, followed by ce collection of adjectives launched by his n. "Theirs not to make reply, theirs not son why," were evidently his sentiments atters associated with his captain. Ben ded his remarks by announcing, "If I hear tooting on that damned thing again,

ion't doubt it in the least, and I wouldn't you either; bad on the nerves," somesterrupted, and Ben swung about to find oppershield climbing aboard.

grinned. "That wailing's enough to give my the D.T.'s," he said.

vu rivermen seem to have a large vocabu
choose from," Coppershield smiled.

e have to, or get out of the business,"
Id him. "But what good news brings you
1?" he added, his spirits rapidly rising.
ell, sir, I just learned that we still have
tons of sacked wheat in our warehouse
ekton that's not been contracted for."

rshield explained, "and I've wired them to

hold it pending further word from me. Now the question is: Can you go around and pick up that grain and get back to Oakland by Saturday?"

Ben Whifflle considered a moment. "Yes," he said, "I can make it. It'll be a hard run, but I'll make it."

"Good, fine," exclaimed Mr. Coppershield. "I have the necessary papers here. We'll sign them now and you can leave as soon as possible."

"Just step into my cabin here," Ben directed,

briskly. "I'll be there in a moment."

"Waller!" he shouted to the mate, "Send a man after Todd and have the fires started and get up steam. We leave for Stockton in half an hour. You'll probably find Lanky at 'Shorty's' pool hall."

A few minutes later Coppershield paused at

the rail on his way ashore.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am for all you have done," Ben said. "If you hadn't been so thoughtful, I'd have been in a mighty tough position."

"Shucks," said the other, smiling. "Nothing thoughtful about it—I call it selfishness. We had to get rid of the lot, so we dumped it onto you. I'll let them know right away that you've taken it, and when you'll be there."

"Well, if you ever want a favor in my line," Ben told him, "you'll always find me ready and

willing.

"All right, Whiffle, we'll keep that in mind."

And Mr. Coppershield left the steamer.

Ben also left a few minutes later and hurried uptown. He entered a drug store and telephoned down the river to Chilson's neighbor, saying that he would be at the landing about ten thirty. When he returned aboard the Mollie Hendricks, great clouds of black smoke pouring from her stack and a thin wisp of steam curled up from the safety valve. With a warning blast he backed her out into the river, pointed her nose down stream and rang for full speed ahead.

It was nearly two hours later when Ben nosed his vessel into the levee on which Chilson's wheat was stacked. He leaped ashore while the gangplank was being run out, and climbed up to where Chilson and his two stalwart sons were waiting.

"Everything ready?" Ben demanded, briskly.

"Yep, Captain," said the little man.

"All right, then," said Whiffle. "We'll get to work," and he picked up a sack and led the way into the hold, followed by his deckhands, the Chilson boys, with their father puffingly bringing up the rear and apologizing for being "chock full o' malaria."

"I'm mighty glad you could take my wheat," said Chilson, mopping his face with a multi-colored handkerchief when the loading was done. "With that there note coming due, I hardly knew which way to turn. Make it out to T. G. Chilson." This last referred to the check which Ben was writing.

A few moments later the little man stood on the levee with his sons, watching the Mollie Hendricks as she backed out into the Sacramento River and continued on her way down the stream.

"Now, that's the kind of a young man I like to see," said the elder Chilson. "If you boys were like him, maybe you'd amount to something."

"Aw, forget it, Dad," one of the boys advised him. "A guy has to finish high school and know something before he can amount to anything. Whiffle did. We were talking about football and he told me he was left tackle (same place I play) the year he graduated. You can't expect everything all at once."

At Collinsville Ben turned sharply to port and entered the San Joaquin. At the junction of the two rivers the muddy floods formed a tiderip that frothed and seethed, stretching up tongues of water that licked and curled against the sides of the Mollie Hendricks as she pushed through.

In rounding the bend a dozen miles above Antioch, at the head of the island formed by the two rivers. Ben attempted to gain time by taking a short cut, but only succeeded in running aground.

"Dammit!" he exploded, and rang for full speed astern. The paddles turned the water white, but the vessel scarcely moved. The lead was then heaved, and it was found they had run head-on into a mud-bank which sloped rapidly upward and away from them.

"All right, Todd," Ben called down the tube.
"Try it again, and give her the last ounce if you have to blow a cylinder-head in doing it."

"That's me," replied Lanky.

The paddles slapped and churned the river till it looked like yeast and sent out wave rings that ran up the banks. Ben swung the stern to port and to starboard, and then, with an extra burst of speed on the part of the paddles, the vessel backed off into deep water.

"No more short cuts after this," Ben told himself, and kept in the main channel.

The sun set before Stockton was reached, and he worked his way up the two and a half miles of canal from the river with the aid of the searchlight on the wheelhouse roof. Half a dozen stevedores were awaiting them on the wharf, where two powerful arc lights were burning. The loading began at once. Ben paused in the cabin for a bit to eat while Waller directed the stowing. He then went below to see how it was progressing. He saw at a glance that Waller knew his business as a stower, so he ran up onto the wharf. There he met a young fellow, clad in khaki breeches and leather puttees, who appeared to be in charge.

"Captain Whiffle?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Ben.

"I've a telegram for you," said the young man, and, taking a yellow envelope from his pocket, handed it to Whiffle.

"Thanks," said Ben, and, stepping to one

side, opened the telegram. It read:

Will you consider contract hauling grain for Roberts people Sacramento and Stockton to Oakland? Good for three months.

Call them Oakland office Monday morning nine thirty All arranged Expecting you Coppershield

"Who says the Mollie Hendricks is unlucky?"
Ben said to himself. "If it hadn't been for her,
I'd never have met Coppershield. He's a friend
that is a friend."

Ben spread the telegram out on the side of the warehouse, and wrote on the back:

Will see Roberts people Thanks Can never repay you

Captain Whiffle.

"Can I trouble you to send the message witten on the back of this?" Ben inquired of the young man in puttees.

"Certainly," the young man replied, pocketing the message; and, as Ben handed him a

dollar bill, "That'll cover it."

"You can donate the change to the Starving

Starfish League," said Ben.

"As I'm the president of the league, I'll just keep this toward my salary, which is long past due," the other laughed.

Ben looked at his watch. "Time's flying" he said. "Guess I'd better buck a few sacks

myself."

At a quarter past midnight the gangplank was taken in, the lines brought aboard, and with the shaft of light from the searchlight whipping the sluggish water of the channel, the Mollie Hendricks churned her way out from the wharf and headed for the river proper. She

(Continued on page 32)



"The Sun sel before Stochton was reached"



To not know the out of doors is not to live

Black Shoes and Tan

By F. EMERSON ANDREWS

e all standing on an island, as it in the midst of a very sea of ger, and one misstep may plunge us ething black waters. Offend a man or passion, act rashly, be mistaken; be wrongly suspected, and at once rawn into a vortex of danger and he outcome of which none can

hadwick was forty, prosperous and with the world as he walked down May morning, but already he had ly made the dangerous misstep. He pole smiling and gazing back as they

. His curiosity aroused, he glanced was horrified to discover that he had ack shoe and one tan. Now Mr. was rather particular about his persarance, and this was the busiest wn, so he hastily dodged down the he came to, angry with himself for carelessly in his hurry that morning, just a chance, he reflected, that by k streets the whole way to the office scape the notice of his many friends leasantries as to his weird footwear. th trying, at any rate.

ng for some five blocks through the ame to a poor, tumble-down portion n with which he was very slightly Here he resumed his course down had never been on this particular s life before, and he was struck by condition. It was unpaved, strewed, bricks, tin cans and broken bottles ull of holes than "No Man's Land."; were mostly frame and looked as them had seen paint within twenty-

On the one side they were sunk street level, making them look even size than they actually were. There ner bakery with mud-crusted steps show-window, in which a single pr-sided and time-worn drop cakes y state. He hurried on as fast as rith the double purpose of escaping y a locality and of giving fewer opportunity to notice his variegated Fortunately for the latter purpose, vas almost deserted. The only pert was a man a short distance ahead inst a fire plug and clad in the ragmost patched garments Mr. Chaded he had ever seen. One square more, he told himself, and he could turn down Arch Alley on which was located the rear entrance to his office building.

Suddenly he was startled to hear footsteps behind him. Turning his head slightly he saw that the solitary man at the fire plug was stealthily following him. But it was broad daylight; surely there was nothing to fear. The man was gaining rapidly and soon ranged alongside.

"A minnit, sir! Wait!" the man broke out

breathlessly.

"Well?" questioned Mr. Chadwick with simulated calm.

"I almost missed you. They said as how you would wear one black and one tan shoe but I didn't think you were comin' so early. Here it is."

A dilapidated satchel was pressed into his hands before he could resist or, in his astonishment, ask any questions. The man scuttled away like a frightened rabbit.

"Come back here, you! There's some mis-

take!" shouted the astonished gentleman.

Mr. Chadwick ran after him but the man turned a corner a block ahead and was completely out of sight by the time Chadwick got This was a pretty pickle. The first thing to do, perhaps, was to find out what the satchel contained. There might be a clue to the owner in it. It seemed rather light; perhaps it was empty. The clasp, which was badly rusted, stuck tight and resisted all his efforts to open it. Finally he laid the satchel on the ground and pressed the clasp with his heel on the chance of loosening it up. It sprang open and out into the dirt rolled a package with a rubber band around it—all that the satchel contained. Mr. Chadwick picked it up and looked at it curiously. Liberty bonds! And, if the outer one was any indication, of large denomination!

Here was a mystery which needed much explanation. How had these valuable papers come into the possession of such a disreputable appearing man, and why had he given them over? Perhaps he was the messenger for some bank and was transferring them to another bank, but his ragged clothes, his furtive actions, made this seem improbable. Certainly he had not looked like a bank messenger, rather more like a thief. A thief? Surely that was it! He was a thief! He had stolen the bonds and had mistaken him, Chadwick, for some

confederate who was to dispose of them! The thought electrified the sedate Mr. Chadwick. Hastily dropping the bonds back into the satchel he started off at as brisk a pace as he thought he dared without making his movements arouse undue suspicion. One lonely block was negotiated in safety.

On the next there was a man approaching. Slowing down his pace and assuming as non-chalant an air as possible under the circumstances, he went on for there was now no time to turn back. The two men were scarcely ten feet apart when simultaneously each noticed that the other was wearing odd shoes. The stranger, a heavy-set, rough looking fellow, seemed to pause in perplexity, which only made Mr. Chadwick hurry on the faster. He was just passing when the other shot out a burly arm.

"No you don't, stranger. Up with them paws! No, this is a public street; keep 'em down, but no monkey shines!"

The startled Mr. Chadwick looked back into a black muzzle surely as large as a railway tunnel. The satchel fell from his grasp.

"I see you know that ain't yours," growled the other, picking up the satchel. "But I want you, too. Right about face, and march slow. Remember, this here thing will be in my pocket

cocked and pointing straight."

There was no help for it: he "marched." He kept on marching until the very outskirts of the town had been reached. Then, at a rough word of command, he turned down a narrow and deserted lane. Here his conductor closed up on him, and when they had reached a very lonely spot, called a halt and proceeded to blindfold his eyes. This accomplished he gave a peculiarly shrill whistle, repeated it three times. In a few minutes the blindfolded man heard the voices and footsteps of several men approaching.

"A bull," explained his conductor briefly.
"They must a' found out about that shoe trick
and sent this fellow out to get the stuff. Lucky
I started out a bit early and found him."

The blindfolded man was roughly turned around three or four times and led away between two men. For a while the footing was soft; evidently they were following the dirt road. Cautiously twisting his head he tried to find out in what direction the sun lay, for its rays would surely shine through even his thick bandage. It was either behind a cloud or they were proceeding in a northerly direction for he could catch no glimpse of its light. After a few minutes the path underfoot became sud-

denly hard. It was not a paved road, however, for it was very rough and every now and then he stumbled over what appeared to be huge rocks lying in the way. They seemed to be turning. Suddenly he was aware of the sun shining directly on the bandage. Suddenly it disappeared and this time without their making a turn. A few minutes more and his conductors led him into what seemed to be a room and tied him tightly to an upright square post. He started in to explain that he had come upon the satchel purely by accident, but a rough blow on the mouth convinced him that explanations for the present were out of order.

Listening intently he could hear the voices of the men in another room distinctly enough to make out most of the words. His captor, judging by the tone of authority he assumed, was evidently the leader of the gang; he was addressed as "Al" by the rest. Exclamations of delight attested that they had opened the satched and found the bonds intact. Then someone closed a creaking door and the conversation fell to a mere murmur, interspersed every now and then with the louder clink of bottles. The prisoner, who was no weakling, tried with all his might to break or loosen the ropes which bound him, but succeeded only in chafing his wrists.

After what seemed to be a long period one of the men stumbled out to see that the prisoner was still safely tied. Satisfied as to this he returned, forgetting to close the door. The talking in the other room had grown very loud. They were discussing the use they would make of the money realized from the bonds.

"Are you goin' to give any of it to the chap that stole them from the company?" asked one.

"What do you think this is?" replied Al's thick voice. "He didn't give it to the right fellow, maybe he even peached and set the bulls wise. Even if this wouldn't a' happened he'd never of seen any of it."

"But Al, ain't this John Whiting runnin' in rather hard luck? I hear as how his kid's sick and the measly wages he gets from the Bolton Paper Mills ain't enuff to pay rent, let alone call and a doctor bill."

"Well, that ain't our funeral."

"But, maybe," a third voice broke in, "we could get him into the gang. He could let us in on a big haul from the Bolton people."

"Him?" the chief's voice rose in scorn.
"Never! He ain't the kind. He only did this trick to get money for the kid. I knowed when I went in on this that it would be his only

That's why I didn't calculate on givin'nything anyway."

at still," persisted the one who had taken an's part from the outset, "if it hadn't for John Whiting we'd never have got of these bonds."

string of oaths was followed by the dull of a blow and a sound as of an overturnair. "I'll show you who's boss!" growled to voice of the leader.

er a short pause conversation was rel, this time as to what was to be done

he prisoner.

e don't know this place because he was ht in blindfolded," commented one. "We old him until the bonds are sold and we're and ready to get out, then horsewhip him such him not to interfere where he's not d, and let him go."

"thundered Al. "He may not know ellows, but he knows me, and I ain't on leavin' these parts for some time.

who opened that door?"

edoor was closed, and strain his ears, lisnever before in his life, the prisoner could no more. Ten minutes dragged on, leadent. Life and death were the issue in the room, and here he was, bound, blind-unable to lift a hand in his own defense, en hear what was being said! Great of perspiration started out on his fore-

How long the dreadful suspense lasted I not know but it seemed ages before he a slight sound back of him. A man was ally approaching! Fear and hope clutched at his breast. Then he heard a voice in r—the voice he had heard pleading for Whiting some time ago.

ney're going to kill you!" it whispered. gang don't want to do it, but Al won't it any other way. I hate bulls like you, at's going too far, and I want to get back

anyway.

vit of sawing with a knife, and the prisfelt his hands and feet free. Too stiff we his legs he tore the bandage from his and gazed hastily about. His helper was

The room was perfectly bare and lighted tone window, through which a stone cliff be seen outside, rising sheer. The door ghtly closed, for which he was now as y thankful as he had previously been ved. There was no time to lose, he well so he walked as quietly and quickly as uld in his stiffened condition to the one w. Several of the panes had been broken ut the frame still held tightly. Indeed,

it was so warped by the weather that in spite of his utmost efforts he could not raise it. He looked about him in desperation. The shanty had evidently been used as a tool house before the quarry, as he now saw it to be, had been abandoned. Although there were several pieces of broken pipe around there was nothing small enough to use as a wedge to raise the window. How had the other man escaped? Scarcely through the door, for that would have been dangerous and besides, he had not heard it creak. Fool that he was! It was only the lower sash that was in, the upper one was entirely out and, from appearances, had been so for a long time.

It was but the work of a moment to climb up onto the window ledge, crawl through this opening and drop down on the other side. But already he had delayed too long.

As he dropped to the ground he heard the door of the room he had just left opening, and Al growling: "Come on, boys. The sooner we

get it over with the better.'

Chadwick knew that it would be a matter of seconds until his flight was discovered. He looked frantically about for a means of escape. The place he was in was a very long and sloping quarry, with a sheer wall of rock twenty feet high separating him from the open country and safety. To escape here was impossible. The sides were unbroken. Far down the straight stretch he saw the rapidly retreating figure of the man who had released him, but to follow him down that long and perfectly open incline while his pursuers had firearms and no compunctions about using them was little short of suicidal.

On the one side he now noticed for the first time an old incline plane track which had been used for hauling stone. On the platform at the top stood one of the old cars, red with rust. It was his only hope. With a bound he was up the short incline leading to the platform and had detached the cable which held the car. He pushed with all his might to start the car from the level platform. It groaned and creaked but budged not an inch.

He heard shouts down at the shanty and turning saw several of the men emerge with Al at their head holding a smoking revolver. In his excitement he had not even heard the shot Al had fired. A final desperate shove, and with much complaining the car began to move! With a flying jump Chadwick was in it; at the same instant a bullet whined overhead.

Slowly at first, but with rapidly increasing speed, for the incline was sharp, the car

began to lurch downward. The crouching, terrified passenger had not even had time to see if the track ahead was clear and still intact; he could only hope. The car was fairly tearing down the long grade now, swaying dangerously from side to side with the unoiled wheels screeching out deafeningly. If only the road were intact and the car would hold the rails!

A bullet struck the car, passing clear through the rusted metal sides and barely missing the occupant. But that was the last. The careening car was no easy object to hit and it was rapidly drawing out of range. If it held the rails for 60 seconds more! But the speed of the car was becoming a positive danger. It could not hold the rails much longer in its dilapidated condition, even if the roadbed were perfect. It had never been intended to run free down the terrific grade, a cable having been used to hold it. Faster and faster it flew along, yet miraculously holding to the rails until suddenly it seemed to shoot up into the air and then fell over on its side, a twisted wreck.

Stunned for but a moment the fleeing man soon extricated himself, unhurt, from the wreckage. The car had run clear over the mound of earth at the end of the track. Far up the quarry, a quarter of a mile away at the least, the gang of ruffians were running toward him, but on either side stretched the open country. In his college days Chadwick had been a track athlete. Now he broke all previous records on

his trip back to town and to the nearest police station.

"There they go," nodded the police sergeant, as the roar of a motor rapidly eating up the road to the quarry grew faint in the distance. "As you say, they'll almost certainly go back to the shanty to get the bonds before making their final getaway and then my men will have them beautifully trapped. With the bonds recovered, doubtless the Bolton Paper Mills will give their general manager another raise. But

"Oh, the gang mentioned the thief's name when they were talking about disposing of the bonds and said he worked for our company so the deduction was easy."

how you knew it was your firm's money is beyond me. They didn't find it out themselves

at the office until just half an hour ago."

"I declare!" ejaculated the sergeant, "In our hurry to get those men who threatened your life we entirely forgot to hunt up the thief who caused all the trouble. But that will be easy. What did they say his name was?"

Mr. Chadwick looked meditatively down at his shoes. One was black, the other tan. He took out a notebook and very deliberately wrote in it: "John Whiting—see that his salary is raised and his sick child cared for." Looking up at the sergeant with a puzzled expression, he said:

"Do you know, I have forgotten. I don't even remember what he looked like." Then, in a very matter-of-fact tone of voice, "By the way, sergeant, where can I get a pair of shoes?"



Sunset

By ADDISON B. SCHUSTER

The mountain has the color of a dusty Autumn grape
The sky below glows rich like ancient gold;
The shadows cross the valley and the breeze-front follows close
And the day's a pleasant story all but told.

All around the ragged skyline cling the last bits of the day, In a variance of lavender and rose; The shadows rise to claim them till one peak stands all alone In the last and rarest beauty of the close.

The Way of the West

By ELMO W. BRIM

CHAPTER XX

The Sixth Day

K was back in his old cell in the Langford jail, and Jailer Bud Martin, despite the fact that he and his wife, Betsey, ent a very disagreeable night, locked in , during the night of Dick's release, was very to see him return—for he still liked mpathized with Dick.

's arrest, which had occurred on the of El Paso, had come unexpectedly and complete surprise. He had offered no ice, instead offering to come quietly if I Morgan would leave at once with him t attract attention.

e had not been much to his trial; true, employed a good lawyer, but the lawlid not win the case on his character and a condition, at least not against such a chain of circumstantial evidence as there ainst Dick. There was no way of provalibi; he had been at home all the time, fortunately, no one had seen him. The silowing the evidence found him guilty nurder of Marshal Henderson. The judge suick work of it, and set the date for him anged one month after the trial. Within a month and a half after his arrest it be all over.

time had slowly, but surely passed, and Dick sat in his cell he slowly counted naining days—there were only six of For the hundredth time his mind went ver the scene of his arrest and the events followed. He might have succeeded in away from the officer either in a physical ter or, had he given any notoriety to his there were many friends who would revented the marshal's ever leaving with The part he had taken in wiping out uerros' band of outlaws had made pracevery one his friend and admirer. Never id he regret that he had submitted to -although it meant that he would lose He preferred death rather than to lose

e was nothing that counted with him na; she loved him and had more than it—and she was a woman in a thou-He realized that he had never loved. She was fascinating, but it had been merely of admiration. After she deserted a time when friendship counted, it had an hard to forget her. But with Nina it

was different—he loved her. It was the old, old story of the one real love. A woman never loves but once; a man is more fickle; while he may love, or fancy that he loves many women, there is but one of the many women who holds his love. So, after all, it is but one woman and one man though it is seldom that two of similar affections are mated.

During the period of his incarceration Dick had tried to write to Nina, explain his position and seeming indifference, but somehow his heart failed him. There was the ink and the writing material which he had secured for this purpose, but the dust lay heavily upon them. They had been unused although twice he had made the attempt. After the first page of each letter he could get no further and they ended in small, charred masses on his cell floor. For over a month he awakened with the intention of writing the letter and throughout the day, until he went to sleep, he thought of it.

On the morning of the sixth day, after studying over many things, he deliberately got his writing material and began writing to Nina. He knew that it would be easier for her to forget, thinking him unfaithful than it would be if she knew that he was still true to her, and was sacrificing himself for a friend. Nina was different from Pauline. She had finer sentiments and, too, she was "range bred." She could sympathize and approve of the stand that he was taking and would know that there was no other course, no choice in the matter. It was hard to tell her but it was only fair that she should know, so he wrote on and after an hour or more of uninterrupted writing he folded the letter, put it in an envelope, and after a moment's hesitation, addressed it in care of Mrs. G. W. Norton, El Paso, Texas. She would still be there, he was pretty sure, if not he felt she would receive the letter.

"Ho, Bud!" he called. "Come up here."

"Wal, Dick," said Bud when he stood in front of the cell, "what can I do fer yuh?"

"Bud, take this letter and get it off on the noon train," said Dick, passing the letter and a five-dollar bill through the bars, "and keep the change for your trouble."

"I'll shorely mail it, Dick, so don't yuh worry one bit," said Bud, "but I will bring yore change back; I am not charging yuh for doing yuh a turn. I don't charge for doing favors for people I like."

"Well," said Dick, "I certainly appreciate your friendship, Bud, I am glad to know that I have one friend in this town. Don't forget to get the letter off."

"I won't," said Bud, starting for the door. "I may fergit ter eat but I won't fergit ter mail this here letter. It will go if ther train runs."

Then the door slammed and Dick heard Bud descending the stairway. The street door slammed and then he knew that the letter was starting to a woman who was, to him, the dearest person in the world.

The steady echo of hammers as the carpenters built a scaffold in the jail lot could be heard distinctly at the Greer home—all morning the hammering had continued. Pauline sat in her room with her fingers in her ears trying to shut out the noise of the hammers. She had succeeded in this but she could not stop her active brain as it drew vivid pictures of the past.

In her imagination she saw the first meeting with both lover and husband and she thought bitterly of the contrast which was shown in the two men. How handsome and fearless Dick had looked when he came to her aid that day—and what a brute and sneak Swain had been—how cowardly he had looked in the presence of a strong man. Brute!—he had been that ever since their marriage. Her face grew scarlet as she recalled the number of times he had struck her, but she smiled faintly as she recalled the fact that he had never broken her spirit.

Now he had left her; she knew that there could be no doubt about it for he had been gone for over a month without a word from him. He had sold, so her father had told her, his saloon and gambling hall before he left. Since then a family had moved into his house so it too must have been sold.

"Well," she exclaimed, bitterly. "I hope he has gone never to return. How I hate that man! I've always hated him, for that matter." Heretofore she had, secure in her position, ruled those about her but never before had she encountered two men of the types of Dick and her husband—in one the animal qualities predominated, while in the other, sense of honor and duty overruled everything.

It angered her to think of the character of this strong man, who, from a sense of duty and the code of a bunch of "wild men," had sacrificed not only himself but her. Too late she had learned that in punishing others we usually punish ourselves. How she hated him for caus-

ing her to marry a man like Swain. He had tried every conceivable method to break her spirit and, except for her money, he probably would have succeeded. As she removed one hand from her ears she shuddered as she heard the blow of the carpenter's hammer driving the last nail home. Suddenly it dawned upon her that had it not been for Dick there would have been no money.

"I hate him!" she cried to herself, her hands pressed tightly to her ears. But she meant that she loved him and too late she realized the injustice she had done him at a time when love and friendship counted above all other things.

On the colonel, who lay sleeping in a large arm chair within the cool shade of the front porch, the noise of the carpenters' hammers had no effect. Since Swain had left and "The Palace" had changed hands, he was unable to receive the attention and choice liquors that Swain had procured for him so now he spent most of his time at home.

"Father," she said gently as he opened his eyes, "I believe Charley has left me—and I am glad that he has."

"Nonsense, Puss! Utter nonsense!" exclaimed the colonel, pompously. "He is down at El Paso. He will be back in due time."

"In El Paso," repeated Pauline. "How do you know that?"

"Well, Marshal Morgan told me all about seeing him there," replied the colonel. "In fact he told me that it was through Charley's efforts that Dick Sterns was apprehended. He located Sterns and wired the marshal to come—a very worthy piece of work."

"So he was the cause of Dick's being arrested," said Pauline, bitterly. "Well, it is just like such a cowardly cur to seek that sort of revenge. Oh, how I hate him!"

"Why, Pauline!" said the colonel in a shocked voice. "I can't understand you."

"Well, I'll tell you, daddy," said Pauline. "I never loved Swain. I married him for spite. I hated him; knew he was a sneak, and I can't tell you all now but I have paid for my act more than once. Daddy, Swain is the man who insulted me at the 'boomer camp'—the man whom Dick Sterns whipped. He knows that I love Dick so he reported him to get even with me, and also to get revenge for the whipping that he received from Dick's hands."

"You mean that he is the infernal villain who insulted you?" gasped the colonel who had made several ineffectual attempts to speak. "Just wait until I see him! I'll have—"

"Daddy," interrupted Pauline, "we are never

going to see him again. We are going to sell our property and go back to Kentucky or anywhere but here. You know we have a standing offer so we will sell tomorrow."

Then throwing her arms around her father's

neck she gave way to violent sobbing.

"Daddy," she said brokenly, "we must leave before—before—Oh! I can't say it, but there are only six days before it will happen."

"Yes, dear," said the colonel, stroking her hair gently. "I understand. We will go back

to Lexington."

CHAPTER XXI

The Girl's Belief

It was Nina's custom to visit her girl chum, Grace Norton, when stopping at El Paso for any length of time, so when Dick left the hospital she took up her abode with the Nortons.

During the period when Dr. Pendleton was a practicing physician at San Antonio he and George Norton, Grace's father, were very intimate friends. Shortly after Dr. Pendleton went to Mexico George Norton, who was a prosperous cattleman, sold his holdings and moved to El Paso, where he established a bank. He died shortly afterwards leaving a widow and one daughter.

Nina and Grace had been chums since their early childhood. They had been schoolmates at San Antonio, and had gone East together to complete their education. Grace had spent many delightful days at the Pendleton ranch and Nina never failed to visit the Nortons when in El Paso. Mrs. Norton called the two girls "my twins," and declared that she could not have loved Nina more had she been her own child. Dick, who came to see Nina at the Norton home after taking his abode at the Voydon Hotel, became a great favorite with Grace and her mother who were well pleased with the match.

Then, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, came the shock. Dick suddenly disappeared leaving no trace as to what had become of him. Nina was inconsolable and Grace and her mother were nearly distracted. Had the earth opened and swallowed him up Dick could not have disappeared more completely, and, by some strange freak of fate, nobody could remember having seen him the day of his disappearance. The clerk at the Voydon Hotel had conversed with him the night before and he had not spoken of leaving town, evidently had had no such intention, for he had paid in advance. The agent at the station was positive that no man of his description had bought a ticket that day. Nina had never lost faith in him. Never once had she thought him unfaithful or that he had deliberately, of his own accord, deserted her at their hour of understanding. Somehow she could not help but believe that the part he had taken in the extermination of Juan Guerros and his band was the cause of his mysterious disappearance. True this outlaw was dead and his band killed or scattered, but his influence still lived among his many friends and admirers; many were the Mexicans that would sacrifice their lives to kill the hated "gringo."

Nina spent hours riding up and down the Rio Grande and was, whether alone or in company with Grace Norton, always looking across into Chehuahau, occasionally stopping to examine a distant rider with the field-glasses which were always attached to her saddle. She and Grace had also made several trips to the summit of Mount Franklin, which towers above the town, and from whose height one can see from 100 to 200 miles in every direction. Though the disappointments were many she never lost faith in Dick, nor lost her belief that some day she would see him coming in on a travel-weary horse with that handsome, knightly look on his face which hardships and suffering could not remove. While she firmly believed that he had been kidnapped and taken into Old Mexico, she felt certain that he had not been killed-something told her that he was yet living and some day would escape and return to her.

One morning, over a month after Dick's disappearance, Nina and Grace sat within the vine-covered porch of the Norton home and, as usual, Dick was the main theme of conversation.

"Grace," said Nina after a moment's pause, "I am beginning to lose the hope that I once held about Dick's returning. For the last two days an awful fear that he is going to be killed has taken possession of me."

"Nonsense, dearie!" replied Grace as she threw her arms around Nina. "You have been worried and have thought so much about this that the strain is telling on your nerves. Don't worry, dearie, he will show up yet—you know, 'It is always darkest just before dawn.'"

"I know you are right, but I can't shake off this feeling, or presentiment," said Nina, soberly.

"For goodness' sake, look at mother!" exclaimed Grace, abruptly. "Something has happened! This is the first time I ever saw her running."

Mrs. Norton, a rather stout, good-natured, elderly woman came running up through the palm shaded walk from the street.

"Dearie!" she exclaimed breathlessly, as she reached the porch. "A special delivery letter

—it must be from Dick! I ran all the way from the office. Read it quick." Then as Nina opened the letter Mrs. Norton sat down heavily and began fanning herself.

With a half wondering, frightened cry Nina

began to read.

"My Darling Nina:

I have not intentionally treated you in this thoughtless, inhuman manner—it has hurt me more than I can tell you. After you have read this letter you can realize the misery I endured since last I saw you.

"Each day,—yes, several times each day— I have thought of writing and telling you of the position in which fate has placed me. Numbers of times I have started the letter but my heart would fail me when I thought of the misery and sorrow my letter would cause you.

"Today is my sixth day to live-and with the end now in sight I am not afraid, but the unhappiness that I am to cause you, the dearest one on earth to me, breaks my heart. For a long time I could not fight down the belief that it would be easier for you to forget if you thought me unfaithful than if you knew that I died loving you, and was faithful to the end; to also know that circumstances over which I had no control should be the cause of our unhappiness. After many painful thoughts I have at last decided that you deserve to know all and I am duty bound to tell you. I am to die at sunrise next Friday for a crime I never committed.

"To begin with, my right name is Dick Sterns and my home before entering Mexico was at Langford, Oklahoma-the name of Dick Wilson was an assumed one.

"While I was the foreman of the Circle D Ranch in Wyoming Jack Holt saved my life, at the risk of his own, while we were having a round-up in the Wind River Mountains. After roping a wild steer the cinch of my saddle broke and I was thrown over a precipice. Luckily I got hold of a small tree which, for the time being, saved me from a fifteen-hundredfoot fall, and death. Jack Holt threw a rope to me a few moments afterwards and I climbed to the top of the precipice. Imagine my surprise when I recovered my strength and looking for him found him in a dead faint with his arms locked around a small tree and tied to his legs was the rope I had just climbed. The rope being too short and I being nearly exhausted, there was no time to splice the rope and make it reach the tree, the only solution was to splice the rope with his own body. You can well imagine the agony that he underwent. You can also see how he disregarded his own safety in the attempt to save my life. Only a tiny thread separated us from eternity. We were just ordinary acquaintances at that time so that made my debt of obligation so much the greater.

"After this we not only became friends but 'pardners,' and later we participated in the land-rush when the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma was opened. I played in luck and secured a good location. The town of Langford sprang up and I sold part of my holding

for town lots.

'Jack, whose horse fell shortly after the start, secured a claim which was of but little value. Time and again I insisted upon dividing my holding with him but it was against his code and I could not make him accept a penny. He took to gambling and drinking and finally ended up by robbing the bank and killing the town marshal. His horse was in my stable that night. Some time after midnight I heard him and went down to the stable. He was wounded in the left arm but gave no further explanation than that he was in trouble and asked me to catch his horse. I got him away shortly before the arrival of the marshal and posse.

"I was arrested and placed in jail, owing to the marshal's dying words: 'Size—looks— Dick Stearns,' and the fact that there was blood on my hand, from Jack's wound; I was refused bail.

"A few nights after I was placed in jail Jack returned, held up the jailor and released me. We separated and I made my way into Mexico. I never knew what became of lack. You know the rest.

"I was recognized shortly after I took up my abode at the Voydon Hotel by a man who had known me in Oklahoma. I was on the street when the marshal arrested me. No one saw him make the arrest and I promised to go quietly if he would leave at once.

'There was not much to my trial, owing to the strong circumstantial evidence and the fact that I could not prove an alibi. I was at home that night but unfortunately no one saw me. Jack had escaped but you know the Way of the West-no man can say anything against his partner, even if he disapproves of his act. Before this Jack's safety depended on my silence, now it does not, but you un-I can't say it—he has done too derstand. much for me. Later he might be caught.

"I could have escaped from the officer at El Paso but either course I took meant that I should lose you so I prefer death to a long life as a fugitive, where my love for you would be constantly reminding me of how life might have been—the happiness which might have been ours, but for fate.

"You will remember I tried to tell you about this while I was in the hospital at El Paso but you refused to let me say anything about my past. I decided, after you left me that day, to tell your father and ask his advice; now I regret that I did not tell you.

"Nina, my story is ended and it is a sad one, after the dreams we built for the future. The short days that I knew you were the happiest of my life, and the love that I hold for you is the only real love that I have ever known.

"Dear-heart, I have come to where I must say good-bye. No one but you can realize what it costs me or know the great love that I hold for you—my love for you will be my last thought.

"May God bless and support you in your

hour of trouble.

Yours,

"Dick."

As Nina finished reading the letter sobs shook her and her eyes glistened with suppressed tears; then the letter dropped from her nerveless fingers.

To Mrs. Norton and Grace's words of sympathy she made no reply. For a few moments she sat wildly gazing into vacancy, then she picked up the letter and springing suddenly to her feet thrust the letter into Grace's hand and rushed to her room.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Governor of Oklahoma

Before Nina sprang to her feet she had remembered the American cowboy whom she had found at the upper ford and the note-book in which he had written his dying confession about someone who was innocent of committing a robbery and murder.

"Could it be possible that the man referred to was Dick?" she thought, as she flew up the steps to her room. "The dead cowboy must

have been Jack."

When she entered her room she ran over to a traveling bag and kneeling beside it pulled out the riding skirt that she had worn to El Paso, as her trembling fingers searched for the pocket she wondered if she had lost the note-book.

"No," she thought, "I never took it out after that day on the ranch. Forgot all about it—

yes, here it is." Her fingers at this moment came in contact with a small note-book which she hurriedly pulled out, began to turn the leaves.

"Oh, if it could only be true," she thought. Then a glad cry escaped her lips as she read:

"I and—another fellow—robbed the—Langford—bank—an killed—the marshal—Dick Sterns—had—nothing—to—do—with—it.

"Jack Holt."

"Thank God!" she exclaimed as she finished reading the confession. Then she sat down and wrote a short note to Dick, telling him that she was coming to free him. After finishing the letter she gathered up a few dresses and, placing them in the traveling bag, put on her hat and rushed down stairs.

"Nina!" gasped Grace and her mother in one breath; dropping the letter they had just finished reading they sprang to their feet and lovingly placed their arms around her.

"Listen!" exclaimed Nina, reading the dead man's confession. "That man was Jack! He was killed near our ranch by Mexicans. I found him but had forgotten about his confession until today. I placed the note-book in my riding skirt and never thought of it again. I am going to see Governor Lane of Oklahoma and make him pardon Dick. The governor is an old friend of father's so everything will be all right. This confession proves that Dick is innocent."

"But, my child," expostulated Mrs. Norton, "you are not going alone. Grace shall go

with you."

"No, I haven't a moment to spare," replied Nina. "I have just time to make my train. Grace can go with me to the station and mail a letter for me but we must go now—for we haven't a moment to lose."

"Come on, Grace!" she cried, kissing Mrs. Norton and then rushing towards the street.

John B. Lane, Governor of Oklahoma, sat in his executive office at Guthrie reading an assortment of mail which his secretary had deemed worthy of his consideration.

He was a man of heavy build and of medium height with iron-grey hair and a closely clipped beard and mustache which would have given his ruddy face a stern expression had they not been offset by a pair of smiling, grey eyes. He was a very agreeable person.

As he laid down the letter he was reading he exhaled a cloud of smoke from the excellent cigar he was smoking and reached for a bulky letter which bore a Washington post-mark.

"Um!" muttered the governor, "From the President of the United States." As the governor tore the letter open his ear suddenly caught a conversation that his secretary was having with someone in the adjoining room and he paused in a listening attitude.

"Miss Pendleton," came the voice of his secretary, "I am very sorry but the governor is very busy—you will have to call later."

"Can it be possible?" mused the governor, suddenly forgetting the letter as his mind

wandered back into his past life.

"But I can't wait!" a soft pleading voice was saying. "It is a matter of life or death to one who is very dear to me. I've got to see the governor and I must see him now—I haven't a moment to spare. I am certain, if you will only see him that he will not refuse to grant me a hearing. He was formerly a very intimate friend of my father."

"Really, Miss Pendleton," came the voice of

the secretary, "I am sorry, but-"

The governor waited to hear no more, springing to his feet he started for the adjoin-

ing room.

"It may be his daughter," he muttered, "if not she is a lady in distress anyway and I will see if I can do anything for her." As he opened the door he beheld a small, goldenhaired lady, whose beauty, as she stood pleading with his secretary, fairly took him off his feet

"It is all right, Hugh, I will see the lady," said the governor with proper dignity. "Walk right in, madam, I shall be glad to be of service

to you."

"Thank you so much, Governor Lane," exclaimed the lady, thankfully. "I am so glad you came out; I was getting desperate and was planning to try to force my way into your office. Oh, I am forgetting to tell you who I am—I am Nina Pendleton, daughter of Dr. Pendleton, formerly of San Antonio, Texas."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the governor, seizing her hand and shaking it vigorously. "My old friend Doctor Pendleton—his daughter! How time does fly! It seems but a short time since your father and I were in San Antonio and you were but a very small girl—and now you are a beautiful young lady. Have a seat, Nina, tell me all about your father—then, if there is anything that you desire me to do, tell me and I will be glad to do it."

"Daddy is getting along fine," said Nina, accepting the proffered chair. "You know that he has been in Mexico for the past ten years but of late we have had a great deal of trouble

with outlaws so we have decided to leave there. Father was wounded by them not long ago and we had an awful time getting him to El Paso. Now that he has recovered he has returned to Mexico to sell his ranch. When he returns we will possibly locate in Texas.

"You surprise me, my child, when you tell me of your father's being wounded," said the governor, kindly, "but I am glad that it was not serious. I had not heard—but we never hear very much in this country. I am glad that he is coming back to his own people. Your father is a wonderful man and he was, before I lost track of him, my most intimate friend. I should like very much to see him. Have him write me when he locates in Texas and I shall most assuredly pay him a visit. Now, my child, what can I do to aid you? If it is in my power I shall be glad—more than glad, to do it."

"In order for you to fully sympathize with me, Governor Lane, it will be necessary for me to go into details. It relates to the man I love and through your help I hope to marry," exclaimed Nina in an earnest, pleading voice.

"Tell me," said the governor, sympathetically. "A few months ago," she continued, "while we were living in Mexico, one of my father's riders brought in a man who had been badly wounded by Mexican outlaws. After I nursed him back to health the ranch, in the absence of the men who were starting on round-up, was attacked by outlaws, father was dangerously wounded and they carried me away with them. The men who heard the firing returned and in the pursuit which ensued this man rescued me from my captors.

"Upon our return to the ranch we placed father in a wagon and, with half of the mea for an escort, started for El Paso. We were pursued by some twenty Mexicans and after a fight had occurred between our men and them, this man—Dick Wilson—insisted that while he and one other remained to hold the Mexicans the others should proceed with the wagon to El Paso. When we returned, after placing father in the hospital, the Mexicans were storming their place of concealment. After putting them to flight, we found him badly wounded—you can see the sacrifice that he made for father and me—you do not wonder that I love him? I have loved him ever since I first saw

"After he recovered and left the hospital he took up his residence at the Voydon Hotel. Then, shortly afterwards, he disappeared leaving no trace of his whereabouts. I was nearly

E. Father had gone back to the ranch needed him badly to advise me. I was riends but I needed my father, yet I did and for him. A month went by, during

I suffered untold agony. The only that I could form for his disappearance nat friends of the vanquished outlaws had sped him. Then a letter came from him t was to this effect: He was sentenced : for a crime he never committed. He have cleared himself but in so doing he have implicated his partner, a man who time had saved his life at his own great As I said before he could have cleared If by implicating his partner, but you the creed of a range-bred man, that it impossible for him to clear himself; is duty-bound to shield his partner, even had not been under obligations to this or saving his life."

I then, in a voice which at times thrilled admiration, she vividly outlined the conof Dick's letter to the governor, drawing id mental picture of Jack saving Dick's ack in the Wind River Mountains. Then the details of the land rush, Jack's subnt downfall and the circumstantial eviwhich placed the crime on Dick and his e into Mexico and arrest at El Paso. She rly alluded to how he had fought against ag her the sorrow of knowing his awful on until he was under the shadow of the vs.

few days before Dick was brought to the I found his partner, Jack Holt, dead, five miles from our ranch-house," said "He had been killed by Mexicans and in and was a written confession. I never ht of it again until I received Dick's letter,

I looked it up and saw that it referred n. Now that he is dead I feel sure that will approve of my using it. Here it is en you read it you will know that he is ent."

e governor, who had listened attentively Nina had said, took the note-book and Jack's dying confession. Then he reached a drawer and drew forth a paper which inded to Nina:

eer Guvner

ther Guy thet is ter die at Langford, Okla, ser murder of ther town marshal is clean et job. me an a nudder Guy did thet bank I shot ther marshal, he was shootin at me, be ded when youse gets this, lungs on blink. caint last but a few hours, so i

dont want a innercent Bloke hanged fer somethin he never done.

"Shorty Hicks."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as she finished reading the note. "You knew before you saw me that Dick was innocent. Now I am sure that you will give me his pardon!"

"Nina," replied the governor, sadly, "it is not in my power to grant a pardon."

"Not in your power to grant a pardon," repeated Nina, indignantly, her face becoming deathly white. "Not after those two statements? Why, Governor Lane, I—"

"Wait a moment, my dear," interrupted the governor, "you are misconstruing my statement. It is not a matter of personal feeling, Oklahoma is a territory, a governor cannot grant a pardon. It can only be secured through the President of the United States."

"But Dick is to die tomorrow morning at sunrise," said Nina with tears in her eyes. "Can't you do something? You are not going to let an innocent man die?"

"I investigated the man, Hicks, and found that he died in a small Oklahoma town," continued the governor. "He left some money which was identified by the bank that was robbed at Langford; I took the matter up with the President, giving him the full details, including the former character and financial standing of the accused. I was just opening a letter from Washington when I heard you talking to my secretary; I believe that it contains the pardon—I hope so at least—we will see at once."

Nina scarcely dared to breathe as she watched the governor open the letter and draw forth a rather bulky document. After examining it for a moment his eyes began to twinkle, and he said:

"My dear, it is all right! It is the pardon, and I am certainly relieved that it is."

"Oh, it is too wonderful to be true!" exclaimed Nina, springing to her feet and throwing her arms about the governor's neck, she kissed him.

"Well, my dear," said the governor smiling, "I wish I could get a pardon for you every day, for it is not often that a rough old man like me has a beautiful woman to kiss him. I am truly glad that the pardon came when it did. Now I will have my secretary wire the U. S. Marshal at Langford and, if you desire, you can also deliver the pardon—I know you will be leaving on the first train."

"You cannot imagine how grateful I am to you," replied Nina, her face wreathed in

smiles. "And I will never forget to kiss you every time that I see you in the future."

"I will hold you to that promise, Nina, when I visit your father. Now I do not want to hurry you but you have sufficient time to catch your train for Langford and no time to lose. You will change cars at Clarion; the branch line runs from there to Langford." The governor called his secretary and directed him to get a carriage to carry Nina to the station.

"Here is the pardon," he resumed; "you will deliver it to the U. S. Marshal. Shorty Hicks' original letter is attached to it so you will not only have the pardon but evidence to prove to the Langford citizens that circumstances have, unfortunately, abused a very honorable man. It will be their duty to make amends in exonerating him and wiping off the unfortunate stain which fate cast upon his character. Now, my dear, I wish you and this young man all the success and all the happiness in the world. He has had a very trying time, but he is securing a jewel in you which will more than repay him for what he has endured."

At this moment a knock sounded upon the door, and at the governor's command his secretary entered and announced that the carriage was waiting.

"Now I will bid you good-bye and I hope you will meet with no discomfort on the trip to Langford," said the governor, extending his hand.

But Nina, whose heart was too full of gratitude to speak, did not accept this formal parting; instead she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him good-bye.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Last Train to Langford

There had been trouble with a freight ahead of Nina's train making her arrival at Clarion two hours late. When she alighted from the train she experienced a sudden choking sensation as she saw that there was nothing but the bare rails of the road which led out from the main line—the Langford train had gone.

Hurrying into the station she accosted the agent, only to find that her fears were true, the Langford train had been gone over an hour.

"Sorry, Miss," said the man as he noticed her troubled expression, "but you can stop at the hotel and go up on the morning train."

"I am awfully disappointed!" exclaimed Nina. "I guess I will send a wire, secure a conveyance and go through the country to Langford."

"Miss, I certainly hate to tell you, but you can't send a wire. The line is broken somewhere between here and Langford. We had a bad wind storm last night and they always tear up the wires. I have been trying to get Langford all day but I can't get them. I have a very important message that I want to get through."

Nina was too confused to speak on receiving this information.

"Where will I find a livery stable?" she inquired as she recovered from her surprise. "I want to get a conveyance to go to Langford tonight."

"Why, Miss, I would wait until morning and take the train," suggested the agent. "Langford is forty-five miles from here."

"Tell me, please, where I will find the stable," replied Nina. "I appreciate your suggestion, but it is a matter of life and death to me; I must go tonight."

"You will find the stable on the right hand side of the street as you go up-town," replied the agent. "But it is run by Sim Moffett, one of the contrariest mortals in this town and I doubt if he will make the trip tonight for love or money. I hope you have luck but you have a hard proposition."

"I thank you very much," said Nina, picking up her traveling bag and starting for the door.

After proceeding up the fast darkening street for some distance she saw a building bearing the weather beaten sign: "Sim Moffett, liveryman." As she finished reading the sign she stood for a moment regarding a man who stood at the entrance of the stable.

The man was tall, raw-boned and skinny. His long, thin face was clean shaven, except for a sparse black beard which grew from directly under his chin, giving him a goat-like appearance. His eyes, which were small and piercing, leered from drooping eyelids. A smirking, tobacco-stained mouth increased his forbidding appearance. All told, from his ill-fitting clothes to the slouchy grey felt hat which covered a tangled mass of coal-black hair, he looked like a "hard-boiled" citizen—and he did not belie his looks.

"Are you.Mr. Moffett?" inquired Nina as she approached the man who stood in front of the stable.

For a moment he eyed her in half disapproval, then replied in a harsh, biting voice:

"I've been called that by some people, but it is not common for people ter give me ther Mister handle."

"Well, Mr. Moffett, I would like you to send me to Langford tonight; I missed my train and it is very important for me to go. I am willing

to pay well for the trip."

"Wal, Missy," he replied as he rolled his quid of tobacco from one jaw to the other, "that air some trip—I spects yuh had better wait an' go up on the train termorrow morning."

"Mr. Moffett," said Nina, with an effort controlling her temper, "as I said before, it is absolutely necessary for me to go tonight. I will pay you any price, if you will only take me.

"Can't be did, Missy," he snarled. "Hates ter disappint a lady, but all ther stock I has is 'singles'—not a thing in double rigs. A single hoss can't make ther trip."

"Well," replied Nina, "what about hiring me a horse to ride? I will pay you for a week's hire and return the horse before that time."

"Can't see my way clear ter do that, Missy," he said, leering at her with his watery eyes.

"Can't tell nothing about strangers, yer know; might cost me a good hoss—I'm not in this business fer my health.'

For a moment it required all her self-control to keep from telling the man what she thought of him, but she instantly knew that she must remain diplomatic, for the life of one who was dear to her heart was at stake, so instead she laughed and said-

Well, Mr. Moffett, people do get fooled sometimes so I will not argue with you any longer. I judge that you have a horse and saddle that you will sell-most stockmen will sell. I will buy a horse, if he is a good clean

horse and bridle-wise."

(To be concluded in the June issue)



Science

By A. G. BIERCE

The winds of heaven trample down the pines, Or creep in lazy tides along the lea: Leap the wild waters from the smitten rock. Or crawl with childish babble to the sea: But why the tempests out of heaven blow. Or what the purpose of the seaward flow, No man hath known, and none shall ever know.

Why seek to know? To follow Nature up Against the current of her source, why care? Vain is the toil; he's wisest still who knows All science is but formulated prayer— Prayer for the warm winds and the quickening rain, Prayer for sharp sickle and for laboring wain, To gather from the planted past the grain.



"Whose rugged rocks and savage slides
Show the snow-clad crust and wind-swept wounds."

Mt. Shasta

By AUGUSTIN S. MACDONALD

Thou hoary-crested relic of the prehistoric past, With untilled precipitous areas unharnessed by man:

A mighty monumental mass of volcanic form, Whose rugged rocks and savage slides Show the snow-clad crust and wind-swept wounds

That time's erosion scarred by violent storms And gnarled trees with lightning rings Defied the elements and challenged Nature's wrath.

Dwarfed are all things else around
As this terrestial cone rises in its vast splendor,
Until its snow-capped apex pierces the sky.
Like a sentinel it guards the mountain chain,
Sublime in its wild, pathless contour.
Despite the hissing hurricane hurled in furious
tempests.

It stands majestically on its eternal firm foundation:

A remnant of the ages and a rampart of the future.



Where Once the Herd

By WILL S. DENHAM

A caravan is moving on the prairie
Past changing scene of farmland and of wheat,
By checkered field and flowering yard and
garden,

Past din and pageantry of village street.
The tumbleweed is fast within the hedgerow,
A fence has moved across the wandering trail;
The plain that knew the glory of adventure
Is laced by charted road and shining rail.

No peeping face nor hail from covered wagon Where once the dust and thunder of the herd; No new-blown hopes by campfire light at evening.

The wind is by some strange new impulse

It may be but the dream of noble fortune Envisioned by the passing pioneers;
It may be but the motor van of progress—
To me it is the caravan of years.

THE LUCK OF THE MOLLIE HENDRICKS (Continued from page 14)

rode low in the water and steadier, and her speed was retarded proportionately. Amidships her freeboard was to be measured by inches instead of feet. There were exactly ninety tons of wheat aboard, and she was loaded to capacity. To reach Oakland on time Ben

Whiffle found that he would have to drive her. And drive her he did. He kept calling for more speed till she was logging eight knots or better, and trembling in every timber. As speed goes in this day, when automobiles and aeroplanes think nothing of making a hundred miles an hour, it was not much, but for a small and semi-antique river boat, heavily laden, and on a fairly crooked stream at night, it was better than good.

"Hey, Lanky!" Ben shouted into the speaking tube.

"Hey!" replied Lanky.

"How do ten fish look to you?"

"Better than an ice cream soda in the Supreme Stoke-hole," replied the long engineer.

"You can have it if we tie up at Oakland before noon," said Ben.

"Might as well give it to me now," said Todd.

"And tell your second that there's as much for him if we get there," Ben added.

"All right, sir," and Lanky commenced whistling "Alcoholic Blues."

Through the weary hours of the morning, while the paddles slapped the water, the engines throbbed, and the steamer trembled and shook, Ben followed the spot of light that danced before him on the yellowish river.

"Can't I take the wheel for a spell, sir?" said Waller, coming into the wheelhouse at five-thirty. "You've been at it pretty steady, and I know the river fairly well."

"And run the risk of going aground?" Ben demanded. "No, sir, I can't take the chance."

"Just as you say, sir," and the mate went below.

"The next addition to my crew," Ben told himself, "will be a pilot. Then I can have every other four hours off. A pilot would come in mighty handy right now."

The sun found them still in the river, and with its aid Whiffle crowded on till the Mollie Hendricks carried a bone almost to her deck, and held it there. Just above Martinez an Italian fisherman made uncomplimentary references to Ben's ancestors and his ability as a pilot when the latter nearly ran afoul of his nets, and did run afoul of his tongue. Ben let down a win-

dow and replied that he was in a hur but would reply by mail if the fisherma give his address. But the sarcasm was k the infuriated son of Rome, and Ben sending verbal hot-shot at the paddle-w

Ben Whissel found the tide racing in the Strait of Carquinez, and it became sary to ease up a trifle to keep the car anywhere near dry. He lowered the st dows of the wheelhouse, and the sharp, breeze that swept up the Strait drove: the drowsiness from him. And when th out in San Pablo Bay Waller again of take the wheel.

"No!" Whiffle snapped, irritably. beginning to show the strain. "I've confar, and I'll take her in myself. When you, I'll send for you. D'you understain

"All right, Captain," said Waller, shrug, and left the wheelhouse.

Rounding Point San Pablo, Ben Wh an imaginary line along the northeast Rock and the Southampton Shoal Littueen the northeastern point of Goat Isl the Key Route pier, into the entrance Oakland Estuary, and held the Mollie H to it. Ben idly noticed that the bluwere drilling on the parade ground as he the island. And as he turned into the the ferry steamer Thoroughfare, answ signal from the Mollie Hendricks, slo her way out and allowed the other to c bows and pass into the narrow strip of

Minutes later the Mollie Hendricks in alongside the Great Western Millin pany's wharf and made fast. Her climbed down to the wharf and ente office. He handed his contract to the charge.

"Here's my contract calling for when delivered by noon," he said, sleepily. a receipt for ninety tons."

The man in charge glanced at the cand a receipt was quickly made out.
get your money as soon as the grain's in," he said.

As Ben turned to the door the noon commenced to blow. He smiled trium to himself, and, returning aboard, enter main cabin where his dinner was on the and sank into a chair. Charley came: in with a dish of vegetables.

"By Golly!" Charley ejaculated, a sight of his captain.

For Ben was slumped down in his channing right lustily.

The Man Who Came Back

By FRANK A. HUNT

OMEWHERE in the Capitola Hotel a native string orchestra was playing dreamy music. The moon turned the shimmering silver and gilded the tops of Ims. The warm land breeze that caressed theeks whispered of the jungle, which seemed about to encroach upon the

n Ward, famous painter of the South tossed the glowing butt of his cigar over erandah rail and gave some mysterious, whereupon a muchacha appeared preswith cooling drinks. We had spent an following our reunion, in discussing coldays, but he had not touched upon his the islands.

am going to tell you my story," he said thy. "I know you have heard the rumors always revive when my pictures appear shibition in the States. It violates the of the short story for there is an antix and I may shift the scenes without ing, but it has the virtue of truth."

emembered vague accounts had reached Inited States of how Ward had married a e girl and taken to the jungle. Perhaps, I who knew him, I could best understand at, for I remembered his romantic nature; ebellion against the shams and restraints vilization and his passionate love for the as. And yet, this did not excuse a white from fleeing from all responsibility and ig aside his birthright. I wondered how in dought back to the assured position he held.

ough a young man his hair was grey and were deep carved lines in his face, but he he air of a patrician and an ease of movewhich spoke of a splendid physical condi-

I thought of the many reforms he had ght in the islands. Then, too, I had caught mpse of his beautiful wife; a strange, a flower of a woman. I looked forward eeting her with great interest and I knew Ward's story would explain something of lure of romance and adventure which a found in his pictures.

was more native than the natives," said I, plunging into his story. "An eater of otus, I thought I had found my Nirvana was content.

hen—well, I awoke one morning, after a ach in the barrio near which we lived, to

find Felecia standing over me with the look of one who has made a discovery.

"'You are un maldito drunkard,' she said.

"The nipa thatch rustled on the roof of the hut and then all was still. Outside the tropical sun glared down upon the clearing. I sank back upon the bamboo bed. Dimly I wondered if I had heard aright.

"'Yes, you are truly un maldito drunkard.'

"'Here!' I cried, getting unsteadily to my feet, 'do not say that again. Who said I was a drunkard?'

"'Perhaps the Wak Wak told me,' she said with fine sarcasm. 'How else should I know?'

"'I know who has been putting ideas into your head,' I said fiercely, 'some half breed missionary has been preaching in the village again. If I see him he will never sing another hymn. Besides, you should not swear.'

"But there was no pleasure in the outburst for Felecia did not reply. Instead she threw herself upon the floor and burst into passionate weeping. I was sober in an instant and comforted her as best I could.

"Long that night I lay gazing at the Southern Cross through the open window while a lizard uttered his mournful cry in the palm over the hut. I was a drunkard! Even my child-wife, who had seen only natives and the whites who made up the scum of the beach, knew that. When a white man seeks intoxication in the native drinks he is going fast. I had long since ceased to paint, but the dribble of an income from the States had kept me in liquor.

"The sun was just peering over the edge of the jungle when I stamped upon the floor. Felicia cried out in alarm.

"'Pack your clothes,' I said sternly, 'I am no longer drunk. We are going to Capitola.'

"Her mother stirred in the compartment at the far end of the hut.

"'Why?' she whined, 'I do not like large towns.'

"She was a weazened old native with sharp, peering eyes. To me, she always had the air of carrying about a precious secret. It was annoying that I could never fathom just what gave me that feeling. Then too, it held me a little in awe, though she was old and feeble. She chewed betal nut constantly.

"Wherever natives go there they seem to find relatives. When we reached Capitola the mother found lodgings with one of her numerous cousins. Almost by sheer force I carried Felecia to the mission.

"'She is but a child,' said the woman in charge. 'Nevertheless your marriage was quite regular and I will do as you say. She may enter to receive special instruction. The sum you have left is quite ample. She is very beautiful. I have never seen a native girl who possessed such a wonderful complexion. Her hair is wavy; her brown eyes fairly sparkle and she has the grace of a lady. I would not have believed her a native had you not told me of the mother. Come, child!'

"'Oh!' cried Felecia, 'Oh! Juan, do not leave me. I will be good and swear no more. You will get drunk and no one will take you home. No one will care for you when you are ill after. Oh—.'

"But I hurried into the street. I wanted work; hard work. Something to fight. Something that would strain every nerve and muscle to the utmost and try my will. Something that would make me forget for a time my desire for liquor and banish the languor which had held me.

"Of all places in the city I turned into the Gold Dollar bar hoping for the sight of a familiar face. I laughed when someone whom I did not know offered to buy me a drink of whiskey. I had never felt so strong.

"'Thanks,' I said, 'I don't indulge."

"I saw that the man was studying me curiously. I only hoped that he was insulted and drunk enough to fight. He was big, broadshouldered and clad in immaculate white ducks.

"'Been long in the tropics?' he asked glancing at my wretched clothing and tangled beard.

"'No,' I said, 'I am a millionaire tourist. Just dropped in on my yachting trip around the world. Don't you think the types one meets here very interesting?'

"'You are a queer one,' he said with a smile, 'I'll wager you know every dialect in the islands.'

"'What's that to you?'

"'Just this,' he said leaning earnestly across the table. 'I could use you. There is pestilence, and I don't know what all, in Pangara. I am a government contract physician. Things are in a bad state just now with rumors of an uprising. I have a liberal appropriation but no white man will volunteer to go with me to the village and you know what natives are in a crisis.'

"'I am your man,' I said and we shook hands.

"'My name is Dr. Mark Reginald Wayne,' he volunteered and waited.

"'Thanks,' I said, and he smiled again.

"Dr. Wayne was a young man, fresh from medical college, but he had been in the islands long enough to know tropical diseases. He knew the quantity of drugs, disinfectants and supplies to carry. The little inter-island steamer landed us on a sandy beach at the mouth of a muddy river. We had much trouble finding a boat large enough to take us up stream to Pangara and there was just light enough left to pitch camp by the time we had prepared for the voyage.

"Dr. Wayne had theories regarding the effect of sunlight on white men in the tropics which he proceeded to expound at length as we lay in our tent sheltered from the mosquitoes by heavy netting.

"He asserted that it was the short rays of the sun that did the damage. He said that they penetrated further than the others into the brain. He believed that the sunlight caused whites to degenerate when they stayed over long near the equator. I pretended to listen and he was content but I began to study him for the first time.

"I was burning with the desire for liquor. I saw a pocket flask as he placed it in his knapsack and then I quickly looked away for fear that he would intercept my glance and offer me a drink. That night I think I had fever. In my dreams I was back home on old Lake Michigan listening to the roar of the waves against miniature icebergs. Then the scene changed and I was gazing into the fiery crater of a volcano. The edge was crumbling and the faster I ran the faster it gave way. I awoke panting like a racer and covered with perspiration. I swallowed quinine and for the rest of the night lay awake.

"The next day was hot, hot even for the tropics. Doctor Wayne was pale beneath his huge helmet and progress up the river was slow."

"'Dip leaves in the water and put them in your hat,' I said, and then turned to curse the natives for their laziness at the paddles.

"If you do any exploring while on this island and approach one of the inland native villages you will be greeted with a chorus of barking dogs, screaming children and shouting men. Our approach to Pangara was in dead silence. Pigs and chickens moved about in the dust beneath the stilted houses but no natives or dogs were in sight. They were panic-stricken; hiding in their huts with every door, window and chink closed tight. We found three bodies lying in the streets and knew not how many more were in the houses.

"'Have a drink?' suggested Dr. Wayne, 'A man certainly needs a bracer before starting in here.'

"My body cried out for the stimulant for I knew the task we were about to undertake.

"'Not now,' I said, 'perhaps later,' and we went to work.

"Our native boys were frightened at the presence of death and refused to touch the bodies or dig graves until I took the automatic I carried in my blouse and placed it in a scabbard on my hip. Then they complied muttering under their breath and shaking with fear. I resolved to watch them closely to prevent a stampede. Before we had completed our task, another native dropped dead as he sat in the door of his hut.

"In one end of the village we established our hospital. It was the largest house and as usual was owned by the head or 'mayor' but he was too ill to object. We poured disinfectants beneath every hut and fumigated thoroughly. The children seemed to understand that we were trying to help them but the adults were frightened, superstitious and sullen.

"On the second night it came my turn to snatch a brief nap. I was brought suddenly erect by a cry of sheer terror from the doctor. Rushing toward a house from which came the shuffling of feet I burst in upon a weird scene.

"The doctor stood with his back against the wall and the flickering light of the cook fire revealed the look of surprised horror on his face. About him danced five gruesome figures making strange gestures and stabbing futilely at their victim with knives and sticks. Wayne wielded a rice flail but the attack must have been so sudden and unexpected that he was almost overpowered.

"I sent a bullet through the thatch and his assailants threw themselves to the floor and cowered in the corners. Two had gargoyle-like faces and made strange smothered noises like the mewing of a cat in a cellar. The other two were featureless and feeble.

"My God! what does it mean?' asked Doc-

tor Wayne.

"'Lepers,' I said, 'You ought to recognize the disease by this time. The natives had them

hidden away. The law requires that they go to the isolation island. They knew that they would be discovered and decided to attack first. We will lock them up in this hut and I will bluff the natives into keeping guard until they can be taken away.'

"On the fourth day of our stay in Pangara our boys deserted. Dr. Wayne drank deep and replenished his flask from a small keg concealed among the supply boxes.

"'Buck up!' I said, 'we are winning. There are enough convalescent patients now to aid us. They don't like it but they are working.'

"At night I dared not sleep now for fear of trouble. Superstition prompted the poor devils to resent our quarantine and treatment. During the day I would sometimes steal away into the jungle and seek an hour's slumber deep in the cogon grass. I would wake with a start fearing that I had overslept and that the doctor might be in trouble.

"Despite the fact that I knew their dialect and the ways of natives they proved treacherous and I knew that plots were afoot to take our lives. I kept them awed, however, and I don't mind telling you that two died in the jungle whose chart would not have shown a temperature."

I glanced at the white scar I had noted on Ward's left temple and made a shrewd guess as to what had happened.

"Apparently we had conquered," he continued, lighting a fresh cigar. "'Let's celebrate,' said the doctor and got speedily intoxicated. The next day two of the natives died suddenly and the battle was on again.

"What need to tell all the horror of those days and nights. I went alone into the jungle and stood in a little clearing at noonday and made a solemn vow that if we were allowed to win I would never again flee from the battle of life and a white man's responsibility.

"When I returned to the village a curious group of natives stood about a dusty figure lying in the middle of the street. They scattered at my approach and I carried the doctor into our improvised hospital.

At last victory was ours; there were no sick and we left the village with no regrets. The natives were not sorry to see us go and some followed along the river bank as if loath to

(Continued on page 39)



Masters of Literature

IRED of the noisy complaints and surface observations of so many thousands of self-seeking modern writers, those who know real art expressed in words turn more and more to authors of another sort—to those who thought things out before they put pen to paper.

Flaubert's famous rule was "to look at what you want to express long and attentively enough to find an aspect of it which no one else has seen or written of." Then he wrote, sometimes at the rate of two whole lines in two days! Thus came his masterpieces. At its best all authorship worth the name requires endless toil, unceasing self-discipline and tireless study of the best literature of all the ages.

Sadly one observes the modern author of "best sellers" who has dictated at top speed some forty or fifty sensational stories, called by courtesy "novels," and has sent them to the publishers almost without revision. Really now, it is time to take account of stock and see whether anyone still believes in literature.

We lately found these words in the Evening Post of New York: "Today under one's eyes constantly pass combinations of stereotyped situations book phrases, hasty paragraphs and turgid language. Life comes before us as in all possible phases of travesty." That tells the tale. There used to be a "profession of letters," but now it is merely "the writing game" which is a very different matter. Literature still exists, and will in time produce more masterpieces, in quiet places, remote from the sound of cities, the noise of rapid transit, the flashes of talk across the skies. But these, the coming immortals, will not wish for money nor for immediate fame. Slowly, with careful

precision they will build their thought-loaded sentences, and again we shall have Brownings. Emersons, Arnolds, Flauberts.

8 8 8

One of the Real Pioneers

A long time ago there was a red-headed youth who saddled his horse, left the old farmstead in Alameda Creek, and rode through a dozen such prosperous agricultural counties as Solano and Colusa, stopping wherever night overtook him, and writing out letters for a San Francisco newspaper.

There came a time when this youth who loved all the histories and traditions of the past, and who went miles out of his way to pick up stories about such men as Boggs, Bidwell, Sutter, Weber, left the broad valley lands, climbed into the region immortalized by Bret Harte, and wandered for many weeks among the wonderful memories which still survive, even at this hour, in the gulches of Yuba, Sierra and Nevada counties. He panned out a few particles of gold in Rocky Creek and at "Humbug" (not North Bloomfield). He was at home with the people of all that land north and east of Grass Valley, "Blue Tent," "Gopher Point," "Columbia Hill," "Orleans Bar," "God's Country," "Downieville," "Port Wine," "Nigger Hill."

Imagine, if you please, dear reader, the pleasure felt by this somewhat older youth of 1874, when he discovered in one of the chain of second-hand book stores of the Holmes Company in San Francisco, a volume called "The Diary of a Forty-Niner." After reading every word, we are sure that this account of the experiences of Alfred Jackson, a son of Connecticut, a pioneer miner in Rocky Creek, Nevada County, is a truthful unadorsed

chronicle of California's early placer mining days, and therefore is a historical document. The editor, Mr. C. L. Canfield of San Francisco, ought to place in deposit of some university the original whose earliest entry is May 10, 1850.

This book was published in San Francisco before the earthquake and copies of that edition are now exceedingly scarce. It was re-published, with a brief "Epilogue" by the editor, by Houghton-Mifflin Company of Boston. The editor of this remarkable pioneer document is now dead and it may be a long time before we know anything more about it. But one should add that the Holmes, father and son, who came to California years ago and started a little book store, are better posted in old books relating to California than anyone else we know of in the trade or out of it.

8 8 8

A Walt Whitman Sea Symphony

Walt Whitman is fast becoming a musician's poet, for the majestic rhythm and dramatic conception of his lines have been the inspiration of many modern song cycles and symphonies. The most recent of these is a choral sea symphony by the English composer R. Vaughan Williams. As text Mr. Williams has used excerpts from various poems—from the "Song of the Exposition," from the "Song for All Seas, All Ships," "After the Sea Ship," and—for its peroration—from the "Passage to India." The symphony was given for the first time in New York at a recent concert of the famous Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto associated with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

6 6 6

Artist and Author

Lee Thayer the writer of mystery tales, whose new story, "Q. E. D.," has just been published, is even better known as an artist than as a novelist. She has the unusual distinction of being represented twice on the Spring list of Doubleday, Page & Company, as the author of "Q. E. D." and the designer of the six decorative pages which precede the text of "The Fire Bird," Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's Indian epic which is to be published this month. Mrs. Thayer has chosen as the motif for these decorations the picturesque totem poles, carved war canoes and pottery of the aboriginal Americans.

8 8 8

Frank M. Chapman, the noted ornothologist, has found that bird migrations are heaviest

during the early weeks of May, reaching a peak about the tenth of the month. Hence now is the time when all bird lovers are keenly counting up the number of species they can see. Chapman's "What Bird is That?" (Appleton) is found to be an invaluable aid, convenient to slip in the pocket, and so arranged that a large number of pictures of birds, arranged according to season of appearance, and showing color, markings and relative size, are found on one page. As the bird army flies by the quickness and ease of identification afforded by "What Bird is That?" are essential.

8 8 8

Elizabeth G. Young's novel, "Homestead Ranch," just published by the Appletons, is awakening comment upon the admirable truth of its picture of the experiences of two young people who went from the East to try their fortunes in the West. As a matter of fact the story is based upon the actual career of two people working as homesteaders. "A western story quite different from those you are used to. We have found it so delightful that we recommend it as one of the best western stories of the year. We feel that the story is true to life," says the Boston Herald.

8 8 8

A strikingly realistic novel of five years of war, which is a sensational success in England. is "Way of Revelation" by Wilfrid Ewart, to be published this week by D. Appleton and Company. This is the novel which Sir Philip Gibbs declares, "No more truthful and vivid picture of life between 1914-19 has been written in English." The notable feature of the book, is its vivid portrayal of the effect of the war upon character. The essential fact that the fiery test of war developed the strength as well as the weakness of the men and women caught in its carnage is made manifest as in probably no other fiction of the period. "Way of Revelation" shows an interesting group of human beings in days when human virtue and frailty stood out as though under a powerful magnifying glass.

8 8 8

Conrad Firsts

Twenty-three volumes of first editions of Joseph Conrad's works comprised part of the library of William Macpherson which was sold recently at the Anderson Galleries in New York. It is rarely that so complete a collection of Conrad's works is seen, for his first editions are costly and difficult to obtain.

Kathleen Norris Lectures in Oakland

Kathleen Norris, whose new novel "Lucretia Lombard" was published by Doubleday, Page & Company during her recent visit to New York, has returned to her ranch in the California redwoods. She lectured recently in Oakland under the auspices of the Baltink-Bail Library, giving a "Talk to Young Authors."

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Emerson Hough has gone to the pioneer West for the theme of his new novel to be published by D. Appleton and Company this month. "The Covered Wagon" is the title. The book is said to contain an extraordinary vital portrayal of the pioneer spirit, thrillingly presenting the dangers of the untrodden ways which lead to new horizons.

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John Burroughs' Boyhood Home a National Monument

"I stand amid the eternal ways, And what is mine shall know my face."

These two lines from John Burroughs' poem, "Wandering," are the words inscribed on the bronze memorial tablet imbedded in the "Boyhood Rock" which is the great naturalist's tombstone on his Homestead Farm in the Catskills. This first and best loved home, which Burroughs describes so charmingly in his posthumous book, "My Boyhood," recollections set down for his son Julian, has been bought by Henry Ford who has made it a national memorial to the naturalist.

8 8 8

A Friend of Rupert Brooke

Walter de la Mare was a close personal friend of Rupert Brooke, who directed in his will that any money he might leave, together with the proceeds from his books, be divided among his three friends, Walter de la Mare, Abercrombie Lascelles, and Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. He wrote: "If I can set them free to any extent to write the poetry and plays and books they want to, my death will bring more gain than loss." When Yale University awarded the first Howland Memorial Prize to the works of Rupett Brooke in 1916, Mrs. Brooke added this prize to the bequest, and sent Mr. de la Mare to receive it on her behalf. He delivered the lecture at Yale that Brooke would have delivered had he lived. On his visit to this country Mr. de la Mare writes: "Never could a stranger have been received with more kindness and hospitality."

This and other biographical material appears in the illustrated circular about The Poetical Works of Walter de la Mare, which the Holts will send upon request.

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Gene Stratton-Porter Always a Poet

Although "The Fire Bird" which Doubleday, Page & Company will bring out this month. is Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's first published poem, she has always found poetry a more natural means of expression than prose. A sense of rhythm and the music of words was instilled in her as a child by her father, Mark Stratton, who made it a daily practice to read aloud to his family in resounding periods every poetic record of great achievement which he could find. Long before any one had conceived the idea of putting poetical parts of the Bible into the form of modern poetry he was reading those books aloud to the family in measured rhythm which emphasized the music of their phrases. Poetry was Mrs. Porter's natural and first attempted form of expression

Before she could print or knew the alphabet she was tugging at her mother's skirts begging her to "set down" bits of verse. She learned to print and later to write so that she might set down her own poems.



E MAN WHO CAME BACK

Continued from page 35)

ght. of our departure. They knew

Capitola, once more, I went to visit

ure crazy, but I love you,' said er her first wild greeting. 'See I ven learned to wear shoes. Slipr such as I.'

ort of the woman at the mission was aging so I bought a house for two soes. It stood on the banks of a er and Felecia was happy once more in the market place for rice and found friends among the women and returned to live with her.

se Felecia I gave our house a name, entia,' which I painted on a piece of placed above the door. In the evenould watch the moonlight on the she would play the guitar and sing we songs such as were heard on the le Nile in the Egyptian midnight.

de an entrancing picture in the queer : dress with the high, quaint yoke r in her hair—a subtle perfume.

ed in the government offices during id my hand commenced to itch for the brush once more."

ard paused and I thought he had s story. I was wondering just how eak the silence when he continued. is dream of bliss came the girl from

Perhaps it was just as well for I ould have relapsed into my old carehad not something occurred to stir lepths. It doesn't really matter who hough I think you knew her. I saw party of Cook's tourists before she me but I was too slow in making

would ever believe we would meet y out here?' she said and then we home.

ight the sounds of the lizards drove

I hated every sound and sight of

I cursed every charm it had ever

L wondered if the girl and her

uld learn that I had married a native;

led a mad, wild life about the South

's mother knew that all was not well.

ver glaring at me like a witch from

the corner. Perhaps she had seen

to the girl from the States, or perhad always feared that I would go

back, as so many white men had done, and leave all behind.

"I awoke after a short nap and there was a familiar odor in the air. Turning I found an open bottle of native liquor at my elbow. A drink and my restlessness of soul and body would soon be gone. The old lure of the tropics would come creeping stealthily back. Civilization was but a burden and a myth! One drink and I had the key to freedom; the key to the waking dream in which I had lived so long seeing more glorious pictures than ever appeared on canvas; losing all count of time and drifting, ever drifting down the pleasant river of forgetfulness.

"I reached for the bottle and raised it toward my lips and then I looked across the room into the eyes of the old woman. She well knew the power the drink had once held over me. There was an eager expression on her face.

"I hurled the bottle through the door and it fell with a faint splash into the river.

"I thought of the Yusen Kisha riding at anchor in the bay. I thought of snowy hills and of old friends. Felecia would soon forget me if I did not return. I would leave money at the mission for her and send more. What need to have a scene? Perhaps I would come back some day. Perhaps—I make no excuses. I returned to the States.

* * *

"Chicago. It was Christmas and snowing. Oh, but it was good to be back! We were returning from the theater, the girl of the Cook's tourist party and I. She was all pink and white and wrapped in furs. She leaned against my shoulder in the cab and I told her then of my life near the equator and of how I had fled from duty to revel in idleness and liquor. I told her of how I had tried to fight back to manhood in the sweating jungle. I told her all and my heart rejoiced for she seemed to understand.

"We found her home filled with merry guests. Wine was served at dinner that night for her father was a genial host. She was beautiful. 'After all' I pondered, 'a legal separation is not hard to secure in such cases as mine and I need never return to the tropics.'"

The house stood upon the lake. It was moonlight and later as I gazed through the big window of an alcove I saw the waters were like a mirror outside the narrow white zone of ice near the shore. Someone was playing an old Spanish waltz in the music room.

"Slowly the zone of ice became a white sandy beach and the Spanish waltz—

"'Of what are you dreaming?'"

"I had thought I was alone but I turned to find the girl.

"'Of a moonlit river far away,' I said, 'and of soothing music.'

"A moment later a glass of wine was held before my eyes and a soft arm stole round my neck. It was a challenge. I drank each time she filled the glass—and for each glass a kiss. I was mad. I held her in a passionate embrace and her eager lips met mine.

"Then, although her head rested upon my breast, I saw her face reflected in a mirror across the room. Perhaps I was only drunk, but to me there was the same look I had surprised in the eyes of the old native woman on the night I had left the islands. I dashed my glass upon the stone of the fireplace and escaped into the night.

"The next morning I awoke with something clutching at my heart. Someone ceased pounding and thrust a long, worn envelope beneath the door of my room. My hands trembled as I tore it open. Perhaps Felecia was dead! I did not want it so. I wanted her.

"It was the mother who was dead. I that fact but the last paragraph of the from the mission stood out now before others. It read, 'And so the parents wife were Spanish. The dead woman old nurse who stole her when the fan about to return to Madrid disappoint their venture in the islands. The old made a full confession of how she had in the jungle with the child until the was over. Felicia took the place of baby who had died.'

"And so that was the old woman's Strange that I had never guessed!

"But after all it did not seem to mat I turned the page purely by accident. other side written in the cramped has school-girl I read this message:

"'For your sake have I learned t Do not be jealous, Juan, but there is man in your house now. He is very love him very much. He is your son loving wife, Felecia.'

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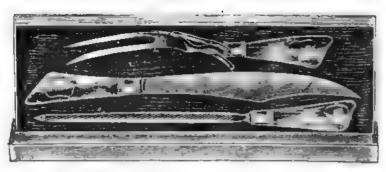
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Vol. LXXIX



ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor,

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

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The Days of '49

The glamour and romance of the days of '49 are to be brought back to this modern time to the celebration at Sacramento on May 23 to 28. Bearded miners and long-coated gamblers will mingle with the throng. The dress and costumes of that early day will be revived. A typical '49 mining town will be shown the visitor, together with the old SUTTER FORT, and INDIAN VILLAGE, GOLD RUSH PAGEANT, '49 STYLE SHOW, ROUND-UP, and all that went with the stirring life of those early times.



The Overland Monthly is assisting to bring back the sentiment and romance of '49. In this issue we republish some of the stories and poems that appeared in the first issues of this magazine. Bret Harte and Mark Twain and others of that group of writers, now world famous and who established the Overland Monthly, are again brought to the attention of our readers.

From every part of the nation visitors will gather to attend the celebration at Sacramento. It will be an event long to be remembered.



THE CHAIN OF POST HAY FLAT OF CONTROL OF THE World formed Winstature

JACK HAMLIN
The gambling table was a familiar scene in the early days. Bret Harte's pen pictures are masterpieces



BRET HARTE at the time he became editor of the Overland Monthly.

From a photograph loaned by Ida D. Coobrith.



The Luck of Roaring Camp

By F. BRET HARTE

HERE was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to e called together the entire settlement. s ditches and claims were not only deserted, "Tuttle's" grocery had contributed its ablers, who, it will be remembered, calmly tinued their game the day that French Pete I Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over bar in the front room. The whole camp s collected before a rude cabin on the outer se of the clearing. Conversation was carried in a low tone, but the name of a woman frequently repeated. It was a name what enough in the camp: "Cherokee Sal." enhaps the less said of her the better. She a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinwoman. But at that time she was the only man in Roaring Camp, and was just then St in sore extremity when she most needed ministration of her own sex. Dissolute. indoned and irreclaimable, she was yet sufmg a martyrdom—hard enough to bear even he seclusion and sexual sympathy with which om veils it-but now terrible in her loneas. The primal curse had come to her in original isolation, which must have made punishment of the first transgression so adful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiaof her sin, that at a moment when she the lacked her sex's intuitive sympathy and a. she met only the half-contemptuous faces her masculine associates. Yet a few of the *tators were, I think, touched by her suffer-

ing. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed from the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return, but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced ab initio. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awa'ted the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives or character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and embarrassed timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men who were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it;" even that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but, in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to the fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened. and the anxious crowd, which had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a cradle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and ex officio complacency—"Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in. comments were audible—criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman: "Is that him?" "mighty small specimen;" "Hasn't mor'n got the color;" "ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco-box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst, the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a sling shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur, a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet: a Bank of England note for £5; and about \$200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left—a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly-born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain. caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d-d little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger, with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of

z. He held that finger a little apart from ows as he went out, and examined it ly. The examination provoked the same remark in regard to the child. In fact, ned to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled y finger," he remarked to Tipton, holdthe member, "The d-d little cuss!" as four o'clock before the camp sought A light burnt in the cabin where the rs sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed ght. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite and related with great gusto his exe, invariably ending with his characterondemnation of the new comer. It to relieve him of any unjust implicasentiment, and Kentuck had the weakthe nobler sex. When everybody else ne to bed he walked down to the river sistled, reflectingly. Then he walked up Ich, past the cabin, still whistling with strative unconcern. At a large redwood paused and retraced his steps, and again the cabin. Half way down to the river's e again paused, and then returned and d at the door. It was opened by "How goes it?" said Kentuck, lookst Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All replied Stumpy; "Anything up?" ag." There was a pause—an embarone—Stumpy still holding the door. centuck had recourse to his finger, which d up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it—d little cuss," he said and retired. next day Cherokee Sal had such rude re as Roaring Camp afforded. dy had been committed to the hillside. ras a formal meeting of the camp to dishat should be done with her infant. A

on to adopt it was unanimous and entic. But an animated discussion in rethe manner and feasibility of providing wants at once sprung up. It was rele that the argument partook of none of erce personalities with which discussions sually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipoposed that they should send the child Dog—a distance of forty miles—where attention could be procured. But the y suggestion met with fierce and unanipposition. It was evident that no plan entailed parting from their new acquisirould for a moment be entertained. s," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at og would swap it and ring in somebody A disbelief in the honesty of amps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"- the mammal before alluded to-could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent and heroic about the plan, that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. 'Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree work and frills-d-m the cost!

Strange to say the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In the rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills—that air pungent with balsamic odor; that ethereal cordial, at once bracing and exhilarating, he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he wcu'd add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "the Kid," "Stumpy's boy," "the Coyote"—(an allusion to his vocal powers)—and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "the d—d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all around. "It's better," said the philosophical Call him Luck and start him fair." accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained. Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar. Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the square. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus estopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California-so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered aught but profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived, but strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck" as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed and papered. The rosewood cradle packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stump's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin become a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how The Luck got on," seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self defense, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reRoaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck-who. in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay-to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he hereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy" who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked in Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing tranquillizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man O'War Jack," an English sailor, from Her Majesty's Australian Colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventyfour," in a muffled minor ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-o-o-o-ard of the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth his naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientions deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect.

At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft summer twilight smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodous utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness prevaded the camp. "This ere kind o'think," said the Cockney Simmons. meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is evingy" It reminded him of Greenwich. On the longer summer days. The Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of nd imported a carpet and mirrors. The re-Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket flections of the latter on the appearance of spread over pine boughs, he would lie while

re working in the ditches below. e was a rude attempt to decorate with flowers and sweet-smelling enerally someone would bring him wild honeysuckle, azaleas, or the oms of Las Mariposas. The men awakened to the fact that there and significance in these trifles. id so long trodden carelessly under t flake of glittering mica, a fraggated quartz, a bright pebble from e creek, became beautiful to eyes and strengthened, and were inaside for "The Luck." It was w many treasures the woods and ed that "would do for Tommy." y playthings such as never child and had before, it is to be hoped was content. He appeared to be ry—albeit there was an infantine t him-a contemplative light in ey eyes that sometimes worried was always tractable and quiet, corded that once, having crept 'corral"—a hedge of tessallated which surrounded his bed-he the bank on his head in the soft mained with his mottled legs in t position for at least five minutes ing gravity. He was extricated armur. I hesitate to record the instances of his sagacity, which nately, upon the statements of iends. Some of them were not of superstition. "I crept up the

bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a-talking to a jay bird as was a-sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, ajawin' at each other just like two cherry-bums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back, blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered and the flowers bloomed. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of day and resinous gums; to him the tall redwoods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the humble bees buzzed, and the rocks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring They were "flush times" and the Luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp, they duly preempted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world-sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in Roaring,' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers around their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day.



But they're mighty rough on strangers and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "The Luck," who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely skeptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of '51 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that decended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy, "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river bank was gone. Higher up the guich they found the body of its unlucky owner, but the pride—the hope—the joy—"The Luck"—of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong there?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, still holding "The Luck of Roaring Camp" in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." "Dying," he repeated, "he's a-taking me with him—tell the boys I've got "The Luck' with me, now;" and the strong man clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.



The Donner Party organized to leave Illinois for California in 1846. The illustration is one of their shelters at Truckee Lake, near Donner Lake. Many of the party perished

Leaves from Early California History

John A. Sutter and Sutter's Fort

By A. J. CLOUD

I the immigrants who arrived in ornia in the summer of 1839 was who was to play a leading role in her famous Captain John A. Sutter. ative of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and been educated in Switzerland en service in the Swiss army. He w York in 1834 and within the sucyears had wandered in New Mexico, n Islands and Alaska. His entrance a was by way of Alaska to Fort Ross, sainn fur trading settlement on the sixty or seventy miles northwest of ancisco of today.

d the Mexican capital, Monterey, ecured from Governor Alvarado a and a huge land grant to found a 1 the great valley of the Sacramento an unknown land. Two miles back iver, and within the present limits ital city of the state, he estabmy and built a fort which he called " in honor of the Switzerland red, but which became widely known name of "Sutter's Fort." The fort indred yards long and sixty yards aided by thick and high adobe walls ates as a means of security against an attacks. Cannon which Sutter at Fort Ross were mounted on bascorners of the walls.

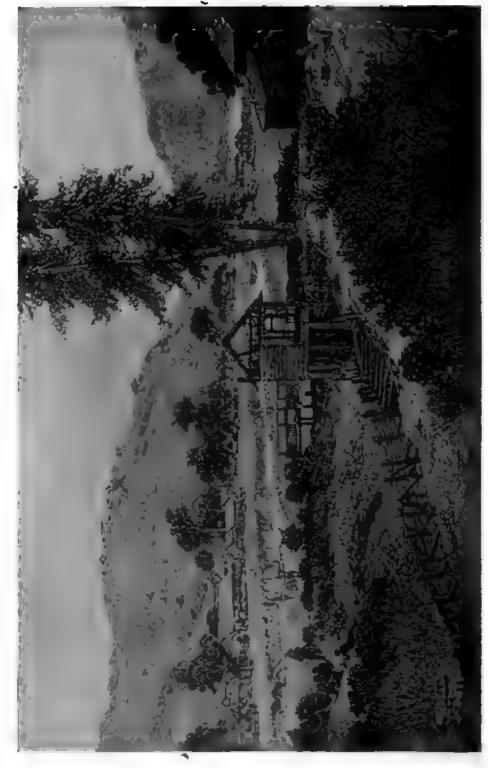
agaged in agriculture and cattle on were drawn to the fort men of ations, among them farmers, blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, saddlers, hatters, tanners, coopers, weavers and gunsmiths. Inside the fort were erected workshops and houses. Sutter was lord of such a vast estate as even his broad vision had scarce brought within the range of contemplation.

In the early '40s began that "epic of the overland trail" celebrated in song and story. Sutter's fort was so situated in the paths of travel from east and north that it was the nearest stopping place for the immigrants in their prairie schooners" descending the Sierras on the last lap of their long, wearisome and dangerous journey from the far-away American states. Captain Sutter extended to them hearty welcome and profuse hospitality. Many of these hardy Americans made their new homes upon the Sutter domain. The fort had now become the liveliest trading post in the West. By 1847 Sutter had reached the peak of wealth and fame. On his wide acres grazed 13,000 head of stock, a vast acreage was sown to wheat, and a mercantile business was being conducted by him that had prospered beyond all anticipation. At this juncture came the stupendous news of the discovery of gold; and from that moment. striking instance of the irony of fate. Sutter's fortunes took a rapid decline.

The Discovery of Gold and the Gold Rush

Sutter, being an enterprising man, saw that profit could be made from a flour mill. Sawed lumber was scarce; so, to secure it, he sent his partner, James W. Marshall, a wheelwright by occupation, into the pine forested Sierra





Sutter's Mill on the South Furt of the American River at Coloma, where gold was first discovered by James W. Mershall, in the States, James 24, 1848



some stream down which the lumber floated to the point of use. Marshall I to build the mill at Colomo in the I Dorado county, in a small valley on fork of the American river, forty-five theast of Sutter's fort. After a dam I constructed, it was found that the W tail-race leading the water from the I filled with loose gravel and sand. So opened the flood gates wide each night set the race, letting a swift stream of W through. Early each day he closed, and walked along the mill race.

nuary morning in 1848, Marshall went shut off the current of water. As it was, he saw a bright yellow speck shindark stone. The particle was about ig as a small marble. Was it gold? It up and bit it. It was hard. He it; it did not break. Yet he could believe that it was gold, for, to his ad eye, it looked too yellow to be the metal which was then so rare.

ing to the house, Marshall found the he foreman making soap. A kettle nod by her side. At Marshall's resedipped the shiny substance in the if it would keep its color. It came ight and as yellow as before. Fully Marshall now rode at top speed to out and showed the specimen to Caps. They weighed it and tested it with was gold.

rd of the memorable event was kept. Bigler, one of the workmen at the wrote this entry in his journal: 24th. This day some kind of mettle

was found in the tailrace that looks like goald. First discovered by James Martial the boss of the mill." The date is fixed at January 24, 1848.

Sutter and Marshall endeavored to keep the news secret, but to no avail. By March, the California papers were spreading the amazing report far and near. "Eureka" was the cry. The excitement in California, in the States, in Europe and Australia almost surpasses belief. The gold rush began. California became overnight the new American frontier.

The Gold Rush

From town and rancho in California motley crowds of men scrambled to the gold diggings. Soldiers quit the ranks. Churches closed their doors. Newspapers were left on the press. Vessels were deserted in harbor by officers and crews. A ceaseless procession of caravans on hand and ships by sea made for the new El Dorado.

California's population which had been estimated at the beginning of 1848 at 14,000 jumped in a year to 26,000 and in another year to 115,000. The middle of May 1848 saw 2000 men mining in the gulches of the Sierras, while by autumn of that year the figure had leaped to 6000.

Before the end of 1848 the gold yield of California reached \$10,000,000. In the famous year of '49, the amount was four times as great, and, in 1853, the record total of \$65,000,000 was attained.

Surface Mining and the Mining Camps

Capital was not needed. The only requirements were pick and shovel, "cradle, grub and pluck."

In the first weeks of the gold-rush the hardy Argonauts, bearing pack, pick and pan, plunged into the foothills. Halting at some gulch and kneeling by the stream, the miner's first act was to shake in the water a pan of loose gravel. pouring off the water to see if gold were left at the bottom. The pan was used in making sure of the presence of gold. If gold were located by this process of prospecting, a long box, the "rocker," then came into play. Its shape like a baby's cradle, gave it the name. It was first filled with the "pay dirt," and then was constantly rocked, while water was poured upon the contents. By this means the goldbearing earth was dissolved. The gold sunk to the bottom, while the gravel was washed out.

On the hillsides and in the gulches miners pitched their tents or built their cabins. Clusters of these arose where the gold-seekers huddled together for labor or social pleasure. These were the famous "camps" which dotted in thousands the foothills of the Sierras. The scenes and incidents of that time live again in the pages of Bret Harte.

Labor at the mines was terribly hard. Heat and cold were alike to be encountered. The food was poor. Flapjacks, bacon, and boiled beans constituted the steady diet.

Many made their fortunes; many toiled without reward. It was a grand game of chance.
One nugget found in Calaveras County in 1854
weighed nearly two hundred pounds and had
a value of \$40,000. Another from Sierra
County came to one hundred and thirty-three
pounds. Numerous finds were made of nuggets close to the hundred pound weight. Cases
are known where a man with a rocker took out
five thousand dollars a day for a week or more
at a time. When Governor Mason visited the
mines in 1849, he estimated that the gold production was from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a day.

Final Years of Marshall and Sutter

While the discovery of gold enriched America and the world, neither Marshall or Sutter profited by it. Marshall spent his remaining years in the hills near the spot where he discovered gold, living in a cabin alose, and dying in poverty thirty years after the world-famous event.

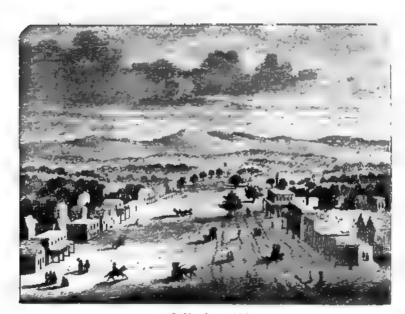
Captain Sutter was bewildered by the resh of the gold-seekers. His once grand estate fell into ruin. Of the situation confronting him it has been said: "Operations ceased at the mills; fields of ripened wheat stood unharvested; half-finished leather spoiled in the vats of the tannery; thousands of cattle were slaughtered or driven away by thieves." He laid out the site of modern Sacramento in town-lots, but lawless "Squatters" dispossessed him of the property. He finally moved to Sutter County where he lived upon his ranch on the banks of the Feather River where his oven entertainment was the wonder of all who visited him. At last, impoverished, Sutter drifted to Pennsylvania where he died in June, 1880.

With the passing of this historic and remantic figure, there passed one of the final group of those whose lives and achievements preserved to the country that glamour and sentiment that came with the early Argonauts who laid the foundations of the Golden State. Generous, loyal, patriotic, these men braved the deserts and mountains and the dangers from hostile tribes. They were forerunners of that sturdy and determined stock that has made California a household word around the world It is well to commemorate the lives and deeds and the spirit of '49, that the men and women of today and those who shall follow may set lose sight of the hardships and privations as well as the glories and achievements of the past, out of which is to come a more glories future.





Fort Sutter as it looks today



Oakland in 1854

The Idyl of Red Gulch

By BRET HARTE

ANDY was very drunk. He was lying under an azalea bush, in pretty much the same attitude in which he had fallen some hours before. How long he had been lying there he could not tell, and didn't care; how long he should lie there was a matter equally indefinite and unconsidered. A tranquil philosophy, born of his physical condition, suffused and saturated his moral being.

The spectacle of a drunken man—and of this drunken man in particular—was not, I grieve to say, of sufficient novelty in Red Gulch to attract attention. Earlier in the day, some local satirist had erected a temporary tombstone at Sandy's head, bearing the inscription "Effects of McCorkle's whiskey—kills at 40 rods," with a hand pointing to McCorkle's saloon. But this, I imagine, was, like most local satire, personal; and was a reflection upon the unfairness of the process, rather than a commentary upon the impropriety of the result. With this facetious exception, Sandy had been undisturbed. wandering mule, released from his pack, had cropped the scant herbage beside him, and sniffed curiously at the prostrate man; a vagabond dog, with that deep sympathy which the species have for drunken men, had licked his dusty boots, and curled himself up at his feet; and lay there, blinking one eye in the sunlight, with a simulation of dissipation that was ingenious and dog-like in its implied flattery of the unconscious man beside him.

Meanwhile, the shadows of the pine trees had slowly swung around until they crossed the road, and their trunks barred the open meadow with gigantic parallels of black and yellow. Little puffs of red dust, lifted by the plunging hoofs of passing teams, dispersed in a grimy shower upon the recumbent man. The sun sank lower and lower; and still Sandy stirred not. And then the repose of this philosopher was disturbed—as other philosophers have been—by the intrusion of an unphilosophical sex.

"Miss Mary," as she was known to the little flock that she had just dismissed from the log schoolhouse beyond the pines, was taking her afternoon walk. Observing an unusually fine cluster of blossoms on the azalea bush opposite, she crossed the road to pluck it—picking her way through the red dust, not without certain fierce little shivers of disgust, and some feline circumlocution. And then she came suddenly upon Sandy!

Of course, she uttered the little staccato cry of her sex. But when she had paid that tribute to her physical weakness, she became overbold, and halted for a moment—at least six feet from this prostrate monster—with her white skirts gathered in her hand, ready for flight. But neither sound nor motion came from the bush. With one little foot she then overturned the satirical headboard, and muttered "Beasts!"an epithet which probably, at that moment, conveniently classified in her mind the entire male population of Red Gulch. For Miss Mary, being possessed of certain rigid notions of her own. had not, perhaps properly appreciated the demonstrative gallantry for which the Californian has been so justly celebrated by his brother Californians, and had, as a newcomer, perhaps fairly earned the reputation of being 'stuck up."

As she stood there, she noticed, also, that the slant sunbeams were heating Sandy's head to what she judged to be an unhealthy temperature, and that his hat was lying uselessly at his side. To pick it up and place it over his face was a work requiring some courage, particularly as his eyes were open. Yet she did it, and made good her retreat. But she was somewhat concerned, on looking back, to see that the hat was removed, and that Sandy was sitting up and saying something.

The truth was that in the calm depths of Sandy's mind, he was satisfied that the rays of the sun were beneficial and healthful; that, from childhood, he had objected to lying down in a hat; that no people but condemned fools, past redemption, ever wore hats; and that his right to dispense with them when he pleased was inalienable. This was the statement of his inner consciousness. Unfortunately, its outward expression was vague, being limited to a repetition of the following formula: "Su'shine all n'! Wasser maar, eh? Wass up, su'shine?"

Miss Mary stopped, and, taking fresh courage from her vantage of distance, asked him if there was anything that he wanted?

"Wass up? Wasser maar?" continued Sandy. in a very high key.

"Get up, you horrid man!" said Miss Mary, now thoroughly incensed; "get up, and go home."

Sandy staggered to his feet. He was six feet high, and Miss Mary trembled. He started forward a few paces, and then stopped.

iss I go hum for?" he suddenly asked, reat gravity.

and take a bath," replied Miss Mary, his grimy person with great disfavor. ier infinite dismay, Sandy suddenly pulled coat and vest, threw them on the ground, off his boots, and, plunging wildly fordarted headlong over the hill, in the on of the river.

od heavens!—the man will be drowned!" iss Mary; and then, with feminine incony, she ran back to the schoolhouse and herself in.

t night while seated at supper, with her —the blacksmith's wife—it came to Miss to ask, demurely, if her husband ever got

"Abner?" responded Mrs. Stidger, rely—"let's see—Abner hasn't been tight last 'lection." Miss Mary would have o ask if he preferred lying in the sun on occasions, and if a cold bath would have nim; but this would have involved an ation, which she did not then care to So she contented herself with opening ay eyes widely at the red-cheeked Mrs. r-a fine specimen of southwestern scence—and then dismissed the subject ther. The next day she wrote to her t friend, in Boston: "I think I find the ated portion of this community the least ionable. I refer, my dear, to the men, of I do not know of anything that could the women tolerable."

ess than a week Miss Mary had forgotten pisode except that her afternoon walks thereafter, almost unconsciously, another She noticed, however, that every ig a fresh cluster of azalea blossoms apl among the flowers on her desk. This at strange, as her little flock were aware of indness for flowers, and invariably kept sk bright with anemones, syringas, and s; but, on questioning them, they, one I, professed ignorance of the azaleas. A ays later, Master Johnny Stidger-whose was nearest to the window—was taken pasms of apparently gratuitous laughter reatened the discipline of the school. All fiss Mary could get from him was, that one had been "looking in the winder." and indignant, she sallied from her hive to tle with the intruder. As she turned the of the schoolhouse, she came plump the quondam drunkard—now perfectly and inexpressibly sheepish and guilty-

These facts Miss Mary was not slow to take a feminine advantage of, in her present humor. But it was somewhat confusing to observe, also, that the beast,—despite some faint signs of past dissipation—was amiable looking—in fact, a kind of blonde Samson, whose corn-colored, silken beard apparently had never yet known the touch of barber's razor or Delilah's shears. So that the cutting speech which quivered on her ready tongue died upon her lips, and she contented herself with receiving his stammering apology with supercilious eyelids and the gathered skirts of uncontamination. When she reentered the schoolroom her eyes fell upon the azaleas with a new sense of revelation. And then she laughed, and the little people all laughed, and they were all unconsciously very

It was on a hot day—and not long after this —that two short-legged boys came to grief on the threshold of the school with a pail of water. which they had laboriously brought from the spring, and that Miss Mary compassionately seized the pail and started for the spring herself. At the foot of the hill a shadow crossed her path, and a blue-shirted arm dexterously. but gently relieved her of her burden. Miss Mary was both embarrassed and angry. "If you carried more of that for yourself," she said. spitefully, to the blue arm, without deigning to raise her lashes to its owner, "you'd do better." In the submissive silence that followed, she regretted the speech, and thanked him so sweetly at the door that he stumbled. Which caused the children to laugh again—a laugh in which Miss Mary joined, until the color came faintly into her pale cheeks. The next morning a barrel was mysteriously placed beside the door, and as mysteriously filled with fresh spring water every morning.

Nor was this superior young person without other quiet attentions. "Profane Bill," driver of the Slumgullion Stage-widely known in the newspapers for his "gallantry" in invariably offering the box seat to the fair sex-had excepted Miss Mary from this attention, on the ground that he had a habit of "cussin' on up grades," and gave her half the coach to herself. Jack Hamlin, a gambler, having once silently ridden with her in the same coach, afterward threw a decanter at the head of a confederate for mentioning her name in a barroom. over-dressed mother of a pupil whose paternity was doubtful, had often lingered near this astute Vestal's temple, never daring to enter its sacred precincts, but content to worship the

priestess from afar.

With such unconscious intervals, the monotonous procession of blue skies, glittering sunshine, brief twilights, and starlit nights passed over Red Gulch. Miss Mary grew fond of walking in the sedate and proper woods. Perhaps she believed, with Mrs. Stidger, that the balsamic odors of the firs "did her chest good," for certainly her slight cought was less frequent and her step was firmer; perhaps she had learned the unending lesson which the patient pines are never weary of repeating to heedful or listless ears. And so, one day, she planned a picnic on Buckeye Hill, and took the children with her. Away from the dusty road, the straggling shanties, the yellow ditches, the clamor of restless engines, the cheap finery of shop windows, the deeper glitter of paint and colored glass, and the thin veneering which barbarism takes upon itself in such localities-what infinite relief was theirs! The last heap of ragged rock and clay passed—how the waiting woods opened their long files to receive them. How the children-perhaps because they had not vet grown quite away from the breast of bounteous Mother—threw themselves face downward on her brown bosom with uncouth caresses, filling the air with their laughter; and how Miss Mary herself—felinely fastidious and entrenched as she was in the purity of spotless skirts. collar. and cuffs—forgot all, and ran like a crested quail at the head of her brood, until, romping, laughing, and panting, with a loosened braid of brown hair, a hat hanging by a knotted ribbon from her throat, she came suddenly and violently, in the heart of the forest, upon—the luckless Sandy.

The explanations, apologies, and not otherwise conversation that ensued, need not be indicated here. It would seem, however, that Miss Mary had already established some acquaintance with this ex-drunkard. Enough that he was soon accepted as one of the party; that the children, with that quick intelligence which Providence gives the helpless, recognized a friend, and played with his blonde beard, and long silken mustache, and took other libertiesas the helpless are apt to do. And when he had built a fire against a tree, and had shown them other mysteries of the woodcraft, their admiration knew no bounds. At the close of two such foolish, idle, happy hours, he found himself lying at the feet of the school mistress, gazing dreamily into her face—as she sat upon the sloping hill side, weaving wreaths of laurel and syringa-in very much the same attitude as he had lain when first they met. Nor was the similitude greatly forced. The weakness of an easy, sensuous nature, that had found a dreamy exaltation in liquor, it is to be feared, was now finding an equal intoxication in love.

I think that Sandy was dimly conscious of this himself. I know that he longed to be doing something—slaying a grizzly, scalping a savage, or sacrificing himself in some way for the sake of this sallow faced, gray-eyed school mistress. As I should like to present him in a heroic attitude, I stay my hand with great difficulty at this moment, being only withheld from introducing such an episode by a strong conviction that it does not usually occur at such times. And I trust that my fairest reader, who remembers that, in a real crisis, it is always some uninteresting stranger or unromantic policeman—and not Adolphus—who rescues, will forgive the omission.

So they sat there, undisturbed—the woodpeckers chattering overhead, and the voices of the children coming pleasantly from the hollow below. What they said matters little. What they thought—which might have been interesting did not transpire. The woodpeckers only learned how Miss Mary was an orphan; how she left her uncle's house, to come to California. for the sake of health and independence; how Sandy was an orphan, too; how he came to California for excitement; how he had lived a wild life, and how he was trying to reform; and other details, which, from a woodpecker's viewpoint, undoubtedly must have seemed stupid, and a waste of time. But even in such trifes was the afternoon spent; and when the children were again gathered, and Sandy, with a delicacy which the school mistress well understood, took leave of them quietly at the outskirts of the settlement, it had seemed the shortest day of her weary life.

As the long dry summer withered to its roots, the school term of Red Gulch-to use a local euphuism—"dried up" also. In another day Miss Mary would be free; and for a season, at least. Red Gulch would know her no more. She was seated alone in the school house, her cheek resting on her hand, her eyes half closed in one of those day dreams in which Miss Mary -I fear, to the danger of school disciplinewas lately in the habit of indulging. Her lap was full of mosses, ferns and other woodland memories. She was so preoccupied with these and her own thoughts that a gentle tapping at the door passed unheard, or translated itself into the remembrance of far-off woodpeckers. When at last it asserted itself more distinctly. she started up with a flushed cheek and opened the door. On the threshold stood a woman, the self-assertion and audacity of whose dress were in singular contrast to her timid, irresolute

bearing.

Miss Mary recognized at a glance the dubious mother of her anonymous pupil. Perhaps she was disappointed—perhaps she was only fastidious—but as she coldly invited her to enter, she half consciously settled her white cuffs and collar, and gathered closer her own chaste skirts. It was, perhaps, for this reason that the embarrassed stranger, after a moment's hesitation, left her gorgeous parasol open and sticking in the dust beside the door, and then sat down at the farthest end of a long bench. Her voice was husky as she began:

"I heerd tell that you were goin' down to the Bay tomorrow, and I couldn't let you go until I came to thank you for your kindness to my Tommy."

Tommy, Miss Mary said, was a good boy, and deserved more than the poor attention she could give him.

"Thank you, Miss! Thank ye!" cried the stranger, brightening even through the color which Red Gulch knew facetiously was her "war paint," and striving, in her embarrassment, to drag the long bench nearer the school mistress. "I thank you, Miss, for that! And if I am his mother, there ain't a sweeter, dearer, better boy lives than him. And if I ain't much as says it, that ain't a sweeter, dearer, angeler teacher lives than he's got."

Miss Mary, sitting primly behind her desk, with a ruler over her shoulder, opened her gray

eyes widely at this, but said nothing.

"It ain't for you to be complimented by the like of me"—she went on, hurriedly—"I know. It ain't for me to be comin' here, in broad day, to do it, either; but I come to ask a favor—not for me, Miss—not for me—but for the darling boy."

Encouraged by a look in the young school mistress' eye, and putting her lilac-gloved hands together, the fingers downward, between her

knees, she went on in a low voice:

"You see, Miss, there's no one the boy has any claim on but me, and I ain't the proper person to bring him up. I thought some, last year, of sending him away to 'Frisco to school, but when they talked of bringing a school ma'am here, I waited till I saw you, and then I knew it was all right, and I could keep my boy a little longer. And oh, Miss, he loves you so much; and if you could hear him talk about you, in his pretty way, and if he could ask you what I ask you now, you couldn't refuse him.

"It is natural," she went on, rapidly, in a voice that trembled strangely between pride and humility, "it's natural that he should take to you, Miss, for his father, when I first knew him, was a gentleman—and the boy must forget me, sooner or later—and so I ain't a goin' to cry about that. For I come to ask you to take my Tommy—God bless him for the bestest, sweetest boy that lives—to—take him with you."

She had risen and caught the young girl's hand in her own, and had fallen on her knees beside her.

"I've money plenty, and it's all yours and his. Put him in some good school, where you can go and see him, and help him to-to-to forget his mother. Do with him what you like. The worst you can do will be kindness to what he will learn with me. Only take him out of this wicked life—this cruel place—this home of shame and sorrow. You will; I know you will -won't you? You will-you must not-you can not say no! You will make him as pure, as gentle as yourself; and when he has grown up, you will tell him his father's name—the name that hasn't passed my lips for years—the name of Alexander Morton, whom they call here Sandy! Miss Mary! Do not take your hand away! Miss Mary, speak to me! You will take the boy? Do not put your face from me. I know it ought not look on such as me. Miss Mary! My God, be merciful—she is leaving me!

Miss Mary had risen, and, in the gathering twilight, had felt her way to the open window. She stood there, leaning against the casement, her eyes fixed on the last rosy tints that were fading from the western sky. There was still some of its light on her pure young forehead, on her white collar, on her clasped white hands, but all fading slowly away. The supplicant had dragged herself, still on her knees, beside her.

"I know it takes time to consider. I will wait here all night; but I cannot go until you speak. Do not deny me, now. You will! I see it in your sweet face—such a face as I have seen in my dreams. I see it in your eyes, Miss Mary—you will take my boy!"

The last red beam crept higher, suffused Miss Mary's eyes with something of its glory, flickered, and faded, and went out. The sun had set in Red Gulch. In the twilight and silence, Miss Mary's voice sounded pleasantly.

"I will take the boy. Send him to me, tonight."

(Continued on page 44)

The Way of the West

By ELMO W. BRIM

CHAPTER XXIII, Continued

OFFETT was so surprised by this offer that he swallowed part of his tobacco, and for a few moments violent coughing shook his frame, then he said:

"I've got er buckskin pony thet can't be beat on wind and endurance. Yuh can have him and a saddle fer seventy-five dollars."

"Bring him out," replied Nina. "And light a lantern so I can look at him."

In a short time Moffett returned with a lantern in one hand and leading a trim looking buckskin with the other. Nina, whose knowledge of horses was equal to many first class men iders, quickly satisfied herself that the pony was sound, of a good age and shod all around—the latter being important on a trip of this kind.

"The horse is all right," she said as she finished her inspection, "now let's see the saddle."

When Moffett laid down a stock saddle and blanket Nina looked it over and saw that while it was old it was in a good serviceable condition. All told he was asking twenty-five dollars too much for the horse and saddle but she knew that time was too precious to haggle with him, so she said:

"All right, Mr. Moffett, saddle him up. I will give you ten dollars to bind the trade. You can go with me around to the hotel and wait with him until I change my clothes, then I will try him, and if he is clean on his feet and bridle-wise I will pay you your price."

Moffett eagerly accepted the ten dollars and a glint of pleasure came into his watery eyes as he thought of the easy money that he was making. He hurriedly saddled the pony and together they walked up the street to the only hotel of which Clarion boasted.

In a short time Nina re-appeared in the lobby of the hotel dressed in a full riding costume. Luckily, in her haste to leave Mrs. Norton's, she had not removed it from her traveling bag. Now, with a sense of thankfulness, she realized how fortunate she was. As she was leaving her traveling bag with the clerk she realized that she would need some protection against the early, wintry wind.

"Can you buy an overcoat from anyone for me?" she inquired of the obliging clerk. "Any old one will do. I have a long journey to make tonight and it will be frightfully cold without one."

"I sure can," replied the clerk, going to a rack and taking down a worn but heavy overcoat.

"What is it worth?" inquired Nina, opening her purse.

"That coat is not worth selling," replied the clerk. "You will be returning for your traveling bag, so you can bring it then, or send it back. It really does not matter for it is of so value."

"I certainly appreciate your kindness. It is worth a great deal to me. I will return it omorrow. Thank you ever so much," and then she was gone.

Sim Moffett, who was biting off a fresh chew of tobacco when she came out, mentally decided that she was a business woman for she was back in half the time that it took an average woman to change her clothes.

"I'll try him, Mr. Moffett," she said, as she came up and took the reins from his hand. When the mounted the horse she was surprised to find that the stirrups were the proper length for her. She walked the horse for a short distance then touched him with her spur and held him a short distance to a trot, after which she wheeled him, and, as she gave him the rein, he broke into a clean-footed lope. When she reined him in front of Moffett she knew that she had a horse that was sure of making the trip.

"He is a good horse, Mr. Moffett," she said. "so here is your money. Now run into the hotel and write me a bill of sale and I will be on my way."

Moffett counted the money by the light of his lantern and then went into the hotel, where he laboriously wrote out a brief bill of sale.

"Here you are, Missy," he said, as he appeared by Nina's side, "an' yuh have a host that can step with any of them."

"Thank you, Mr. Moffett. Now, please, give me some idea as to how the trail runs from here to I applied and I will be leaving."

to Langford, and I will be leaving."

"Yuh can't git lost," said Moffett, "ther trail follows ther left hand side of ther railroad ter three miles of Langford, then it swings off ter ther left and crosses Medicine Hill—you can see ther town from there. You cain't git lost

ther only trail from here ter Langford—oss Turkey Creek 'bout half way betwixt wo places."

ank you," said Nina, as she wheeled her and started for the railroad.

Moffett stood for a moment, after Nina sappeared, thinking of what a wonderful is woman she was. The night's journey ie was making puzzled him greatly, but could form no idea as to the solution, ok his head and, after spitting viciously ground, walked down the darkened street stable.

Vina held her pony to a steady lope she hat she had made a good purchase notnding the exorbitant price that she had She smiled whimsically as she thought disagreeable old robber, who had made mad, but she felt pleased with herself t giving vent to her feeling—thereby deg her chances for saving Dick's life.

or Dick," she mused, "tonight must be to him—more so by having received my He must think that I have failed to do ig for him, and the thoughts of tomort is awful. But, thank God, there will be forrow of the type of which he is think-Everything—trains, governor's telegram, ne wrong, but, thanks for restraining my, I have a way to reach him, unless—but mined look came over her face, and she ied, "I am going to beat the sun, so that here is to it."

he night wore on and the buckskin pony rider continued on across the star-lit

Turkey Creek had been crossed many pefore and the end of the journey was a near. While the night was cool it was erely cold. Oklahoma, with the excepan occasional "norther," does not have winters. The suspense and long ride were agreeable features of the journey. Nina, me to time, had consulted her watch and it was nearly daytime, she began to urge my forward. He was tired but the vital-racteristic of "buckskins" strongly preted in him.

ast the trail turned sharply to the left railroad and she saw ahead of her the of a large hill and knew that Medicine d at last been reached. As her pony d the winding trail to the top of the hill t was just beginning to break. Outlined ter in the valley lay the town of Langattered on the prairie, while blue mount the far distance formed an artistic sund.

Unknown to Nina she was on the spot which had been the object of many of Dick's and Pauline's horseback rides during the past—before misfortune had guided him to the real love and to the real woman—but when Nina reached this spot she gave her pony the rein and started down the hill in a sweeping gallop. The scene was beautiful, but she had no eye for it this morning. Her knowledge of the "open country" told her only too well that sunrise was but a matter of minutes—possibly half an hour, but little over.

As the horse struck out across the valley as fast as his tired legs could carry him, Nina was worrying about the location of the jail. Inquiring for its location might mean that she would arrive a few moments too late—and every moment counted now.

"Oh, God!! she prayed. "Help me to arrive in time!"

CHAPTER XXIV

Sunrise

Dick had just eaten breakfast by the light of a weak and spluttering candle. It was the last breakfast that he was to eat but his nerves were unaffected, and he had eaten a hearty meal. He was ready to meet his fate without a tremor no matter what it cost him. He had made his will the afternoon before, leaving all his Langford property to Nina and that night he had written her a farewell letter so there remained nothing else for him to do but meet his fate.

While waiting for the marshal he sat down on his bunk, and, reaching into his pocket, produced a letter written in a feminine hand, and began to read:

"My Darling Dick:

"Words cannot express the uneasiness that I have suffered since you so suddenly disappeared and now, since I have just this moment received your letter, I am broken hearted at its contents but I admire the course you have pursued—there was no other choice. But, oh, my darling, the danger you are now in nearly drives me crazy. Had I but known sooner—but it is not the time for regrets—time is too precious; it is the time for action. Governor Lane of Oklahoma is an old friend of father's. I am going to see him. And, dear heart, I will come away from him with your pardon—do not lose faith in me for I am going to be on hand before the fatal hour with your pardon.

"Now I will close, as I must rush to catch my train. Do not lose heart and remember that I

have faith in you. My love for you is the only love that I have ever known.

"Your own,

"NINA."

Dick had read this letter many times since he had received it 'till he knew its every word, but he continued reading it because it was the only thing that he had to remind him of Nina. When he received it he somehow felt that her presence was with him. Now he had read it for the last time; in a short while steps would be heard climbing the stairway. He kissed the letter, then placed it in his breast pocket beside the one he had written Nina.

As Dick sat on his bunk looking into space a rat climbed up on the box which held the spluttering candle, but if his eyes saw it his mind took no note of it, for his thoughts were far away in the beautiful valley down in Chehauhau, near the Sierra Madre Mountains, and a beautiful, golden-haired girl was riding beside him. Then his mental vision covered the many happy events of their early acquaintance until the "hour of understanding" on the boulderstrewn hill where Juan Guerros' bullet had felled him. Another rat climbed up beside the one that was nibbling crumbs by the side of the spluttering candle but he did not realize their presence, for he was again living over the happy days of their courtship in the hospital at El Paso. . . Then the picture went blank as his mind came back to the present. He shrugged his shoulders and sat up erect on his bunk, causing the two rats to leave the bread crumbs and scurry for safety.

Then for the first time he noticed a grey light, tinged with red, which reflected through the window and entered into his cell. As he recalled the possible pardon, he knew that it had been nothing more than a drowning man catching at straws; he had known that from the beginning, so it was no disappointment. What hurt more than anything else was the disappointment which Nina must suffer at the failure of her hopes.

"Poor child," he thought, "it is terrible that she should suffer for me like this. I am sorry I ever wrote her. If I had only known that she would built false hopes like this I would not have written. She is a wonderful woman, real and unspoiled. I shall die loving her."

Then a red light reflected through the window, and, as he heard steps coming up the creaking stairway, he deliberately rolled and lighted a cigarette.

"Good morning, Morgan," said Dick as the

marshal and Bud Martin entered through the door and they paused in front of the cell.

"Good morning, Dick," said the marshal in a broken voice. "I am sorry that I am in this position. If there is any favor that I can do for you do not hesitate to state it—if it is in my power I will certainly do it."

"Morgan, I do not blame you," replied Dick. "It is merely your duty. Yes, you can mail this letter—after the end."

As the marshal placed the letter in his pocket, Dick said:

"All right, Morgan, I am ready."

Then, with Dick in between the marshal and Bud, who was in the lead, they started down the creaking steps. Dick was the only cool mas of the trio; the marshal's nerves were on edge at the thought of his unpleasant task and Bud Martin, who hated to see a dog mistreated, was utterly miserable. He had tried by innumerable excuses to be absent this day, but the marshal had held him to the unpleasant task.

While the marshal and Dick waited on the high jail steps for Bud to lock the door Dick's eyes rapidly took in his surroundings. At the foot of the steps were two silent, solemn-looking men, presumably deputy marshals. To the right of the steps and attached to the end of the jail, was a high, planked-up enclosure, containing a door but no windows. The one glance was sufficient to tell him that this enclosure contained the scaffold. The jail, which was in the outskirts of the town, faced the street, or rather, the trail which led from Langford to Medicina Hill. In the east the sun was just peeping over the distant mountains throwing a golden glow over the awakening town.

Suddenly, as the three men were descending the steps, a clatter of hoofs broke the morning stillness and a fast galloping horse was heard approaching from the direction of Medicine Hill. Marshal and deputies instantly reached for their pistols thinking of another possible jail delivery. Then a panting "buckskin" posy dashed up even with the jail, where its rider, a golden-haired girl, wearing a man's overcost many sizes too large, reined in the racing horse. So suddenly did he stop that he raised a cloud of dust as he sat back on his haunches and several steps to a standstill.

"I have a pardon from the President of United States." the rider cried in a clear ringing voice. Then, flinging the pardon to officers, she sprang from her horse and ran in Dick's outstretched arms.

"Dick," she cried as she chang to be the

, great sobs shaking her body. "Oh, I near being too late!

too wonderful to be true, dear," said tly, kissing her tear-wet face. "You dom! You are a wonderful woman, had faith in you, but I never believed e for you to secure a pardon."

priefly told the story to Dick while the and his deputies were reading the parthe dying statements of Jack and ticks. When the last detail had been stared for a moment into the distance, kissed her.

a wonderful woman you are," he said p emotion. "And what a wonderful is since there is no cloud to mar our

wonderful, Dick," she said, softly, "I appy. I knew you would not care if I Jack's name into it, now that he is t was his dying wish that it should be

old Jack," said Dick, huskily, "I am hear that he is dead. I never had a sardner"—he just got started bad, he od fellow. You did right, dear, it was his not only love you but I owe you a deep gratitude for what you have done for is twice that you have saved my life." " said Nina, dimpling prettily, "you me so I have to look after you." 's right," said Dick, smiling, "and I r going to take a chance of your losing L. Now listen—the train does not leave ne-thirty. That will give us plenty for you to have your breakfast-and get married."

Dick," said Nina, blushing prettily, "I

any clothes.

save time to get the clothes; but let's ried just as we are as a last feature reat trial we have gone through. Bud the jailer, has been a true friend to me rave been his prisoner, so what do you s being my best man?"

, we will do as you say," cried Nina,

laughing. "It will be a proper ending and it will be more sincere than any formal wedding we could ever have. And, since this Mr. Bud has been so good to you, I will give him my horse to remember us by."

The marshal and his deputies, like all true Westerners, were deeply moved when they realized the sacrifice Dick had been making of himself, and for "silent" men they were very demonstrative in their congratulations and avowals of friendship. Their admiration for Nina couldn't be expressed.

As for Bud Martin his pleasure knew no bounds at Dick's release, and to know that his friendship had not been misplaced. But when Nina gave him the buckskin pony and Dick informed him of their desire to have him for his best man at their coming wedding he gave way to his emotions and cried like a child.

"Dick," he exclaimed as the tears streamed down his bearded face, "we have treated yuh purty rough, but it shore are worth being hanged to git a woman like yuh are gittin'."

They were quietly married before the town was fully aware of the exciting events which had occurred during the early hours of the morning. But before they reached the station the news of Dick's pardon and the manly sacrifice that he had made for his friend was swept broadcast and the town as a whole turned out to express its friendship and admiration for him, It was only as the train was in the act of leaving that Dick and Nina got away from their enthusiastic friends and boarded the train.

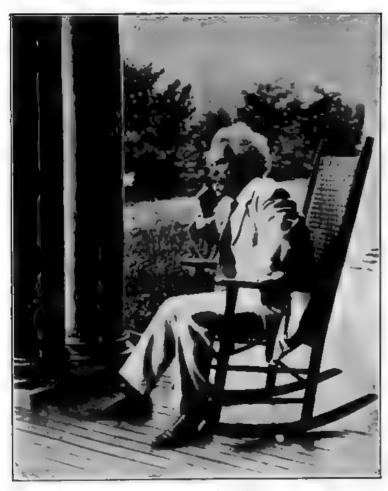
When they stood on the platform waving a last farewell Nina said:

"Dick, this is a happy ending but it has been a terrible experience for you."

"Yes, dear," he replied as his hand stole over and clasped hers, "it has been a terrible experience to both of us. But the part I played in the unfortunate affair has brought a wonderful happiness to me and, had I not done as I did I would never have known you.'

The End





Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) one of the early writers on the Overland

Monthly and a pioneer of the early days

Plain Language of Truthful James

BRET HARTE

(Table Mountain, 1870)

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequently remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark.

And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain.
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.



Pirates

By COLIN CAMPBELL CLEMENTS

ty long years Mrs. Warren had 1 Northampton and during all that er name had never, never, even en connected in any way with ossip," she always said, "gossip is sitively malicious. Doesn't the and with this preface, of which word had been altered for the irs, she would quote chapter after the Holy Book. Of late, howind would do the most absurd nstance she would start out by passage from the Bible and in lle of it find herself quoting from ieen's" Leaves from the Journal the Highlands or a bit of verse l'ennyson." But after all, didn't ne next after the Bible, and wasn't een." in spite of her unfortunate that young foreigner, Prince well, as Lord Beaconsfield called tery?"

malicious, positively malicious,"
was saying one afternoon,
Bible say—." Just here a tinof the brass knocker echoed and
ough the house.

had grown old in the service and ner mistress started for the hall

Clara, before you open the door up your apron over the table in

who always anticipated her misven before they were given, had the room. Mrs. Warren quickly folds of her skirt, made sure that cap was "just so" folded her er the other, and leaned back in the chair expectantly.

awty, ma'am." Clara announced door.

ar soul, have her come right in," ward, "right in, Clara."

dropped in for a moment," Mrs. She always began that way. moment, my dear Mrs. Warren. y to the 'Helping Hand' meeting o pass this way I just dropped in you were." She let the black which she was wearing slip from

"I hope I'm not interrupting may be doing."

"Oh, dear, no," Mrs. Warren sighed. "No, when you came in I was just giving my maid a little lecture on," she paused, "on gossip."

"Gossip?" Mrs. Lawty sat bolt upright.

"It is so malicious."

"Positively unladylike." Her little corkscrew curls shook violently. "One could almost compare a lady who gossips to a—to a pirate."

"A what, Mrs. Lawty?" Mrs. Warren lifted

her ear-trumpet, "a what?"

"A pirate," shrieked Mrs. Lawty.

"A pirate!"

"They are wild thieves, so to speak. And they steal things from perfectly innocent people," she ran on. "The South Sea Islands are full of them—pirates I mean. Why, I read in our missionary paper, just last week, that one poor man was taken over, overtaken, I mean, by pirates who took away his watch and—I hesitate to say it, his trousers!"

"His trousers! Dreadful!"

"The rest of the story is too indelicate to

repeat.

"Yes—yes, some things are often better left unsaid." Mrs. Warren turned around to make sure that Clara was not in the room and then leaned toward Mrs. Lawty. "But one need never be ashamed to speak the truth. What is the rest of the story, Mrs. Lawty?"

"The poor man," she took a deep breath, "the poor man was forced to come into port with a bad cold in his head—and in his

pajamas!"

"Oh!" Mrs. Warren wondered if she should have asked for the rest of the story.

"And that is why I call a lady who gossips

a pirate."

"Yes—yes. Though one can hardly think of any lady unlawfully taking a poor unprotected gentleman's," she coughed. "a poor gentleman's trousers. Can one?"

"Hardly," Mrs. Lawty had a way of turning everything into philosophy. "Hardly. But to steal one's good name is to take one's cloak of righteousness. And, oh, my dear, few people can face the world without it. The soul is so much more important than the body."

The corners of Mrs. Warren's mouth went down suddenly. "One should keep both properly clothed," she said, "one should keep both properly clothed."

"Yes,—" Mrs. Lawty leaned back in her

chair, "Yes— though in the South Sea Islands the natives, I'm told, wear nothing but grass skirts."

"One could hardly do that in England."

"Oh, but the people there in the South Seas are like little children—pure of mind. And it was to help these worthy people that our 'Helping Hand Society' was organized."

"Such a worthy organization. I am sure the ladies of Northampton are doing a noble

work."

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mrs. Warren. Why, only last week we sent off a large box of soap to the natives of East Africa and now we are getting ready—" she beamed, "we are getting ready a box of napkins and tablecloths. We are, indeed, doing a splendid work for our less fortunate brothers and sisters in a far land."

"Brothers and sisters!" Mrs. Warren nervously fingered her ear trumpet. "Brothers and sisters! One can hardly feel that way towards them, Mrs. Lawty. I am told they are quite black!"

"Nevertheless, they are God's creatures."

"My dear, I will have Clara make you a hot cup of tea." Mrs. Warren was tactfully and successfully changing the subject of conversation. "It will rest you." She reached over and pulled the cord. "It will rest you."

"Oh, no, no, thank you—really. I mustn't stop. I always like to get to the society meetings early—otherwise one misses so much that is interesting," she added, and immediately wished she hadn't. Fortunately Clara appeared.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Clara, will you put the water on to boil? And make the tea rather strong, but not too strong, just so."

"Yes, thank you, ma'am," and Clara disappeared as quickly as she had appeared.

"By the way," Mrs. Lawty had collected her fluttering wits, "have you met the new doctor and his wife?"

"Who?" Mrs. Warren lifted her ear trumpet.

"The new doctor and his wife," shouted Mrs.

Lawty.

"Yes, I have called on Mrs. Hunter. But, of course, Betty knows both of them. They are both charming people—the Hunters, I mean."

"Quite." Mrs. Lawty raised her eyebrows. "Though Mrs. Romney told Mrs. Pickering who told me that the Hunters do not get along well together. It seems that she is a Church of

England woman while he is the son of a Scotch Presbyterian and so of course—" she did not feel it necessary to say more.

"Though I believe they have been married all of three or four years."

"Oh, really? I didn't know that. How interesting! I must tell Mrs. Romney." She paused a moment. "But Mrs. Lawer told me that the doctor calls Mrs. Hunter 'dearest'—in public."

'Such poor taste."

"I always suspect a man who is overly demonstrative in public."

"But of course one—"

"Mother!" came a voice from the hall.
"Mother!" And Betty, a slip of a girl in a wide hoop skirt, a high bonnet and with her arms full of flowers, came tumbling into the room.

"Mother, dear—." It was then that she saw Mrs. Lawty, who had at the first sound of Betty's voice drawn herself in like a tortoise. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Lawty. Mother, see the wonderful flowers Doctor Hunter has just given me."

"Doctor Hunter gave you those?" a worned look came into Mrs. Warren's eyes, she glanced at Mrs. Lawty quickly. "Doctor Hunter?"

"Yes, his garden is full of them. Aren't they

beauties? '

"But you hardly know him well enough to —" Mrs. Warren began.

"You see we are getting acquainted! He was on his way to see Mrs. Hallway and —"

"Mrs. Lawty leaned forward. "Is she il again?"

Betty shook her head. "Rheumatiss, though not serious."

"Oh, really?" Mrs. Lawty was slowly bringing her head out of the shell again. "Oh.

really.

"And as the doctor was coming this way."
Betty chatted on, "he walked to the gate with
me. Mother, Doctor Hunter is a wonderful
conversationalist."

"Hasn't the Doctor a carriage?"

Betty turned toward Mrs. Lawty. "Oh, yesbut it is such a splendid day for walking."

Something hard came into Mrs. Lawry's amalytical eyes, "I daresay," she sad, "I daresay that depends upon—upon with whom one walking."

"Betty," Mrs. Warren's voice was trembling.
"Betty, you don't really mean to tell me that you walked—that you walked down the high-way with a strange man?"

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was on the defensive in an instant. nother, he isn't a strange man! And I oth Doctor and Mrs. Hunter."

such a short acquaintance—and to be; with him—walking with him in broad

at would you have me do-walk with er dark?"

" Mrs. Warren was too dumfounded to

e words that were on her lips.

"echoed Mrs. Lawty. "Oh!" After ent she regained her breath and somey sheer force of will she afterward exit, was able to stammer, "I really must g, Mrs. Warren. I must not be late for eting, you know." She lowered her and perhaps you would rather be alone sur daughter at this time. Good after-Mrs. Warren." She shivered, drew her closely around her shoulders and swept e room.

Warren waited until she heard the front see. "Betty, how could you?"

. mother—"

king with a man, a man who is married on the best terms with his wife, acceptvers from him, a Presbyterian, unchaperOh! It is so unbecoming, so, so un, not to say indiscreet." She paused ath; "Why, when I was a girl—"

threw both her arms around her s neck; "But things have changed since

car.

in Northampton, thank heaven, not in npton." Mrs. Warren reached up to ge her little lace cap. "Here, at least, keep some of the old propriety. Oh, this indiscretion of yours would have our poor dear father."

turned away. "Perhaps that's what he said under her breath; "too much y. I am sorry, dear, truly sorry if I

used you any anxiety."

Mrs. Warren's injured feelings and the what her neighbors might say about her is were not to be soothed by a hug and honeyed words. She had not lived in npton forty years without learning its id dislikes, indeed, had she not herself, form and crystalize Northampton's code ners?

re must be no room for gossip among ies of Northampton. We shall cultivate stor's wife at once."

tivate Mrs. Hunter?" Betty jumped at mce. "Oh, I would love to. She is a ul person."

"Though one must," Mrs. Warren reflected, "one must be very careful about strangers."

"I'm sure you'll be devoted to her. She's fond of outdoor life, and all that sort of thing. Oh, she's ripping!"

"Betty! Let me never hear such a vulgar word from you again! Ripping! Am I to understand then, am I to understand that Mrs. Hunter is one of those dreadful mannish sort of persons who—"

Fortunately the knocker sounded just then. If it hadn't, heaven only knows what Mrs. Warren might have let herself say.

"If you don't mind, Mother, I shall go up to my room." Betty was anxious for an excuse to get away. "I want to do a water-color sketch of these flowers before they fade."

"Stop here a bit, Betty," Mrs. Warren said in a hard metallic voice.

"It is Mrs. Romney, ma'am," Clara announced.

"Have Mrs. Romney come right in, Clara, and Clara, fetch in the tea." Mrs. Warren leaned back and sighed. "Oh, dear, she is such a bombastic sort of person, so to speak."

"She was born in London, you know."

"Yes, poor dear, poor dear," she shook her head sadly, "she has so much to live down. It must be dreadful to have lived in such a naughty place as London. Think of the dreadful environment, my dear. London!"

Mrs. Romney, for all the world like an overly-decorated Christmas tree, fluttered in. The gay-colored ostrich feather which she wore on her bonnet accentuated her movements.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Warren, good afternoon. How-do-you-do, Betty, dear. Did I hear you speaking of London as I came in, Mrs. Warren?"

"Speaking of London?" With all her tact, all her discretion, Mrs. Warren had not yet reached that place where she could successfully hide embarrassment. "Speaking of London? Were we speaking of London, Betty?"

Mrs. Romney did not wait for an answer. In fact, she very seldom did. She was the sort of a person who shot questions at one and then, before one could open one's mouth answered the questions. Yes, "that sort of a person" as Mrs. Lawty called her.

"Dear old London," she said, "dear old Lon-

don—how I long for it!"

"But my dear;" Mrs. Warren had regained her poise, "surely London hasn't the—the refinement of Northampton."

"Northampton! Ah! Why, this little place

is as far from the world as—as the South Sea Islands!"

"Mrs. Romney! How—how can you even think of such a thing?" Mrs. Warren was shaking like an autumn leaf, "how can you think of such a thing? Why in the South Sea Islands, I am told, in the South Sea Islands, the people wear nothing but straw skirts—and pirates," she went on breathlessly, "pirates take things, unmentionable things from innocent missionaries. One could not accuse the people of Northampton of such a thing. Even our shop-keepers are gentlemen compared to those dreadful people who live in the South Seas."

Mrs. Romney looked up from under her eyelids, smiled and said sweetly, ever so sweetly: "My dear, the people of the South Sea Islands

are at least interesting."

"Perfect savages!" Mrs. Warren exploded.
"But, my dear," Mrs. Romney calmly and slowly smoothed the wrinkles out of her lace mitts, "all our forefathers were savages, you know—savages, hitting each other over the head with clubs, hanging from palm trees by their tails, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh, dear!"

"And," Mrs. Romney added triumphantly, "and the longer I live in Northampton, the more I'm convinced that it wasn't so many generations ago, either."

"Oh! oh—oh." Mrs. Warren's face had be-

"Oh! oh—oh." Mrs. Warren's face had become as white as the lace collar over her shoulders. "Oh! Betty, you may go. You will excuse the dear child. She has duties to perform which—duties to perform."

Betty turned at the door, "Mrs. Romney, shall I see you at Mrs. Hunter's tea Thursday

next?"

"Yes, my dear," Mrs. Romney smiled sweetly.

"Goodbye," Betty curtseyed, turned and

tripped from the room.

Clara, who moved as silently and as invisibly as Queen Victoria's own "dear John Brown" had placed the tea things on a little mahogany table at Mrs. Warren's side.

"You will have a cup of tea, Mrs. Romney?"
Mrs. Warren held up a cup and saucer. She was using her very best choice Chelsea china and she wanted Mrs. Romney to note the fact. But Mrs. Romney's thoughts were elsewhere.

"You will have a cup of tea?" Mrs. War-

ren repeated.

"Yes, thank you." The feather on her bonnet shook nervously. "Yes, thank you. So refreshing, nothing like tea for nerves, is there, really? Half a cup. I've just come from Mrs.

Hunter's. Both cream and sugar, yes, thank you. Such a charming lady, Mrs. Hunter—perfectly charming, my dear. So witty, so clever, so vivacious. But dreadfully jealous."

"Eh?" Mrs. Warren lifted her ear trumpet.

"Jealous?"

"Jealous? Jealous of whom?"
"She is very fond of her husband."

"Of whom—of whom is she jealous?"

"No one in particular, at present, I think" "Oh—" Mrs. Warren's face relaxed.

"That is—oh. Is there any cause for her being jealous of any particular person, Mrs. Warren?"

It was then that Mrs. Warren almost choked on her tea. "No—no." She sputtered; "No

-not that I know of."

"How uninteresting," was Mrs. Romney's caustic remark, "how uninteresting. And the Doctor is such a charming gentleman. Dear me, I do hope I will have another attack of indigestion or something of that sort soon. I am sure Doctor Hunter would be such a splendid physician. He is so good looking." She leaned over and set her teacup down on the table. "Dear me, I must be going. I am on my way to the meeting of the "Helping Hand Society" and—"

"Yes, Mrs. Lawty has just gone."

"Mrs. Lawty—that one," the feather on Mrs. Romney's bonnet was now bobbing up and down like a cork on a choppy sea. "I'm not speaking to her!"

"You, you don't really mean you have quar-

reled? So unladylike!"

"Ladylike—ladylike," Mrs. Romney's voice went to a high crescendo. "Ladylike be blowed!"

Mrs. Warren gripped the arms of her chair to keep from tumbling out of it. She was too surprised, too chagrined, too mortified to speak

"Mrs. Warren, I beg your pardon. I forgotquite forgot for the moment, to whom I was

speaking.

"That was quite evident." Mrs. Warren's mouth had drawn itself into a tight knot. "That

was quite evident," she said.

"Quite. But you see Mrs. Lawty told Mrs.—Pickering who told Mrs. Lawer who told Lade Bloshire, whose maid told my maid that Mrs.—Lawty said I dyed my hair! I've never dyed my hair. The impertinent gossip. The—"

Here she stopped for breath—and Mrs. War-

ren took advantage of the pause.

"Do have another cup of tea, Mrs. Romney," she said, "do have another cup of tea. It is so soothing."

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hank you." Mrs. Romney was again voiced, pretty mannered lady of the period. "Thank you. Lovely color, she said looking down at her cup of rely color."

isn't it? Mr. Warren, dear man, once that the natives of India use tea for

)"

Warren realized that she was skating ice. "No-no-cloth, yes, cloth, I

now interesting."
heve they also use the henna berry for in the East. I'm told it gives a beautirn shade."

interesting." Mrs. Romney leaned her tone became confidential. "Does cure it from one's pharmacist?" she

ieve so."

st try it on my hair—" Mrs. Romney ve bitten off her tongue. The feather sonnet shook vigorously.

t did you say, Mrs. Romney?"

Romney breathed a sigh of relief. "I he lied into Mrs. Warren's ear trumpet, I really must be going, must be going, Mrs. Warren." She smiled graciously. Wer seems to realize how fast the time one talks with you. Our little visit a most interesting—and most instruction in most interesting—and most instruction. "I do want to stop in and Hallway for a moment before I go neeting of the 'Helping Hand.' Her ism is worse again, poor dear."

so I've heard. I'm so sorry," Mrs. said sympathetically, "I'm so sorry." it is not at all serious, just a touch, I -just a touch. But, of course, she did Doctor Hunter. But I really believe mply to get acquainted with him more ything else. Do drop in and see me u can, Mrs. Warren. Good afternoon, ernoon." With her hoop-skirt twisting d forth and the ostrich feather waving above her Mrs. Romney swept from a majestically.

Warren was roused from her reverie by

roice.

I I take away the tea-things, ma'am?"
-no, not just yet, Clara. Someone else
pp in, you know, and perhaps Betty
ke a cup of tea."

I I call her. ma'am?"

I believe you had bet—." The knocksounding again. "It's Mrs. Pickering, ma'am," Clara announced two minutes later. "The minister's wife, ma'am."

"Have her come right in, Clara."

"Shall I call Miss Betty, ma'am?"

"Yes, do have her come down and drink a cup of tea."

Mrs. Pickering was a tiny woman with a voice that went with her body. For forty years she had helped her husband guide his small flock into the paths of righteousness. She was, both by instinct and choice, a good Samaritan; a human panacea for bruised bodies and souls. Mrs. Romney, in moments of great indiscretion, sometimes referred to her as "that old mustard plaster."

"Oh—my dear Mrs. Warren," Mrs. Pickering was saying in her mouse-like voice, "My dear Mrs. Warren, I'm so glad to see you so well. I thought perhaps—of course there is so much sickness in Northampton now."

At the word "sickness" Mrs. Warren immediately felt a draft. She coughed, and drew her

shawl around her shoulders.

"So much sickness," Mrs. Pickering went on.
"I just met Mrs. Lawty who told me that Mrs.
Hallway is almost dead with rheumatism—almost dead. In fact, I think they hardly expect her to live much longer. Of course, Mrs.
Lawtry didn't say so but I inferred as much from the tone of her voice."

"I heard it was nothing really serious," said Mrs. Warren pouring out a cup of tea for her

guest, "nothing really serious."

"Oh, dear, yes—very serious. I just had it from Mrs. Lawty who had it from—from—from a most reliable source. Rheumatism is such a painful death." She stirred her tea nervously, "such a painful death. Poor soul, poor soul."

"I believe the new Doctor Hunter is attend-

ing her."

This was the opening Mrs. Pickering had

been waiting for.

"Yes," she said; "Yes, isn't it too bad? Mrs. Lawty tells me he is a sensationalist, or something dreadful of that sort. But of course he was educated in London—and, my dear, London's standard of morals is not the same as Northampton's. I was also told that he treats his wife very badly in public, my dear, in public!"

"You mean--"

"My dear Mrs. Warren, I am very sorry to tell you—but I feel that it is my duty, as wife of your pastor—to tell you that your daughter Betty has been seen very often with this Doctor Hunter. Also, my dear Mrs. Warren, she accepts presents from him, and such-like."

"Why, Betty hardly knows him."

Mrs. Pickering was on her guard. "That is just it," she said. "She hardly knows him! Nor do any of us! And he is a married man, my dear Mrs. Warren. A very good-looking one. I really believe all good-looking people are bad, thoroughly bad."

"I can't believe that Betty—" Mrs. Warren

began.

"Naturally, my dear, naturally; you are her mother and wish to shield her. But I felt that it was, as I said before, my bounden duty to tell you the facts of the matter."

"You quite alarm me, Mrs. Pickering!"

Mrs. Pickering, leaned back in her chair drew her receding chin down out of sight and began:

"Young girls are sometimes—I might say in-

discreet."

"Oh!"

"My dear, men are strange beings." She rolled her eyes sanctimoniously. "Oh, the poor souls that have been lured to their destruction by men. I pray for them—the poor defenseless women," she added hastily. "I am always reminded of that beautiful passage in Genesis which says that woman was made after man. And isn't it our dear Mr. Browning who reminds us that 'second thoughts are often best?"

Mrs. Warren was not sure that Browning had ever reminded her of that fact and so she did not answer. Besides she was too troubled in her mind to know or care what Mr. Browning said. Mrs. Pickering leaned over, put down her teacup and laid a soothing (so she thought)

hand upon Mrs. Warren's wrist.

"There now, I really must be going, Mrs. Warren; I am on my way to the meeting of the 'Helping Hand Society' and I really mustn't be too late. I hope I have not overly alarmed you, Mrs. Warren, but as one of your oldest friends and as the wife of your pastor I feel that I must always do my duty, no matter how painful—always do my duty when the way lies open before me. I sincerely hope you will not feel that I have been—been peremptory, so to speak."

Mrs. Warren didn't feel that she had, but away back in some hidden recess of her mind lurked the thought that Mrs. Pickering was remarkably like Tennyson's brook—running on

forever.

"No—no," she said politely. "No, it is very kind of you to come to me in this sad moment of trouble."

Mrs. Pickering rose and stood shaking herself together. "I do hope you will be able to attend the services tomorrow morning. Mr. Pickering, dear noble man, has written a beautiful sermon on the evils of gossip—a beautiful sermon. I feel that it is the best thing he has written in the forty years of his work. I am sure that it will go down the ages as his masterpiece. The sentiment and beautiful language are really marvelous." She paused a moment. "Of course, Mr. Pickering and I both realize that there is very little gossip in Northampton—but it is best to know sin when one encounters it. Good afternoon, Mrs. Warren."

"Good afternoon," Mrs. Warren responded weakly. The moment the front door slammed she called in a broken voice, "Clara, Clara."

"I've brought the hot water, ma'am."

"But did you call Betty?"

"I knocked at her door, ma'am. I knocked very loudly, ma'am, but got no answer."

"I'm so distressed, Clara." Mrs. Warren fanned herself vigorously. "I'm so distressed. See if she is in the garden—Betty, I mean. Yes, she must be in the garden. And Clara. do tell her to come to me at once; I want to talk to her. It is most important—oh, most important that I see her at once." Mrs. Warren was about to call for her smelling salts but the knocker took the words from her mouth. "See who that can be. Clara. see who that can be. Oh, more dreadful news, I fear." As Clara left the room Mrs. Warren kept mumbing to herself, "Most disconcerting, most dreadfully disconcerting."

Then Mrs. Lower came gliding into the room. Mrs. Lower had acquired the habit of laying her friends' souls bare and then, purring sympathetically over their misfortunes. It was Mrs. Romney who had once called her an "Old Cat"—and was almost dropped from the "Helping Hand Society" for making the remark.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Warren, good afternoon." She leaned over and looked down into Mrs. Warren's drawn face. "How ill, how worried you're looking, Mrs. Warren. Oh, I'm so sorry for you, so sorry." She drew her chair close up to Mrs. Warren's side, glanced about the room to make sure no one would hear her and then, with tears in her voice went on. "I've just seen Mrs. Romney who had just seen Mrs. Lawty and had the dreadful news from her. I'm so sorry, Mrs. Warren."

"But-" began Mrs. Warren.

"Of course, we who have known you all these years will be as silent as the tomb. You can depend upon us, lean upon us, call upon

(Continued on Page 51)

Dickens in Camp

By F. BRET HARTE

July 1870.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire; And he who wrought that spell?— Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire, Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak, and holly,
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

The Wrong Trail

By RICHARD PERRY

T was late in the afternoon when Luke Hawkins arrived at the little border town of Blackburn. He had just received his diploma from a correspondence school for detectives, and immediately upon his arrival announced to the public that he was prepared to make private investigations and run down dangerous criminals. His two trunks were crammed with all sorts of wigs, false beards and mustaches, and other articles of disguise. Here, he mused as he sat in the stuffy little hotel, is the land of great opportunities for a good detective. He was confident of his ability to cope with any situation.

He came at a time when the little town was up in arms. For days Mexican Pete and his band had held the town under a reign of terror. Night after night they rode in and robbed, shot out the lights and subdued the inhabitants with their blood-curdling whoops. Always they left behind them a trail of broken cash drawers, cracked ribs and bent lamp posts. Every man in town at some time or other had been stopped at the point of a gun and relieved of his valuables.

A reward of \$500 was posted for the capture of Mexican Pete, dead or alive. Handbills were distributed broadcast. Long and earnestly Luke studied the picture of Pete's sinister countenance. He wore a slouch hat and had a long, drooping mustache, resembling the villain in a home talent play. A tempting bait, thought Luke. So he called on the leading citizens and told them of his determination to bring Mexican Pete in alive. Some shook their heads doubtfully, while others were thrilled as they beheld a real detective with a diploma and false whiskers.

That night a meeting was held in the drug store. Luke made a short address, and called for short talks by business men. One by one they related their experience with the bandit, and as the evening wore on indignation gave way to wrath, and wrath gave way to fury. Many offered additional rewards, as an incentive for quick work. It was agreed that Luke should have complete charge of affairs. The meeting ended with another address by Luke, who promised to have Mexican Pete safely in jail before sunset the next day.

On his way to the hotel after the meeting he

interviewed Mike the barber, one of Pete's victims.

"Tell me," he droned, "everything that was said and done when he robbed you."

"Well," replied Mike, "I had just lit a fresh cigar and was locking the shop when Pete stepped up and snatched the cigar from my mouth. After dashing the ashes in my eyes he smoked the cigar himself. He made me put up my hands and then took the receipts of an unusually busy day, amounting to something like eighty cents!"

Luke made exhaustive notes. He went to his room and selected from his trunks the articles of disguise most likely to throw the outlaw off his guard. There was no sleep for him that night. As the first streaks of dawn appeared in the east the next morning, and while the town was still wrapped in slumber, he cautiously took up the trail of Mexican Pete.

About noon there was great excitement. The fire bell rang, and men, women and children gathered at the mayor's office. Luke had returned, announcing the capture of the bandit, and demanded the reward. They loudly applauded the hero. "How did you do it?" they cried.

"It was all very simple," smiled Luke. "I first disguised myself as a Mexican laborer, then went to the place where he was last seen. While concealed in a clump of bushes I heard footsteps approaching the railroad track. Ah, friends, I was just in time! He began to pull the spikes from the rails. The wretch intended to wreck the next train and rob the victims. In all my career as a detective I have never seen a more dastardly piece of work. I came up behind him, and before he knew it the handcuffs were on. There never was a more surprised man. He is now safe in your jail."

"Let's hang him," shouted the men. A long rope was provided and they surrounded the jail. As the door was cautiously unlocked guns were drawn, ready to shoot if escape was attempted. They made a rush when the door yielded, and soon had the rope around the prisoner's neck. When they dragged him through the door the marshal threw up his hands and shouted: "For God's sake, boys, don't hang him. There's a terrible mistake. This isn't Mexican Petethat fool detective has jailed the section boss."

7 Railroad History Taken from the Overland Files

mers" of the railroad work, whose have been closely interwoven with and development of the Great West, sented on May 10th at the annual d banquet of the Southern Pacific t the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. he men and women who have been pensions by the Company after long ervice. The date, May 10, is the r of the driving of the "last spike" story Point, Utah, in 1869, which e completion of the first transconilroad line, a red-letter day in the the Southern Pacific Company.

rans were the guests of the Southern mpany. They came from all parts rific system and also from the lines and Louisiana, over fifty pensioners an points in the south in two special ides a program of entertainment, the d men were addressed by Dr. David s, President of the University of Calid. J. P. Irish, Dr. J. L. Gordon, Willrocker, William Sproule, President uthern Pacific Company, and other the Company.

en the line from Sacramento to Prooint was being constructed by the acific, the parent company of the Southern Pacific. One of these is John Barrett, who holds the record for longest service with the Company, 56 years and nine months. He started his service with the Company as a "mule skinner" in a construction camp in 1865, and retired as a passenger conductor. Another was Joel O. Wilder, who started his service with the Company in 1866 in the engineering department. His stories of how he was "snowed in" with only tea and corn meal left for "rations," and of the strikes of the Chinese laborers clearly indicate the difficulties encountered in the early days of railroading.

Other veterans with long years of service who were present were: William Hood, formerly chief engineer of the Company, and internationally known for his construction achievements, 54 years and 1 month of service; Joseph B. Lauck, at one time Adjutant General of the State of California, who started his service with the railroad in 1867 as a depot watchman, and who served 53 years and 11 months; Charles H. Ball, who served many years as an engineer, starting with the Company in 1869, and retiring September 1, 1919; Louis S. Kerr, engineer on the famous old engine, "The States-" who worked 48 years and 8 months for the Company: and Judge W. Dayan, for many years stationer for the Company, and over 48 vears in its service.



Historic engine now in yard of Southern Pacific Company at Sacramento

THE IDYL OF RED GULCH

(Continued from page 27)

The happy mother raised the hem of Miss Mary's skirts to her lips. She would have buried her hot face in its virgin folds—but she dared not. She rose to her feet.

"Does-this man-know of your intention?"

asked Miss Mary, suddenly,

"No-nor cares. He has never even seen

the child to know it."

"Go to him at once—tonight—now! Tell him what you have done. Tell him I have taken his child, and tell him—he must never see—see—the child again. Wherever it may be, he must not come; wherever I may take it, he must not follow! There, go now, please—I'm weary, and have much yet to do!"

They walked together to the door. On the

threshold, the woman turned-

"Good night."

She would have fallen at Miss Mary's feet. But at the same moment the young girl reached out her arms, caught the sinful woman to be own pure breast for one brief moment, and then closed and locked the door.

It was was with a sudden sense of green responsibility that Profane Bill took the rein of the Slumgullion Stage the next morning, in the school mistress was one of his passenge. As he entered the high road, in obedience to pleasant voice from the "inside" he sudden reined up his horses and respectfully waited, a "Tommy" hopped out, at the command of Mis Mary.

"Not that bush, Tommy-the next."

Tommy whipped out his new pocket knift and, cutting a branch from a tall azalea bust returned with it to Miss Mary.

"All right now?"

"All right."

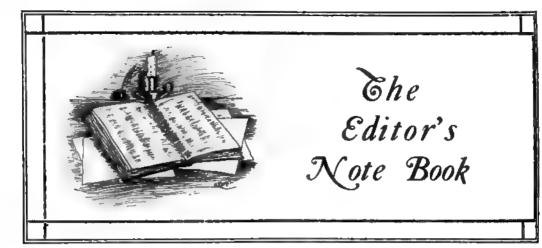
And the stage door closed on the Idyl of Red Gulch.



The old Concord Coach furnished luxurious travel for our fathers and grandfathers in the Days of '49



San Francisco in the Early Days



One of the most loved of all California writers was born in San Francisco in 1880 as Kathleen Thompson. Her father, James Adler Thompson, the banker, was the very "salt of the earth," and so was her mother, Josephine. Kathleen married Charles Gilman Norris, also of San Francisco, in 1909, and the very next year began to get her short stories into print. In 19!1 she struck a lead with "Mother," followed it up with "Saturday's Child," "Heart of Rachel," and "Martie the Unconquered." Now in "Lucretia Lombard," just issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., she has reached the pinnacle of her literary career. The book has al-



ready been introduced to Australia, an advance order of 500 copies being shipped across the Pacific, before the book appeared in this country. Kathleen Norris' books are well known in England, "The Beloved Woman" being a best seller there, all of which indicates a large demand for her "Lucretia Lombard."

ठ ठ ठ

By Mr. Neill Compton Wilson, Author, there has been issued through the Metropolitan Pres. San Francisco, a most artistic brochure of 30 or more poems, many of which are gems, sal none mediocre. Among others is Professor Albert Cook's "The Legend of Tamalpais." which every resident of the bay region should know. But there are picturesque stories of Sas Francisco streets and vendors, the fog, the Me sion, the wharf and its shipping, the theates the outlying islands, the quaint-costumed Orentals. Scarcely outside of New Orleans and such pictures be found; always inviting, often garish, sometimes strangely foreign, quint corners and occupations and behavior, a touch here and there of other days and other standards:

A "City of Caprice."

"At times I wonder whether you Are really of today,
Or of another substance, dim,
Transmuted from decay;
A substance that has outstripped leagues
And leaped antiquity,
To dwell anew, in leaser state,
Beside a younger sea."

ertson's Study of Poe"

book on a famous topic and by a n, Dr. John W. Robertson of San, cannot fail to interest a wide circle. is called "Poe: A Study." Bruce the publisher, and John Newbegin sale.

f all, we tell our readers that this big bly illustrated book is vastly different and all previously written volumes e. First, it is an able, scientific psystudy of its subject—a very human. tic and comprehensive study of the and character of this strange, sorrowet love-worthy genius. This first part pages. Then come 14 pages called ory" about this ardent collector's The remainder of the volume—more pages-is entitled "Edgar A. Poe: raphical study." The book is, therewhich appeals not only to medical and to students of inherited traits, also attract all book lovers.

Pr. Robertson with intense but well feeling, that "death should bring a ting oblivion, or it should throw the charity over our frailties." Then he as follows: "Bitterly as Poe sufle he lived, and disastrous as was the overwhelmed him, it was his ill fore even more harshly judged in death e he lived and fought. Alive, he was ead, a dastardly advantage was taken works were sent forth containing a hat has been well called an immortal

f course, means, above all others, the unendurable Griswold, who is roasted elsewhere in Dr. Robertson's book. g with his general prelude, our author Poe was human, with gentle and lovlities, and possessed the graces and ts that, the world over, mark the 1. He was not the unfriended being rded society as 'composed altogether s;' nor was it his habit to 'walk the madness or melancholy, with his lips n indistinct curses, or his eyes up-passionate prayer; neither can it be I that he had 'no wish for the esteem : love of his species;' nor that he only 'succeed that he might have the right : a world that galled his self conceit; which his first editor asserted."

first editor" was Griswold, and after ges upon various manifestations of I neurosis, Dr. Robertson tells us that "a study of Poe's heredity and life work makes it plain that many of Griswold's allegations, even when true, cannot justly be charged against Poe, but rather against his morbid heredity. If this seems too fine a distinction, at least we must recognize the fact that, by reason of this heredity, Poe was not always to be held responsible either for his words or his acts, for his great accomplishment or his lapses. Heredity was as much responsible for the one as for the other; his heritage was pregnant with both good and evil."

We think that whoever goes on from this and studies Poe with Dr. Robertson's help will feel the case is proven. It is a modest, careful, long needed piece of work. We venture to quote right here from a letter received by us several months ago, for Dr. Robertson's own point of view helps: "If my hope is realized, and it does become the authority on Poe, I shall be more than repaid. It is certain that the psychopathic study will never be questioned, and it is equally certain that I have 'done' Lauvriere who, some years ago, although not a literary man, attempted psychological study for which he was in no way fitted. This has worked Poe a great injustice, for his marvelous literary achievements were not the result of 'alcohol and opium.' The Lauvriere matter is by all odds the best thing in the book, but its truth will only gradually sift in. So far, no reviewer has caught on to its peculiar value, nor will the public at once be able to put aside the alcohol idea. Future biographers will, I hope. And maybe they will stop saying 'Edgar Allan Poe.' for Poe was not proud of the Allan appendage, and never used it as a signature."

Dr. Robertson's trenchant and annihilating criticism of Dr. Fmile Lauvriere's seven hundred page book, which was issued in Paris in 1904, occupies about 20 pages in the "bibliographical" division of this volume. There is yet no English translation of Lauvriere, and, indeed the book, through the standard continental life of Poe, would not justify that. But parts of it would, and these 20 pages of Dr. Robertson's belong in such a volume.

We cannot, in this brief review, describe with completeness the knowledge, the beauty, the enthusiasm, of Dr. Robertson, the bibliophile, the collector of rare items. Every page is a delight to book loving readers. The quotations he makes from manuscripts and first editions will make this book one of the most sought for volumes that have appeared for years in California. When Dr. Robertson gets out a new edition we suggest that the two main parts be

separated and put in two books. There also should be very full indices. Such a study of Poe deserves to be known by the general public, and ought to be translated into other languages.

The value that California collectors, librarians and students will place on the book (if they can find a copy in the market) will be about four times the present selling price.

8 8 8

Professor Edward Rowland Sill

"I must, I must become famous," that hungry outcry of thousands of young people, finds its best cure in a loving study of the few writers, such as Edward Rowland Sill of Berkeley, who lived quiet busy lives, giving of their best to help others and still found time to put some of their thoughts into imperishable prose and verse.

The life of Edward Rowland Sill, who was born at Windsor, Connecticut, in 1841, graduated from Yale, came to California, taught the Oakland High School, became Professor of English Literature in the State University (1874) and passed from this life in 1887, seems to this writer, the very best obtainable illustration of what we mean by an exquisitely well-rounded, inspiring and beautiful career of usefulness which left its impress upon more than one generation of Californians, and is an abiding spiritual force among us.

Professor William Cary Jones, in his admirable "History of the University of California," says: "Professor Sills' life was as pure as the sunshine of heaven. He left a glow behind him that illuminates every spot he inhabited and every soul with whom he had communion. He was, above all, a poet with all the sensitiveness, with all the earnestness, with all the desire to deliver to the world a message that characterize the essential poet."

Houghton, Mifflin & Company published Professor Sill's "Hermitage and Later Poems," his "Hermione and Other Poems," his "Collected Poems," and "Prose of Edward Rowland Sill." These belong in every library worth that name. Then there are a memorial volume and some privately printed books and some very scarce such as "The Clocks of Gnoster Town," read in 1869 at Yale and reprinted in the University of California Magazine for September, 1897. Collectors are simply crazy to get hold of everything which Professor Sill has written. We do not dare to say what a perfect copy of "The Venus of Milo" as published in 1883 at Berkeley would bring at an auction nor what is the present value of the little leaflet

of Sill poems once published by William Armer Fisher.

This brief appreciation of one of the best of all California's poets, teachers, and citizens would entirely fail of its purpose unless it brought into clear relief his faith, courage, and power to help others best shown, perhaps, in his letters. We must quote a few sentences from some of them. One to Henry Holt, classmate at Yale, and now the head of a great publishing house, was written from California in 1862 or 1863. He says: "We are (some people don't seem to be-but you and I and a few of us certainly are) planted down in the midst of a great snarl and tangle of interrogation points. We want to find—we must find—some fixed truth. . . As Kingsley puts it, we are set down before that greatest world-problem-Given Self, to find God.'" In a letter to an old pupil of his, written in 1881, Professor Sill said: "The very essence of culture is shaking off the nightmare of self-consciousness and self-absorption and attaining a sort of Christian Nirvana-lot in the great whole of humanity thinking of others, caring for others, admiring and loving others." The year before, in a letter to Henry Holt, we get his views about the desire to be famous. He says: "I have been working to educate, in some high sense, successive class of young people; and, meanwhile, to know more about education, and especially literature as a means of it, and about education in its relation to society and life. I am contented to die unknown, if I can arrive at the truth about certain great matters, and can put other in the way thereof . . . That a man like Spencer should be well known is a matter of course and all right; but he has not cared for that. Let a man work his work in peace, and the devil take his name—the less likely to get anything more of him than that."

Dr. Sill's Classmate, Henry Holt

A boy was born in Baltimore. January 3rd. 1840, who was abundantly endowed with talent and character. He went to Yale with Edward Rowland Sill, and they became lifeloss friends. He began the publishing business in 1863, with G. P. Putnam's Sons; ten years later he established the Henry Holt Company, of which he is president. His daughter, Winfred Holt, is the famous sculptor, the helper of the blind, and the author of a wonderful Life of Henry Fawcett, the blind postunaster-general of England. His daughter Edith married Dr. Joseph Colt Bloodgood of Baltimore, one of the greatest surgeons of America.

all attempt to tell a hundredth cheerful and unselfish activities of r. who is still in harness and whose piration to all who know him, there om for nothing else on this page. and honors have been heaped upon Inpartisan," formerly the "Unpopu-" has no rival worth mentioning. books which have a permanent e best readers are "Calmire," "On telations," "On the Cosmic Relane latest edition of the last is smic Relations and Immortality." seller and Stationer for March 1st age about Henry Holt, from which e following: "It is always interest-, how a man happened to go into usiness. In the case of Mr. Holt aced to a remark of Daniel C. Gil-Yale librarian and later President pkins University, who said that if ked up a book with the Tichnor & it it was sure to be a worth-while Mr. Holt thought that 'publishing decent way of making a living." : we of California best remember as the much-loved leader who came (ale and set his mark for all time tate University. It was of Gilman erland Monthly when he left us for cins, published an article headed of a Man," which even now touches every reader of that magazine's old

It is now the only one of these three helpers of men who is now left. They belong together in the affectifornians, as those who have read of E. R. Sill are fully aware.

8 8 8

f the Hills"

reston Hankins of California, who Jubilee Girl," makes herewith his to the reading public. It is called author) a story of "high up in the it that is exactly what it has not ing. It is a thrilling tale of life in Oak Country," in the foothills of range, and, like G. P. R. James' other English classics, it begins with seman" crossing "a riotous stream." in the first page the "wooded hills en pasture lands, and other hills h dense growths of buckthorn and —and "poison oak grew every-

This glimpse gives the underlying problem of the novel. When Oliver Drew rides into Half-Moon Flat above the American River, sees Digger Foss kill Henry Dodd, sees Miss Jersamy Selden, talks with Damon Tamroy, hears about the Sedden gang, and hears wonderful things about the "Old Tabor Ivirson Place," the reader seizes upon the central fact; here, as in life all around us, are oak-like people, pine-like people, Sierra-lily people, poison-weed people—and there is a great gulf between good and evil.

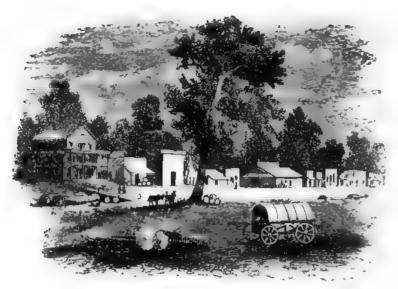
From this beginning, which our author packs into thirty pages, the story goes on in two currents. For surface readers it is full of incidents, adventures, gun-play, threats, a lost mine, the fire dance, watchers of the dead, and ancient Indian secrets. The other current runs deep and strong, and in a spiritual sense goes against all these minor things. Call it, if you like, the "undertow," the "back to the ocean." It stands for honor, for right, for complete loyalty to an ideal. Oliver Drew justifies his dead father's mysterious "put-it-up-to-you" letter, and proves himself very much worth while. Incidentally, he marries the heroine.

The reader of "The Heritage of the Hills" will find that it contains much of the spirit of Southern California and Arizona, as well as of the Central Californian Sierra foothills, and is "local atmosphere." The publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company, are to be congratulated upon the book. But the author deserves another sort of word—just this: "Keep right on, for you have given us a better book than was "The Mystery Girl," and we now expect even more."

8 8 8

"The Hidden Road"

Wadsworth Camp, the author of this novel, wrote "The Guarded Heights," and five other books. His publishers are Doubleday, Page & Company. He is one of the most successful concoctors of mystery tales. His heroine in the present instance is Eleanor Grantley. She is a pale-faced, vivid-haired, lovely, elusive little nobody—a stenographer in the huge Ashmead business establishment, who blazed an incendiary trail across the Ashmead's lives. Young Harold discovered her and wanted to marry her. His father made her his private secretary and introduced her to his world of ease and luxury. There she met Nicholas Aldrich, the hero of the novel, and through her he finally found himself. Then both of them make a new start. Frankly, a well-told love story, which will attract many readers.



Front Street, Sacramento in 1850. The main source of supplies for the mines grew up around Sutter's Fart



At the time of the Vigilantes, this vessel was bought by citizens and used as a store house and a prison for criminals. It was the first jail in San Francisco

PIRATES 51

PIRATES

Continued from page 40)

eed. We shall comfort you in this atest trouble."

er lifted her lace mitts. "You, you to say you don't know about—and Doctor Hunter? I feared the

tty did nothing so very, very

! Well, of course, we shall not Betty, but we do blame that wicked ter! Why, he is a married man, ad oldish. He should have known

y only walked with him."

lked with him! I was told that he s to her! Flowers! And flowers the least, sentimental. And Mrs. Mrs. Romney that she heard Betty r own lips, that Doctor Hunter was malist. I believe that means a perry free ideas about personal matnd that sort of thing."

ed! It simply means that he is a

ing talker."

st it, Mrs. Warren. Where does he to talk about? I have never met n the things I have heard I believe a dreadful person. Most unwholespeak, to the society—the very reof Northampton where for the last we have all lived in such perfect inderstanding."

this should have come upon me," uttered in a Job-like voice, "that

have come upon me."

sfortune is our misfortune," Mrs. in a quivering voice, "we shall do we can to keep this dreadful

"Mrs. Warren clutched at the t—has it gone as far as that?" ay, indiscretion. As I was saying, p it locked in our own hearts, no shall ever reach foreign ears. Of tow really very little of the whole felt that my first duty was to come

tled into the room.

nd her, ma'am!" she said.

ind her, Clara! I must, I must see —at once."

ren was on the verge of hysterics knocker sounded. Somehow the ays had a quieting effect on Mrs. traught nerves. "Who can that be? Clara, Clara, see who is at the door!"

Mrs. Lower leaned forward, "Oh, Mrs. Warren, trust me in everything. Are you sure Betty has always been what she seems? I mean—"

"Mrs. Lower, do you mean to say that Betty

-my daughter-'

"My dear," purred Mrs. Lower, "my dear, we must face the truth. We must prepare ourselves fo the worst. We must—"

"It's them 'elpin 'and ladies, if you please, ma'am. All of 'em." Clara announced from the hall door.

"Bring them in, Clara. Have them come

right in.

"You must be calm, my dear—perfectly calm," Mrs. Lower was saying as Mrs. Lawty, Mrs. Pickering and Mrs. Romney filed into Mrs. Warren's little drawing-room.

"Oh, my dear ladies. Do—do be seated."

Without saying a word the three callers seated themselves. Mrs. Pickering was the first

o speak.

"Mrs. Warren," she began, "we have adjourned our meeting of the 'Helping Hand Society' until next week in order to come to you." She sighed. "The poor dear natives of the South Sea Islands will have to wait another week for their napkins and tablecloths."

"A very short time," Mrs. Romney shook her head knowingly, "a very short time, considering they have not had such necessary little

luxuries for several thousand years."

Mrs. Lawty paid not the slightest notice to Mrs. Romney's interruption. "Still it was with some feeling of—some feeling of regret that we left our work of altruism unfinished—until next week."

"But we feel that our first duty is at home," Mrs. Pickering said emphatically. "Yes, we all felt that our first duty was toward you at present, Mrs. Warren."

"Ladies," whispered Mrs. Warren. "Ladies, I

am quite overcome with your kindness."

Mrs. Pickering, with a glance, called the meeting to order. "We shall now consider . . . consider ways and means of—of helping you, Mrs. Warren, out of this unspeakable or, let us say, embarrassing situation."

"Let us call it—misfortune," said Mrs. Lawty.
"No matter what we call it, let us get on
with the business," Mrs. Romney shot a wither-

ing glance at Mrs. Lawty.

Mrs. Pickering waved a lace mitt. "Ladies! The facts are these: Mrs. Lawty tells us she heard Betty with her own ears, openly say that the man under consideration—"

"The man under consideration was—a revolutionist—"

"I said 'conversationalist.' Though he is

probably both!"

Mrs. Romney leaned back and half closed "I think she must have meant a her eves. 'conventionalist'.'

"Nevertheless, one is as bad as the other. They all go hand-in-hand," Mrs. Pickering said

calmly.

Mrs. Warren shook her head, "But I believe Betty really only said he was a good conversationalist, and-

"Anyway she said he talked a great deal

about it!"

"I fear it must be one of those dreadful, sinful new religions one hears so much of now-

"Oh."

"Also," Mrs. Lawty's voice rang out, "also we understand, from very reliable sources, that Mrs. Hunter is never seen with her husband in public. Never!"

'And that he calls her dreadful names."

"Most suspicious."

Mrs. Romney gave a vicious little kick. "Oh, I don't believe a word of it!"

'Believe it or not, Mrs. Romney . . . my

information is most reliable.

Mrs. Warren was trembling. "Is there," she began, "is there any way, ladies, of overcoming this situation?"

'You might call on Mrs. Hunter tomorrow,"

suggested Mrs. Romney.

'Never," cried Mrs. Lawty.

"Or you might write her a formal letter, very formal, my dear, asking her to call," volunteered Mrs. Lawty.

"Ask Mrs. Hunter to come here?" asked Mrs. Pickering, arching her eyebrows. "I think she would never set her foot in the house.'

"At any rate we must do something at once

before—"

"Before they elope!" gasped Mrs. Lawty.

She had thrown a bomb.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Lower.
"Ah," echoed Mrs. Pickering, "Ah."

"But do you really think-

"We don't know what to think-"

"But surely it hasn't gone as far-"

"One never knows!"

"Oh."

"Ladies! Ladies!" Mrs. Warren tried to rise, but sank back into her chair. "Do you really think that Betty would—"

"Who knows?"

"Clara!! Clara!" called Mrs. Warren from

under her lace cap, which had slipped down over one eye. "Clara."
"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you call Betty?"

"I went to her room, ma'am, but she did not seem to be in, and she is nowhere in the garden.

"Not in her room!" cried Mrs. Lawty.

"Nor in the garden!" said Mrs. Pickering.

"You mean, Clara, you mean she is nowhere to be found?" Mrs. Warren's face was ashen gray. "Clara, was her room disturbed . . . l mean, did it look as if—as if—as if she had left hurriedly?"

"Why, I didn't go in, ma'am. The door was

locked.

"Locked!"

'Locked?"

"Yes, ma'am. Oh, as I was coming in. ma'am, Doctor Hunter's boy gave me this note."

"A letter?"

"From Doctor Hunter."

"Eloped!"

"And her room locked."

"She must have gone through the window!"

The ladies of Northampton were on their feet fluttering about like frightened canary birds. Mrs. Warren, occupied with the finding and arranging of her spectacles, was unaware of the commotion.

"Why, it is a letter for-" Mrs. Warren looked up over her glasses. "Ladies, what is it? What has happened? Why are you all so excited?"

Mrs. Lawty was the first to speak. "Don't you understand? It is a letter from Doctor Hunter saying they have eloped."

"Oh!" Mrs. Warren disappeared into the depths of her wing-chair. "Oh!"

"Ladies?" It was Betty who spoke. She stood, with half-frightened eyes, looking at the fluttering bits of mid-Victorianism before her. "Ladies."

At the sight of her daughter the color again came back into Mrs. Warren's drawn white face "Betty," she cried, waving the letter weakly. "Betty! Betty! Betty!"

Betty ran to her mother's side. "Mother! You're all excited. Mother, what is it?"

"Oh!" The ladies of Northampton sank and settled back in their chairs.

"Then you—then you—" began Mrs. Warren. "Oh, where have you been?"

"Why," Betty smiled sweetly, "Why, I've just been taking a little nap, mother. Really, ! PIRATES 53

mow the ladies were here or I should me right down."

n you haven't . . . haven't eloped?"
y, mother dear, what do you mean?"

Warren raised a pointing finger. "These aid—said—"

turned and faced the ladies.

I what?"

Lawty smiled sweetly and bowed.

see, my dear," she began, "Mrs. Pickeld Mrs. Romney, who told me that—" idn't! Nothing of the sort! It was Mrs. Lawty, who told Mrs. Pick-

" I had nothing to do with it . . . nothall! I only know that Mrs. Lower

id? I said nothing. It was Mrs. Lawty d Mrs. Pickering, who told, oh, dear, s. Romney—"

a damn lie!" Mrs. Romney had thrown of her bomb shells.

one gasped. Everyone shook. Every-

ard that Doctor Hunter-"

told me that he treated his wife shame-

I said-"

wers! He sent her flowers every 5!"

exactly that!"

told Mrs. Pickering he was a conver-

said a revolutionist."

t told me he was not a safe person to

very good looking."

turned to Mrs. Romney. "Oh, dear, it all about?"

ı, my dear, you."

Romney leaned forward. "These ladies at you..."

fusillade began again:

se ladies!"

y, it was she herself who said-"

I you told me that—"

? I had nothing to do with it at all."
I know about the whole affair is that—"
vas you who told me—"

impertinence! Why, I didn't say a

bout—"

Warren had regained her equilibrium nsequently her strength. "It was all of . . everyone of them! They said you

had, oh dear, I can't say it . . . they came here to tell me that you had eloped with a married man . . . with Doctor Hunter!"

"Mother! Ladies! How dare you . . . how dare you say such things!"

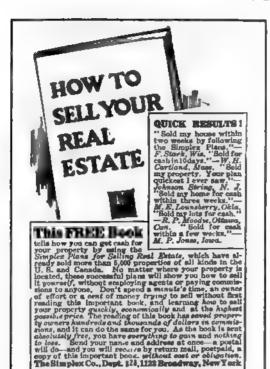
"And it was so untrue." Mrs. Warren sniffled and searched vaguely for her handkerchief. "Clara... Clara. My smelling salts, my smelling salts. I'm going to faint... I'm going to faint... I'm going to faint!"



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Mrs. Romney was on her feet in an "Here, use mine, my dear, use mine," s thrusting a bottle of salts under Mrs. V startled nose. She gave one sniff an with tears running down her cheeks, b sneeze violently.

Mrs. Lawty broke the suspense. "I letter, Mrs. Warren?"

Mrs. Warren, who had been fanning with the unopened letter, sat up rigidly a it high in the air as if it were a bomb r go off in her hand. "The letter! Oh it . . . take it take it away!"

Betty took the letter. "Why, why it's

"Yes," said a chorus of middle age Victorian, and ultra-proper ladies from t edges of their chairs.

"It's a note from Mrs. Hunter."
"Oh!"

Betty read the note hastily. "Mothe Hunter asks if I may go for a carriage ri her this afternoon, to gather flowers. S the doctor told her how fond I was of \$\mathbb{L}\$

Mrs. Warren leaned back with a relief. "Oh," was all she could say, "O

Mrs. Romney moved around the paused for a moment, then stepped forwittook Betty's hands in hers. "My dea said, "I fear the ladies here were quite m about—"

Mrs. Lawty was on the defensive. "I not include yourself, Mrs. Romney, the say, are you not one of us?"

Mrs. Romney stood looking down a Lawty a moment, then turned away. forbid!" she said.

Fortunately—the knocker sounded.
"It's Mrs. Hunter, ma'am," Clara and from the door.

"Do you have her come right in, Clara "She is so interesting," said Mrs. Rom

"So interesting," echoed Mrs. Lawty, glad she and her husband have come with us here in Northampton."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Pickering, "we me her to join the 'Helping Hand Society'."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Lower. "I'm se will have so many wonderful ideas."

Mrs. Warren leaned back and looked callers. "Ladies, I am so glad you are s . . . so pleased."

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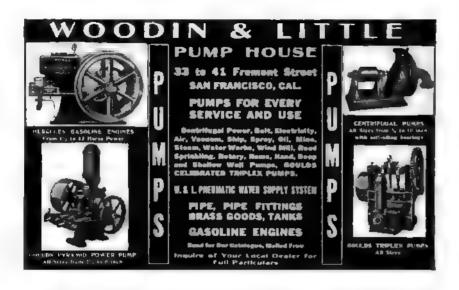
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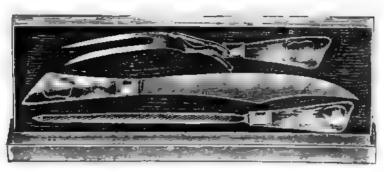
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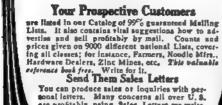








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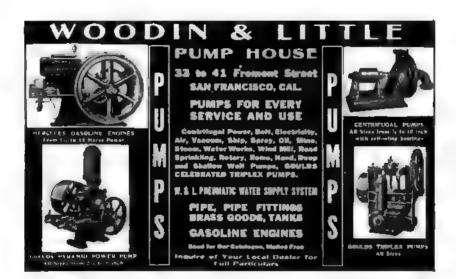
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Vol. LXXX

Overland



No. 1

Monthly

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor,

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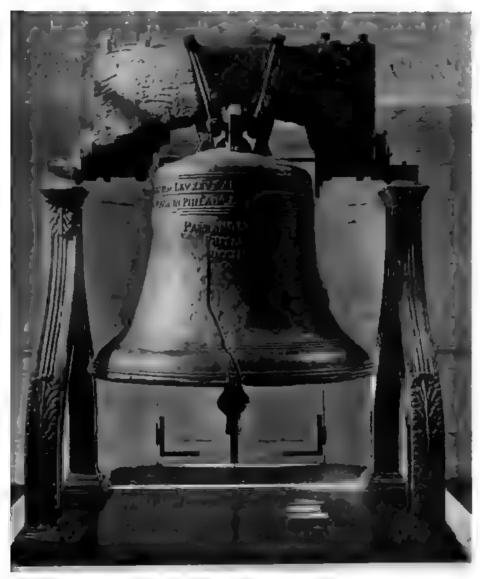
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LIBERTY BELL
Hung from the State House, Philadelphia, Pa., 1776
"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof"



THE SHIP

Painting by Chris Jorgensen



Discovering Antiquity in the Swiss Alps

By MARIE WIDMER

MADE their acquaintance on my way from the Bernese Oberland to the Valais. in a train of the Lotschberg railroad ich, since 1913, has become the connecting g between the two great cantons of Berne 1 Valais. They were an elderly couple, in quaintest garb I had yet beheld, but their idy complexioned, wrinkled faces radiated h happiness, such exaltation as one only is on the countenance of a youngster who s been presented with some marvelous, unsected gift.-"Wonderful, wonderful" the old lady would rapturously repeat from time to "I never thought that I would live to serience this," the old man would respond. o think that we ever could have been afraid." would then both whisper with a smile, and, idually. I learned that they were homeward und from the very first excursion they had er made in their lives by train—and both are over sixty years old!

"But how can this be possible?" I queried in nest amazement, "when almost every famous contain peak in Switzerland can be reached train?" And then they began to tell me of eir home, situated in the Lotschen Valley, a minutive Alpine vale traversed by the temestuous Lonza, which, although populated, did even possess a carriage road up to the sumer of 1921. "A true specimen of a 'sequested paradise'" I mused, and as I had just ached that point when I was beginning to long explorations off the beaten path, I decided

upon a change in my itinerary and left the train after it pulled out of the great tunnel at Goppenstein in company of my newly-made acquaintances who, as I presently perceived through their explanations, were unusually well versed in the history of this district.

While this valley rises in a length of 26 Km. from Gampel, in the Rhone Valley, to the Lang Glacier, the cradle of the Lonza, the inhabited middle-portion only, between Ferden and Gletscheralp, is known as the Lotschen Valley. Excavations have shown, however, that this part of the country was already frequented in pre-Roman times and historical records indicate that the Middle Ages saw many a bitter struggle fought in this Alpine vale.

Owing to their natural seclusion the Lotschen people were always dependent upon their own resources, upon the harvests from their fields and meadows which, on account of the dry climate of this region, they have to cultivate by means of artificial irrigation. Some of these canals were pointed out to me by my companions. Huge, crudely hollowed-out tree trunks are used for bringing the fertile glacier streams from perilous mountain heights down on the farmland. Sometimes the distance is so great that a single water conduit numbers as many as 400 channels and it can readily be imagined that the construction and maintenance of these irrigation canals is a most dangerous task.

Farming in the Lotschen Valley is consequently by no means a lucrative occupation;

the very nature of the fields imposes an incessant struggle upon the natives, but one can see them toil on their diminutive pieces of land, which do not adjoin their homes, but which are scattered here and there, with implements so antiquated as to frighten away a farm laborer of modern tendencies.

Ploughs and carts cannot be used in this mountainous valley; the fields have to be hoed over by hand, and everything has to be carried to and fro. Quaintly shaped wooden racks are used for this purpose and the children even have to do their share in this tedious work of transportation.

Potatoes and rye are planted extensively and the better situated families are accustomed to kill a few sheep and pigs when putting up their stores for winter. This meat is preserved by a process of exposure in the open air. The general cattle are kept on the pastures in summer and whatever surplus of this live stock can be spared is disposed of by sale. These deals represent practically the only source of income.

Being familiar with every inch of the rather stony bridle path, which lies a little below the newly built carriage road, my friends naturally preferred to follow the former, and, as I was fortunately equipped with sensible shoes for such an expedition, I was glad to be able to

accompany them.

Ferden, the first community of the Lotschen Valley, is a mere cluster of nut-brown peasant homes, stables and barns, all huddled closely together, so as to be out of the path of destructive avalanches which are a common occurrence in various sections of the valley in early spring. Below thunders the Lonza, above are carefully tended fields and pastures, and in the distance beckon glistening mountains and glaciers, eternally silent and white. A picturesque little shrine holds out an invitation at the roadside, and my companions kneel down reverently for a prayer. Timidly, no doubt, they left this spot when they started out on the first memorable trip to the Swiss capital (the railroad portion of which requires barely two hours by express); gratefully they behold it now upon their return.

Kippel, their native village, and at the same time the principal locality of the valley, is in sight, and friendly voices here and there call a greeting to the seemingly enterprising homecomers. I now discovered that certain rules of fashion are observed by the fair sex even in this region, but the styles in vogue here have, as I was later on told, been the same for the last two centuries. The little girls and boys are dressed exactly like their elders, and when five-

year-old tots wear long black skirts with checked aprons over them and a sombre, severely plain waist over the latter-or in the case of the boys. heavy coats and trousers reaching to the feetthey look like quaint baby-faced dwarfs. The headgear, too, is the same for young and old and practically all the garments worn by the people of Lotschen are home products in the truest sense of the word. The women weave and spin, they do their own dye work and sew their own garments. They also create their own headgear from home grown straw, and, besides all this, they attend to their simple households and help their husbands on the fields and pastures! In addition one must not forget that the families in these districts are usually very large.

The men's duties are chiefly confined to farm work; a few also act as guides to tourists, and as such they are said to be of wonderful calibre. I also learned that during the winter, when the members of the strong sex are working in their stables or around their homes, they generally wear a woman's hat! This as an indication that they are performing a woman's task! Although echoes of the gospel of emancipated womanhood must have reached the ears of the daughters of Lotschen, so far they seem to be perfectly satisfied with their lot.

After commending me to the friendly proprietor of the tourist hotel at Kippel, my two friends left me with an urgent request to be sure to come and see them as often as I pleased Not feeling fatigued at all after my seemingly strenuous walk, I decided to start without delay on a little tour of investigation. Nearby was what seemed to me a little dry goods store, but upon entering it I discovered that it was at the same time an unpretentious, but well frequented inn, which connoisseurs never miss for a glass of wine—and in the days before the new carriage road this wine had to be carried up from the Rhone Valley on the back of a mule. Dark, but very tasty, and, incidentally. most wholesome bread, as well as cheese, can be ordered by the guests, many of whom conclude their stay at the inn with a very excellent cup of coffee to which beverage they add wine instead of milk. All pronounce this seemingly strange combination an unusually delectable beverage!

The proprietors of this much frequented place of business are a family by the name of Rieder and while the head of the house looks after his farm land, his wife and daughters attend to the inn and store. After conversing with me for a while, Maria, one of the girls.

y a drawing card for the inn, a rosy fair skinned lass in the typical Valley garb, voluntered to take me to e church and to the Murmann house, how places of Kippel.

urch, as the principal place of worship lley, is an unusually large and handice with a gorgeously decorated intea most tuneful chime of bells. As orms the chief factor in the otherwise il life of these people, there are in led valley no fewer than two churches, lippel and one at Blatten, a village, as well as nine different chapels and wayside shrines, and all the festive he Roman Catholic calendar are duly I with impressive processions.

t and a turn of the narrow little vilet and we found ourselves in front of ann house, a remarkable dwelling datto 1776, with its entire facade artistirned with carvings and inscriptions. ceiling of the living room, which the er showed me with justifiable pride, is y decorated; a feature which is all the iceable since the furnishings are eximple. A very high bed, composed of poden bedstead which would delight a s eye, and a liberally filled straw matnds in one corner of the room; plain penches are permanent fixtures along and a table, two or three chairs and a wheel-the latter in close vicinity to a stove—complete the outfit. There is urther to suggest the living room, but g is spotlessly clean and cheerful of

my unexpected sojourn in that unart of Switzerland, I discovered that a great community spirit among its ts. Each village has, for instance, its; one of the citizens undertakes to t and receives as compensation one-of the grain, of which he has to turn f to the municipality. Each village maintains a saw mill and a baking he housewives of the Lotschen Valley ut once a month! The dough is shaped

in wooden forms and carried to the public oven on wooden boards.

Prospective godfathers and godmothers, too, are sometimes seen in consultation with the master of the bakery, for an old custom prescribes that they must present the parents of their future godchild with a huge bread cake, weighing from seven to eight pounds, ornamented with curious designs. Inasmuch as bread is the chief sustenance of those mountain folk, the custom is probably meant to signify that the god-parents, assuming joint responsibilities with the parents for looking after the welfare of the child, are willing to provide the necessary when needed. In addition to cake, the god-parents' gift must, furthermore, include three diapers and one dress as a contribution to the baby's wardrobe. However, the parents generally reciprocate for these offerings by providing an ample after-christening dinner.

Observing a strictly simple mode of life the population of this mountain vale is unusually strong and healthy. No physician has yet attempted to establish himself in this vicinity, for the natives are well acquainted with the manifold curative qualities of the mountain herbs, and when in any serious trouble, they know that the village priest, who keeps a regular little pharmacy on hand, will gladly give them advice. Broken limbs even are set and healed again without outside assistance, for up in the village of Wiler there is a farmer who attends to all such cases with unusual skill.

Aside from these many curious features of native customs and costumes I found the Lotschen Valley a perfect Alpine paradise, unmarred, undeveloped, just as nature had created it. Above Kippel towers the Bietschhorn, the monarch of the Lotschen peaks (12,-965 feet a/s) in regal splendor of verdant slopes and wooded heights, which finally culminate in lofty snow-capped peaks; these are the faithful guardians of the Lonza, whose cradle beckons in the far-off distance, in that reaim of blue-green glaciers which, as the domain of departed souls not yet at rest, forms such a vital part in Valaisan legends.





Seching mid-day rest from the parried sun

"Custumbre de Pais"

By COLONEL JOHN J. BONIFACE

IE horse's hoofs slid down the muddy bank into the narrow stream, the splashing of the water echoed through the and sounded strangely loud in the still-if the tropical, starlit night, though no travels far through the jungle glades of and, where scarcely a trail fit for man orse existed.

he horse splashed across the little stream, onlight glinted here and there through the ees, striking silvery tips along the ford. ped the butt of the heavy army er hanging low on the rider's hip, thed his white skin exposed where his collar fell away from his strong throat, slipped along the horse's nickel bit, makseem brighter than usual.

k among the jungle growth, on the far the stream, hidden, silent, alert, lay the it savage of modern times, a Moro-black n, strong and lithe of figure, hideous of , his "barong" with its heavy, keen clutched in a hand that knew no pity, an that of the other beasts of the jungle. oon found its way to his ambush, making ite teeth gleam as his mouth drew back ners; the open mouth revealed the ned and blackened central tooth, chartic of the Moro tribe. Cautiously the 's left hand slipped forward, parting the in front of his body; his limbs pressed , against the moist soil and snake-like. werful naked body glided forward anfew feet, tense and waiting for the moo spring.

up among the dense tree tops, black in adow of night, the mournful hooting of ght owls came to the ears of both rider watching savage; through the rancid of the jungle glided an eel-like body of length, as a boa-constrictor slipped into I beneath the slime. Watchful monkey among the dark branches overhead, kept over tiny, human-like forms asleep in the of the trees.

rider, jaded from his long trip through ngle and under the scorching heat, I back his campaign hat and with his rm wiped away the hot sweat. The stumbling across the ford, seemed about into the muddy ooze, and the lieutenant

slipped his spurred foot from his stirrups, ready for anything ahead. His hand dropped down and rested on his revolver butt from habit; he allowed the reins to slip through his fingers, that the horse might have free rein in picking his way across into the blackness beyond. With a tired gesture the young officer pulled open, still farther, his shirt front, that the evening breeze, slight though it was, might touch his skin and bring some little relief from the awful jungle heat. As he did so, the moon, travelling its way, struck an opening among the tall tree-tops and flashed down on the white skin of his breast, and this breast the savage Moro's eyes beyond caught with the rapidity of the jungle creatures and watched.

The horse's front feet touched the slimy bank on the far side of the stream and with a jerk he attempted to clamber to solid footing; the rider's body, strong, lithe, muscular, swayed easily with every movement of the horse, unconsciously, and as the result of countless miles in the saddle from Montana to the Mexican border, from the Rio Grande to the land of the Moro north of Borneo, where he was then finding his way back to his post from his night's inspection of his outposts. The creeping Moro slipped closer to the side of the trail over which the horse and rider must pass; so narrow a trail, bordered closely with a mass of jungle growth and both sides of it black with the heavy darkness that only jungle eyes can pierce. The "barong" slipped a bit farther forward in the black, gritty, waiting hand; the teeth bared more; the eyes gleamed; the body grew more alert, without sound, though ever creeping nearer to its vantage point. Within the mind of that waiting, murderous Moro hissed a hatred of the coming white man which no civilized race will ever quite comprehend.

Again the white jungle owls screeched overhead; the horse's hind feet at last found safe footing on the slippery bank and with a final effort, the animal reached the soggy trail ahead and sought to place his front feet in the narrow, almost invisible line of the trail through the trees. Mud, always is there mud in the Jolo jungle, and across every trail the great roots of trees are found, with mud in between, causing horses to step over each root, first with front feet, then with hind, and riders must use

loose reins and tight seats and trust largely to the God of Luck, especially when ordinary eyes cannot see ten feet ahead in the gloom. At last the savage's silent creeping had won him advantage of position; closely he crouched against the edge of the dim trail, "barong," sharp as a razor edge, uplifted and ready, arms knotted with the long-used muscles of the primeval warrior of the land, blood lust within his heart, every nerve braced for the sudden spring, the quick, mighty clash, and the final hideous decapitation of his victim. The horse struggled ahead, lifting his feet gingerly, soberly, wearily yet surely, and placing each foot with almost amusing deliberation in the muddy trail. The horse had learned the jungle way by long marches. Overhead one of the low-hanging boughs slashed across the lieutenant's face, unseen in the dense night; the lithe body swung backward to escape it, swinging up into its habitual erect and loose position a moment later.

Far ahead along the dim trail came floating through the night for an instant the soft, mellow tones of a cavalry bugle; a couple of miles more and the night's ride would be over; the horse would be rubbed down, bedded and fed his oats and hay by the lieutenant's faithful Irish striker; and the lieutenant himself would have a cold bite to eat in his "shack" and tumble into his army cot. The young officer listened; the call being wafted to his ears was "Taps," proclaiming the hour of eleven.

The horse's ears suddenly sprang forward, he swerved a bit in the wet trail, but too dark for even animal eyes to pierce such gloom, he could only sense a something among the deeper shadow on his left and seeking to avoid it, he stepped slightly to the right, at the risk of slipping in the mud and roots. With unconscious quickness, the officer's hand flashed out his gun, feeling some danger but unable yet to see anything. Again the horse stepped forward, timidly. Lightly the lieutenant's spurs touched his horse's flanks and the animal slowly responded, but sniffed audibly, and hesitated. The young officer instantly became a tense, active fighting man, muscles ready, past training steadying his every nerve. His flashing mind realized that he was alone, confronted by some hidden danger perceived as yet only by his The lieutenant raised his right arm, holding his revolver ready for instant use; he gathered his reins and again pressed his spurred heels into his horse's sides; man and horse moved slowly forward in the dark and wet.

Except for the plunging of the among the roots, deadly silence them.

The savage moved, this time speed; accustomed to the jungle self still, he had easily located he the moment had come; one leap he would return to his tribe white man's head for his wome officer's breast, bare against the dimly seen; the slash would be trained eye of the savage; the lifted—

Like the blast of dynamite of deafening explosion; the night flash of time, were ripped into wild shriek, the white owls flev into the night; the lieutenan blinded by the unexpected flash stant his senses were numbed by explosion; in the instant of tir visioned the great black body so he saw the upraised "barong" as revolver hand downward to fi savage form crumpled without ! into the mud beside the horse's officer's finger could press the t stant passed; silence returned night claimed its right to dark its gloom close by a drawling real Irish brogue spoke-

"Sor, is that the Liftinint?"

And from the darkness a sold ally produced itself; the glin touched the rifle, held at the "R

"Johnson, by all the gods—name did you get here, drunk o

The soldier shadow man ster rough Irish face smiled up at the rifle sprang to the shoulder: drawl flowed softly through the

"Sor, I was jist out fer me littl befoor turning in, Sor, an I thut the Liftinint would be aboo home."

The young officer, sitting siles still horse, peered down at that face.

"Johnson, you've been drunk since you've been my 'striker', that?"

"Sor, I take me little bit av sor, but if the Liftinint remimbe on me pledge to the Liftinint fe

Deep within that Irish heart &

(Continued on page 4

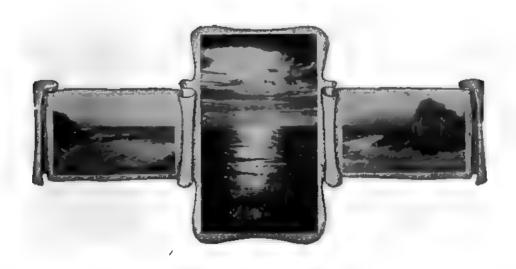
"Welcome to the Shriners"

By EVA BESS SUGARMAN

Welcome ye, to San Francisco.
Friends and families of the Shrine,
Come where flowers bloom forever,
Where the grape clings to the vine,
Where the climate is delightful,
And the days from dawn till night
Fill the soul with gladsome wonder,
That the world was made so bright.

Come into the land of sunshine,
"Where the fields of glowing grain
Nod their golden heads in welcome
And the queens of wild flowers reign.
Herein sits the God of Plenty,
Fruits of every kind and hue
Are grown within this Eden garden
To have, and be enjoyed by you.

San Francisco holds fiesta,
In her garden by the sea,
Where you'll find there's nothing lacking.
Tis the land of Arcady,
So enjoy its every pleasure,
As the worshipful master's hand
Opens wide the Golden Gate,
To welcome all the Shriner band.



Some Night Ordained

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Some night ordained to waken violets
Will find us roaming out to feel the Spring
Through us as earth, that in this time forgets
No mood of passion and remembering.
Earth writes of love an endless chronicle
In fragrant rains and bloom and skies turned
blue

And has its wonder and reward to tell In one word, Spring—as I have one word, You!

We shall go out to forces and desires
Of sod eternal, matching with our own
Brief being all the magic and the fires
And thrilled roots and wild things earth-love has
known.

Soon violets will break some night from mold—So may my love at last for you be told.



"- and wild things earth-love has known"

The Call

By MAUDE BARNES

Y nestled in the low foothills at ase of the San Bernardino range of tains in Southern California lies the of Highland.

ast, Mount San Bernardino towers rand, clothed in garments of white shout the long summer time. At and of the valley Mount Baldy is

valley came Curtis Senderson and using to rest amid the orange groves. derson was looking for a child of to rear and educate as her own is might prove that environment and estronger than heredity.

distance from the village Mrs. Senovered an Indian reservation. By the found out about a small child on in who interested her greatly.

dear, I think this child is just the been looking for. Her mother was and part Spanish and her father man. She is too young to remems of her past life. The grandfather, has cared for her since her parents wishes her to be educated. Let us her."

enderson smiled at his wife's enad promised to visit the Indian's

Mrs. Senderson was delighted with Aliveta. Her olive skin was as flower petal.

imagine. She makes me think of thing of the hills. Chief, may I begged Mrs. Senderson.

t want," said the chief, "my daughlong for her father's people and
by daughter went to live with her
nut she grieved and longed for the
now, for I found a Longing Basket
er. On it are two outstretched arms
ian teepee. This basket is for Alill you give it to her when she is
his is all I ask."

ill do as you wish. I promise," said rson.

said the chief, "Aliveta's father ne of our people. He was of the

white race, but my daughter loved and wedded him. Yonder you can see her grave on the hillside, and here is all that remains of her—her child. You may take her and give to her the knowledge of your race. We are poor and cannot."

Then, rising to his feet and lifting both hands high about his head, he again spoke:

"You may teach her wisdom and bring her up as your own child, but some time in the years to come she will hear the call of the mountains. The voice of streams will be in her ears, the smoke from the camp fires will cloud her vision and the longing for the home of her mother's people will be so great that all else will be forgotten and she will return. Now take her, if you wish, but remember she will answer the call."

His hands dropped to his sides, and turning without another word, he entered his house.

Holding tightly the basket in one hand and the small hand of Aliveta in the other, Mrs. Senderson bewildered and frightened hastened to her husband.

"Drive home, Curtis, I am all unstrung."

As the rig containing the Sendersons and Aliveta started down the road, the Indian women in camp began to moan and cry.

"Oh, hurry, or I never can take this child away," Mrs. Senderson exclaimed hysterically.

But the horse unaccustomed to such noises decided of his own accord to carry out Mrs. Senderson's wishes.

Mrs. Senderson could not rest in Highland after her experience at the Indian reservation, so their homeward trip was begun at once.

Into an eastern home, where money was spent lavishly, went the tiny Indian girl, granddaughter of a chieftain. Here love and every advantage were given her, and she was reared as the Senderson's adopted daughter.

"Aliveta has a trace of Spanish blood in her veins," Mrs. Senderson would explain when friends would comment on Aliveta's olive skin and black hair. Without question this explanation was accepted by all and Aliveta herself so believed.

Grown to womanhood Aliveta fulfilled all of Mrs. Senderson's hopes, but the chief's prophecy and the basket hidden away were ever in the mind of the foster-mother.

Suddenly Mrs. Senderson was face to face with the fact that she had only a short time to live. It was then she appealed to Aliveta to marry Dick Morgan. There was no love in Aliveta's heart for Dick but to please her fostermother she submitted. At her dying mother's bedside she was married.

"Leave Aliveta and me alone now." Clasping Mrs. Senderson's hand Aliveta knelt by the

bedside.

"My time is short. I have something I must give you," began Mrs. Senderson. "Have I been a good mother to you?"

"The best in the world," sobbed Aliveta.

"Then give me your promise that what I tell you, you will keep secret."

"I promise," said Aliveta.

"You are not only part Spanish, as you have always supposed, but you had Indian ancestors as well." Reaching under her pillow Mrs. Senderson drew out a basket and handed it to Ali-"This was made by your mother and I promised to give it to you.

"Mother, tell me where I can find my people.

Is my own mother living?"

"As your foster-father is dead I will tell you no more about your past. I'll carry the secret to my grave." Utterly exhausted Mrs. Senderson sank back never to rise again.

After Mrs. Senderson was laid to rest, Aliveta and her husband left for extended travel in the West. The quiet passive Aliveta whom Dick Morgan knew seemed to have vanished. Now she was restless.

"Dick, I would like to make a collection of Indian baskets. Let us visit some of the camps

and reservations here in California.

Glad to humor her Dick said they would first stop at Banning and visit the reservation there. Aliveta, secretly carrying the Longing Basket with her, compared the weave with that of the Banning baskets.

"It certainly is the same weave but this is not my home. My heart tells me it is not. dimly remember mountains and orange groves,

but here I see no orange trees.

"Not far away is a reservation, Dick, near Highland. I want a basket from there to add

to my number."

So on they journeyed to Highland. Procuring an automobile they started for the reservation. East of the camp on a hillside was the Indian's burial ground. Here pepper trees gently waved their feathery branches when old Father Pacific sent his cooling breeze across the valleys. Mocking birds came and sang in the branches, flinging out their sweet notes into the cañons where echo lifted them and ca them far away.

Higher up were homes built against the sides. On the top of one hill stood the c Here Aliveta and Dick began house. search for baskets. Dick entered the c home but Aliveta, strangely effected, pa and looked over the peaceful valley. Co toward her was the chief.

"We are looking for baskets," said Al "There is no basket weaver in my hom high up on that hill to the west lives one "I'll come again and go there," ans

Aliveta.

Just then Dick came out of the house greeted the chief. Aliveta said she was and wished to return.

On the morrow Dick was unexpectedly to Riverside. Aliveta persuaded him to k remain behind.

As soon as he had gone she started for Indian camp. Soon she reached the c The shade of the cottonwood across the hard earth in front of the dw was a welcome sight. Here the chief seated.

"I heard you had a daughter, chief, wil tell me of her while I sit here and rest? day is warm and your hillsides are steep.

Dropping into an easy attitude at Ma feet Aliveta's gaze wondered over the below. A far-away, dreamy look settled her face as she quietly waited for the ch begin.

The Senora has heard of my daughter?

Then I will speak of her.

"When I was young I often traveled far home. On one trip I visited the village of Angeles. There I saw a woman whom I not leave. A Spanish mother and a father she had, and I knew that I was for ing my home and my right to be chief w married Monena Charles. I determined to my marriage a secret so, in order to decen kinsmen, I returned to the rancheria ke my wife behind. I was able to make trips and no suspicion was aroused. W returned to my wife from one of my vi found her with a baby girl in her arms this child was all of Monena's strength before many moons my child was moth

"I was afraid to take her to the ranc so I found her a home with a white famil below here where you see the tall euca trees. At last the tribe found out abou baby and I was an outcast. My people not own me, for I had disobeyed the unv THE CALL 17

E Serranos in not selecting a wife from

rears went by yet I dared not go near nome. My daughter, then a woman as my pride. When a white man marry her I saw no reason why it She was very beautiful, ot be.

he chieftain turned his gaze from the d let his eyes rest on the graveyard. 's hand was tensely grasping her dress som. In a voice scarcely audible she she leaned toward Manuel.

ne, chief, did your child ever have a

llness of the hills wrapped the listener ker in a noiseless mantle. The head ief was bowed.

a, my daughter sleeps yonder on the Yes, a daughter was born, but the was soon fatherless. Not far from the father was found dead. My never knew the cause but I did. aimed an indirect blow at me.

aughter was a splendid basket maker. ne a very heavy storm. In the house aterial for the basket weaving. Against s, for I knew there was danger, my decided to go above the camp where the best gietta grass grew. Leaving girl asleep she started. Keeping away angry streams, she picked her way as could until she was above the Indian

arth was loosened by the rains. Beould see several Indian men repairing

Then a sound she recognized caused n her head. It was a landslide. The w were directly in its path. Utterercing Indian call, that I had taught rushed toward them waving her arms. heard and heeded her warning but I not save herself. She did get out in track of the slide, but the men saw tone strike her to earth. They found they saw her fall and tenderly bore : camp.

some one brought me to the ranch-Then I remembered my little grandshe had been alone a long time and In gathering up her her crying. found the Longing Basket, so I knew iter had secretly longed for her people grieved.

med with the child to my old home. hter was buried in the tribe's burial nd the men whose lives she saved brought the stone that caused her death to mark her grave. Then I was made chief."

Aliveta's face was white as marble, but the deepening shadows of evening hid her from the old chieftain, and his eyes were blurred as he lived once more in the past.

Again Aliveta bent toward the old man.

'Manuel, what is the rest of your story? What became of the child?"

On the quiet air was borne to Aliveta and the chief the honk of a horn and the purr of an engine as a great black machine came swiftly toward the camp.

"Chief, finish your story!"

"Senora, there is little more to tell. She left me for the knowledge of the world but she will return. She will hear a call, a call too strong to resist, and she will answer."

The chief rose and stood awaiting the approach of a man who jumped out of the automobile.

'What does this mean, dear? I have been nearly frantic since I returned from Riverside. No one knew where you had gone. Then I remembered there was a basket here that you wanted so I came at once. To think of you here alone at nightfall!"

"I did not know it was growing so dark. I was too tired to go to the basket weaver's, so I sat here and rested."

She turned from Manuel without a glance and walking quickly reached the machine.

All night Aliveta tossed upon her bed. even the mocking bird's song could lull her to sleep.

'Aliveta, we are going away today. are not well. No more basket collecting for

"All right, Dick, I have all the baskets now that I want. Let us go down to the ocean."

So, to a sleepy little beach town they went. There was an unnatural light in Aliveta's eyes and Dick grew alarmed. Down on the sands by the water's edge she would sit and listen to the sound of the waves. Day by day found her listening, quiet and unlike herself. A fear that he dared not name entered Dick's mind and he became her constant companion.

"Aliveta, let us return home. Surely you are ready and business calls me."

She shook her head saying, "Let us stay a little while longer. I am sure I will understand the ocean's message soon. Listen, doesn't it sound like a human voice?"

Urgent business kept Dick at his desk one morning. Going hurriedly to Aliveta's room he found her gone. A note said:

"Gone to bath-house for a plunge."

Hurrying to the bath-house Dick knocked at Aliveta's door but received no answer. Calling an attendant they together forced the door open. There, before them, was Aliveta's clothing and pinned to her hat was a letter. Frantically Dick reached for it and read:

"Dear Dick: I have listened to the ocean's voice. At last I know where to find peace and contentment such as I have never known.

"Return to your people and be happy as you never could have been with restless

Aliveta."

"Search for her. Send out the guards!
"Oh, Aliveta, I should not have left you an instant." moaned the grief-stricken husband.

The few trains leaving the town were closely watched and the ocean seined but it kept its secret and Dick waited.

"Wait nine days to see if it will give up my dead! My God! how can I wait?"

Day after day passed without news. The time always comes when the ocean grows und and casts up its prey. The shore was searched for miles. On the ocean small boats were out, but no body was found,

Again and again Dick read Aliveta's note.
"At last I know where to find peace. Return
to your people." Why not? What would
longer awaiting accomplish? With the sad
moan of the breakers, mingled with the sea



"Nearing the Indian camp"

But no trace of a bather out beyond her depth could be found, and nowhere on the beach could a trace of Aliveta be discovered.

At the station a train was about to depart.

"Looking for some one?" asked the brakeman as Dick hurriedly entered. "There's no one aboard but an old gent in the smoker and this squaw here in the vestibule. I don't see why they always persist in riding outside."

As the men passed on into the coach the squaw gave a quick startled look after them, then over her face came a look of stolid indifference, as she wrapped her shawl more closely about her head, and took a firmer hold on the bundle in her lap.

gulls' cry in his ears Dick Morgan boarded a train and started on his journey homeward.

The incoming train from the coast slowly drew into Highland. A squaw, clad in the usual style with a shawl over her head, picked up a bundle and descending from one of the coaches started toward the foothills.

A rain had washed the orange groves. From over the mountains, and the vast stretch of desert beyond, came the rough north wind driving the storm away. But now, at sunset, the wind had ceased and there was the strange (Continued on page 44)

The Way of the Wind

By NINA MAY

From the southwest o'er the fields,
The Wind comes blithely blowing,
Early bloom its fragrance yields,
Through meadow-lands a-growing.
Here he sings a jocund song—
Wakes cowslips from their sleeping—
Rippling as he sweeps along,
To falls where sprays are leaping.

"Back he flings a parting shout—
The young greens turn their faces"—
Where first buttercups are out,
Then seaward, off, he races!
Over moor and sandy beach,
The harsh cries of the plover,
Challenge, where the breakers reach,
The West Wind, boisterous rover!

Buoyant, thin, so charged with life, From leagues and leagues of blowing! Raking hills and fruitlands rife, Where petals white are showing: To the land farewell he said, As sunset glows were failing. And quickly o'er the billows sped, "I'm off, Ho! Ho! a-sailing!"





A bit of the picturesque side of "The City by the Sea"

The City by the Sea

By EDITH FULLERTON SCOTT

There's a magic spell upon me, For I feel, and hear, and see, All that's golden and enchanting, In a City by the Sea,

Oh! I love its winter rainbows, Hail the wind a-blowing free, And I love the gleam and sparkle Of the City by the Sea.

E'en its sometime fog is mystic, Added touch of dignity; 'Tis the oriental veiling For the City by the Sea.

There is grandeur in the mountains, Verdant beauty on the lea, And there's poetry and romance In this City by the Sea.

There are those who search for climate, But it's atmosphere for me, And it's here at last I've found it, In your City by the Sea.

Then a toast to San Francisco! And I quaff it cheerily; For, long wand'ring, now I'm home-fast, In my City by the Sea.



A Cup of Coffee

By IVAN CANKAR

Translated from the Slovenian (Yugo-Slav.)

LOUIS ADAMIE, Translator.

NOTE.—The original of A CUP OF COFFEE appeared in a collection of Ivan Canhar's stories and shetches entitled MY LIFE (Moje Zivljenje.) Canhar is the foremost literary light of Yugo-Slavia, a novelist and poet, noted especially for his spiritual depth and love of truth. He was born of extremely poor peasant parents in Slovenia, prior to, and during the World War a part of Austria, and died in 1917.

HAVE often been unjust, unfair to people whom I loved. Such injustice is an unpardonable sin, permanent, enduring, unforgettable in one's conscience. Sometimes the sin is forgotten, eroded from your life, drowned in the eventfulness of the days; but suddenly, perhaps in the middle of a beautiful enjoyable day, perhaps at night, it comes back upon you, to weigh down your soul, to pain and burn your conscience as though you have just committed it. Almost every other sin or bitter memory may be washed away with atonement and good thought, except this sin of injustice against someone whom you love. It becomes a black spot in your heart and there it remains.

A man may perhaps try to lie to his soul.—
"It wasn't so bad as that. Your restlessness has created a black night out of mere shadows. It was but a trifle, an every-day occurrence."—
Such words are lies, and the man knows it. The heart is not a penal code in which crimes and offenses are defined. Nor is it a catechism in which sins are classified. The human heart is a judge, just and exact.

Pardonable is a sin which can be described by word of mouth and atoned for. But heavy, tremendously heavy, is a sin which remains with you—in your heart—indescribable, formless. You confess it to yourself when you tremble in fear before death, or at night when the covers of your bed seem like mountains piled upon you.

Fifteen years ago I came home and remained three weeks. Throughout that time I was gloomy, tired and discontented. My mother's dwelling seemed empty, blank, and I thought that on all of us lingered repulsive shadows, dampness.

The first few night I slept in the large room, and as I awoke in the middle of the night, I saw my mother sitting by the table. She ap-

peared motionless, her head resting a knuckles, her face illumined in the da As I listened, I did not hear the breathin sleeping person, but subdued sobbing. I the covers over my head, but even then her sobbing.

I moved to the attic, where in that humor of mine, I began writing my fu stories. I had been forcibly directi thoughts to beautiful scenes—parks, creeks, pastures.

One day I craved black coffee. I don how it came to my mind; I simply wante black coffee. Perhaps because I km there was not even a slice of bread in th and that much less coffee. Sometimes a is merciless, cruel.

Mother looked at me with her meek, so eyes but would not speak. After I informathat I wanted some black coffee, I return the attic to continue my love story, to wor Milan and Breda loved each other, how divine, happy and joyful they were.—"I hand, both young and fully alive, ba morning dew-drops, swaying—"

Then I heard light steps on the stairs. mother, ascending carefully, carrying a steaming coffee. Now I recall how be she was at that moment. A single ray shone directly into her eyes through a the wall. A divine light of heaven, ke goodness were there in her face. Her I a smile as those of a child bringing one But —

"Leave me alone!" I said harshly. bother me now! I don't want any cof

She had not yet reached the top of th I saw her only from her waist up, heard my words, she stopped and stoc motionless, only the hand holding the cup She stared at me in terror and the ligh face died. rushed to my head, from shame, and I toward her as quickly as I could.

it to me, mother."

: was too late. The light in her face I. The smile on her lips had vanished. Irank the coffee, I said to myself: ght I shall speak tenderly to her and for what I have done." In the evening I could not speak to her kindly, nor the next day.

Three or four months later a strange woman brought a cup of coffee to my room. Suddenly I felt a sting in my heart. I wanted to cry out from pain. I shivered, my whole being trembling in stark agony.—For a man's heart is a just judge; a man's heart does not concern itself with paragraphs in statute books or trifles.



Bubbles

By HENRY BROADUS JONES

Deep in the Hills of Life there is a fount Whence living water flow, with bubbles bright That rise up from the stream and slowly mount, Drifting zigzag and passing out of sight. Pilgrims oft come, thirsting, to this fair stream; But ere they drink, the bubbles meet their view, Rising, floating, with dancing, magic gleam, Until each pilgrim, glad, starts to pursue. Thro' brambles, thickets, woodland, far-off plain,

To precipice, pit-fall, or slimy bog
Each chases his own bubble, spite of pain,
To see it burst at last, or pass in fog.
Meanwhile the waters flow, sparkling and cool,
Life to contented fish in yonder pool.





A "small-fish" catch along the Northern Coost

Before Land and Sea Changed Places

(A legend of the Oregon Coast)

By THOMAS H. ROGERS

I am the deep sea wolf off the halibut banks Which never a man has seen; My home is a lair beneath a crumbling stair In the depths of the pea green sea.

This lair of the underworld
Most wonderful to behold
Is in a field of kelp where never a yelp
Disturbs much sunken gold;
Gold yet in ships which the grim sea grips
As if loath to let it go—
Ships sunk from sight in the dead of night
In the centuries long ago.

An ancient city marks the spot,
Dead and foul and grim—
A ghost of the past, the aftermath,
Of what once had been.

Sea lions go slithering through
Echoless alleys, into the valleys,
Into walls of blue;
Sea weeds grow in the market place
Deeply rooted in the flags;
Rich and poor alas! have gone,
Minus their money bags.

No pompous broker treads the streets, No beggar begs within, Crumbling stones and dead men's bones— Death has entered in!

In this field of kelp I mother my whelp Hard by these dismal places Of a race of men, beyond my ken, Before land and sea changed places.



Painting-Chinese Boy

Swinbourne's Personal Swindle

By DOROTHY GREEN SHIRLEY

/INBOURNE was going back. For seven long lonely years he had tried to forget. At first there was always the fear ould find him. He never opened a door expecting to meet an inevitable officer law. Then, time bringing nothing, he red to settle in a city, a swarming seethss of men who ate and drank and worked ayed together, all the while flaunting the ess of his life at him.

t joy was there in buying and banking up in the livestock commission? Who m when he opened the door into his ss hotel bedroom? Who cared that he good in a financial way?

days were bearable enough with their stream of gaunt desert cattle always 3 in, trainload after trainload of bawling ole crowded creatures that had been born ed in the vast open stretches of the West. sings, he knew just how they felt, but at ney did not have to die alone. It was hts that were his undoing; the long dark between midnight and dawn when there thing to do but roll and toss and think. I hoped time would let him forget, but after all the years each night grew worse, we there was no use in keeping up the He must go back!

r the manner of those who live much Jack Swinbourne talked to himself. As is the various conductors on the west-Sunset Limited seemed satisfied with his he closed his stateroom door and reabroad-brimmed felt hat which was into conceal most of a thatch of iron-grey id all of two cold grey eyes from a public light prove inquisitive. He elevated his gs to the seat opposite, flicked a raveling grey tweed business suit and looked himer.

in't look much like this when I left, did le looked down at his white hands. are sure enough lily-whites. Wouldn't bein' togged out in my old high-topped and buckskin chaps with a red bandannar around my neck instead of this boiled with fixin's." Now that he was on his here seemed to be a mild sort of comfort pping back to the vernacular of the y.

For two days he gazed out on the kaleidoscopic world and pondered. Everywhere was human companionship. "Look at that man with his little family; he doesn't know how happy he is. And to think I might have had that, too—that is, if I—oh, hang it all, I've made a mess of my life for sure!" But the only reply that came to him was the maddening click of the rails beneath him, "You're go-ing back—you're go-ing back—you're go-ing back."

Then came the desert. Frantically he lifted the car window to better breathe the clear light air, and look upon the long open stretches of sand sparsely covered with glistening greasewood and pungent sage. What matter that the alkali dust stung his nostrils and burned his eyes? "Am I not going home?" he whispered with quickening pulse. "Home!" The word fairly mocked him. Was there any consolation in what fitted his hands so smooth and hard and cool in the well-tailored pocket of his coat?

The train drew into Mecca in a swirl of hot dust. Swinbourne pulled his hat well over his eyes and dropped off a rear Pullman. Evidently no one was expected. The only sign of life about the yellow painted station were two lolling Mexicans, smoking in the shade of its overhanging roof. Across from the station he read the dismal signs proclaiming Chinese Tom's restaurant, Brown's general store and the barbershop and postoffice combined. Except that they looked more soiled and dilapidated he might have just left them yesterday.

A cloud of dust came fogging up the deserted street. Out of it emerged a boy of about fourteen riding a pinto pony. Swinbourne looked him over as he dismounted and clanked his spurs on the old boardwalk. "You're just what I'm looking for," he thought half aloud. "Too young to remember me."

"Say, Bub," he accosted, "Could you tell me where I could get a horse? A good one, I mean —to ride."

The boy took him in with a comprehensive glance. "You want a Lizzie, don't you, Mister? Going' out to the mines, I reckon.—Well, old Jake Simpson's got a tin wagon he takes folks like you out in. Taxes 'em up with four bucks, though.—Don't guess he makes a killin' at that, with the roads so rough and it bein' so hot an' all."

"But I want a horse, a real piece of horse flesh!" The man took two bills from his wallet. "Here, take these, and bring me a horse that knows this country,—while I go in to the Chink's here for a bite to eat." He hesitated a little, "Say, Bub, you don't happen to know any one about here by the name of Dalton, do you? An old man and his daughter?"

"Dalton? Yes, I've heard tell of 'em. Used to live out on Sandy flats. The old man passed on, some time back. I guess the daughter went over to Blythe to live,—half of Mecca went over there when they struck it rich at the mines out

from Blythe."

In the restaurant a sleepy-looking Chinaman skidded across the greasy floor, took the newcomer's order, and disappeared. Swinbourne unconsciously wiped his knife and fork with a paper napkin and conversed softly with himself.

"So she's gone away,—might have known she would—but I did hope to see her just once more, if only from a distance. She's likely married now and even—children. I didn't dare to ask that. Anyway, I'd rather not know—Oh, Lord, what a fool I was!" He put his head in his hands and gazed unseeing at the grimy oilcloth. It was hot. The air was heavy with the odor of strong food—and when the Chinaman clanked a few steaming dishes before him, Swinbourne knew he could not eat.

"Bring me a couple of lemons," he ordered, taking off his coat. "I'll take them with me."

The Chinaman brought them done up in a piece of newspaper. "Me no got sack," he apologized. By the time Swinbourne had stuffed the package into the side pocket of his

coat, the boy was waiting outside.

"Reckon you've seen a nag before, from the way you crawl on. There's a canteen of water there; you can tie on your coat with the same rawhides but you'll be no hotter with it on, I guess. You'll find water at Shaffer's well, twelve miles out on the Blythe road—better have a care about it though,—sometimes goes brackish after the rains. Maybe you're not goin' that far?"

"Maybe not." The stranger was not inclined to be communicative. "You're sure this horse knows the country—could even—come back

alone after dark?"

"Say, man, I thought you knew horse flesh. That there roan pony don't know nothin' but this desert. If you'll give her the ribbons she'll bring you back all right."

"She will? Thanks." Swinbourne gave the horse an affectionate slap on the neck. "Come on, Roany," he said, "We'll be traveling now."

Horse and rider headed down the street, crossed the railroad, passed a few vacant wooden shacks, then meandered through an adobe town to the crossroads, where after a moment's hesitation they took the road marked "Ninety Miles to Blythe."

The air grew drier, clearer, hotter. Pale lines of orange-colored light dazzled ahead of them in the sandy roadway. The sun never relaxed its fierce heat, nor the wind its scorching breath. Away in the distance was the cobalt blue of the Salton sea. Once the very road had been a grotto for fishes, now only dwarfed greasewood and grey salt bush relieved the eye from the monotony of sand and rocks.

"Take it slow, Roany,—it's hot as hell today—just like—that other day." And then because the long desert miles stretched ahead of him, and there was nothing to do but ride and think, Swinbourne drew from his memory those events too indelibly stamped to ever be

forgotten.

He had gone to the date farm barbecue on that moonlit night, against his better judgment. "What can a stiff-legged cowboy like me do at a dance when I have chills and fever every time I shy up to anything that wears skirts?" he had asked the boys. And he hadn't been there ten minutes till he drew one of the same boys out on the porch.

"Who's that Spanish-lookin' girl in there, the one with diamonds in her eyes?" he had asked

"You mean that girl there with the black beads and hair? She's not hard on the eyes, is she? Guess her mother was Spanish, but you never get nothin' out of her old dad.—Pachita Dalton—that's her name. Lives with her dad out on Sandy Flats. Their mark is double bar O."

Then when the party was over they all gathered around the smoking embers of the barbecue pit. As Pachita, offering him a cup of coffee, let her eyes linger for a breathless moment on his, he knew he would never be

the same again.

"When we goin' to get an invite to a weddin' dance, Swinbourne?" the boys asked two months later when he was hitching Pachita's black pony beside his tall grey at the rack in front of the schoolhouse. As the strident notes of the fiddle and the rhythmic shuffle of feet floated out to him in the hot night air Swinbourne felt heaven was almost within his grasp. "I only hope that dude of an Easterner isn't in there." he thought to himself as he stalked up to where Pachita was waiting for him. "He's pressin' his company on her a bit too much to

.—An' the worst of it all, she doesn't mind it. Wouldn't mind a fellow I fight, but that pale-faced manicured seeker—"

surtie was there all right! Before Swincould say "Hello" to the boys, Pachita noing off with the well-dressed stranger. In to like his company better than mine," e grumpy greeting he gave to his g partner when she had finished the

he's a wonderful dancer," Pachito burst 1 enthusiasm. "Aren't you going to ask this one?"

't think I feel like dancin' tonight,"
urne looked at her with a new expression
his half-closed eyelids. "Better hunt
r won-der-ful dancer!"

the worst of it was, Pachita did that ing, and even smiled into McCourtie's henever they passed the old yellow ouse bench where Swinbourne sat in his

doesn't have to have me," thought urne in desperation, "But she's not ahave him! I'm a-goin' to see to that! rid of him! Shoot? No—shootin's too or a pussy-foot like that.—I'll do worse at; I'll take him—." A sickly smile wer his flushed face.—"But I mustn't let e muttered, shaking himself.—"From I must be the gayest bo at this dance." all as clear as thought it had happened ay, instead of seven years ago.

rude sign announcing Schaffer's well the n the roan mare drew from a board- hole in the ground a rusty bucket full owish alkali water for his horse. He f his coat but soon found the penetrating om the fiery sun burned his unaccustomed he was forced to put it on again.

Il leave the road here, Roany," Swinsaid to his horse. "I took McCourtie very wash,—asked him if he didn't want along with me to see if I found any way from water." The roan flicked her ound, a sure sign she was listening. Unusly Swinbourne rubbed his hand over ning face, then took up his monologue to

vas just this time of year, Roany. Hot? e than this. Not a bad sort either—Mc—might have liked him if he had stayed rom Pachita.

at are you shying at, Roany? You've lold canteen before.—I took care that

we only had a small one—that day. Oh, I was a beast all right!—Just naturally wound him in and out these old washes till he had no idea where he was. Tired?—He was ready to drop and begging me to take him to water every minute.

"Managed to keep him in the saddle till I got down there where it was so low not a breath stirred and the hot rocks reflected the heat like an oven. Then when he was all in, too much to even talk I lifted him off his horse and laid him in the shade there—of that rock. 'I'll bring you some water from the well over yonder,' I lied, and just naturally took both horses and left the poor devil there to die.—Should you think you would stumble, Roany!—Always had prided myself on being half-way decent too—queer what a man will do when he's crazy jealous."

Both man and horse bent their heads as they trudged down the burning wash. "I watered the horses all right," here the man's voice weakened till it was almost inaudible, "But I forgot to reckon on Pachita. Knew I could never look down into her eyes again with that smirch on my soul. Was just like they all are, -crazy to get away! Why Roany, those seven miles over Miner's Gulch and the ridge to the railroad were behind me before I knew it!" Swinbourne heaved a long sigh as if telling his story had relieved him, then patted the pony on the neck. "Don't ask me if I've paid—I've been through a thousand hells since then,—but it'll soon be over-now. I'm going to pay the price -I'm going to pay-before this burning sun is set."

They were now in a weird lifeless river of sand that might have just been belched from the bowels of the earth. Only the swish of the pony's feet and the leathery squeak of the saddle relieved the deafening silence.

"This ought to be getting near,—yes, I remember that jagged pink rock. Seven years don't change a rock like they do a man's heart, do they, Old Mustang?"

"Well, I guess I don't need you any more," he said, dismounting. He took an envelope from his inside pocket, scrawled an address on it and tied it securely on the saddle with the buckskins. "Hope some one finds it and mails it to her. If she's still in Blythe, she'll get it. Might as well have what's left." He tied the reins to the horn and gave the roan a slap on the flanks. "I hope they didn't lie to me about your knowing this desert. One thing, you'll have the cool of the evening to go back in. Good bye, Roany," he called after her, but she only an-

swered with the echo of her feet hitting the sand.

A pink afterglow from the sun slipping below the rugged horizon, enkindled the burning sand and rocks. Swinbourne shook and was cold, in spite of the heat. He commenced to look. Soon he would find some trace—a shoe perhaps, or a shred of hat. He walked round and round a limited area, now pushing the sand aside with his foot, then digging frantically with his hands. "Surely this is the place—McCourtie was too weak to move far," he whispered. He found nothing, no plant, no insect, no sign that life had ever been there! Was he to come all this distance for nothing? He sank exhausted on a rock with his head in his hands.

"Why, oh why didn't I find you, McCourtie? Did someone find your body and lay you away like a man? But why should that matter to me now? I—have come to pay. God knows how I've paid, McCourtie.—Pachita!—Pachita!—

how I have loved you!"

He reached in his coat pocket for his gun. What was in there? What did he feel? It was not the gun. Oh, it was the lemons he got from the Chinaman. Just lemons, that's all,—done up in a piece of old newspaper. They slipped to the sand unnoticed, but his shaking hands gripped the old paper, the one thing which seemed to connect him with the world he was leaving.

Swinbourne unconsciously read the large type before his eyes. He read it again—and again, then put his hand before the paper to determine if he were really seeing. He looked again. There it was, plain as day. "JASPER McCOURTIE MERCANTILE CO., BLYTHE, CAL."—Surely there must be some mistake—no, it couldn't be, it must be,—such an unusual name! He looked at the heading of the paper. It was the Blythe Weekly Gazette and the advertisement below went on to give the price of pink beans and bacon.

"I must get to Blythe right away," Swinbourne cried out frantically as he strode down the sandy wash already purple with the shadows of evening. At Schaffer's well he drew himself a drink. "I could walk a thousand miles," he muttered, "If in the end I could find

McCourtie!"

But he didn't have to walk, for the Meccato-Blythe auto stage which was making the trip at night during the summer, was glad to take on another passenger.

At nine o'clock the next morning Jack Swinbourne picked his way over boxes of oranges and piles of gay saddle blankets into the country store labeled "JASPER McCOURTE MERCANTILE CO." But he was not prepared to find Pachita Dalton there. He caught his breath as thoughts rampaged through his dazed brain. "Might have known she'd be here. What a fool I was not to think of that before!" There she stood not ten feet from him, so busily engaged in chattering Spanish to a Mexican woman about some red ribbon she held in her hand that she did not notice him.

"This will never do," thought Swinbourne, coming to his senses. "She'll see me if I stand here gazing at her." He straightened his drooping shoulders with decision. "If there's a shred of manhood left in me, I'll find McCourtie, do what I can for him, and slip away."

The desert merchant sat seated at his design the back of the store. There had been mistake.

"Well McCourtie, I've come back," sa Swinbourne as briefly as possible.

The man at the desk looked up astounde "Come back?" he gasped for breath. "You—Swinbourne come back? Can I believe meyes?" He offered him his hand. "Why, scoured the desert for you for days.—Some said nasty things, but I said 'No, he's lost.'"

"So I was, McCourtie, I was lost,—'lost' is good word! How are things progressing wit. = you?" Swinbourn asked nervously, taking

quick inventory of the store.

"Progressing?—You ought to know nothinprogresses much in this country in the summetime. We just sort of bear it till fall. Wish could sell out and go to the coast with my wife and family. My health's pretty much the same and the heat gets me more and more every year."

"So you've a family too?" Swinbourned drummed thoughtfully with his fingers on the old battered desk. "Tell you what I'll do, Mc—Courtie—I'll buy you out.—Just name your

price."

"Name my price! My price for this stock? Why man, you're crazy! I've heard of men selling out here in December, but never in August." The merchant sank to his chair breathing rapidly. "Pachita! Oh, Pachita," he called to the front of the store. "Do you remember Jack Swinbourne? He's here now—and he wants to buy me out. Will you call Gertie? I want him to meet my wife."

Swinbourne looked at him dazed and confused. "You mean to say Pachita is not your

-wife?" he asked.

But Pachita did not obey her employer, in-

te dropped the red ribbon and ran to trans with outstretched hands.

nurtic felt it necessary to call his wife

bourne looked into the glistening eyes sked up at him with a greater longing er.

me, Pachita," he lingered caressingly on

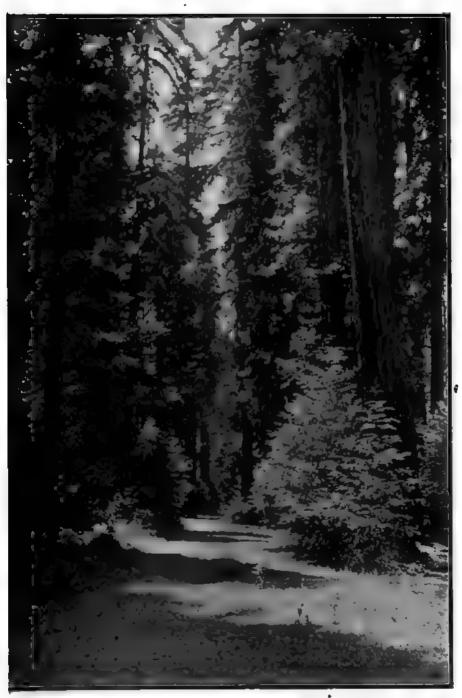
her name, "I must ask it—are you really free? All these lonely years I've wanted you so, but I thought—."

"Si, Señor," the woman interrupted in her beloved tongue, as she put her hand firmly over his mouth. His arms drew her nearer. "Sh!" she warned, "I always knew that you would come back. Is it not enough that you are here?"





Longing in Redmond Porests



Early shadows among the Redwoods

Midsummer Night Song

By R. R. GREENWOOD

The moon is a golden flower And the sea is silvery light, And the stars are the petals scattered afar Over the face of the night.

Here while the dim world sleeps, In the fragrant silence alone You and I will quaff the dew And I'll pledge to you, my own.

We'll follow the moon-washed trail Down to the pearly strand, And there in the white sea's misty light We'll frolic hand in hand.

We'll dance till the rosy dawn Trips over the whispering sea, And I will lead you far away To fairyland with me.



Searchlight

By GERTRUDE BRYANT

I DAVIS paused on the long wharf inging the inner channel of San Pedro ay to survey, reminiscently, the once Ten years had fashioned the channel was longer, broader. lan's Island but a clay crown, and a overnment breakwater protected the pay from the turbulent white-crested The harbor had developed into a great Vessels from the seven seas at the quays to discharge their cargoes, ake on commerce for foreign lands. n spite of the space of time, the coasts seemed like intimate friends reaching

the past to greet him. Once he had these vessels by title; their captains by But alas, ten dreary, dragging years d him from the memory of those sails and this pleasant June night.

untered on, recalling the events of that -be-forgotten day when he had last this port on a lumber schooner down e Oregon coast. Harbor lights flung reflections on the greenish waters, and ing lanterns dipped fiery streamers into ple depths. It was good to taste the the salt, and to breathe the invigorating the ocean breezes after the pressing ion of prison walls. Ten painful years. a sailor born and bred. How suddenly changed for him with a woman's smile. it's whistle startled his reverie. An ocean us coming into the channel, piloted by little tug boat. "In from the Orient, take not," said Dan Davis to himself. ak to her captain tomorrow and ask for

But first I must seek some friends of ast-ship days to give me passable als."

watched the great ship—port holes eager passengers on her decks-swing or at the landing pier. He was free. ging that had eaten at the core of his or ten years of durance vile, could now ified. The sea called him as a mother to her child. He could get away from vded shore to great open billowy spaces, : with the breath of salt blown breezes. sauntered on, recalling the men he had when he was mate of the "Doris May" de this port. He remembered that his of the old days had a rendezvous at "Pete's Chowder House," on the water end of the lumber dock. He wondered if Peg-Leg Pete still dispensed hearty cheer in bowls of chowder soup and mugs of port. Or had the old crippled

sailor passed on, his work unfinished?

He rounded a towering stack of pine boards pungent with the scent of turpentine, and there before him stood the little cafe glowing with hospitality. He staggered back against the lumber suddenly faint with the recollections of that memorable night when he had crossed the threshold of that chowder house. His memory was somewhat vague as to what happened on that adventurous shore cruise before he stepped into the little cafe and received a tantilizing smile from the red lips of a bright-eyed senorita. But out of all that murk and dark uncertainty the girl's piquant face stood clear like a cleancut cameo. Photographed everlastingly on his memory—his heart. Would he ever forget her?

Dan forced control over his trembling limbs and moved forward to look into the lighted The assembly of sea-faring men collected at the bar and small tables represented various nations speaking a dozen tongues, yet, with all, men of one family, articulating the common language of seas and ports. Mostly these patrons were mariners from the ships in

Old Pete was there, presiding over the great copper kettle, a cheery smile on his jovial features. He did not look a day older. Dan Davis wondered if ten years was really such a long space of time. To him the last decade had been like an infinite duration. It had aged and broken him; robbed him of youth. felt cheated, and bitter was his resentment.

He drew back into the shadows as his mind dwelt upon that memorable night. He had gone ashore to participate in the harbor town amusements, and was somewhat the worse for liquor when he reached Pete's place. But what happened in the chowder house was focused on his memory like a camera print. He had lived it over and over again during the years of his confinement. As he entered the cafe he saw the Spanish girl sitting at a table facing him. Her beauty attracted him like a moth to the flame, and he advanced to speak to her. was then she smiled at him, that never-to-beforgotten smile. Drunk with wine and passion he caught her into his arms and kissed her coquettish mouth ardently, without so much as "By your leave, senorita." The memory of that kiss still clung to his lips.

But the girl's escort angrily resented the gallantry of the strange sailor. There was a short, sharp struggle of blinded rage, a warning cry; lamp-light flashing across steel; a resounding crash of broken glass; a woman's scream. And there at his feet sprawled an inert form. He had killed a man in self-defense. Across that dead body he looked deeply into the girl's flaming eyes as she vowed revenge for the death of her lover.

And she took it with a vengeance. She swore him into prison with the same soft, alluring lips which he had so passionately kissed. But in her dark eyes there was a strange look which he was unable to fathom, as if her heart did not approve of what her tongue repeated. When he met her direct gaze across the court room she quickly drew a veil over her flashing eyes that he might not read clearly. She puzzled him.

The jury pronounced him guilty of manslaughter. But a fair minded judge took into consideration the sworn statements of his intoxication, the knife wound in his chest, the lure of the girl's Latin beauty, and gave him ten years' penal service.

Dan Davis sighed regretfully as his thoughts came back to the present. He wondered how the years had treated the woman. No doubt some other lover had wooed and won her. Strange that he visioned her so constantly. That he could not erase her pictured face from his mind—his heart.

From the cluttered deck of a nearby lumber schooner some one started a flow of rhythmical chords on a banjo, and a throaty voice broke into a sailor's love song.

Dan Davis roused from his reverie. In Pete's place he would be apt to find some mariner who would be willing to speak a fair word for him. He hesitated on the threshold, shrinking from that thing which his memory kept alive and haunting. Then, with an effort, he got control of his fear and entered the room, determined to face the specter, to conquer his dread.

Several men exclaimed in surprise and spoke his name. Pete recognized them and called a greeting. "Dan Davis, upon my word. Back to the sea like a good sailor."

Dan sat down at one of the tables and ordered a bowl of soup. "Nothing stronger than ginger ale and soda pop," cried a red-faced boatman. "They've declared for prohibition since you—since you left the port, Davis." "So

I've heard," returned Dan. "But I lost my taste for strong drink durin' my confinement."

"Goin' to ship on a coastin' schooner?" asked another sailor.

"Yes, if I can get a berth. Who'll speak a

recommendin' word f'r me?"

"Plenty o' men will say a good word for you, Dan Davis," said Pete, as he set the bowl of savory soup before his guest, and pushed forward the cracker jar. "You're a first class sailor. Plenty o' coastin' captains will be glad to take ye on, an' ask no questions."

"Where's that—woman?" Dan asked in a

low voice.

"You mean Dolores?"
"Is that her name?"

"She's driftin' round. Gone to the bad, in a way. Worried 'bout something. I can't make her out. Like as if she was eatin' her heart out with a sorrow."

"I-killed-her lover."

"Juan Cordiz was a bad hombre. His takin' off was good riddance."

"Seen her lately?"

"She hangs 'round the docks. Comes in here sometimes with a sailor escort. She's sort o' reckless. A homeless creature, needin' a husband and children to anchor to."

"Then—she hasn't married?"

"No—had plenty o' chances—but she said them nay. She's been going' the pace these ten years, since they shut you up in a punishment house."

Pete stumped back to his place behind the bar. Two or three old friends assured Dan that he would have no trouble getting a berth. They would speak to their captains. He had better come around in the morning.

"You struck in self-defense," said one, who had witnessed the fight. "She swore you into prison with a false tongue."

The fetid air sickened Dan. He had been too long in cramped quarters. The swish of the waters against the piling supports told him that the sea was there and he wanted to get out to the sight and the sound of it.

In parting from his old friends he promised to look them up on the morrow. He was anxious to get back to deck and riggings, as member of some sailing crew and to put to sea again on a lumber schooner bound for a northern port.

Dan sauntered along the pier walk, drinking in the beauty of the star-lighted night canopying the Pacific, which reflected a million dismonds on its mirror-like surface. He haked now and then to survey some vessel snuggled is

, seeking to renew an acquaintanceship title and build. A group of long-nosed, led destroyers—a portion of the Pacific hored off Terminal Island, heightened est. When he had sailed in and out Pedro harbor a government cruiser was at of much speculation. But a world to war during his incarceration.

nly a shaft of silvery light licked out of kness like a lightning tongue, and a ht from one of the destroyers began over the harbor and docks. As the cleam swept across the pier Dan caught glimpse of a woman standing on the poised as if for a leap into the channel, tly the unexpected flare had halted the plunge.

sively Dan sprang forward to draw her om her perilous position. His strong :led her body just as she prepared to But the woman resented his interference iggled desperately to free herself from

hold as she pleaded tearfully to be to end her miserable existence.

right light came back to the dock and passing instant on their faces. But in h they recognized each other and cried

Davis!"

ew you would come back," screamed ified woman. "What are you going ith me?" In a panic of fear she beat east with clenched fists. "Let me go—"

took hold of her arm and forced her into a patch of lamp glow flung from a sin window. As she faced him defiantly that she was still an attractive woman. more matured of body and hardened res. The fire of her blood flashed from k eyes; but her olive skin was sickly d her roughed lips did not smile.

ughed mirthlessly. "Fate played us a ne said. "Think of me reachin' out to ne from a watery grave! Lord, what a

been through the flames of the inferno," ores bitterly.

ssed through that same fiery furnace,"

you are a man. You can fight on-win

some I do find my place. Shall I ever that mad night? The dreary years—that ell? And me a man of the sea." roman covered her face with her hands an to sob convulsively.

And the man who could not forget her girlish face, and who still tasted the nectar of that stolen kiss, let sympathy sway him.

"Don't cry, Dolores. I—I was thinkin' o' you when that light began to play. Wonderin' if we two should meet again. If life had been kind to you."

She checked her sobs and looked at him steadily. His strong features wore a prison pallor; but his sea-blue eyes—reflecting the tried soul of the man—were clear and sober, fixed with a determination to fight for his right to come back.

He read the heart hunger in her dark eyes. Seemingly she had thrown herself into the maw of a turbulent life and let it toss her where it willed. A human derelict, drifting aimlessly.

"You have suffered, Dolores."

"No more than you," her voice dragged wearily.

"It was torture to be shut up in a cage away from the tang of the sea, and me a sailor lovin' the deep."

"I'm sorry, Dan. It was cruel of me to swear falsely."

"How long have you been sorry?"

"Ten years."

"Will you forgive me, Dolores? I was not myself that night. I was drunk and your smile tempted me."

The woman made no reply, but a sigh escaped her. She turned her eyes toward the sea, and a silence separated them.

Singing voices winged gaily to them from a passing launch as shore-leave marines raced back to their ship.

"I've been thinkin' o' you all these years." Dan said after a space, "I couldn't forget you."

"And you've haunted me night and day,"
Dolores confessed. "I couldn't forget your
accusing eyes. I'm sorry, Dan. If you can
—forgive me."

"If only I dared to steal another kiss."

"Maybe I am not so alluring tonight," she challenged.

A wave of exultation swept over him. He drew her trembling body into his arms and kissed her tenderly.

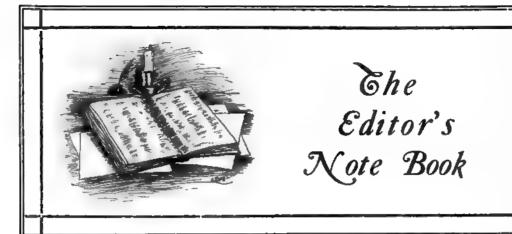
"There," he exclaimed triumphantly.

"You would dare me, would you?"

"Dan! Dan—" she cried, and hid her flushed face on his breast.

"Dolores, I've been lovin' you ever since I took that other kiss, which came near wreckin' our lives. And I've been wishin' that you would be waitin' for me to claim you—as my wife."

(Continued on page 48)



"The Urge"

Every year the necessary task of short-story criticism is to choose the best and gather these few into more permanent volumes for our libraries. Thus we obtain all, or nearly all, that is worth while, and have such anthologies as William Dean Howells' "Great Modern American Stories," or Edward O'Brien's "Great Modern English Stories," or "Dorothy Scarborough's "Famous Modern Ghost Stories," or Alexander Jessup's five volumes of "Famous French Masterpieces."

Not for a moment, however, do we question the value of the collections of short stories by one author. Some of these are already classics. Readers of the best periodicals expect these volumes, which usually represent an author's best short stories for five or six years—and leave out the mere "pot-boilers."

Much has been written on our California Indians—legendary, historical, romantic—yet there is always another story to tell. And when the author assures us that the material submitted was gleaned first hand from an old chieftain, our interest is apt to be aroused beyond the usual pale of fiction.

Thus Maud Barnes, who has spent much time among the Indians of the San Manuel Reservation, San Bernardino County, tells in her story—"The Call" in this issue of the Overland, the rather tragic tale of the basket weaver.

8 8 8

The revised McClure's Magazine has as its fiction editor Miss Viola Roseboro, who has "discovered" scores of young writers. It is said that she accepted the first O. Henry short story.

Our Native Flora

Here is a book by a Californian on an out-door California topic, and published in Sas Francisco, by the Harr Wagner Co. It is dedicated to the author's mother, the late Mrs. W.S. Chandler, whose studies of wild flowers, both in the bay region and around Lake Tahoe made her widely known. The golden poppy chapter of the book is the work of Mrs. Bryner of Sas Francisco. Many of the photographs were taken by Mr. Soares of Hayward, and some of the data was furnished by Miss Alice Eastwood, the botanist.

Miss Katherine Chandler, the author, in her first chapter, describes some simple flowers, such as the Escholtzia (our state flower). In the second chapter she describes the tubular flowers, such as Silene. In subsequent chapters are studies of "fantastic flowers, such as the Castilleja," some "grouped flowers" such as the —anemones, gentians, primroses, etc.

When we reach the sixth chapter, on the plants whose flowers, such as those of the dioecious Garrya eliptica (the silk tassel tree) our author takes up the relations of the forests of California to the streams, the soil and the valleys. This she does in a way which shows that she is a hearty supporter of forest conservation; and she closes with the famous Joyce Kilmer poem, whose last words are that "only God can make a tree."

The last chapter of this little book is devoted to California's medicinal plants, such as Yerba santa and Grindelia. This chapter, like the others, is full of historical and botanical information, told in so pleasant a manner that teachers, students, and all the outdoor lovers will enjoy the result. There are thirty-three illustrations besides the frontispiece.

ryce's Lectures on ational Relations"

Bryce's last book, his American lectures just last year, cannot be neglected by ident or intelligent reader upon great s. It is dedicated to Charles Evans, as "one of those who are today workost earnestly and effectively for the ion of . . . good feeling between and the Preface is dated at London, per 22.

nillan, who publishes the book, issues the other books by James Bryce. The hich we treasure most are "The Amerimmonwealth," "Modern Democracies," America Observations," and the present on "International Relations."

subjects of his eight lectures are as: "The Earlier Relations of Tribes and to One Another;" The Great War and ects in the Old World;" "Non-Political es Affecting International Relations;" auses of War;" "Diplomacy and Interlaw;" "Popular Control of Foreign and the Morality of States;" "Methods ed for Settling International Controvers-Other Possible Methods for Averting

ourse this author of a book on "The oman Empire" knows all about the atof Christianity to restrain violence and ells us, "at the end of the tenth century, private war was so general over the uropean Continent that practically every had to put himself in a state of defense everybody else, French Synods began to n what was called the 'Pax Ecclesiae' h peace—which forbade private war at periods; and some years later there was a Truce of God, which all men were I to swear to observe during certain isons and for certain days in each week. egulations, which were meant to apply ite warfare rather than to regular wars potentates, were enforced by ecclesiasnalties. They were constantly broken, someone remarked that as much sin ng committed by perjury as was comby the fighting which the oaths were o check. Nevertheless, these attempts ted a sort of standing testimony by the to the duty that was laid upon it to peace."

uthor is far from an alarmist, because one of the greatest of modern statesd never failed to see both sides of a . He did not think that another European war was imminent but, as he added, "history has taught us that fires allowed to smolder long are likely ultimately to break out, and it will be the part of wisdom to rake out the embers and quench them with all the water that can be found."

The lecture in "Influence of Commerce" is full of amazing facts and in closing refers to that famous old Puritan book of three centuries ago-"Satan's Invisible World Revealed." His comment is: "Satan is always busy where there is money to be made, but the political secrets of his 'Invisible World" rarely see the light. The harm the Tempter does is done not merely in beguiling individuals, but in perverting the lines of policy which national honor and interest prescribe. Every Government must defend the legal rights of its citizens in commercial as well as in other matters, and secure for them a fair field in the competition that has now become so keen. But the general conclusion which anyone who balances the benefits attained against the evils engendered by the methods that have been generally followed is this, that striking a balance between loss and gain, the less an executive government has to do with business and with international finance, the better for the people."

Then we face the perplexing question of "Has a State any right migration. He asks: to forbid entrance to harmless foreigners of any particular race or to make the color of their skin a ground for exclusion? Upon this subject two doctrines have been advanced. One, which found favor two generations ago, held that 'prima facie' every human being has a natural right to migrate from any one part of the world to any other, the world being the common inheritance of mankind, and that only very special conditions can justify the exclusion of any particular race or class of men. The other doctrine is that each State is at all times free to exclude any foreigners from entering any part of its territory, and that no ground for complaint on the part of any other States arises from such exclusion, unless where a foreign State claims that its own citizens are being discriminated against either in breach of treaty rights or in a way calculated to wound its national susceptibilities. Now which of these doctrines is right? The white races have used both as each suited their convenience."

It is in the last two lectures that the author fully develops his idea about Arbitration, Conciliation, and the difficulties in the way of a working "Combination" of nations (States). Herein comes the culminating sentence in the whole book. "If the people do not try to destroy war, war will destroy them." He tells us to begin with, that "the causes which produced the Great War are deep seated. They are a part of human nature, arising from faults in political human nature as it exists in all countries." Next, as he points out, "the world is now one, one in a sense in which it was never Five-sixths of the human race one before. were involved in the Great War, which brought men to fight one another in regions where civilized armies had never contended before, in West Africa, in East Africa, in Siberia and Turkestan, on the shores of the Baikal and the Caspian, in the isles of the Western Pacific, while ships of war were fighting on all the oceans from the White Sea to the Falkland Isles. As this unity was apparent in war so it is apparent now the war has ended." This shows clearly that "all States are now members of one economic body, and if one member suffers the other members suffer with it. Security is the pre-condition to the reestablishment of sound business conditions anywhere and everywhere.

Rising from this point our author has faith in the right sort of idealism, and he adds: "Nowhere is there a stronger sense, if anywhere there be so strong a sense, of national duty, and nowhere a warmer devotion to high ideals than there is here in America."

By "Idealism" he does not mean "that blind faith in the certainty of human progress which was engendered fifty years ago by the triumphs of applied science and the prosperity they brought, but rather that aspiration for a world more enlightened and more happy than that which we see today, a world in which the cooperation of men and nations rather than their rivalry and the aggrandizement of one at the expense of the other, shall be the guiding aims. Good-will sweetens life; nobody is so happy as he who rejoices in the happiness of others. Hatred has never brought anything but evil."

But we must lay down this memorable volume, the last gift of James Bryce to the world of toiling men and women.

5 5 5

Explaining the Britishers

Mr. Frederick William Wile, who went to Europe a few years ago, as correspondent of the Chicago "News," and who was in Germany for thirteen years before the war, as correspondent of the London "Mail," has written one of the most practical and interesting of interpretations of the British character. Admiral Sims'

foreword to the book was written before the close of the war, but is just as well worth reading now. He tells us that the book "was written by an American who lived in England before and throughout the war. His purpose is to explain exactly what sort of a chap the Britisher is and what the army, navy and people of Great Britain and her colonies have done in freedom's cause. Mr. Wile shows how the Britishers bore the brunt of the onslaught of an enemy which had been preparing for this war for nearly half a century."

In nine brief, plain, well-written chapters, Mr. Wile sums up his close-range experiences and observations. Our author goes straight to his mark, as when he tells us that "we Yanks have for the most part formed our ideas of the Britisher from the American stage Englishman. I used to think that all Britishers were sissy-like Lords with monocles, checked trousers, chesty manners, and a haw-haw attitude toward their humbler fellow-creatures, such as mere Americans. I imagine that a good many of you may have been under the impression that nobody counts in the British army unless he is of blue blood, with Dukes and Duchesses for his relations. and a wad of money in the bank. Also, I suppose, you have pictured to yourself a British army bossed and run by high and mighty Englishmen lording it over their menial subordinates. Well, I can clear your minds up about that. I have been at the British front twice during the war. My lasting impression on both occasions was of the good fellowship existing between officers and men.

That chapter, "The Bulldog Breed" is one of the best in any of the war-period books. But the heart of the volume is really shown most perfectly in the last ten pages upon "the real Britisher," who is a "regular fellow, a white man, and one of our kind."

The George H. Doran Co. are the publishers of this thoughtful and well written study of English character.

8 8 8

"Folks and Facts" is a new magazine just started, and Kathryn W. Hamil, the novelist, is one of the editors.

8 8 8

Bibliographics of modern authors are often very interesting, and a new series of these has been started in England. Each volume will have illustrations and critical notes. One, as announced, deals with Arthur Symons, another with Arthur Machen.

serite Wilkinson's "Dingbat of Arcady"

ly five years ago Mrs. Marguerite Ogden w Wilkinson, then living on the San coast, published her "Golden Songs of solden State," and those who are good s of literary talent, said at once: "Here She has written poems, plays, prose, zine articles, and all sorts of things. In Voices" she produced an "Introduction

ntemporary Poetry," which is in constant nd. There is no better anthology of presav verse anywhere.

t now, in the 188 pages of vivid and iful out-door sketches, first appearing in periodicals as Scribners, now brought tor in a book quaintly termed "The Dingbat cady," we have the most lovable sort of They might have been written by re William Curtis, or H. W. Mabie, or ake of "Eothen" fame. No one who s by river, ocean-side, or mountain toran afford to start without this book which elv surpasses five dozen of the latest mysor adventure "thrillers."

e heart of the whole book is just this: Wilkinson and her husband love the wild s as well as people, and being poor in (like most of the rest of us), went floatbrifting, sweeping down on lovely rivers of West. They built their own little flatned boat-"The Dingbat." and things like appened (on the Willamette, in Oregon): sometimes slept on the floor of the little bat," which was fourteen feet long and and a half feet wide. "When evening" Mrs. Wilkinson writes, "we would tie ecurely by her long rope to some sapling tore and then let her float in a cove or w, or on the port side of a log-boom. we first thought of sleeping in this way, overed the floor with branches from firs, g our blankets on top of them. They made rly good bed, though less comfortable the ground in the forests. Then, one day, et a farmer who told us that there might podticks in the fir branches and offered y for the bed instead. Woodticks are not ble companions, so we threw the fir hes overboard and accepted the hay. We arge bundles of it from his little red barn. ffered to pay for it, but he would not take t. It was only hay, he said. We spread it ratefully where the fir branches had been. ested on it fragrantly while we watched soon rise in an unveiled sky and light the with a silver pathway for a spirit like

Their California boat was somewhat larger than the first; hence, it is called The Royal Dingbat. "In her we spent long peaceful hours on the sun-dazzled waters of San Diego Harbor, traveling from the Silver Strand and Glorietta Bay out to the entrance where the Pacific pours in between Point Loma and North Island." This bit leads to a fishy adventure that is one of the best episodes in the whole book, too long to quote here, but leading up to this glimpse of our seagulls: "They are so common that it is easy to forget the thrilling passion of their flight, the rapturous poise, the circling power, the whirl and sudden dip, beak first into blue water. It is easy to forget the wild and watchful eyes they have, the sleekness of their pointed heads, the strange pathos of their call."

The last sixty-eight pages of the book tell us about adventures on American and English roads in those remarkable conveyances, "Frankie Ford," and "Rover Chug Chug." What times they had! How much they love plain everyday folk-and are loved in return! Mrs. Wilkinson tells us: "My opinion is that if we sought camping sites in the blue fields of heaven, the farmers there would welcome us as they have everywhere on earth. Perhaps they would offer us ethereal butter and honey from 'the angels' pale tables' of which Vachel Lindsay tells. However that may be, I can vouch for the fact that the English farmer is as friendly as his kinsman in our own country, and that is saying a good deal."

Among all of the out-door books we have read this year, "The Dingbat of Arcady" suits us the best. Its thrice-fortunate publishers are The Macmillan Company. Mrs. Wilkinson, the bright and friendly author, goes on lecture tours at times, and it is plain that Californians ought to have her out here. She is sure to come back to us for our forests, mountains, skies, rivers, mesas, and especially our eucalypti are very dear to her. She says somewhere: "If I were a eucalyptus tree, I should ask for no companions; I should ask Fate to let me stand alone and lift my hands toward Heaven with untrammeled gestures. Let me have much space to move in when I am near enough to know the many thoughts of the sky!"

8 8

From its well chosen cover, through its 80 pages of illustrated articles and stories the first numbers of the Elks Magazine makes an appeal to the reading public.

In the first few lines of the Salutatory—or

introduction to the magazine—we find the purpose of this publication: "The establishment and maintenance of a more intimate relationship and a more definite contact between the Order as a whole and its individual members."

But it is essentially a magazine for every one's reading. The spirit of real Brotherhood is felt in the opening letters of President Harding and of William Wallace Mountain, Grand Exalted Ruler.

In the articles of finance and general business, and in the stories by gifted fiction writers the general reader has before him a magazine of the highest literary achievement. The cover design is by Frank X. Leyendecker Co.

"Pirates," written by Colin Campbell Clements and published in the June issue of the Overland Monthly, has been dramatized and will shortly be published as a play by Samuel French.

5 5 5

Elmo W. Brim of Galax, Virginia, whose serial—"The Way of the West," was concluded in the July Overland Monthly has recently returned from a most hazardous trip through the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina.

Mr. Brim, widely known as a skilled detective, was called upon to go through this and the Blue Ridge country in search of Blaize L. Harsell of Bedford, New York, famous as a biggame hunter, explorer and short-story writer. In the search thousands of miles were covered over almost impassable mountains, and through localities where no man dare go unless he can prove that he is not a federal officer.

His interviews with these most reticent but interesting mountain people afforded Mr. Brim a unusual opportunity to glean material for future stories. Though with such dangerous duties on hand, as in this search for Mr. Harsell, or finding clues to his possible murderers, one can well imagine that the thought of fiction writing is far removed in the grim reality of his work.

MARK TWAIN'S CABIN DEDICATED

Mark Twain's cabin at Jackass Hill, Tuolumne County, California, which has been re-

produced as a permanent landmark, has been dedicated.

A feature of the ceremony was fashioned western barbecue.

It was in this cabin that Mark Twai many of his stories that won for him tional fame.

Southern Pacific Bureau of

8 8 8

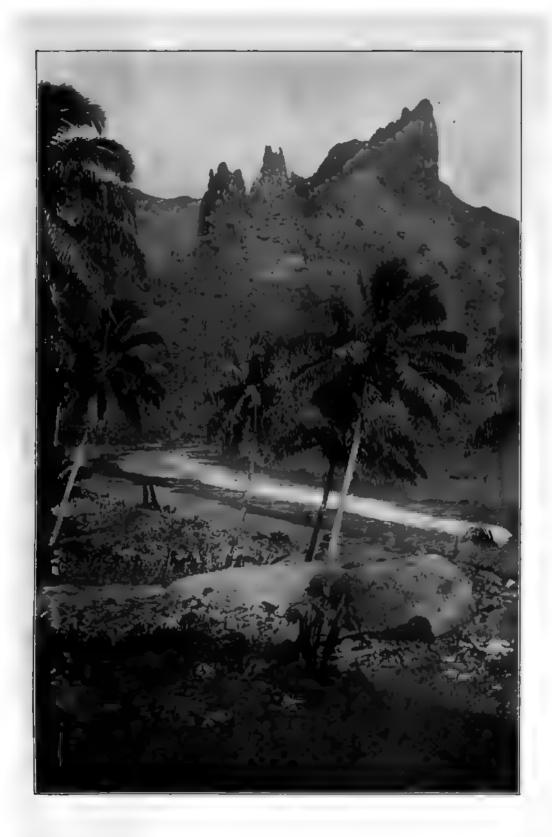
The Prairie Child

Arthur Stringer once wrote a book--called "The Prairie Wife." Then "The Prairie Mother"—with the same ters in it. Now comes "The Prairie C which the woman, who is the heroin three, tells with pain, sorrow and a earnestness, the story of her life. She derfully real woman with a money-low of philandering husband, who could not managed to be loyal to any one we earth, and he drives her nearly to d Her children, one a boy, who runs awa lost for weeks—keep her going, until out begins to be shown to this honsi hearted, much-suffering pioneer would Duncan McKail of the Banff and Calgar Blame her for the way in which her husband made her life perdition? least. He was the kind of man when never have had a wife.

This author has the knack of making versational situations unusually definite tell the whole story with a sort of be realism which now and then concentrate an and and lived with him in a prain and served and baked for him and be home and lost it, and began over again children, and saw one of them die, and girlhood slip away. . . and loved the my choice . . . and planned for my until I saw the man of my choice love woman . . and that was all. I everything."

The Bobbs-Merrill Company of apolis, who have published a number of Stringer's books, are the publishers Prairie Child."





"CUSTUMBRE DE PAIS"

(Continued from page 12)

the heart of the officer there lay that something which men call "Understanding." The heutenant reached down from his horse; the Irish hand reached up; it was good the night was so dark, for the eyes of the officer were very moist; for a moment the forest silence held sway, while two brave men, in the uniform of their country, gave their embrace of the ages—the clasp of hands.

"Johnson, God bless you; right here is where we strike for the post, and if ever you got drunk in your life, you may get drunk this night again. I release you from any pledge this side

of Heaven."



THE CALL

(Continued from page 18)

quietness which can be felt when an electrical windstorm suddenly dies.

Nearing the Indian camp the squaw drew forth a basket from her bundle and gazed at it. Then, lifting her arms, she stretched them toward the rancheria. Into her eyes came a look of peace and hope.

From the Indian homes the smoke of the evening fires arose. From the nearby cañon the mocking bird began his serenade. The bark of the dogs and the sound of children's voices were faintly carried to the ears of the squaw. She had become part of the wonderful picture Nature spread upon her canvas, at this hour of twilight when heaven seemed to meet the earth ere darkness covered all.

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SEARCHLIGHT

(Continued from page 37)

"I'm not a good woman, Dan Davis," she

said, regretfully.

"I'll take all the blame for your mistakes. It was my fault. And no sailor is a saint. We've had a hard lesson. But we've learned it pretty well, I'm thinkin'. I'm strong o' body and stout of heart. I'll lift you out of the current and place you in a home. I'll give you a husband's devotion and protection. Will you trust me, Dolores?"

"I've been a'longing for you Dan, and your

image is on my heart to stay."

"And me Dolores, what think ye of me?

Could I let you go?"

Only a silent gull looked down on the quiet figures as they swung, hand in hand, down the pier, a rhythm in their step, a song on their lips.



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The amount of material and labor, and the extent of plant changes involved in "station movement" are indicated by the fact that this item of service cost the Bell System more than \$15,000,000 in 1921.

To most people, the connecting or disconnecting of a telephone seems a simple operation of installing or removing the instrument. As a matter of fact, in every case it necessitates changes in the cables and wires overhead or underground. It also necessitates changes in central office wires and switchboard connections; in subscribers' accounts and directory listings; and frequently requires new "drop" lines from open wires or cables.

The problems of station movement are among the large problems of the telephone service. Because of the double operation of disconnecting and re-connecting, the work involved is often twice as great as in the case of new subscribers. With nearly 2,000,000 changes a year, it is only by the most expert management of plant facilities that Bell service is enabled to follow the subscriber wherever he goes.



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Vol. LXXX



No. 2

Overland Monthly

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor,

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Japanese Street Singer



Marin Hills-Painting by Thad Welch



Vol. LXXX

AUGUST, 1922

No. 2

The Painter of Marin

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

Below, the long, low slope of hill;
Above, the rounded ridges fill
In swelling slope to summer sky—
Beyond, the sun-warmed hillsides lie.

Here on their time-smoothed, tender breast,
Here in the vale that he loved best,
He built his home of sea-tossed wood,
Storm-worn and rough—his home—'twas
good!

The wind-bent trees gave summer shade;
The sun-browned grasses soft were laid
For him to tread. Soft breezes blew
A-down the hills the long day through.

And here sped swift his magic brush— Eve's purple shade, the morning's flush, The golden slant of summer sun Across the hill where white clouds run.

The green of tree, the boulder's gray,
The gleam of water on the bay;
The cattle feeding—all were his
To trace in wondrous harmonies.

His palette gathers dust, and dry
His brushes by the easel lie.
The master's work is done—complete—
Rest ye, Thad Welch—Sleep sweet! Sleep

The Gypsy Flute

By RICHARD PERRY

Today I am a vagabond
And I seek the road that leads beyond;
I hear the gypsy flute ahead
And all my cares have swiftly fled.
O whither bound, I cannot say,
I idle all the hours away;
To city, mountain or the sea
The gypsy flute is leading me.

4

The Hill Road

From: "In Colours of the West,"

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

"Ah, Señorita, tell me where you go With orchid and hibiscus in your hand, And all the morning in your face aglow."

"Señor, I go
Along this path to that hushed bit of land
Where is my first love's grave, and flowers grow
By trees that stir with winds strayed in from
sea
And in the winds the sweet lush grasses blow
Their whispers gracefully."

"But why your smiles and flowers in your hair?"
"But, ah, Señor, another lover there
Waits now to weep with me!"

The Rejuvenation of Safune

By JAMES HANSON

of the present day is this, but of a decades ago, when in Samoa life ed spaciously, in an iniquitous and mosphere, without fear of God or

that a titanic jolt, as powerful as g of an earth-cataclysm, shook une to the very roots of its

jar of reform. And Heath Van a recent resident of the hamlet,

ing halls must go. Riff-raff and des of their social level must for-

Squareface—gin, kava, swipes, houses wherein it was sold, must part of Safune—aye, Safune must pristine as the day-lilies on the aven.

protested; but the evangelical fires voutly in the mono-minded brains irk and his coterie of converts, that vailed as law.

re born of Samoa!" lamented one our ancestors before us, and our rr us. Here are the mausoleums he dusty bones of our kings and r must we forsake the place of our fishing-reefs and our taro patches? trouble; we harm no one—"

ın Buskirk answered:

do you toil. My eyes see naught of the devil: aualuma (unmarried) keep company with married men, papalagitafeas (beach-combers), dancers who are as scarlet as the saragas bird."

Propo, a grey, wrinkled octogenarian, veined arm once advertised him a squid catching, rose from his tappa tered on his rheumatic legs before meaker. His voice was hoarse from runk the night before at a wassail ve new life to me," he croaked, hauled half-drowned from the sea, moe capsized in a kona gale. It lo Day—"

sought ever afterward to drown rum," retorted the teacher. A ouragement came from his retinue. maiden, the tears seeping copiously between the lashes of her sloe eyes, thrust out

her arms in protest and appeal.

"But where must we go?" she cried—"to the sea? Are we bonita fish, that can swim among the polyp beds? Are we fuia birds, that can fly elsewhere through the sky? Yet must we flee!"

"You have canoes," said Van Buskirk.
"Yonder lie atolls."

A heart-rending murmur rose in a hundred throats.

Van Buskirk's eyes focused contemptuously on a half-clad, whiskery and unkempt white man who stood in the midst of the assemblage.

"And you," he scoffed—"Bruce Brockman—once a great and noble barrister, whose name was known on two continents—'gone native'—fallen so low as to have your arm tattooed by a native woman. Shame!"

"It was a declaration of our love," confessed the beach-tramp. "It was a true love, the only real affection I have ever known."

The one without sin drew himself up dramatically.

"The shores of Safune shall be taboo to you, also," he avowed. "But take my advice and arouse yourself. Be a man—not the shell of one."

Accordingly the Fita-fitas (police) were summoned; and the populace of the waterfront received official orders to be off—the Caroline Islanders, half-blooded Paumotuans, kavachewing girls, attired in lava-lavas of calico, Fijian, and Melanesian "Blackbirds" whose sires ate "long-pig," and shiftless whites—runaways from tramp steamers.

Before a week had passed Safune was clean. Nary a damsel's voice was heard in crystalline laughter or song at the deserted drinking Inns. No longer were heard the chanty and clamor of sailing men from the lolling places beneath the fetan trees. Their cries were plaintive and their demeanor pathetic, as they breathed a last farewell to the sun-kissed palms and silver beach, to seek location and surcease elsewhere.

"Talofa!" they sighed, their eyes moist with lament, and flung their leis and ulas of blood-red seu-seu berries behind and pushed off into the ocean rollers.

* * * *

Once had the avocados ripened, and once had the jaos brought forth their brood of honey-

sippers from among the blooms of the mummy apple, since Safune was rejuvenated. The calaboose was devoid of occupants, and the Fita-fitas had been discharged and found labor in the vanilla plantations. The tiny, decadent hallelujah-house, which stood in the midst of a prolific growth of underbrush, its broken windows in the whitewashed walls standing out like gaping eye orifices in a skull, had been torn down and a pretentious substitute erected in its place.

The "money collectors" became the aristocracy of Safune. An election was called, and Heath Van Buskirk, the foremost patron of tea parties, the subtle, the unctuous, softtoned of speech with women and wise with men was duly boosted to the elevated office held

by the first man of the village.

Under his guidance a series of blue-laws were instituted. A tax was levied on everything taxable, till the worthy coffers became filled to an ampleness. They had long since ceased to save souls; for there were now no sinners to save. An odor of sanctity pervaded the whole place, except perhaps, in one district, which yet remained a saturnine totem to its departed citizens.

Ah! but therein was the rift in the ethereal trump. And in that district was concealed the real truth for the compulsory exodus of its folk. Ostensibly it had been because they were drones; privately it was because that area was fertile and rich in volunteer upgrowths of coconut trees. This last was what had fallen under the covetous eyes of some whose names need no repeating.

More than one had made the solemn declaration to possess a section of it. It was like a fat, juicy bone between a dozen snarling dogs. No one of them had dared make the first snatch at the delicious morsel for fear of the others.

For there had been a gradually rising undercurrent of jealousy rife among the exclusive set. Later the feeling became more manifest, until finally it developed into an open race as to who should become the wealthiest in Safune.

The situation became more strained when the women began to vie for the position of First Lady, and they goaded their husbands on without stint.

Van Buskirk, assuming a squatter's rights, culminated the affair by grabbing and settling down upon the choicest portion of the tract.

What a furore it caused! Immediately a score of others sprang into the fray, clutching and grasping every bit of ground upon which nut-bearing trees grew, till no land was left.

But there was not enough for all. Con-

sequently the tribe became split into two hostile factions. In the battle for dollars and cents the House of Glory was forgotten; the spiders had spun webs across its entrance and its sides were afoul with smothering vines.

But the departed ones! Were they not considered? Indeed, no. None had given them a thought. Nor did any one care for their welfare as long as they stayed away from Sufane.

One day, when the monetary enmity was at its height, an individual landed in Safune—a personage of striking appearance, having the pompous carriage of one of importance, penetrating eyes and a well-trimmed, pointed beard which was streaked generously with grey. James Cushman was his name, he said—although names did not mean much in those days.

This mysterious one had lived a spacious life and was a man of vast experience and ability. So ere the lapse of a week he had propelled himself upon a venture that was as dark as the river Styx. His face gleaned with satisfaction as his restless eyes appraised the fertile fields and abundant groves, but he played

his game carefully.

First, he became a devoted attendant upon the elite. Second, he was a brilliant conversationalist, especially when among the feme covertes, which by no other reason made him a most necessary part of their ultra-exclusiveness. His position would have made a Rasputin envious. The femininity sought his opinion upon every subject. As time went on his word was considered the last and most binding.

This seemed to cause Cushman endess amusement. He surely knew human nature. He always had a brand to add to the fires of bitter turmoil—always sympathizing with the woman who brought him her tale of woe and to whom he would suggest a method of securing a fitting revenge; or secretly informing some Reynard how another could be bested in the game of sly business.

Most naturally he was considered an interloper. When he was absent from the afternoon teas, things were whispered over the cups about him; yet when present he was lionized to satiety. Rumors of his escapades, real or fancied, reached the menfolk of Safune, who unanimously agreed to rid the community of the beast at the first opportunity offered, then went on about their business of grabbing.

* * * *

Days melted into weeks, and weeks into months, and Safune became a hornet's nest of industry. Noble groves, literally drooping

with great clusters of tawny coconuts, were everywhere. Many had cleared patches of ground of brush in readiness to accommodate the white meat of the coconut harvest and already it smacked of ill-smelling copra-packets, sun-browned Kanaka porters, sun-drawn coconut oil, and dollars—mostly dollars.

Through the medium of James Cushman an American syndicate agreed to accept the entire output of copra, cash down, upon filling the ship's bunkers. As yet Cushman resided in Sufune; his help and knowledge of business made him indispensible, though he was both

"Gentlemen," he said leisurely, "I shall leave you this very afternoon. I am pleased to have been in your company during my sojourn in your little village and it will be a greater pleasure for me when we meet again—which will be soon. Very soon! Talofa!" He turned away.

The members of the committee exchanged glances. What did he mean? What under-current was in his tone? But they smiled as they watched him stride away.

At dawn, two days later, on the sleepily rolling bosom of the Pacific rode motley craft that



"No longer the chanty and clamor of sailing men from beneath the fetan trees"

Feared and hated. But after the season was over and he had received his commission he would be told to take his departure—so he had been openly informed by more than one irate citizen. This had brought only an enigmatic smile from him.

But the day when Cushman was told to bid Safune adieu came suddenly. It happened Coincidently with the coming of the first copra boat.

Heath Van Buskirk, as the spokesman of a committee of five, approached him and with-cut formalities of any kind bluntly told him to decamp. They had expected opposition, hence they were considerably surprised at the attitude taken by Cushman.

numbered two hundred—old whaling cutters, leg o'mutton-rigged punts, bancas, ancient sampans, battered outrigger canoes—in which rode merry humans bedecked with garlands of flowers and crowned with ulas of scarlet hibiscus. Straight into the harbor of Safune the heterogeneous fleet went pell-mell under the guiding hands of grey steersmen. Meles and chanties were voiced with the hum of halyards, and the clatter of rusty chains that plunged into five fathoms of anchorage. And led by James Cushman, they trooped clamorously up the street.

Safune, mother of the care-free children, did not bare her bosom to take them to her breast; instead, the elders of her family hastened to summon the Fita-fitas from their toils, reorganized the outfit and armed them with short-barreled Mausers in readiness to do battle. And once more a delegation, headed by Heath Van Buskirk, hotly met the crusaders and demanded the reason for this intrusion.

"So this is your revenge!" sneered Van Bus-

kirk to Cushman.

"Correct," retorted Cushman.

"We give you just one hour—" began Van Buskirk.

Cushman silenced him with an upraised hand.
"Not so fast," he said dryly. "Hadn't we better have a little talk first? Just you and I?"

Something in his tone, Van Buskirk knew not just what caused him to grunt an acceptance to the suggestion. He motioned Cushman to follow. When they were alone he suddenly demanded:

"What right have you—?"
The other smiled, quizzically.

"I'm Bruce Brockman, if that means anything to you." Again he smiled, at Van Buskirk's involuntary start. He resumed: "I've taken your advice; I've made a man of myself. Just now, I'm working in the interests of my friends"—he waved a hand toward the babble of voices outside—"and I'm going to see justice done them."

Van Buskirk, resolving to bluff, drew himself up with a colossal effort. His voice came tremulously in his intended defiance:

"You can't intimidate me, Brockman."

Brockman's jaw set.

"You're a thief!" he said emphatically. "That land and its entire crop belongs to these

people by hereditary right. And I'll see that they get it. They've got a clear case against you. They are willing to be generous with you; you can have one-half of the proceeds. I advise you to take their offer."

For the last time Van Buskirk ventured a protest.

"My friends will stand by me," he blustered. "We've got money behind us—you haven't."

"Do you think they would stand by you if they knew your record in Ponape?" Brockman exploded his bomb shell.

Van Buskirk collapsed. He wiped his damp forehead with the back of a trembling hand. If his record became known, he was utterly ruined. He steadied himself, his voice coming huskily:

"Perhaps we were a little hasty. I think it's advisable to act upon your—er—suggetion." He cursed himself inwardly and wondered that he had not recognized Brockman before. Yet, he groaned, who could associate the beach-comber with the well-groomed figure standing before him? He rose to his feet, and sighed: "If the rest will only agree—"

"They had better," was Brockman's final

thrust.

Ten minutes later Van Buskirk was earnestly and persuasively addressing his companions in crime.

"—and besides," he finished, "we should never have sent them away from Safuse. It was our righteous duty to convert them. Therefore let us make of them good citizens."

And Bruce Brockman coolly lit a cigar, and

smiled.

8 8 8

"The world is a comedy to those that think."

—Horace Walpole.





Duzhury Reef from Mt Tamalpais

- L

Just One of Them

By SUZANNE McKELVY

WAS an old man whose face showed be lines of toil and harsh living. His nin hair was white, and his hands rough ried. His face, in a crowd, would atone, until you came to the eyes, which I from beneath the bushy brows like—about to say glints of steel, but no—ike sunbeams shining through a dense of leaves.

were remarkable eyes when you looked again. They were so bright and so r this plain type of man. They seemed such hidden things, such longings for ag better than had come to the lot of seesor.

monotony of dull routine was going on slowly in the dimly lighted courtroom ve make American citizens of the flotlietsam which comes to our shores, askto adopt them and give them the proud f American. One after another went are the kindly judge, who put the requestions to them, and now and then rem a little help over the hard places. metimes the inexorable law compelled leny some trembling applicant the papers rould make him one of us. He was just and there was always a note of sympathy in his voice when he said, "I ry, but I will have to deny the papers. v gives me no other course."

e morning wore on, among a number of almost unpronounceable names, our of the shining eyes responded, and took t near the judge to be questioned as to or not he would make a desirable

he members of the court he was just a hundred other applicants to be quesand get through if he could, or be sent or another long wait if he failed. The ras growing a little weary now with the strain of the long hours he had sat in his nd with little variation conducted the roceedings.

irst look was hardly a glance at the ig old man who faced him there, and looked more closely as he caught the in those eyes, and the courage, and youthful sparkle. Then he studied the old face, the sparse white hair and the d hands, before he put his first ques-

"How long have you been in this country?"

The answer startled the entire court room.
"Forty years, your Honor."

The judge sat upright and showed an unusual interest at once.

"Forty years, and you have never asked, in all that time, to be made a citizen? Why have you not taken out papers before?"

And then—had ever so strange a scene taken place in any naturalization court in all of this great ccuntry?

The old man straightened up and leaned forward. Those glowing eyes held the judge and made him listen to the tense voice which went on and on with his life story. He told how, as a young man, he had come to America and then straight to San Francisco, sailing in through the Golden Gate on a vessel on which he had worked his way from New York. A long and arduous trip in those days. He told how he had loved San Francisco and her glorious bay and hills, and resolved that when the time came that he could have a home, it should be here.

He told how he had gone away to the mines and toiled year after year, but each time just as he though he had reached success, and could reap some reward for his hard labor, something had happened to snatch that reward from his outstretched hands. Once it was a serious accident which kept him on a bunk in his cabin for many months; once it was a swindler, who, taking advantage of his ignorance of our laws, cheated him out of his claim and left him penniless while he reaped the golden harvest which should have been his. And then, when almost discouraged, the Klondike fever came to California, and he was one of the first to go.

On and on he talked, while the judge, attachés, and even the entire courtroom sat enthralled. The soul of a poet shone out of those brilliant old eyes, and unexpected sentences came from the ready tongue, as he told of his wanderings in Alaska—told of long, lonely winters in those icy mountains, of the great silences that could be felt; of hunger, and freezing hands and feet; of the rough companionship; and of the gnawing at one's heart for a fireside and a woman's love.

"And then, Judge, I struck a little vein, not a million," and the eyes twinkled now, "but I got enough together to make good my old promise to myself that I should sometime have a home here beside the Golden Gate, and here I am. I am lonely. I have no country. My native land would never do for me now, and I am an American. I have earned the right to be called one, and I want my papers, Judge. I want to vote, I want to pay taxes on the home I am going to own, and help keep up the schools and playgrounds for the children. In all of those long, cold winters, and those years of grinding search for gold, I always thought of San Francisco for my home. I am going to live where I can see the blue waters of the ocean, and the green hills with the little yellow poppies showing on their slopes, like the gold I hunted. I want to see the Golden Gate and remember how thrilled I was when I sailed through it as a boy, forty years ago. And maybe, Judge, I have not been able to do much for America, but if ever there is a chance to help her I will do it if you will tell me how."

He stopped talking, and the tired judge changed his steady gaze from the old face, out through the open window, looked long at the hills glowing in the April sunshine. The soft west wind came in and gently touched his face. And he knew that the longing of this hungry old heart must be gratified, and the materialization of the dream should be given to this old man to have a home here where Nature has scattered gems of beauty with so lavish a hard He pictured the little home somewhere on a hillside, where the roses would blossom first in the springtime, where the blue waters could be seen from the window, and where, perhaps, the sound of the waves might come at times. Where the flaming poppies would peep forth, and jet the little garden like bits of sunshine, where the gentle Spirit of Peace would hover over this worn soul after its many wanderings and bring that serenity which belongs to age.

Then his gaze came back to the waiting man before him, and he said, "The applicant is at

mitted."

The old face shone with the joy of the realized dream of a lifetime. He was no longer a man without a country.

A Library Meditation

By KATHERINE MILNER PEIRCE

(Author of "A Song of Faith" and other books of verse.)

A golden chalice rippling to the brim
With sparkling nectar from the streams of Thought,
Within its depths no shadow gray and grim,
But myriad tints of rain-bow beauty fraught
With living truth. The crystal waters caught
From springs celestial on the verge of Time,
Through countless scenes a subtle charm hath brought
From every tongue and every age and clime.

Amid these days of busy toil and strife, When pleasure lures with all its transient glow, From this fair chalice with its wine of life, I gladly drink of Thought's eternal flow, And listen for the Voice the sages heard, When from Jehovah came the Living Word.

"Spyglass" Jim

By PAUL C. TEWKESBURY

name was James Graham, but to us of ne sleepy little village of Shropshire, 'ermont, he was known simply, univerd affectionately as "Spyglass" Jim. He t fifty years of age, a bachelor, and lived elf in a cozy little shack perched high ff at the edge of town. From the age of to forty-eight, he had been employed us capacities by the H. & D. S., the of which Shropshire constituted one of ef division points. At forty-eight, an on the system's crack Montreal-Bosess, he had suffered injuries in a boilern, which resulted, ultimately, in the : paralysis of his left arm and hand. d retired him on a substantial pension, ht a small patch of land in Shropshire, liminutive house, and settled down to a hermit-like existence—rumor had it, ng somewhat of a literary turn of mind, et himself at work to compose a history ing career with the old "D. S."

ottage, I say, topped a bluff—a quite able bluff—overlooking the village west. From its tiny front porch, he stain a magnificent panoramic view of ged, hill-broken country for miles

But it was not the view itself which ffered the supreme inducement toward ing in that particular spot. Out of the t, from behind the distant, slate-blue Monument Mountain, wound and he gleaming irons of the railroad, cross-Cabin Gulch atop an immense, almost z fill, plunging into Galway Tunnel, z to swing in an abrupt, sharp curve valley, thence, up a stiff grade, entering ge to wind and twist away into the From the point of its first appearance, stward, to where it entered Shropshire mething like a dozen miles of rail were Graham, seated upon his piazza, and n account of this that he had chosen of the bluff as the ideal spot for his But the greater share of his waking ere passed in an old cushioned chair e porch, from whence he could send gaze wide and deep into the hazevista, and mark each train's coming The fascination of the rails for the lroader held him fast; and he would d exult like a child to see the great

trains shoot down the valley grade, swing around the bend, disappear into the tunnel, flash into view again at the opposite mouth, soar across the long fill, and vanish behind the mountain, twelve miles off.

But his vision, heretofore almost preternaturally acute, began suddenly to fail him. was in the third year of his residence upon the bluff, when one day he made a trip to Burlington, returning laden with a huge, gleaming, brass spyglass and a heavy steel tripod for its support. This he installed upon the porch of his house and henceforward he might be seen at any time during the day perched precariously upon a high, three-legged stool, his eye glued to the ocular of the burnished tube, intent always upon his ever-enthralling scrutiny of the rails. A fine old fellow, kind and generous. A most interesting talker, particularly where railroads and railroad affairs were concerned, for his knowedge of them was profound and the subject a source of never-failing inspiration and delight to him. He welcomed and entertained visitors without number and his tales of his railroad experiences, replete as they were with the romance, adventure and perils of that inimitable profession, charmed and intrigued us all.

But you are wondering how he acquired his nickname of "Spyglass" Jim. It was this way. He had been a dweller in Shropshire for upward of six quiet years, long enough for us villagers to become well acquainted with him, and to learn to love his sweet and kindly nature. Up to that sixth year, however, we had addressed him solely as Jim, then, one day, he astounded us all by the performance of a feat in detection—but wait! I will let Jim, himself, tell you the story, as he told it that evening to a group of us, gathered about the stove in the rear room of Edgerton's store:

"It's queer," Jim began, "how sometimes a fellow gets a hunch that somethin' intimately concernin' himself, or his friends, or relatives, or even his casual acquaintances, is goin' to happen on a certain date. And this hunch, or whatever you feel like callin' it, keeps persistin' and growin' and developin' in his mind until it becomes so dominant that he actually begins to put some faith in it. Now, superstition and myself ain't scarcely on speakin' terms and you understand I'm not imputin' to this particu-

lar intuition of mine any element or influence

appertainin' to the machinations of the supernatural or any such thing as that. No, sirree, not I! But I woke up this mornin' about four o'clock, with the feelin' that somethin' was a-gettin' ready to occur-somethin' not exactly to my personal interest but, from the relation it bore to certain others o' humanity, involvin' me more or less. Somethin', too, of a nature distinctly not beneficial to them concerned. couldn't make out, just then, what it was, but it disturbed me considerable and I lay in the dark a-ponderin' of it and tryin' to coax it into takin' some definite shape. I got up at six and whilst I was eatin' my breakfast, the thing, all of a sudden, sort of translated itself-come out clear and distinct-like and I says to myself: 'It's the D. S.! Somethin's goin' to happen on the D. . . . Somethin' not to the advantage of the Road, or anybody concerned, directly or indirectly, with the managin' or the travellin' of the Road!' And, knowin' this, I felt considerable worried for I knew that anythin' happenin' to hurt the old D. S. was a-happenin' for to hurt me, too. I didn't try to finish my breakfast. By seven o'clock I was out a-squintin' thru the glass along the rail. The northbound mornin' mail was swingin' 'round the bend, and I watched her climb the grade and pull into the yard. Soon as she got clear the milk accommodation for Boston shoved onto the main line and I followed her down the valley and 'round the bend, into the tunnel. Now, the milk ain't no fast express, but when she strikes that curve at the foot of the grade she's doin' some thirtyfive per and the thought come sudden to me: 'What if a train, travelin' at thirty-five, or even twenty-five, was to jump the irons at that point —what would happen? Why, she'd smash head-on agin' the face o' Galway Mountain head-on. I say! - and there's be one o' the worst gosh-darn catastrophes ever happened on any road!' I used to hit the curve at forty-three with the Flyer and I can well remember how the old 2002 used to rock and pitch, and the cars sway and roll when we took the swing. But nothin' ever happened there and the place wasn't considered dangerous, though the rules forbade any of us to try to take it at above

"Well, as I say, I watched the Milk go south and, for the first time in my life, I felt queer when she struck that curve. I found myself a-mutterin' out loud: "Supposin' she was to take the jump! Gosh a'mighty! what a mess there'd be!"

"The air was clear, the sun not too bright, and I could see distinctly. I kept sweepin' the glass up and down the irons, but, curious

enough, I always swung back to the bend and studied it, and stared at it, as if I'd never seen the thing before! And every time a peculiar, anxious-like feelin,' come over me and I kept a-sayin' to myself: 'Just what if a train actually was to leave the irons right there!'

"The southbound local freight went team down the valley and about an hour later the refrigerator took the grade. I kept a-studyn' the curve and after a while I says to myself: 'Jim, you old fool, forget it! Nothin's ever happened there yet and trains 've been takin' that bend for upward of fifty years. What is Sam Hill has got ye to worrin' and fidgetin' now?' I felt like a ninny, provoked at myself for givin' way to any such outlandish fear so I swung the glass toward the yard and watched the shifter spot out cars. I stood this for an hour, then, cussin' myself, I took another squint at the curve.

"Then I see 'em! Or, at first I thought I see 'em, for the suddenness of it knocked the wind clean out of me and I thinks to myself: 'Jim, you old critter, you've gone and done it, now! Got your fool self all worked up by imaginin' crazy things and now you've reached the pint where you see where there ain't nothin' to be

seen!

"But it wasn't imagination. I see 'em. They was there!—three of 'em! I could make out the color of their clo'es!—I could see that one of 'em wore glasses and another, who appeared to be the oldest, had whiskers. The third, I took it, was nothin' but a kid . . . Yes, and by usin' all the power the glass could stand, I could see their lips a-movin' when they talked! They were dressed in pretty night rags and the whiskered cuss was minus a hat.

"But what was they a-doin'? Well, for quite some little time, that item had me stumped. They was standin' on the track, close together, just outside the tunnel, where the rails break onto the bend and they appeared to be lookin' round, as if huntin' for somethin, a-talkin' all the while. I watched 'em. They was new to me and their looks didn't favor 'em none-Tramps!' says I to myself. 'And evil-lookin' birds, at that!'

"I felt suspicious and kept my eyes on 'em. Then, all at once, the whiskered fellow pointed up the cut and started to walk in that direction. The others followed and, pretty soon I see what their game was, and it brought the heart into my mouth and turned me sick all over!

"They was fixin' to wreck a train! I see it all in a flash!—they was goin' to pile boulders on the track! The first train along—well, it ain't pleasant to contemplate what would happen when the locomotive hit them rocks! And

houls would loot the wreck! Yes. 1 did before. I recall an instance & L.—but say! what a sensation me as I realized what them fiends out to do! I watched 'em pry a big 'un, out of the cut-bank and and shove it onto the track. Seemed scinated, hypnotized, or somethin'! glued on 'em. I couldn't make to scle! But it didn't last long. s, and hopped down off the stool come to me! The Flyer! Southin Shropshire at 11:08! My Eleven cars—a thousand passenke McShane at the throttle, Kelvin takin' tickets, I've known Blake

nd to fire for me, back in the '80s, peppery, and inclined to be some n he's mad. The train would tear rade, and strike the bend at close uke couldn't see the rocks until ten rods of 'em and he couldn't do n. He'd be caught!—helpless! He n twist the air! He'd be right on and and there they'd go; Luke and of 'em, straight to glory! and the d loot the wreck!

for the station, just as I was, not ut on my shoes or button up my just as tight as I could run and I pulled out my watch and glanced en-thirteen! Luke was late! be later! It's a mile, you know, ce to the depot and the road ain't d. I ran 'til every bit of wind was nd I felt weak and sick all over. 1-Luke whistled! Two long and e Adams Crossin' and I knew from snapped 'em off that he was mad. en-seventeen, then. He was nine nd. They wouldn't stop more than s, just long enough for orders and her down the straight at fifty-five! eyin' headquarters, of course, but e and mad—and to the old Harry irters! I know Luke.

runnin'—on my nerve, now, for about gone. Luke blew the long, n' in like a comet! I heard the roar as he shot across Tillson's didn't cut her off until within a e from the station—and then, how it in! Aye, Luke was mad, sure

uldn't make it. I kept a-goin' but was gone, and I was reelin' and out like a man the worse for drink. 't seem to make no progress. I

prayed—no, I'm not much on religion, I hain't been inside a church in twenty year—but I prayed, just the same. Prayed that somethin' would happen, that somebody'd see the obstruction and have a chance to warn the crew in time. I prayed a cylinder-head'd blow out, or a valve go bust, or the engine'd jump the rails at some frog in the yard—or that Luke, or the fireman, or some-un o' the crew'd get took sick sudden-anythin.' Anythin' to give me time to reach the station before that cussed train pulled out! I see visions o' what was goin' to happen. I went weavin' along like a crazy man; and sick? Well, now! I vowed I'd make it. I'd got to make it! But the chances was all agin me and things was a-floatin' and a-whirlin' in front o' my eyes and my head was like plumb to bust! I heard Luke pull in and stop and I had a third of a mile yet to go. I cried and cursed aloud! I just went out o' my head but I kept movin', somehow. I heard the 4026's bell ringin'—Luke hadn't even shut off the air. A thousand souls —and not six minutes to perdition for the lot of em!

"And then I laughs and hollers out like a maniac for I see Doc Evans a-comin' towards me, devil-bent in that little tin flivver of his! I yells at him and he draws up and looks at me suspicious-like, but I climbs right into the machine and tells him to swing her 'round and head for the station and to give her all she c'n stand! Doc, he sort o' grins but he does what I say, and off we go! The rest of it ain't clear to me. I was all in a muddle when we got to the station and I hain't no recollection o' what happened.

"But—well, you know how things turned out. And Dave, here, tells me the culprits was caught soon after. They found 'em cached in a culvert not thirty rods from the place where the tragedy would have occurred! Caught dead to rights and the old whiskered cuss confessed! They ought to get life for it and I wouldn't be surprised to hear they did.

"When I was runnin' the Burlin'ton Accommodation, back in '98, the fellows got into the habit o' callin' me 'Spyglass' Jim—they said I could see a signal so dum far off that my eyes must be magnifyin' lenses! The moniker stuck to me and I come to like it, somehow. It was thinkin' o' that old name, a while back, when my eyes begin to go back on me, that put the idee into my head of buyin' a regular spyglass. And now, boys, after what's happened today, I feel a kind o' hankerin' for the old name back again,—see?"

We took the hint and the old fellow was "Spyglass" Jim to us all from that day forth



Nemațe Inii and vigoraus"

Hawaiian Yesterdays— The Winged Man of Kauai

By DAISY CARTWRIGHT NELSON

was very still in the garden. Over the wall the stephanotis and trumpet vines climbed in a riotous tangle, the rows of rd roses sent from the States were a flovely fragrance, and the drowsy midgair was languorously filled with the of ginger and Ylang-Ylang.

sin Bruce and I. under the China Orange rere deep in the midst of Treasure Island, to us from our beloved Mr. Stevenson. the little Philippino monkey, slid up and the pole, atop which his little house was d, and amused himself by throwing the e had industriously mixed with the water drinking cup, at Malietoa. Malietoa was altese cat, who, perched on the edge of old Fish Pool, drowsed in the sun, with ye open, for he always lived in the exion of seizing a fat gold fish too near lge. Not deigning to notice him Jocko to his house to sulk, occasionally peerorth and giving vent to his injured feely a weird little cry.

alietoa," I said, "have a care. You know noiselle is watching you, and you ate 1 gold fish and one guinea-pig only yes, and you ought to remember what she 1 you." Malietoa turned his green, in-ble gaze in our direction, arose, stretched f with the utmost unconcern, yawned y, rolled himself into a compact ball and I himself off to sleep.

ras Saturday morning, the day that Keona, ld fern man came down from Nuuanu with his load of ferns, guavas and ohias, suntain apples. To us his coming meant or wreath of flowers, for me and, if we beguile him into it, a story. On this parmorning Keona had brought with him e Farleyense fern and one of the rare iian orchids; for in Hawaii Nei there are vo varieties and they are both small and on the island of Hawaii. As was usual Ceona's "coup d'état" the orchid had only forthcoming when the rest of his stock in had been disposed of. It was a lovely, but nd perfectly formed blossom, swaying on ender stem like some gorgeous little fly. Grandmother, with whom the collectferns and plants was a passion, was like a child in her delight. Keona knowing this charged her accordingly.

"Keona," said cousin Bruce, "did the Menehunes (Fairies) really bring it?"

"That," said Keona, "I cannot say. Only this morning at dawn the Leka, that Makia wrote to us from Kauai, and that we were keeping for Kapu to read to us, was caught up by the wind and blown away. As fast as my old bones would permit I pursued it and, deep in the ferns, I found it and beside it was the winged flower. I knew it at once for it is a Tabu flower, which only the Alii (royalty) may possess and so I brought it here for the Little Alii.

"Long ago," said Keona impressively, "there were winged men in Hawaii Nei and, not only that, but winged war canoes. Look not at me with such round eyes, Paluki, for it is true what I speak. Before the time of the Great Kamehameha, Namaka came to Oahu from Kauai. In Kauai he was a great athlete and excelled in all the sports, besides which he could sing for new fields to conquer, he set out for Oahu. A young man tall and vigorous."

"Handsome," I asked, "with golden hair, blue eyes, and very fair?"

"No, Little Alii," said Keona, "never was seen a man such as the Little Alii describes who was considered handsome. Dark he was, and his hair was black as the thunder clouds; his eyes brown and beautiful as the edge of the rainbow that makes your heart ache."

I gave a sigh of disappointment, which Keona very obviously ignored, for he went on with his story.

"Now in those days there lived in Nuuanu, Pakuanui, a great wrestler and runner who, when he heard of the coming of Namaka, challenged him to meet him. The news spreading around, there came all of the Alii and the people from all quarters of the Island. So came forth Namaka and Pakuanui. Long they wrestled until Namaka, proving himself the better man of the two, Pakuanui flew into a rage and rushing at his adversary drove him high up the mountainside before him. Without warning Namaka turned himself into a rainbow and, strong and rushing as the Pali winds, turned on Pakuanui, lashing him with

raindrops, cold and stinging, taunting and tormenting him until Pakuanui cried 'enough,' and upon each spot where a raindrop fell grew a Winged Flower such as I have brought this morning.

"Pakuanui then challenged Namaka to a race. With cunning intent he ran toward the Pali, up the narrow, steep path, gradually allowing Namaka to out-strip him. Reaching the edge of the great cliff, over which in later years Kamehameha drove his enemies to their death on the Plains below, Pakuanui drew back, thinking thus to destroy Namaka as other undesirables had been destroyed before him. Great was his astonishment when Namaka, pausing lightly on the edge of the Pali, spread out his arms, beneath which great yellow wings appeared, and like the lo bird, flew high in the air; descending lightly, from time to time, to brush against the furious Pakuanui by the hour Meles (songs) of the great deeds of his ancestors. Tiring of Kauai and longing with the tips of his wings. Furious and ashamed the former champion hid himself among the ferns and koa trees of Nuuanu, refusing to come out by day, prowling about by night, fearful of the ridicule of the people. Then the greatest of all the High Alii made Namaka his Aikane, (bosom friend) and his young daughter Lilia, falling in love with him, gave her to him as his wife.

"Lilia was beautiful and an Ehu. Her eyes were green as the sea, and her hair the color of the cocoanut husks that lie along the beach, wet and burnished by the sea and sun. Not red, but with the glow, when the sunlight touched it, of deep ruddy fires. She loved to swim in the surf at Waikiki when the moonlight traced silver pathways across the water, and there, at night, Namaka taught her to fly. The people marvelled greatly and called them the 'Bird People.'

"At last Namaka tiring of life on Oahu took Lilia and together they flew away to Maui. Namaka leaving in his path a rainbow across which Lilia walked when she became tired of her flight. The people of Maui seeing them coming mistook them for gods and, assembling on the shore to meet them, built a Heiau (Temple) for them and did them great honor. But soon they discovered that like themselves Lilia and Namaka were human and the Alii becoming jealous of them, Namaka built a great War Canoe and in this they flew to Hawaii. So for a time they lived on one or another of the eight islands and at last came home to Kauai, where Namaka built himself a home. Here he and Lilia spent their declining years among their children and grandchild To two of their children, and children's dren, was it given the power to fly and s down through the generations has that descended.

"Here in Hawaii Nei is one who has power" said Keona, lowering his voice my ously, "between us it is a deep secret."

'As he grew to old age Namaka becar prophet and those who heeded his words followed his teachings have become wise and prospered. Great was their wisdom that of their descendents. I will sing y Mele, Little Alii and Paluki, that came to from my father who had it from his fa to whom it came by word of mouth a through the years, from our Aikane of Nar ancestors. Thus you may see why as Nar foretold, Kamehameha never conquered K by force, but to him it was ceded by the r ing Alii of Kauai who wished to come u his wise rule." And forthwith, removing old pipe from his mouth, his eyes fixed or blue Hawaiian sky overhead, Keona bega chant:

> "I am Namaka The Winged Man of Kauai Hear what I say For thus it shall be. Great is our Island, The Garden Spot Tabu to the Alii Is it for their taking A Tabu that was set By the Gods, Papa and Waken, Kane, Ku and Lono, And all of the Rest In the days when the Land Came up from the Sea. Older than Pele Are their commands Kauai, lovely as stars That burn in the Sky Or the Rainbow that arches From Island to Island Warm as the sunshine, And cool as the dew We find in the Valley below. Lovely Kauai Shall never be conquered, But given for love, To the Greatest Alii. He who shall come To take all the Islands, Under his rule, All shall he conquer.

Excepting Kauai.
Heed ye Namaka,
Heed well the Prophecy
Of Him of the Wings,
Who flew over the Islands."

I when Namaka came to the end of his continued Keona, pausing for breath,

"Of course," said Keona, raising his voice, "I am a believer in the Haole God. Every Sunday I go to Kamaihau Church with Melekule and the children. Has not Melekule a fine black satin Holoku, and a hat with a Haole feather, off that strange Haole bird with the long legs? And the fine shiny shoes that hurt my feet so that I can walk like the 'Pleacher?' We are



"Kauai, where Namaka built himself a home"

came in a night a young man again, and rom an old woman with hair like the on Mauna Kea, a beautiful young girl. er they flew away, their wings flashing sunlight. Where did they go? That is en to such as I to know. Perhaps to the he Haoles (white people) call Heaven, s where my people believe, to a lovelier of Islands, to 'Kane Huna Moku,' where Evil that is about us here may not go."

attired better than some Haoles and can sing the 'Hymnas' that the Missionaries taught us when we were small, along with the best of them. Last Sunday the 'Pleacher' said 'Brother Keona will lead with the singing.' So I sang 'Lock of Ages' and Makia handed me the bottle of gin, behind the Hymna book, so that I could sing better,

"Little Alii and Paluki, the time will come when the Winged men and the great Winged

War Canoes will fly over our Land and our Ocean and over the Haoles Land and the other great Ocean the 'Haole Kind Titchers' told us about, and in which I do not believe, for how could it be? The land would be flooded."

"Awe," said Keona, "the sun is on the other side of the Alani (Orange) tree and it is a long

way to Nuuanu."
"Ah Kee," I called, "bring Keona a cup of coffee and the bread for Melekule and the sack of lump sugar.

"Thank Melekule for my beautiful Lei ilima and you Keona for the Winged Flower and the

Story.

"Aloha, Little Alii, and you, Paluki, and to you many thanks," said Keona, and shouldering the long bamboo pole from which hung the fern baskets Melekule wove him of Lauhala. he disappeared around the corner of the Rose Arbor. Tall and hale in spite of his eighty years, Keona was the finest type of the old Hawaiian.

"Do you believe," said Bruce, "all that he said about flying? How could a cance fly in the air? Don't you remember how I hurt myself when I flew out of the window with the paper wings we made?" he asked.

"Of course I believe it," I said, "they will have wings like the sails on the old whaling ships in the paintings that hang in grad-

father's office."

"Well, if they do, I'll go up in one of thes. and if you think you can keep up," he added

"I'll take you along."

How little we knew, we two cousins, there in the peacefulness of that lovely old Hawaiia garden, that Bruce, and the friends of or childhood, would one day fly over those scale poppy fields in another land, and across another ocean, for the safety of whose women ad children and the women and children of the world, sorrow and sadness were to come mit our own lives. How little we knew.





The Romance of California

By MABEL W. PHILLIPS

The brothers of Saint Francis came
With burnished lamps of gold,
To light the way with faith's pure flame
And tell the story old;
Within the shadowed Missions gray
They taught each neophyte,
That Truth fades not at close of day
Nor lessens with the night.

Conquistadores rode with lance
And banners of their king,
To fend if need be or, perchance,
To joust within the ring;
High were their hopes and proud their fame
Wherever foot had trod,
Theirs was the sword that held to shame
The enemies of God.

In through the star-lit western gates
Rode nobles of old Spain,
With grants and treasure for estates
Within the new domain;
From mount to sea fair vineyards rose
Above the poppied fields,
Crowned with far eternal snows
Whose kiss rare treasure yields.

The golden portals of the land
Unbarred to chivalry,
Unto hidalgo's slender hand
Was passed the magic key;
Then Romance held its tender sway
With dance and serenade,
For Love was lord in knighthood's day
And Beauty homage paid.

Then vanished from the King's Highway
Brown robes and sandaled feet,
And silence like a mantle lay
Where these were wont to meet;
Slowly, from shadowed Missions lone
Faded each dimming light,
Except the lamp of Truth which shone
Unwavering through the night.

Love or Principle

By WALTER J. NORTON

UMPH! So 'Red Mike' Keagon has finally made his threat good and escaped from prison out there in the I'm the bird that ran him to ground and had him salted away for that twenty-year iolt of his and as a gentle reminder of our little run-in I'm wearing this beautiful jagged scar across my cheek and temple. Mike tried by the timely use of his automatic to demonstrate to me his sincerity of purpose."

So remarked Cyrus W. Hass, president and manager of the Hass International Detective Bureau to Jimmie Scanlon, his confidential secretary, as he looked up from the noon edition

of his daily paper.

Scanlon had been in the employ of the Hass Agency for two years. He had gained the good will and respect of every one connected with Also, Jimmie was engaged to marry Agnes Hass, the only daughter of his chief.

'Keagon was sent up for burglarizing some express company's safe, wasn't he, Boss?"

asked limmie.

"Yes, Jim, in this one instance. But Mike is an old-timer, one of the best in the crime game. Altho totally illiterate he specialized in nothing nor did he stop at anything. He went where the haul looked biggest. Many policedepartments and every private 'Dick' agency in the country were cut after the twenty thousand dollar reward offered for him, dead or alive. That is why I took the case in hand and went after him myself. His capture was a great feather in the cap of the Hass agency. I all but lost my life in the encounter, but one of my men took him in after I'd dropped him. as he did me, with his last shot before he fainted from loss of blood."

"I suppose they'll be after us again to locate Keagon, now that he's out, won't they, Mr.

Hass?"

"Oh surely, but some of the boys can go out and get the glory this time. The old man is getting too well along in years for outside work. Besides, on account of my narrow escape at the time. Agnes made me promise hereafter to stick to the office end of the work. You see she thinks pretty well of her old Dad and. after all, she is all that I have to live for.'

That evening when he called, Jimmie spoke of Keagon's escape to Agnes Hass.

"That beast free again!" she exclaimed. Both fear and hatred shone in her large

"Why, he did his best to murder Dad, and now that he is free he may try to carry out

his threat against him."

'Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. Keam no doubt will fight shy of further encounter with a man whom he fears as much as he naturally would his late captor.

"He knows no fear. I called at the jul while he was there. You know they held him a few days before taking him west. I saw him. If there was ever an untamed beast, he is one."

"Did you speak to him, Agnes?"

"Yes, I asked him if he felt any regret about my father."

"What did he say?"

"He asked if Dad had died and, on learning that he was still alive, said that he regretted that part of it. Oh! Jimmie, I hate crook and anyone that has anything to do with then except to put them in prison where they belong.

"But Agnes, some men are innocent—some

are different than-"

'No! No! Do not try to make allowance for the type of men that inhabit jails, or Jim. we'll never get along. I'm not one of those weak-minded, romantic females who make heroes out of desperadoes. I'm bandit-proof. My Dad's life is precious to me, and this Kergon person is representative of thousands of his kind who hold human life cheap when it stands in the way of their murderous purposes."

'But what of such men as Oscar-'

"Stop it. I don't care who they are or how famous, or seemingly good, they may have become. If they are, or ever were criminalsthey are beasts—a menace to human life and welfare. If my own brother were branded a felon. I'd disown him forever."

James Scanlon thought it better not to press his subject further. But, could Agnes have fathomed his thoughts at that time, her high esteem of him, even perhaps, to the extent of blighting their plans and prospective happiness might have been endangered.

Three weeks after their tiff Jimmie escorted Agnes home after they had spent the evening at the opera. On entering the front hall they

ld Jaspard the butler in an unconscious n, bound, gagged and lying huddled in ter.

Ig Agnes behind him and drawing his Jimmie entered the library to find a engaged in drilling the door of the

ds up. Don't turn. Face that wall can search you," cried Scanlon in one "Turn on the lights, dear," he said

disarm this fellow in a jiffy and then

none for the police."

ie reached the spot where the burglar st as the lights were snapped fully on, top and gasp:—"'Red Mike' Keagon!" on turned and in equal surprise said, mmie Kid!"

, James, do you know this man?"

Agnes.

ay he knows me. Me and the kid are is, eh Jim? Go ahead and tell her," agon as he lowered his hands.

you going to call the police, or shall I exclaimed Agnes.

on laughed and said: "Better wait till this matter over, lady. If this guy anything in your young life you won't bulls' runnin' in just yet."

on was very pale but said in an agitated "No, Agnes—, Miss Hass, I cannot turn over to the police for reasons you shall rn. His coming here tonight forces me up a matter that I had hoped was forever. This man has reason to beat he could send me back to the same has just escaped from. Still, burglar is—that would be the last thing he ver think of doing."

, back to prison, why—"

t, hear me thru and I will leave. When re heard my past I know I will be no elcome than this man whom we have n the act of robbing your father's safe." id that Keagon thought it possible to back to prison. That's because he is that one year ago my innocence was red in the western state where we were a sentence together, and that the Govass furnished my mother with a full for me."

damn glad to hear it, Kid," muttered

't swear here, Mike. Yes, I received is on a frame-up out there. Every one lat I was jobbed, still I was made the 'for a bunch of political crooks in long

"When I reached the prison my health was not the best and I was assigned to work in the prison hospital. Mike here was porter in the same department.

"Mike was trying to better himself in an educational way and I helped him with his studies. A bond of friendship grew up between us. I used to read him the letters from my

mother."

"How's the mother nowadays, Kid?" asked Keagon.

"She's all well now, Mike," said Scanlon.

"Father being dead, mother had to mortgage her home after I went away. Then she grew ill with inflammatory rheumatism. Every letter told more and more of her need for me and I could not come. I was nearly insane with my anxiety until one day Mike told me he had a plan to get me away. He bribed a convict working in the machine shop to steal a hack saw. Keagon then cut the bars on the bathroom window in the hospital and during the night hours lowered me to the ground with a rope ladder that he had made. He did not come himself but stayed behind to stall the guard who made hourly rounds to count the prisoners. He told the guard I was bathing and in that way gave me an hour's start.

"I came East and took a job with your father under my own name. I've cleared mother's home of the mortgage and furnished her with the medical care that has cured her. And all of this was made possible only by the help of 'Red Mike' Keagon.

"I know that he shot your father. When he did it he was, to his mind, carrying out the natural law of self-preservation. I might figure differently than he would in such an emergency, I don't know. But I do know that he saved my mother's life by aiding me to go to her when she was on the verge of death. I can't send him back!

"What happened to him after I left, I do not know."

"Nothing to speak of. Kid, only the guy that furnished the 'briars' to cut the bars with, got sore because I couldn't steal dope from the dispensary for him and snitched. He got me nine months in the dungeon. When I got out I took advantage of a thick fog one day and scaled the wall. I came here to rob the guy that got me twenty years, but if he's been a friend to you, little old pal, that's enough to square him with me."

"Well, Mike, we'd better be off. I'm sorry, Miss Hass. I well know how you feel toward ex-convicts. My love for you has been a clean, manly love. I shall always love you. But I

cannot turn this man, my greatest benefactor, over to the police. If I did, I'd be a traitor, not only to him, but to my mother whom he helped even more than he did me. If an exconvict is unworthy of such a girl as you, a traitor would be a thousand times more so.

"I know that I entered prison innocent of the crime. The authorities in that state also know it and have exonerated me. That is all I can say—except goodbye."

As he finished he turned to leave the house. Agnes, who had stood seemingly dumbfounded during the entire recital, finally found her voice and called to him to wait. Then, turning to "Red Mike" she said: "Keagon, I've hated you for trying to kill my father, and I cannot forgive you. But I'm a woman. I must admit that some latent good in you prompted you to help this boy and his mother. I know that little mother and I love her too. Now you may (Continued on page 41)

The Meadow Brook

By MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT

O, what delight the meadow brook
Has given childish hearts.
How loth the child, when called away.
From all its charms, departs.
He fain would linger paddling there,
Or fishing in the stream;
And what a lovely place it is
To idly sit and dream,

And watch the ripples passing by,
Or insects swimming there;
While seated by the meadow brook,
Life loses all its care.
Our minds in dreamland float away,
As oft we take a book,
Enjoying it with such content,
Down by the meadow brook;

While birds sing gaily in the trees,
Their joyous songs of glee;
And nature, in a happy mood,
Seems tuned for harmony;
And softly murmuring, the brook
Flows on its course serene,
While creeping close, to hear its song,
Green blades of grass are seen.

Perhaps some happy lovers may
Be seated by the stream,
For you will often find that there,
They love to sit and dream;
Where close to nature's tender heart,
With all the world away;
There, hand in hand, they love to list
To what the brook will say.

Nostalgia

By M. DE GRACIA CONCEPCION

gathering.

our way to your home, the ired within us by the placid reie young moon, as if it were little among the reeds in the still water

was twittering its melodic notes ranching leaves.

of gladness, and we stopped in with my gaze resting in your eyes mine, questing, if we could be true ing and dreaming.

of Pan," I whispered in your ears al caught my words in ecstasy, for of your eyes, which you raised to sauty and the bloom of youth was

e true that we understood? Could flame that just now flickered in iance—was it the divine . . ?" triving to utter. Yes, 'Tis Divine a,' that I saw.

ty of silence followed there and There, as we stood side by side, g, I do not know. All I know is is Eternal and we lived in that tant of time in the Eternal.

11.

d of shouts and merry laughter the distance, and the hills are once the purple shade of autumn. Only lrops of mellow leaves lend voices by deserted pavements of the great a yonder, accentuating more the ce of the fast falling shadows.

hat I am here? Just so. Living ne exuberant claim of younger days, mory. Here, along these narrow ave run our races in the morning lves in the opaline shrouds of the in the evening we have exchanged alloo's with the distant hills, which ed our hilarious trills in echoes, and nany times our merry peals of All these I remembered, in the vast my wandering years in the lands ancient as the tombs of Egypt's and as modern and new as the I smiled at them—these youthful -and at times laughed at them; and randering ever more to regions none

Yet, there is something that I missed. A call I sometimes heard. I am conscious of the loss of something which cannot be defined. It refuses to be known; is elusive to the touch. A siren, perhaps. I am more inclined to that belief. I am superstitious, you know, and you can comprehend my meaning once your ears are attuned to the weird sort of floating consciousness in the atmosphere calling you. Intangible, we might say. Yes, it may be that. It is that and more—it is all. Or, it might have been just a fleeting, evanescent vision, heavenly and beautiful, that flashed by our horizon in our quieter, deeper mood, or, it might have been just whispers and sounds that so moved us that the sensuous delight of our souls could not die.

You told me that you were another being after that. Yes, the change was beautiful—the transition in your life, in my life. We yearned for fuller companionship, yet we evaded each other's eyes and, where many times you greeted my offerings of roses with bold candor, you then—after the change—received them with blushes on your cheeks and tears dimming your eyes.

Ш

Enough my friend, that life is lived thus. And how much else! What more glory is there in sight? What ruby-red wine is there that we have not sipped?

And when we had at last trailed the dusty road, passed by delusive sign-boards, scaled the heights of adamant rocks in search of the Light; and when on top of the world where appeared that Light from afar, naught was there in sight; when we had drunk deep of our tears and trudged the dust with weary feet, and laid our dizzy heads not on flowers but on thorny grass; when after this drudgery following the path that led us and in despair we found it notyou rebelled against the illusion and tore yourself from me to go your own way, and I in sorrow to go mine. When with bitterness of heart and writhing souls, we turned to go the parting of the ways, there stood the Cross with beaming rays saying: "I am the Light."

Then . . . it was then that we understood that the dust we trudged was gold and the tears that we drank were wine and the thorny grass along the way were roses. Thus we pledged ourselves to love and in loving to live.

The Tramp

By JOHN RAVENOR BULLEN

"Look at that wretched beggar,"—that's what I hear them say As I lie in the shade by the roadside, at the close of the weary day. Little I heed their scoffing . . . ah! I will throttle the lie, For even as they, proud people, even as they was I.

Then I had many a comrade, money had I to spare,
Never a thought for the morrow, never an anxious care.
"King of the club convivial," thus was I known in the town,
"King of the club convival," daily I wore the crown.

Prizemen was I in the classics, stroke of my college eight,
How should I dream I should ever sink to this destitute state?

Once in a happy youth-time, once when the world was gay,
Once in a mad and merry long ago time in May
Lived I and loved a maiden . . . never a day too long,
Filled with a gladsome singing of love's ecstatic song.

"Look at that wretched beggar,"—and the anger boils in my heart, It bursts in a sudden fury, savagely I upstart, I shriek at the fiends retreating, I shake with an impotent rage My fist in the face of Heaven! Ah God! that I seek to assuage My anger in empty reviling. Oh! why did the fates decree I should fall from my high estate and be lost in this pestilent sea? Oh! why must I yield to this madness, I who the confident claimed Would outrival the wits of my rivals in my seat mid the seats of the famed? Must I sink to a depth so degrading, shall the will that was mine be denied, Is the spark so completely extinguished in the ashes of what was my pride? Let me break from the clutch of the devil, let me rise from this slough of despond, I will cast off the spell of the tempter—to each noble feeling respond, I will gain back my seat 'mongst the mighty, will cover with honour my name, I will soar to the heights like an eagle and win back my title to fame. Oh! little I'll heed their scoffing, for none in the world shall deny That better than they, the scoffers, better than they am I.

Ah! God! this is idle talking, speech of a madman, too;
Not what you were, you buffoon!—Vagabond! you—yes, you!

"King of the club convivial?" . . . Tramp of the road, you fool!

King, if you like, of the gutter! You, who were first in your school!

"Look at that wretched beggar!" . . . Well, I will pass it by,

Still I am lover of nature, still there's the great blue sky;

Still the white clouds in the heavens, still shall the sun in the west

Blaze out a path of glory, sink o'er the hills of rest.

Still shall the dainty blossoms dapple the rolling lea,

Still will the birds be singing, sad though my heart may be.

"King of the club convivial," thus was I known in the town,

King will I be of my own sweet will, daily I'll wear the crown.

Fool! these are mock heroics, fool! you have had your fling,

Now you must reap the harvest, conscience will have its sting.

Little I'll heed their scoffing? . . . ah God! . . . from Thy Heaven reply

That nearer than they, proud people, nearer to Thee, am I!

When the Queeda Sailed

By NELL CROSBY

trim little roadster came to a stop curb, close to the entrance of the : Coast Steamship Company's pier, Northrope leaned from the car. I'd be held up here for some time," mself, after a look at the long line traffic ahead of him. He settled seat, then started and leaned for-

anvers," he called to a man who "Going up town? If you don't a bit, you can ride up with me."

The man addressed, stepped into ruck load of stuff for the Queeda he volunteered, motioning toward n front of the line of cars and

what's holding us up?" the doctor The Queeda sails for Hawaii to-

the way, I suppose you read of ng that's happened to young Carey, e-president of the Jergen Lumber

rope's brow clouded, "I read it," 's a darned shame! Leprosy! A arey, to face a future like that! just find a cure for that accursed

't you try it?" half challenged the in a slightly lowered tone, ing on the Queeda today," he said. sing him to the leper colony at

what a future!" the doctor spoke "He-by Jove, I believe they're " He broke off as a young man om a cab, stepping aside, while a d young woman assisted an older light.

arey," his companion said. "You esn't offer to help the ladies. The out due to start," he continued. alk out on the pier?"

well." The doctor followed the made his way to where the huge 1 creaking and groaning and clanks, received the last of her cargo. men approached they saw the ng man standing near the gangig a hopeless farewell to those who him.

"His mother and sister?" asked Dr. Northrope, in a low tone.

"His mother," the other replied. "I don't know the younger woman, can't tell through

that veil. He hasn't any sister though."
As the last "all aboard" was called, the young man started as if to take the women in his arms. then a groan of anguish burst from his lips and he turned away. With a despairing cry, the younger woman caught him by the arm. He shook her off roughly. "No! No!" he cried, "Don't touch me! Don't!" Then holding out his hands toward them, he cried again, "Goodbye, my own dear ones. Mother! Sweetheart! Good-bye!" and turning swiftly he blindly stumbled down the gang-plank, and was gone.

Dr. Northrope smothered a groan, "Come, let's get out of here," he said fiercely. Not until they were in the car and moving with the now released traffic, did he trust himself to

speak again.

"I tell you, Danvers, it's a rotten deal!" he exploded, "Something must be done. Young Carey is only one of many—banished to a life of loathing and despair—leaving all that life holds dear. Danvers, did you see how he left them?" he cried, "Denied even a touch-or a parting kiss."

"See? I guess I did!" his friend answered, "Lord! I wish I hadn't. I'll not forget it

"Danvers," the doctor spoke solemnly, "I seldom speak of it, but I have reason to hate that awful disease. There was a man in my class, my chum; I loved him like a brother. He contracted leprosy, Heaven only knows where, and rather than face that, he killed him-There was a moment of silence, then he went on intensely; "Then and there, I pledged myself to make a study of leprosy. There must be some cure—there's got to be! I'll find it if it takes my whole life!

The car came to a stop before the building in which the doctor had his office and laboratory. Stepping to the sidewalk Danvers took his friend's hand in a hearty grasp. "That's the way to talk, old man," he said, "if you go into it with that spirit you're bound to win. Lord knows, I hope you do," he added fervently as he left the other and went on his way.

Dr. Northrope entered the building and with an absent nod to the man in the elevator was carried to his rooms on the fourth floor. After a few necessary matters had been attended to, and the waiting patients disposed of, he took down some books and with renewed determination plunged into the study of leprosy, the incident just witnessed but adding to his fixed resolution to find this long-sought cure.

For Charles Northrope did not do things by halves. With him, to speak was to act. Brisk, energetic, alive to every discovery of medical science he was recognized as one of the leading physicians of San Francisco. His deep blue eyes, clean-shaven features, and mop of dark, curly hair, added to a stubborn will and a keen insight into human nature, left no doubt as to his Irish ancestory.

A bachelor, fast approaching middle-age, he was much sought after by scheming matrons with marriageable daughters. But with all this he could boast of no serious love affair in his past life, and was free to devote his spare time to research and study.

As the weeks went by he found himself spending more and more time in studying, experimenting, searching for this thing upon which he had set his heart. Far into the night he worked in his laboratory, refusing invitations, denying himself to friends. He sent results of his experiments to be tried out among the unfortunates at Molokai and the reports he received were so encouraging he began to feel sure that he had the solution.

And then he met Bernice Grey, and all was changed.

One afternoon, as he drove through one of the lowest quarters of the city, near a small mission that had been established in the very heart of the slums he came upon a crowd of dirty, fighting, cursing children in the middle of the street; while from the doorways of the reeking, malodorous tenements filthy, disheveled women and ragged, under-nourished babies looked out upon the scene alike in stupid indifference.

Suddenly he was amazed to see the crowd part and from their midst a beautiful young woman appeared, half dragging, half carrying, the frail form of a young lad. Dr. Northrope sprang from the car and ran to her assistance. At his approach the crowd fell back and with a sigh of weariness and relief the slender girl transferred her burden to the willing hands held out to receive it.

"You c-came—just in time," she panted, "I'm about exhausted."

"What happened? What are you doing here?" the doctor asked, with a frown.

"I'm Bernice Grey. I was coming mission and saw a big, strong fellow b little boy. I—I thought he would be fore I could stop him, but he ran a he saw your car coming," the girl breathlessly.

Dr. Northrope lifted the little fell strong arms. "Come, let's take him mission and look him over. I don't badly hurt," he said, "You should down here alone," he went on seve no place for a woman—this neighbor

"Oh, I come down to the mission of never been molested, Dr. Northrope, plied, "You are Dr. Northrope, an You see I've heard of you and your work among these poor people, where is its own reward."

The man gave an inaudible grunt as he climbed the steps with his burn

Later, when he left Bernice Grey at of her own home, he drove at one office and to the long line of patients him, but he went about the familiar one in a trance. He knew that hif would never be the same, that he had one woman, that there would never be The afternoon seemed endless; he co hours until he could, in decency, ventuanother meeting with her.

Night came on and he found himse in the direction of her home. He sharply. What would she think? Wh could he offer? Ah! he had it; he and inquire if she felt any bad effects trying experience of the afternoon. she would not resent this. He hoped a be at home.

She was at home and very gratefin Northrope for his interest. No. she the worst for the experience would come in?

And so it began. There was scarce that he did not see her. He accepte tions only to places where she was see found; he visited the mission each day of a chance meeting, he sought her every possible pretext, and finally, on weeks after his first meeting with her, her with him on a call far out in the and returning in the cool evening he of his love, and asked her to become

The slender girl sat pale and siles him, while the passionate words pour his lips. She did not try to stop him I he had finished she laid a light hand on and with a pained wonder in her big answered him haltingly.

so sorry," she said, "I did not dream u cared like that. I do care for you a eal, but not as you wish. I shall never -never!" The proud head bent forhile hot tears welled up in the brown

nice, dearest," he took her hand in one wn, "I thought, I hoped, that you might o. I could make you happy, dear. I udden thought struck him. "There's no e?" he asked, despairingly.

head dropped a little lower. "Yes," she ed, so low that he could hardly catch ords, "There's—someone else. I can narry him, but I will never marry any

With an effort she raised her eyes to ou are the best friend I have, Dr. Northshe said bravely, "Some day I will tell out it, but not now—please."

ressed her hand to his lips, then released y, "Very well," he said, "another time. wait," and swiftly changed the subject regained her composure.

id not see her for a few days after this He would be patient, he told himself, worked in his laboratory late one night. d said that she could never marry the nan. He wondered who he was; probme one already married. Confound it! nust this have happened? The only he had ever really cared for! Well, d wait. He would make her care someonly that other chap were—.

nock at the outer office door interrupted ights. He hesitated, looked at his watch covered that it was nearly midnight. He t wasn't a call at this hour. The knock peated. With a muttered exclamation is through the office and threw open the hen gasped in astonishment as the pale Bernice Grey stood revealed in the dim om the hall. He drew her into the office used the door.

nice!" he cried, as he noticed her agita-What in the name of sense brought you this hour? Are you ill?"

girl drew back the light wrap from her shoulders. She was in evening her slightly disordered hair piled in a ass above the delicate features. Holdto the back of a chair to steady herself, an to speak feverishly.

w your light, I couldn't wait. I was Leigh's reception and heard your friend, nvers, tell of your search for a cure for sy. How you saw—Floyd Carey—the —sailed; that you thought you had

succeeded. Oh, Dr. Northrope! if this is true, save him—bring him back to me! Floyd Carey is the man I love."

Exhausted, she sank into the chair and gave way to a fit of weeping. While she had talked Dr. Northrope's expression of astonishment gave way to one of pain, but at the close his features assumed their usual professional mask.

"I am distressed beyond measure," he said, soberly, "You—your interest in Mr. Carey is —news—to me." A pause, then, "You must have been the young woman with his mother at the boat?" "I was," she answered between sobs. "Oh! Doctor, is it possible there is any hope? Only a little spot in his hand. If there is a cure surely he can be saved. You said you loved me, Doctor. If you do love me—if you have ever loved me—save him before it is too late."

He stood with folded arms, looking down upon her. He did not offer to touch her. "There's no certainty that my discovery will be successful," he said. "I will do what I can; but I can't promise anything."

Bernice rose and nervously adjusted her wrap. "You can't fail!" she cried, "For his sake, for the sake of all those lost and hopeless ones; surely God will be good!"

As he followed her to the door she turned again and laid her hand for a moment on his arm, "I shall pray constantly," she said, "and whether you win, or lose, I'll bless you every day of my life for trying."

The man's nerves quivered under her touch, but he only said: "Shall I not see you home? Did you come alone?"

"No, no, my chauffeur is here, waiting with the car. Good-night," she answered, as the door of the elevator closed upon her.

Dr. Northrope turned and made his way slowly into the laboratory. For a moment he stood, dazed by the revelation, stunned with the hurt of it. He brushed back his hair with a hand that trembled as he slowly collected his thoughts.

She had said "Whether you win or lose, I will bless you every day of my life." God! how he loved her! How had he refrained from taking her in his arms and holding her close—close? He could have won her if—he had only to destroy the results of his study. So far as he knew no other had made such headway toward a cure. After all, he wasn't sure. But the vow that he had made over the body of his classmate, his chum? A chill shook him. Ah, but his chum was dead, past all earthly help.

With Carey's case hopeless he could win her yet. He would pronounce his work a failure; he would destroy all evidence. What was success, life, without her?

Madly, feverishly, he went to work, frantically collecting papers, experiments, data, everything pertaining to his recent work. He gathered them before him in a tumbled mass on the table. Taking up a bundle of papers he laughed harshly as he started to tear them across. He hesitated, stopped, then stood as if turned to stone. The room faded before his eyes and clearly, distinctly, he saw again, the scene on the pier; the young man's look of hopeless longing and despair; the anguished cry of the girl; he heard the words, "Mother! Sweetheart! Goodbye!" He saw the old mother totter, as she was caught in the arms of the weeping girl.

Great drops stood out on his forehead, his body shook as if with a chill, the papers fell from his nerveless fingers, and the strong man threw himself upon the couch with his head buried deeply in the cushions, the muscles of his arms taut and bulging as with clenched hands and heaving shoulders, he held himself from the despair and weakness which had so nearly overcome him.

Faintly the grey light of early morning crept into the silent room, paling into insignificance the light from the chandelier, still burning overhead. The rattle of vehicles on the paved street below, the frequent blast of discordant whistles, the distant cry of newsboys proclaimed the coming day.

Slowly, stiffened with his long vigil, the man arose. Gone were the look of suffering, the mad longing, the despair. The strong features were set in lines of determination, in the eyes was a look of peace. He went to his desk and began to arrange its contents.

Early the following evening Bernice Grey received an unsigned note by a messenger.

"When this is delivered to you" it began, without salutation, "I shall be on my way to Hawaii. I am sailing this afternoon. I have left my affairs in the hands of Dr. Jackson, and shall not return until I have personally, and thoroughly tested my theory. May God bless and keep you. If it is possible to do so I will send you back the man you love."

"He will be successful—I know he will!" the girl cried with a sob, as she finished the brief message. "What a man! How richly he deserves the happiness he is so constantly striving to bring others."

As the weeks grew into months Bernice heard only meagre reports of the work of Dr. North-rope among the lepers in the colony at Molokai—never from the doctor himself. Once, when she questioned Dr. Jackson, he told her that there was much interest being manifested by the medical fraternity in the trial of the cure for the, so-far, fatal malady.

Later she read splendid reports of the progress being made; the wonderful results of the test cases among the unfortunates of the Island colony.

But her joy was unbounded when, after two long years had passed, she read of the successful culmination of these tests among the lighter cases. Those in the first stages of the loath-some disease had been pronounced cured, and would be allowed to return to their homes. Among the names of these, saved from a living death, was that of Floyd Carey.

Three years or more had passed since the day when Dr. Northrope had been a witness to the sad parting at the pier. Today, had be been among the crowds that lined the pier as the same huge steamer plied her way through the waters of the bay and drew up at last, to where the waiting throng watched eagerly for a sight of him, who had been, as it were, raised from the dead, he would have witnessed a far different scene. For when the same, though not the same, young man stepped from the gang-plank he clasped in his arms both mother and sweetheart in one long embrace.

But Dr. Northrope was not there to see and the happiness of the re-united ones was touched with a sadness too deep for words. As they reverently stood aside, a casket, bearing the remains of their beloved friend and benefactor, was carried to a waiting hearse and borne away.

With the knowledge of the success of his theory, happy in the praises of his fellow colleagues, and the adulation of the public over his wonderful gift to mankind, his worn body had succumbed to a severe tropical fever, and the same boat that restored to loved ones, those for whom he had labored and died, carried his body back to his native land.

The following Sunday morning dawned clear and bright. Before the first rays of the sun had scattered the mists away a young couple left their car at the entrance of a beautiful cemetery, and picking their way across the dewsoaked grass, stopped by the side of a newlymade grave.

The man handed his companion the c'uster of snow-white roses which he carried, and

(Continued on page 41)



"The Scold"



"Our sate-timber is being cut five and a half times as fast as it is being produced." (See page 38.)

Market Street on a Rainy Day

By WILLIAM NAUNS RICKS

An active fellow with nimble feet Could run the length of Market street On umbrellas, if he but cared; Nor lose one step on the way he fared.

Aye—run the whole length and back again, Over the heads of women and men; All going up and none going down, Filling, at morn, the empty town.

Indeed, it is a wonderful sight, And I have imagined that at night When they come down on their homeward way That all of the city must cross the bay!

Suppose they did, and the town bereft Of living creatures, only was left; And not a light in a home was made, And only the wind in the broad streets played?

And only gulls with their eerie cry Would watch the buildings dark and high; While ghosts of the past on poiseless feet Again would parade on Market street?

Bret Harte would meet with Salome Jane, And the two would run out Third again And find their way to Rincon Hill, Where Tobe's light is shining still.

The Vigilantes, aroused from sleep, Again from Fort Gunny-Bags would sweep. All of the night marching up and down Keeping their watch in the ghost-filled town.

Stanford and Crocker, Leidesdorff and Budd, Would wait at the Grand with Walker and Flood; The scholar, Bancroft, and young Starr King— All the Pioneers to life would spring

To keep through the night, their well-loved town And fill her streets till the moon went down, And the white gulls called for the break of day, And the town came back from across the bay.



Book Review and Commentary



California's Forests

See, Study and Protect them all you can

UGUST is here, and the damage from forest fires is very great. Everyone who loves the outdoor world can help in the campaign for putting an end to man-made fires in our forests. A tree that was growing when George Washington was a little boy and that has been preventing erosion, making soil, helping to enrich the Sacramento-San Joaquin Valley through all the years that American pioneers were coming West—a sugar pine, perhaps, that contains more than enough lumber to build a house—that useful and wonderful expression of vegetable life can be, and very often is, destroyed by some careless smoker's pipe, or some lazy camper's neglected fire.

The principle of human fellowship which is more and more recognized by the right sort of people requires that no one shall do anything to injure another. We must not waste the natural resources which the coming generations need in order to live. When we go to the mountains for rest and play we must think of them as belonging to all of us, for thousands of coming years.

It is wise to take along some of the best outdoor books and magazines, instead of nothing but novels. John Muir's writings, Sierra Club Bulletins, Forest Service pamphlets, studies of the birds, fishes and animals as well as of the trees, plenty of maps, lots of "scribble-paper" and, of course, a camera—such things as these belong to the modern up-to-date camp.

The other day we who write this went to a place in the Sierras that we first saw in 1903. At that time a sheep-herder and his Indian helper were there by a spring which they choked up with rubbish, camp-refuse and empty cans. They had allowed a fire to run several hundred yards until stopped by a road, and a lot of small pines were killed. No one cared; no one had made any criticism. You see, two hard-worked forest men were trying their best to protect more than a million acres of timber lands!

But, going to the same place a few days ago, we found three neat, well-kept camps of families from the Valley, and seven autos with tourists "up for the week-end." Happy children were all around. The fires were on bed-rock by the creek. The spring was clean and carefully guarded. To sum it up, here were fifty people who had "learned how."

8 8 8

Before us, as we write this, are whole shelves full of books, reports, letters and all sorts of questions from ambitious young people seeking their best lines of life-work. It is natural to think of the great mountain areas and the workers, not only in National Forests, but also in private lumbering. It is just as natural to include all the stockmen and whoever goes to the forests for any purpose whatever. The first thing to emphasize is that every sort of forest care and forest use requires much study and knowledge, much practice.

California's twenty-eight million acres of forest area carries over three hundred billion feet of timber. Our wood-using industries are constantly increasing. Here, more than anywhere else in the world, there will be for many years the chance to practice intelligent conservation and try out improvements in methods. The young lumberman, no less than the young forester, can have, if he chooses, all the knowledge there is on this subject—and perhaps may carry forward the standard of progress.

Professor Durant Drake, in his new book. "America faces the Future," tells his readers that when the white man came, this country possessed over 800,000,000 acres of forests: that this area is now reduced to 133,000,000 acres; our saw-timber is being cut five and a half times as fast as it is being produced. We should be replanting right now in America something like 80,000,000 acres of unproductive waste. This is the result of reckless, uneducated individualism.

If all Californians "pull together" for more efficient use and care of our forest resources the world will come to study our methods.

oth Tarkington
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A Wayman Adams portrait of Mr. Tarkington

Pulitzer prize of \$1,000 for the best can novel of the year has again been ed to Booth Tarkington, this year for his Adams." In the phraseology of the beof the great publicist, the prize is awarded year for the American novel of the pre
tyear, which best represents the wholeatmosphere of American life and the standards of American manners and

This is the second time that Mr. Tarkington has been honored. "The Magnificent Ambersons" was the winning novel of 1918 and now "Alice Adams" receives a similiar tribute. Both novels are significant interpretations of contemporary American life. "Alice Adams" of the family which is struggling to emerge from middle class obscurity and "The Magnificent Ambersons" of the prominent family which is losing its ancient prestige.

"THE COVERED WAGON:" A Romance of Plains and Mountains. By the author of such popular books as "Out of Doors," "The Story of the Cowboy" and "The Girl at the Half-way House," "The Magnificent Adventure" and about twenty other volumes. D. Appleton & Company, New York.

A recreation of those staunch, stirring, superb days when the rough, even uncouth, but strong characters of the pioneers of '48 crossed the plains to face the new West. A story of the love of two men, hardy and determined, who throughout the long, dangerous trip tried to win the love of the daughter of Jesse Wingate. For, as the author tells us—"among these pioneers stood now and again some tall flower of that culture for which they ever hungered; for which they fought; for which they now adventured yet again."

There is a great deal of California in the book—Kit Carson carrying the news of gold, found at Sutter's Mill; the entrance into the story of such men as Will Banion, Sam Woodhull and most important, perhaps, Jim Bridger.

"THE VEHEMENT FLAME:" Margaret Deland's seventeenth novel, and her best.

The old Home of Harper's, publishers of such books of Margaret Deland's as "Old Chester Tales," the "Iron Woman" and "Awakening of Helen Richie," have seldom issued as enthralling a novel as this story of the lives of Maurice Curtis, his wife Eleanor, the Houghtons, that poor little boy "Jacky," and his mother—and also of a love "strong as death," a jealousy "cruel as the grave," and in the end, of light, beauty, tenderness and hope which outshines all that has gone wrong.

"The Vehement Flame," rightly understood, is, as we have said, a very great novel.

SIDNEY DARK, An English Editor's Account of H. G. Wells.

Sidney Dark, critic, novelist and editor of "John O'London's Weekly," has given to the world in "An Outline of Wells," a superb analysis of Wells the Author and Wells the Man. The book also contains interesting glimpses of Joseph Conrad, Hilaire Belloe, Anatole France, Arnold Bennett and others.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

From Hollywood comes word that Robert E. Hewes, former San Francisco newspaperman and author, has sold the serial rights of his latest story to the Metropolitan magazine. The new Hewes story is entitled "Maria San Ramon" and is a poignant tale of love and tragedy in

the colorful tropics, where the author has lived and adventured.

Mr. Hewes has lately been publishing in the magazines a series of stories of San Francisco's Chinatown, which have been compared with Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights," in England.

8 8 8

ELINOR GLYN PLANS STARTLING DIS-CLOSURES.

In a recent dispatch received from Paris, Elinor Glyn, author of "MAN AND MAID," J. B. Lippincott Company, is mentioned as presenting a striking figure amid the world's greatest display of fashion which assembled at the beautiful Chantilly Race Course, where all society congregated to gossip, to bet, and to watch the traditional Dina stakes. "She wore," the dispatch goes on to say, "a magnificent gown of white organdie, veiled with Chantilly lace. This, combined with her flaming Titan hair, making her the most talked of woman in the paddock. She is understood to be gathering material for a new series of startling disclosures of the wild night life of young American debutantes in Paris."

8 8 8

THE STORY OF MY LIFE: By Alfred Bartlett. A brief, but most interesting outline of the life of the author written for the benefit of his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren; that they may "know something about the life of their English father and their American mother."

From the days when, as a lad, Mr. Bartlett began his American career as a carpenter's helper at \$3.75 a week to the fuller, riper years when he retired feeling that he had established a nucleus for the financial comfort of his children and the education of their children, if so needed, Mr. Bartlett gained steadily upward. Ever broadening mind and brain with good books he laid the foundation of his success through reading them and later, by handling them as a practical business proposition.

As a lad working his passage on shipboard around the Horn, to California, his superiors were surprised to find him reading such authors as Fowler and George Combe; "Moral and Intellectual Developments," etc. Twenty-one years later he had sold \$10,000.00 worth of books in his store opposite Lotta's Fountain on Market street, during the holiday season of '79.

Had Mr. Bartlett written of his life fully, instead of the brief outline just published, he would have found many intensely interested readers. The book is published by the Overland Publishing Company.

LOVE OR PRINCIPLE

(Continued from page 28)

let me warn you that if father ever , he'll send you back. He has nothing you for."

iks, Miss, he'll never find me," said politely, as he left the house. Agnes o Jimmie Scanion: "So you are deto go away?"

rmined? What else is left for me to au said you would disown your own if he ever served time in prison."

ow I said it, Jimmie dear, but I think nd that chain of circumstances which ses. In this case the links in the chain ded with love—a boy's love for his—and a woman's love for a man—a real to has balanced love and principle on es of life and has proven the sterling both."

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WHEN THE QUEEDA SAILED"

(Continued from page 34)

thy removed his hat while she knelt and them on the grave. Rising, she slipped ad through his arm.

owe everything—to him," she murchoking back the sobs that rose in her

rything, even life itself, dearest," the swered. His own eyes filled with tears ch he was unashamed. Then, "Look, "he said, "have you seen the stone?" raised her tear-stained face and together ead the inscription on the handsome of granite which marked the last restce of him whom they loved.

cted in loving memory by those for te gave his life," and below, these words: ater love than this, hath no man; that down his life for his friends."

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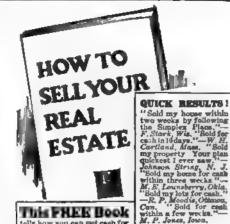
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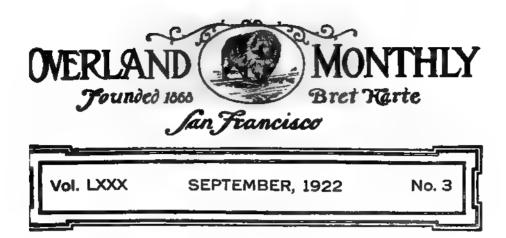


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The Old City of Christiansted

By R. A. SELL

D now we are at the kind old royalty-leserted city of Christiansted! Christiansted in the splendor past, seems to take little note of an ve commercial age; somewhat negshe only seems to nestle closer to the reen, serrated hills that lift to the south gazes sleepily at the dashing rainbowarbor; this harbor is sketched in the vish colors and set in the most deeply ing frame of all the blue and green, and turquois, water of the colorful and ted West Indies.

pilot met the "Tadousac" way out at directed the course among coral reefs an S-shaped channel to the harbor. er may be found on the island that is c or beautiful, it is safe to say that can compare to the gorgeous ribbon-allows or the foaming breakers that aly play on the outlying fringes of the ef.

nander Gaffney, who had wisely taken while we were crossing the forty miles h sea, came out of the cabin looking and fresh as a trellis of rambling roses we "landlubbers" were walking by and locating the setting sun in the

had just loaded two schooners with cattle for Porto Rico; these cattle were ittle mouse-colored longhorns, but they ardy strain, well adapted for "rustling" among the dry hills of the eastern end island.

Soon we were ushered into the halls of the mighty Government house, where Danish royalty held sway and where the United States Government representative, Mr. Rappolee, now has his office, and other Government offices are maintained; a large, substantially built and comfortable building with wide verandas, many windows and a large open-air room, somewhat resembling a roof garden; and here we were invited to rest, enjoy the prospect and "make ourselves at home."

Then we began stepping in the tracks of the great. Dinner was served in an upstairs room of the building in which Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, used to labor over his books as an accountant. With wide galleries and spacious rooms, this historic building is better in some ways than the modern, compact apartments.

While the streets of Christiansted are narrow, they will average about twice as wide as those in the older parts of Havana or San Juan. There is no real paving, but a good grade is maintained with gravel and crushed stone, and this is covered over with sand. Every morning the streets are swept by stout colored men with brush-brooms; and, in order to keep down the dust, water is poured by the bucketful over the main thoroughfares.

As the sidewalks are very narrow, usually on the inside of a row of pillars and very irregular, most people prefer the middle of the street. On an early morning walk you are likely to meet a two-wheeled water cart drawn by a little gray donkey, a load of cane leaves.

a good-natured black woman carrying a small metal tray on which there is about half of a dressed chicken, all ready to fry, or you may meet a whole chicken, fully feathered and moving under its own power.

There are not very many automobiles, but traffic is always to the left, either in meeting another car or in passing a car that is going the same direction; the rules are just the opposite of those of the mainland. The custom of hitching a second donkey alongside of the one that is working in the shafts is common, too common to account for on the theory that the outside donkey is simply being trained. There are very few advertising signs of any kind and, aside from fruit peddlers, there are comparatively few street vendors. Besides a fruit and vegetable market, there is a well-appointed fish market; the latter is next door to the old fort on the waterfront.

Picturesque, old-time wells are found on many corners, and the groups that gather around them in the early morning recall most strikingly the conception of Bible times as frequently set forth in paintings; of course the faces of most of the women are black, but their garb is white, and even the cloth that they wear around their heads, curiously rolled and folded, becomes a fair substitute for a turban.

A well-kept little park faces the waterfront. It is equipped with well-painted park benches and these are usually arranged so as to give a good view of the flapping sea, the boats riding at anchor, the native boatmen with bare arms and shoulders, rowing their little boats back and forth with loads of fruit, grass or other commodities from some other part of the island, and, best of all, the incomparable reach of sea across Pilot Island. There is a bandstand near the center of the park, a radio station, and the Postoffice building. But the reat feature is a row of mahogany trees that extend across one of the three sides and form a sort of boundary for the thibet trees that rattle their curling tan pods at the children who, attended by nurses, are enjoying the cool ocean breeze. (It is rather trivial, but they nickname the thibet tree "the woman's tongue," because, they say. "the beans are small and the pods are large, and—they rattle.")

The old fort is a landmark that has stood so many years and been repaired and remodeled so many times that its exact history dovetails into tradition. The Dutch built a part of it and the Danes left it in its present condition. It is built on a ledge of solid rock, and some of the cells in which prisoners were kept, and the dungeons, were hollowed out of solid rock. One of the dungeons, which was shown to us by the kind police official, was about six by nine feet with a very regularly arched roof. In the highest place in the middle of the arch a man could stand up straight; the only opening or means of ventilation was a hole eight inches square with iron bars across it in the low, heavy door.

Some of the beds, or rather bedsteads, remained for the simple reason that they could not be removed from the cells. Evidently they were built in the cells; these were made of heavy boards, solid across the top, like tables, with one piece across the head set at an angle for a pillow; they were about fourteen inches high. During the last fifty years, but before other quarters were constructed, some of the cells were used to detain various petty prisoners held by the local police, and during this time two prisoners have escaped, one of them being a woman. It does not seem possible that a full grown woman, described as "a little stout," could climb through a hole about eight inches square, that is five feet from the ground, and then get over the outside walls and really make her escape; but, the irony of fate, next day she was brought back by her mother!

In the old magazine and the arsenal where guns were stored, the great heavy doors are held together with copper bolts and hung on copper hinges; even the latches and staples are made of copper; one thing about this place, there is the most intricate and best protected part of arsenal guard quarters, a peculiar system of connecting tunnels through which a bottle of beer could be passed to the man on guard on the other side of the wall.

But the fish market! Out of the deep-need and many colored waters they bring lavishly colored fish; fish that are blue as indigo, that are bright yellow with black bands around their heads and the section back of the dorsal fin, that are brown, and deep sepia. And there are flaming red fish, striped fish, with some of the stripes running around the body. There is the bluefish that is really blue and the bluefish that is green; the artillery sturgeon, which is blue and yellow; the blue-doctor that is blue, and the gizzard-doctor that is brown; and the yellow-tail that is correctly named, for its tail is bright yellow. All these are brought in from the fish traps that are called "fish pots," They

llent fish with a fine flavor, but it seems to catch such beautiful creatures just fried fish for breakfast.

tatives are the most friendly people in ld. Wherever you meet one you are in a most cordial manner; they always u straight in the face, as though just bubble over with cordiality, and their not the waxen, putty smile of New Boston, but it is whole-hearted and e beaming expression of an insuppressed nature. Even the double row of eeth, which they are not afraid to show, a small army of little "gloom-killers," feel better after having met one of

all of the buildings are old, and most carry many of the scars of time, but of the seeming neglect and a sort of aged appearance, there is a dignity and a sort of halo of departed splendor. are so many things to remind you of nd princes and lords and ladies of the y books that you almost expect to see coach with a spanking team of black with high red pompons on their heads, coachman in livery, and the great royal cupying seats. But instead, here come vants, and the servants have become vn masters. Progress, yes, but who can that in some of the old times, many and care-free people walked and scamlaughed and played where the responsof freedom now impose a thoughtful a serious outlook-but "children must p."

ould be hard to find a town in which mons were so much in evidence; they d as hitching posts, set in the ground at an angle so as to protect the corners of buildings from being scraped by the wheels of passing carts, and even used to protect the sides of the drain gutters that carry off the surplus water from the streets; on all sides and almost anywhere you may see an old, unmounted cannon.

We attended a band concert in the park which was said to be typical of such events for the city. Early in the evening there had been a little shower, and the breeze that followed it was slightly cooler than the breezes early in the afternoon, but it was just comfortable to sit on a park bench with your hat off and let the wind stir your hair—that is, if it was thick enough to stir—and even a palm beach coat was unnecessary. But when the natives arrived, they wore wraps; some of them wore sweaters, but most of them wore jackets or long coats. Truly the inhabitants of the tropics are very sensitive to a slight fall in the temperature. In this connection, we will remark that no one ever "catches a cold" here; they "catch a draft" or they take "a fresh breeze.

The band played well. Most of the selections were familiar American airs, but the piece that made the hit of the evening, the one which brought continued applause and a definite and insistent encore, was "Mammy"; and "Mammy" was repeated. After this the crowd, which had been comparatively quiet all evening, began to move about; occasionally some of the young folks would dance.

After the concert the band led the grand march home. However, the route home led up one street and down the other, with a large crowd marching in irregular formation on all sides, in front as well as behind, but all keeping step to "Listen to the Mocking Bird."

Tomorrow

By G. M. ROBERTSON

"Tomorrow," you say, "I will do this thing, For surely tomorrow's hours will bring The time and the urge, the sure intent To accomplish this task on which I'm bent." Tomorrow comes and you fritter away Its chance—full hours with work and play. Till another evening comes, and then You look at the task, lay down your pen, And again you sigh "Tomorrow."



Ida Eckert-Lawrence In Indian Costume

The Bells of Old San Gabriel

By IDA ECKERT-LAWRENCE

The bells of old San Gabriel—
I'd love to hear them tell,
Of all the scenes so wondrous wild,
As seen by each fond bell.

The heart of every Spanish maid—
And each grandee as well,
Would swell with pride and merriment
At tales the bells could tell.

Methinks I see the Indians come,
Through wild mesquite to sell
The beads and blankets, e'en the gold
Sent Spain for each old bell.

They rang in silvery call to prayer,
I've heard the padres tell—
They rang in mournful dirges too—
Each dear San Gabriel bell.

'Twas here the desert children came— Of sins they had to tell; Their moccsined feet, so firm, so fleet, Knelt 'neath the prayerful bell.

The Indian, like the years, has fled, Squaw and papoose, as well— But clear in memory, e'er will ring The calling of the bell.

They hang like silent sentinels— Years cannot break the spell, That binds our heart-strings like a cord, To each San Gabriel bell.

The Palette of God

By CLYDE ROBERTSON

Bring me a canvas wide and high, A canvas stretched from earth to sky: Bring brushes made of finest gold. The magic wands of masters old; Bring seas of colors rich and rare— No meager tones this scene must bear— Bring myriad hues, gorgeous and grand, A palette mixed by God's own hand-A picture I'd paint of the West.

Bring me soft tints attuned to sound Of rustling grain and yielding ground, The silence of the canyons deep, The whispering winds—the plains asleep— Bring sparkling gems whose lusters shine To stud the snow-capped peaks divine; Bring haunted eyes—drab shades of pain— To paint the lonely, sun-baked plain-A picture I'd paint of the West.

Bring colors free from dross or taint, The brave sons of the West to paint: Bring lilies, these have ever stood An emblem of pure womanhood. Bring gold and silver—badge of wealth— And vibrant, glowing hues of health. Bring warring pigments time's surcease Has blended with the oil of peace-A picture I'd paint of the West.

Bring fadeless colors staunch, to tell Of pioneers who fought and fell; I'd blend the tears of those who died Into this canvas high and wide. On canvas white no scene I've wrought, In vain the master's brush I've sought, Still I can see through tears that smart The picture painted on my heart—

The picture I'd paint of the West.

Ezra Meeker

The Great Spirit of the West By FRED LOCKLEY

alked down Third Avenue in Seattle brisk pace to catch the train for saw, crossing the street ahead of niliar figure of Ezra Meeker, dodgbiles and street cars as skillfully as were nineteen instead of ninety-one His slender and erect figure, his beard, his white hair hanging to ers, were unmistakable. Watching I jay-walked across the street after zh the busy traffic, and hailed him entering the door of the Cozy Waffle opping in the doorway, he shook me and we recalled our last meetwas at Pendleton. "Come in and breakfast." said Mr. Meeker. way to catch the 8:30 train for I answered, "but I guess I'll let the thout me and take a later one." We t the table, and when the waiter had Meeker's order for a bowl of oatand a cup of hot milk, he said: see, that was in the spring of 1906, rs ago that we met at Pendleton. miniscently, he said: "Do you reou thought because I was seventy-six I was too old to be starting across by ox team? I began to believe light be right a few days later, when veling a drift of newly falling snow e road between Meacham and the the Blue Mountains. I decided, hat if a foot or so of snow was going man cold feet, he wasn't the stuff of neers are made, so I kept on shovfinally got over the summit and went the mountains to La Grande. I ear to give up my plans for marking regon Trail, in memory of the courvilderness-conquering, home-seeking romen who had passed that way three 's or more before. I did not want ry of their heroic achievement to m the earth. By putting up monung this historic trail, I knew that the f generations yet unborn would ask 'What mean ye by these stones?' wer to their questions, would hear the ne crossing of the plains and the setthe West, and hearing it, would value more highly the heritage won for them by their fathers.

"Am I taking it easy these days? I should say not! There will be time enough to take it easy when I am too old to work. As a matter of fact, I would rather die in the harness than in the stall. I would rather wear out than rust out.

"I have just finished reading the galley proofs of my forthcoming book, 'Washington's Seventy Years of Progress,' and I am now giving the page proofs the final reading. It is a book of 437 pages, so it is quite a job to go over it carefully. It was more than fifty years ago that I published my first book, 'Washington Territory West of the Cascades.' It was issued in the Winter of 1870 and was printed at the transcript office at Olympia, Washington, and by the bye, this was the first book, aside from official documents, written and published in Washington Territory. For the past score of years it has been so rare that people have paid \$25 to secure copies of this first book published in Washington Territory. The next book I published was called 'Hop Culture in the United States.' This was printed at Philadelphia, Pa. At the time it was published, 1883, I owned a large hop ranch at Puyallup. 1905 I published a book of over 550 pages, entitled, 'Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound." In 1907 I issued my book in which I gave my experiences in recrossing the plains by ox team. My book of 'Pioneer Stories' for children is also very hard to get hold of nowadays. In 1916 I brought out my book, 'Eighty-five Years of a Busy Life,' and when you say that you want to put the accent on the busy, for my writing has been but a side issue of my regular work. I have always been so busy that I haven't even had time to get sick. In the first fifty-eight years of my married life, I never spent a day in bed nor had need for a doctor's services. I find I am not as strong as I used to be, for, after a hard day's work nowadays, I feel tired and am ready to turn in. A good many men dig their graves with their teeth. I am a moderate eater. I am a believer in and a lover of work. Every man, no matter how old, should take plenty of exercise. Another thing that is not conducive to long life is worry. I refuse to worry. When I have done the best I can, I don't worry over consequences. New experiences help to keep a man young. Not long ago I made a talk in the Grove at Clarkson, just across the Snake River from Lewiston, Idaho. They wanted me to make a talk the following afternoon at a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Spokane. I found I couldn't make connections in time to get there by train, so I made the ninety-mile trip in less than an hour and a a half by airplane. Did I enjoy it? I should say I did. There was no snow to shovel out of the road, no ruts or chuck-holes, no fords to cross, no broken bridges or axle-deep mud to pull through. Seventy years before I was making two miles an hour with my ox team, while now I was traveling at the rate of more than a mile a minute. No, there was no particular thrill to it. We just sailed off as smooth and steady as a chicken hawk or a wild goose. I got a lot more thrill out of the first time I rode on a railroad train. That was in 1848 when I was 18 years old. I was keeping company with a mighty likable girl. I took her for a train ride from Indianapolis to Madison. The cars nearly shook your teeth loose, the track was so rough. At times the train ran fourteen to fifteen miles an hour. My girl was scared pretty near to death for fear we would run off the track. I remember she gave me 'Hail Columbia' for taking her off on such a hazardous trip. She said that thereafter she would see to it that we stuck to a team and wagon and didn't risk our necks by any contraption run by steam power that might blow up and kill us all or run off the track and spill us all over the landscape.

"I was born at Huntsville in Butler County, Ohio, not far from Hamilton, Ohio, on December 29, 1830. My father's people came from England in 1637. The house that they built at Elizabeth City, New Jersey, in 1665 is still standing. My father was a miller. He used to work in Carlyle's flour mills at Indianapolis, eighteen hours a day for a salary of \$20 a month. He went on duty at 7 a. m. and had to stay till midnight or later. My mother, whose maiden name was Phoebe Baker, was of English-Welsh stock. Raising a family when I was a boy was no joke. Mother used to get up at four in the morning all summer long and at 4:30 in winter, and she rarely went to bed before eleven at night, for after the day's work was done and the children put to bed, she had to make the clothes, darn the socks and stockings and do the other mending. My first recol-

lection of going to school was of having a fight with the teacher, when I was five years old. The teacher had been drinking and he tried to spank As he laid me across his knee. I sunk my teeth into the flesh of his leg and held on till the blood ran down his leg. I remember when I first went to work as a printer's devi in the Journal office at Indianapolis, what carnest discussions used to be carried on about the building of railroads. The farmers believed that if railroad trains were introduced it would supersede the freight teams that hauled freight to the Ohio River, and that consequently there would be no market for their hay. The wagonmakers, the tavern-keepers, the blacksmiths, all looked with gloomy foreboding upon the destruction of their business if railroads were introduced.

"My first job in the newspaper was that of roller boy. Our press was run by hand power. The pressman's name was Wood. In the same room a husky negro turned the crank to operate what they called a power press. In addition to acting as roller boy, sorting out the good type from the hell box and sweeping the floors and making the fires, I delivered the paper, for which at best I received \$1.50 a week. One of my subscribers was Henry Ward Beecher. He was pastor of the Congregational Church. I'll never forget him, because of his unfailing kindness to me. Through Mr. Beecher, I was brought to the attention of his choir leader, who, finding that I had a good voice and was very fond of music, invited me to sing in the choir. My mother said my clothes were not good enough. They offered to buy me a suit of clothes and to pay me for my services, but my father, who was a very strong Campbellite, said that he did not want me to be exposed to listening to the doctrines of the Congregationalists and he would not let me sing in the choir.

"I remember while working as a devil in the printing office, attending, with the other printers, a Whig convention on the Tippecance Battleground. This was in 1844. One of the printers set up for me some campaign song, which I ran off on the press. At this convention I stood on the fence and sang these song and then offered them for sale. I made \$11.40 and never since that day have I felt so rich. This same bunch of printers with whom I worked used to get out, more for fun than anything else, a little 9x11 sheet which they called the Indianapolis News. May, Finley and Eder

(Continued on page 40)

La Fiesta

By GERTRUDE BRYANT

bountiful were the harvests in the year. Our Lord 1790, that the good Friars lission San Gabriel proclaimed a feast gratitude to their God, and in kindly tion of the Indian converts' labor in and vineyards.

, a stalwart half-blood Indian shep10 guarded the Mission flocks through
and the danger of the night, watched
ning of La Fiesta morning from his
15 to n the hillslope. At last the expected
approaching with a joyous announcegolden sunlight, clear azure skies and
g sea breezes.

t a mere rift of grayish light appeared to somber mountain range, marking a to between the purplish ridge and the e heavens. But the ribbon broadened pastel shades of rose and amber and as the dawn advanced.

heep began to move about, browsing ungent sage brush or slipping down the untain trail for a drink from the ripok in the canyon. But the shepherd ct, tall and graceful as a bronze statue,

the rose-gold enchantment creeping range and spreading like a glorious wer the shadowy, sleeping valley. The l into the mist of the sea, put to shame golden splendor, as the king of day spestically to his throne in the heavens. cattered haciendas dotting the fertile retching its width and length between Sierra and the sands fringing the woke to the preparations for the feast. lission the Indian servants hastened to ning tasks.

a white-plastered adobe house standing its orchards and vast acres—the magnome of the wealthy Spanish grandee, rrano. But his thoughts were on the daughter of the house, the fair Con-

, at the festival, the beautiful señorita vay gracefully in the lively Spanish a feast for adoring eyes. Today her tughter would be sweet music to his eart. Perchance she would pass the eting with him as they mingled in the

gayety. His pulse quickened at the thought. Had he not, through the long night, dreamed of the blessings this day might shower upon him? And now it was here in golden measure. Shortly the Mission congregations would gather in the patio and the olive orchard for the festivity. Spanish grandees and their families; sprightly Catalonian soldiers in their gay uniforms of rose and gold; humble Indian converts with peace and happiness in their homes and hearts—all to rejoice over the harvests gleaned from field and orchards. Truly there was reason for their gratitude. Prayers would be followed by laughter and music and feasting.

Guido did not seek to deceive himself. He knew only too well that his Indian blood barred him from the right to woo and win the fair daughter of the wealthy Señor Jose Serrano, whose Spanish ancestors were blueblooded Castilians in the land of Old Spain. But no man could deny him the right to love Conchita secretly. His eyes could speak, but his lips must remain silent.

But Guido had much pride of birth himself. Was he not the grandson of Big Chief White Eagle, the father of the tribe? And his mother had been an Indian princess of the tribal blood. His father a handsome and gallant Capitan of the King's army. It was a sad misfortune that he had been born out of holy wedlock. But his mother had been young and beautiful in the early days of the Spanish invasion, and she loved too well that handsome chivalrous officer of the King's ranks. Too late did the kindly Father Antonio speak a warning to soldier and maid.

The silvery chimes of the Mission bells calling the devotee to early morning devotion interrupted Guido's reverie. His gaze wavered from the hacienda to the church. He crossed himself reverently and murmured a prayer. The Mission had been his home since infancy, for the good Friars had adopted him when his mother died of shame and a broken heart. They had carefully educated him and taught him many useful crafts.

But a bitterness tormented Guido's passionate soul. In physical structure and features and bronze skin he was an Indian. In heart and mind and blood he was a Spaniard of high caste. A blending of white civilization and red savagery that left him out of caste with his mother's tribe, and his father's race; an outcast dreaming dreams, but living them not; a man alone with his thoughts and his desires.

The flocks scattered, seeking tender, succulent herbage. Guido swung his lithe form into the trail leading down to the valley floor. Before the altar he must bow heart and knee in earnest supplication, for a murderous jealousy tortured his soul and bred hatred for young Felipe de Marro.

On the rim of the dry arrovo the shepherd paused at the roasting pits to pass words with the Indian servants basting the beef and mutton quarters which were browning appetizingly over the hot coals. But he did not tarry. He went on through the gleaned fields and ripening orchards to the kitchen courtyard. Here the fires were lighted in the fire-boxes of the big outdoor ovens built of adobe bricks and clay mortar. And in the concave pockets fashioned to receive them, reposed great copper kettles filled with corn and beans.

As Guido crossed the patio he noticed a group of soldiers, gaily attired in their gaudy uniforms of red cloth and blue satin shoulder capes, admiringly regarding the pretty senoritas and stately señoras leaving their carriages. The ladies' bright silken dresses and black lace mantillas gave added color to the picturesque scene. This, with the gold-braided velvets of the Spanish caballeros, the nut-brown robes of the Padres, and the blue and green cotton blouses of the Indian converts shaded the pleasing picture.

Guido's artist eye approved the assemblage, then rested adoringly on Conchita Serrano moving with her proud mother to the church entrance. Felipe de Marro, a handsome figure in his gold-braided velvet, swept the maid a gallant bow. She rewarded the young blood with a charming smile, which aggravated the half-breed's jealousy.

Guido frowned darkly at his rival, and advanced a few steps. Conchita brushed him a careless glance that failed to single out the Indian as an individual in the group of converts. The shepherd's stoic Indian features did not betray the anguish of his tormented soul. He loved the senorita with all the passion of his Spanish blood. And he hated young Felipe de Marro with all the vengeful hate of his Indian savagery.

At the conclusion of the morning service the

congregation gathered in the courtyard. The loud calls for music. Dancing feet tripped young people began the day's festivity with some simple games, while their mothers retired to the kitchen court to superintend the preparation of the food for the feast. The soldiers selected their favorite señoritas and west about their courting with chivalric courage. The young caballeros paired off with their dancing partners. The Indian youths and maidens estered zealously into the play. Felipe, as Conchita's accepted lover, found a seat for his ladylove under a spreading live oak, and sat down beside her, wooing as gallantly as a princely knight of the flowery kingdom. The señoras hovered, keeping a watchful eye on the inpetuous youths courting their daughters.

Guido slipped away to his quarters in the Mission house and changed his simple shenled dress for festive raiment of fringed and headed buckskin. For was he not the grandson of a great chief? He longed passionately to adom his splendid figure with gold-braided velvet. such as the Spanish gentlemen wore. But such gorgeous attire would bring ridicule upon him from the gentry and admonition from the Padres. It was not becoming for an Indian shepherd to display such finery. It was out of keeping with his humble position.

There was music in Guido's flaming soul and sensitive fingers. He braced his course with hope, picked up his guitar and went forth to join the festival party. For, as was usual on such occasions, he was to play for the In the cloister he met Father Adancing. tonio.

"Your lively music will set feet to motion," remarked the Friar, kindly.

"But I have the desire to dance myself," said the Indian, wistfully.

"You can lead the tribal war dance." 🖘 gested the priest.

"My wish is to join the Spanish dancer." "Keep your place, my son. The gentry and the soldiers would not approve."

Guido muttered something about not being a Indian and went on. The kindly Padre shook his head thoughtfully. Well did he know that the Latin passions burned in the shepherd's blood, and that the youth loved Conchita, and was jealous of Felipe. He must transfer Guido to the San Fernando Mission without delay. Such mixed passions bred hatred, and young de Marro was a hot-tempered youth who would not hesitate to crush his inferior.

en Guido entered the courtyard there were calls for music. Dancing feet tripped on the hard-packed clay floor, swaying figures rhythmically to the thrumping of ta's tambourine and Pedro's castanets. The Indian gruffly refused to join the imtu orchestra. If he could not dance himhen he would not play for the amusement ers. They teased and they pleaded, but usician was obstinate. His ugly mood set ely upon him, for heretofore he had been willing to furnish the music for the danc-

pe de Marro regarded Guido scornfully, had little respect and consideration for lian. They were savage slaves and much h his notice. So he said contemptuously: ido is a stubborn Indian. Come Carcome Pedro; give us the measure. We unce to your music."

chita glided gracefully from the group ropped a pretty courtesy to the rebellious an. "Please, Guido!" she solicited with e. "No one can play such lively music u. We wish to dance El Sombrero

do forced her to meet his burning gaze asked boldly:

I play the white hat dance, will you step adango with me, Señorita?"

he momentary hesitation the girl read the of the half-breed in his passionate eyes. dian loved her. He had dared to request ce. As quickly she remembered that h blood coursed in his veins. Before ruld frame a reply Felipe, furiously rete musician's audacity, had left the of his open palm on Guido's bronzed

u savage, what do you mean?" he raged. can't insult Señorita Serrano like that. it—before I throw you out."

to's erect form tensed as he glared his at his disdainful assailant. Then his ed first smashed into the youth's handeatures, making the hot-tempered Spanagger. Felipe jerked a knife from the of his gay sash and lunged viciously at tagonist. Alert to such a move, Guido I swiftly aside, then closed with his op, wrenching the blade from the white hand.

disturbance brought Father Antonio to

rely you are not fighting, young men!"

soothed the priest. "For shame, on the festival day. Give me the knife."

Guido faced the angry Felipe with dignified mien.

"I am an Indian," he said proudly. "Grandson to Big Chief White Eagle. My mother was the Princess Anastasia." He challenged the young Spaniard to accept his parentage. "And my father—was Don Carlos de Marro. The man who begat you, sired me."

Felipe stared incredulously at the shepherd, a deeper flush on his aristocratic features. "You lie!" he cried. "You would shame me before my friends—with an untruth."

Guido turned to the Padre. "Do I not speak the truth?" he asked.

"You are the sons of one father," the Friar responded. "Brotherly kin by the blood——"

"But he is an Indian!" scorned Felipe.
refuse to accept such as he for my kin."

"And I am ashamed to confess Don Carlos de Marro my father," said Guido hotly. "He was a white scoundrel. He betrayed my innocent mother—broke her trusting heart."

Father Antonio laid his hand on the shepherd's arm. "Come with me!" he commanded. "I cannot allow you to quarrel on the day of the feast."

Conchita, suddenly swept with a sympathetic understanding of the young Indian's position, and with a thought to be kind to him, earnestly protested.

"Oh no, dear Father!" she said. "Guido is going to play for the dancing. And I am going to dance the fandango with him."

Guido's eyes questioned her. She smilingly assented.

"You are mad, Conchita!" cried the scandalized Filepe. "You will dance with me, and no other. Are you forgetting that you are betrothed to me?"

Conchita tossed her dark head tantalizingly as she retorted:

"When a gentleman whom I respect asks me to dance with him, I do not refuse."

"You are foolish, Conchita," admonished Señora Serrano. "The youth is an Indian shepherd, and quite beneath your notice."

"On with the dance!" cried Conchita gaily, ignoring her mother's reproof. "Are we not all one family under the Mission roof? Children of the good Padres?"

The young people laughed merrily, admiring Conchita's daring and coquetry, and much amused at Filepe's disconcertion. They tripped to the dancing floor and took their places for

the white hat dance.

Guido sat down beside Father Antonio and let his sensitive fingers play over the taut strings of his instrument; Carlotta thrumped her tambourine, and Pedro flirted his castanets in harmony. The lilting music set eager feet to motion and the dancers whirled into the intricate measure.

When it came to the hat coquetry, Felipe placed his straw sombrero on Conchita's dark head as he swayed past her in the quick-stepping side movement. She danced lightly, seemingly unconscious of her crown. According to the challenge, the maid who left the hat on her head until the finish of the dance publicly consented to let the owner of the sombrero ride home with her.

Guido's devouring eyes followed Conchita in and out of the whirling maze. What a picture she made in her blood-red dress and black velvet jacket! Once she flashed him a smiling glance; his pulse quickened, and his mind repeated over and over, "She is to dance with me—she is to dance with me." Just when he had given up all hope of her shaking off the hat, Conchita tossed her head coquettishly and down it came. Felipe caught it dexterously, frowned his vexation, and put it back on his own head. But he shot the shepherd a thunderous look, which Guido calmly ignored as he soothed the music to a whispering echo.

To Felipe's peevish annoyance the gay party good-naturedly teased him, laughingly declaring that Conchita had thought of some other gallant for a homeward escort, while the girl playfully chided him for displaying his temper. He resented their subtle mockery; and his malice against the shepherd increased as he recalled that his father had been mysteriously shot with a poisoned arrow during an Indian uprising. Could it be that the savages had revenged the wrongs of the betrayed princess?

Conchita found a seat under a spreading pepper tree, and allowed her betrothed to sit down beside her.

"Your mother will not permit you to dance with the Indian," voiced the jealous Felipe. "You were reckless with your promise——"

"This is the day of the feast," reminded Conchita, smiling, "and in our play we have the privilege to be slightly indiscreet. Madre may scold but I shall not mind. I like Guido. He is so handsome and so clever. Did you know that he carved the images of the blessed saints which adorn the altar? Cut them out

of hard wood with his knife, and painted then with coloring. He is an artist, as well as a musician. Father Antonio showed us some of his drawings. And he can mold figures of mea and beasts from soft adobe clay. He is a talented youth, and so—romantic——"

"He is only a herder," snorted Felipe con-

temptuously.

"He is a shepherd for the Friars' flocks," said Conchita serenely. "A protegé of the church, and an especial favorite of Father Antonio's."

"He is an insolent savage. The impudence of his declaring publicly that his is the blood of a de Marro!"

"I don't imagine that Guido is over-proud of that heritage."

"If he thinks that I will acknowledge brotherly kinship with an Indian, he is vastly mustaken," raged Felipe.

"Don't worry!" soothed Conchita sweetly. "Guido had no desire to claim relationship with you. I suspect that he is rather ashamed of his Latin blood."

"Why do you take such an interest in the Indian?" demanded Felipe curtly.

"There is something fine and admirable about Guido. It is hard to explain his charm; but the man has the courage of his tribal race, and the gallantry of his Spanish blood. It is a pity that he must suppress his chivalry under a stoic fortitude. He would make a heroic lover."

"Let him keep to his station," sneered Felipe.
"Why does he want to mingle with the gentry?
There are some good-looking Indian maids in the Mission tribe."

"Paulette, for instance," said Conchita, musingly.

Felipe flushed and averted his face. "She's a pretty girl!" he said.

Conchita looked across the patio to where the Indian girls were grouped. Paulette, a Mission protegée, stood a little apart, her gaze wavering over the assembly. She was a maid to attract any man's admiration. Servant gosip linked Felipe de Marro's name with the Indian girl. It was said that he kept a trys with her.

"Like father, like son," thought Conchita, wondering if there were any truth in the rumor. She would ask her mother to speak to Father Antonio.

"Come, Señorita Serrano!" cried the darcers. "Come, Guido! Give us the promuser

o! We are impatient for the music, the

Indian shepherd led Conchita to the floor, Felipe's jealous eyes following ery movement. The spectators fringed as the musicians swung into the lively. It was apparent that the señoras did rove of this daughter of the dons dancha half-blood. But it was fiesta day ne allowance must be given for impetanth.

hita poised coquettishly, hands on her is, slippered feet impatiently tapping. elaxed his Indian restraint and swayed in I motion as the music quickened and irled into the dance. They came toior a brief handclasp, and a light swing irl under her partner's arm, then apart ith a brisk stamping of quick feet on the floor. In and out of the intricate measy tripped with poetic rhythm to a whirluish that left them gasping, but jubilant. Ind of applause greeted them, and cries yo! Bravo!"

hita dropped her partner a pretty coursuido bent one knee and raised her silken to his lips with knighthood chivalry.

nank you Señorita!" he said, ardently. hita smiled down at him. "Ah, but you nce, Guido!" she praised. Then, as ian swung lightly to his feet she whistor his ear alone. "Warn your cousin e against Filepe."

flashed eye quick understanding.

oke to the maid yesterday," Guido mur-

r the noon hour feast the festival party in a quiet relaxation of conversation and Conchita sang a sentimental love song, lo's accompaniment, that quickened the of her lovers. Felipe expressed his apion in adoring phrases; but Guido's eyes the love his lips dared not utter. He sat from the others, playing his guitar for a woman in his small world. He sensed a brewing jealousy, but ignored it, havwish to blemish a perfect day with a quarrel.

n the merry soldiers learned that a bull was confined in the stock corral romptly announced a bull fight. This ith instant approval, amidst shouts of from the Spaniards who loved the spirontest of the arena, and thrilled at the e of a fight. As Conchita and some girl companions were passing through the orange grove she noticed Guido walking with Paulette. It was obvious to her that the shepherd was imploring the girl to take careful heed of his warning. On sight of the half-breed, one of Conchita's friends remarked:

"I'm half in love with Guido myself. He is so romantic."

"He seems to admire a girl of his tribe," observed another.

The third señorita, jealous of Felipe's devotion to Conchita, said spitefully: "You had best keep a watchful eye on your betrothed, my dear. Felipe is an admirer of—Paulette."

"The girl is very pretty and graceful," returned Conchita carelessly. But to herself she added in a silent voice, "Felipe is a true son of his father."

The corral was enclosed with a stout stockade built of upright tree posts set some inches apart. This conveniently gave a window-like view for the eager audience, but prevented the animal from escaping. Three or four of the soldiers, daringly ignoring all danger, vaulted the rail-barred gate and began to tease the protesting bull with loud shouts and a waving of their gay-colored shoulder capes. The spectators, grouped at the peepholes, shrilled their delight.

Conchita and Felipe, with a few others, leaned lazily on the horizontal bars locking the gate, indifferent to any danger. Guido hovered, happy to be within sight of the girl he loved. Having no interest in the play, he guarded her faithfully with his eyes.

The goaded toro viciously resented the noisy intruders and turned upon the reckless soldiers, to the shouting joy of the audience. But the swift-footed soldars, like the daring toreadors of old Spain, deftly sidestepped the lunging beast. Then one, in a spirit of bravado, sharply pricked the bull's neck with his sword. The smart of the pain and the scent of warm blood maddened the animal and he charged his tormentor. Acutely aware of his danger, the soldier rushed to the entrance gate to vault to Thinking to help the racing man to escape, one of the onlookers unwisely lowered the upper rail. The others scattered hurriedly as the soldier leaped over the low fence. Before the bar could be replaced the bull's mad rush carried him to the gate with a smashing impact that broke down the rails and landed him, bellowing with rage, into the open field. The shouting confusion of the frightened spectators excited the beast's fury and he rushed in pursuit of the fleeing merrymakers. Fate willed it that Conchita's flaming red dress should attract the animal's bloodthirsty eye and he charged violently at the terrified girl. Felipe, more gallant than courageous, grabbed the maid's hand and ran with her, yelling at the soldiers to kill the beast.

Instantly Guido grasped the situation, and his one thought was to save the girl he loved. Fortunately he was near the path of invasion. As the bull plunged after the red-clad figure he sprang at its lowered head, clutching the long horns; his struggling weight checked the animal's charge, and his swinging body blinded its sight; the furious beast tossed its shaggy head in a violent effort to dislodge the human obstacle impeding its speed.

Guido hung on desperately, tossed about like a kite in the wind. But the brute's strength was greater than Guido's efforts; he was thrown upon the ground under trampling feet and ripping horns. The soldiers came running with drawn swords and slashed the bellowing throat. Kindly hands dragged the unconscious Indian from the crash of the dying beast and carried the shepherd's broken body into the shade of the orchard.

Conchita, glancing backward as she ran, saw Guido leap at the bull's head. Transfixed with horror, she paused, staring at the Indian's efforts to quell the beast. "Save him! Save him!" she cried. When the shepherd fell under the pawing hoofs she covered her terror-

stricken face with her hands and sank weakly to her knees, muttering a prayer.

Presently Conchita struggled to her feet and pressed forward to the group surrounding the injured man, and dropped down beside the inert form.

"Guido, speak to me!" she cried. "It is Conchita!"

When her loved voice spoke to him across the shadow valley, the dying shepherd head and paused in his journey to speak a last word with the woman for whom he had made the supreme sacrifice.

"Conchita!" he whispered brokenly.

"Don't leave us!" she sobbed. "We love

He attempted a smile, but a moan of pain twisted his pinched lips.

Conchita gathered his broken body into her embrace and pillowed his head on her breast. "You saved my life. Tell me, how can I repay?"

"Felipe—make—you—unhappy——"

"I shan't marry Felipe," said Conchita.
"You need not fear."

Guido's dimming eyes brightened. "That is all I ask!" he breathed happily. "Conchita, the—gates—of—heaven——'

She kissed him tenderly on his death-cold lips. "My Guido!" she whispered. "I shall never forget you."

He sighed contentedly and nestled a little closer to her grieving heart, as if he asked nothing more of life than to die in her arms.

My Dream Girl

By ADRIAN MIEL

O Star of Eve, I love thee, twinkling in the west:

O Star of Eve, I love thy quiet radiance best; For in thy light a-beaming two dear eyes I see, Tis ever in thy twilight my dream girl comes to me.

The Awakening of the Sleeping Beauty in the Woods

By GABRIEL TIMMORY
Translated from the French by Sarah R. Heath,

NEELING at the foot of the sumptuous bed of state where reposed the Sleeping Beauty in the woods, Prince Charming to her in a trembling voice:

"O Princess, divine Princess, do you love

My beloved," replied the princess, scarcely ke, "let us first go to my dressmaker. My n must be very old-fashioned. Imagine! undred years since I ordered a gown! A lred years! That is a long time for a young

nd, in the twinkling of an eye, the princess ng from her bed.

My horses, my coach!" she cried.

at in drawing the beautiful vehicle from the h-house, it fell into dust.

Poor material, and badly constructed," comted the princess. "The mistress of a house lid never close her eyes. Let's walk, it will be my circulation."

he princess hopped like a merry little bird. prince was fatigued. To reach her, even the help of his good fairy godmother, he had to overcome frightful perils and accommost difficult tasks.

ogether they arrived at the dressmaker's. What are they wearing now?" asked the cess.

Sowns the color of sunshine and of moon-: are the very latest," replied the dress-

Wonderful!" assented the princess. "But e are not indoor gowns. What have you ne periwinkle, or copper shades?"

he dressmaker exhibited other materials the princess fingered with delight. Mean-Prince Charming was dozing on a chair. It having ordered two hundred and seventygowns, she pulled his sleeve.

Shall we go home?" he asked.

Come, my friend, would you have me go :headed?"

he prince was obliged to accompany her to

the milliner's, where she bought six hundred and forty-two hats.

"Now I am supplied for at least eight days!"

she exclaimed.

"Have you at last finished all of your purchases?" asked the prince.

"Not entirely," she replied.

"Princess," explained the unhappy young man, "have pity upon me! Think of the fatigue I have undergone to win you. I have felled giants. I have waged war against horrible dragons that poured forth flame, and, believe me, it was a hot struggle. This very morning I put to death a fiendish sorcerer who wanted to transform me into a bottle. I am exhausted!"

"A slight effort, Prince," she replied. "It is now your duty to follow me. Are you not now my fiance?"

And the harassed prince had no option but to accompany her to the lingerie shops, to the corset maker's, to the glove maker's, and to the shoemaker's.

They re-entered the palace just in time for dinner. Surrounded by the lords and ladies of the court, they seated themselves at a sumptuously decorated table, so covered with flowers that it suggested a pathway to paradise. The repast was served with royal magnificence.

The princess drank, ate and chatted incessantly. The prince, whose fatigue had taken away his appetite, made an effort to smile at the ladies; but, above all else, to keep his head from falling on the table in the midst of the cups, arranged in battle array before him. As the feast ended an orchestra struck up.

"The ball," announced the princess. "Your hand, my friend" The prince was obliged to give himself up to the acrobatic feats of the country.

In the morning, after the ball had ended, the prince prepared to take his dearly earned repose, when he heard a loud flourish of trumpets.

"What more?" he cried.

(Being somewhat of a satire on the extravagant unrest of the woman of today).

"Excuse me, but it will be impossible for me

to take part in this."

"What!" exclaimed the princess. "Surely you are not already at the end of your strength? Take care! It is going to be very difficult for you to establish your prestige here; besides, tomorrow you will reign. And, from time immemorial, it has been the custom in our country for the sovereign to preside in person at all hunt reunions."

The prince could not but see the force of this reasoning, and overcame his weariness. While the princess changed her dress, he hastily replaced his patent leather pumps with hunting boots, and changed his white satin doublet to a tunic of dark cloth.

The princess sprang lightly on her palfry while her fiance painfully mounted his.

The chase finally came to an end and the hunters were merrily wending their way back to the palace, through the forest, when they suddenly heard a kind of hoarse roar that, at regular intervals, apparently proceeded from a distant thicket.

Immediately the cavalcade drew rein. The Cavaliers straightened their hats and shouldered arms. Beyond a doubt a gigantic deer was standing at bay, ready to attack them. The ladies were pale with fright. The princess, at the prospect of witnessing an exciting spectacle, smiled.

Apparently the deer did not intend to leave its lair, so they resolved to encircle it. A scout party cautiously advanced. After a few moments of anxious suspense one knight, braver than the rest, penetrated the thicket and peeped through the branches. A most unexpected spectacle met his gaze.

Instead of the ferocious beast, that they had thought was lying in wait behind the trees, was a man, lying flat on his face in the grass. It

was the prince, who was snoring.

Too tired to follow the chase, he had fallen asleen there without any one having observed his absence.

They awakened him with the greatest consideration, and fetched his horse that was browsing near by. The courtiers even suppressed a smile, not daring to show disrespect to the monarch of tomorrow. But the princess did not spare him. She mockingly complimented him on the modesty that forbade him to enter the lists against his vassals, and also on being the possessor of so powerful an organ that it could throw fear into the frontier of the kingdom. The prince affected not to under-

stand the irony of her remarks; he was very much in love with his future wife. He therefore deemed it prudent not to give rise to quarrels in a household of which he was not yet even a member.

He could not shut his eyes to the reason of the princess' strange conduct. She was abnormal as the result of her long sleep, and she was now too wide awake. She lived in a perpetual frenzy of excitement, a kind of fever, that communicated itself to those around her. Banquets, picnics, balls, theatrical performances, tournaments, the chase, hunt balls, charades, coaching parties, juvenile games, chess and serenades followed one upon another without intermission.

Meantime, the prince had, again and again, vainly implored the princess to consent to the celebration of their marriage. She finally yielded to his importunities. The marriage was hastily performed.

The program of entertainments continued to unfold itself with the usual uproar. The prince could obtain but one quarter of the honeymoon. He was not only obliged to take part in all of the festivities, but to govern the kingdom as well. It is true that his cabinet conducted the affairs of State with incredible celerity. The High Chancellor rendered judgment before service of summons, and the Minister of Finance unfolded his budget with equal rapidity.

Perpetual motion reigned in the palace.

The tumult did not cease until late at night. Then the prince got a few hours' respite. But even this was liable to interruption. One night, when he was peacefully reposing on his couch, he was suddenly aroused from his slumbers by a frightful noise like peals of thunder. Had a thunderbolt struck the palace, he wondered? Charming sprang from his bed and bounded out of his chamber. The noise came from an adjacent corridor. Thither he went, and saw the princess playing ball with her maids of hoose.

She informed him that, not having been able to sleep, she had thought of this diversion while

waiting for sunrise.

"Life is such an exquisite thing, sweetheart," she said to him later, in a communicative moment. "It is to you that I owe my release from a dreadful enchantment. I never forget this. Thanks to you, I know at last all the pleasures of youth. I am happy. There lacks but one thing to complete my felicity, and that is to perpetrate a practical joke."

"What is she going to invent now?" the

usly asked himself.

ys later the prince received at the accustomed ceremony, the am-King Lemon, one of his neighbors, propose a treaty of alliance. Conrecedent, he had not been heralded, seess had gone out just before his

her return he presented his cren perceiving him she burst into a later. The plenipotentiary of King as a matter of fact, entirely yellow; a face and his hair.

y the diplomat did not observe the , nevertheless, offended him. But was radiant.

ny practical joke," she murmured. that Charming had good reason deplorably out of taste. In the dinner, given in honor of the ordinary, the princess took it into hang over his ears, like ear-rings, at she had hidden under the table ginning of the repast, saying:

y lord, is a reversal of the usual Ordinarily lemon is put upon soles; on the lemon!"

ssador immediately left the palace.

He lost no time in apprising his sovereign of the affront that had been put upon him. King Lemon was not one to draw back from adventures, having adopted this proud motto: "Nothing matters, if the game be worth the candle."

He declared war. The princess, to whom a battle was a new game, caracoled at the head of her troops; they were, none the less, defeated. Prince Charming was taken prisoner, and subjected to hard captivity, which was only terminated by payment of ransom and signature to a humiliating peace.

When in prison, having ample time to meditate upon his unfortunate plight, he invariably, before retiring to his couch, addressed this fervent, oft-repeated invocation to his fairy god-mother:

"O godmother, as a rule man's ambition is directed toward a delusive object. I now realize this. The conquest of The Sleeping Beauty in the Woods, that should have assured my happiness, has been the cause of all my misfortunes. You protected me of old, for it is, thanks to you, that I awakened the princess. Well, if not too late, protect me anew today.

. . . I pray you, put her to sleep again!"
The prayer was never granted.





"The Northern Idahu Lakes passed slowly in review"

A Flying Somnambulist

By J. W. MILLER

EGRAM for Mist' Jones!" It was ain that the messenger was new to ed plain, too, that he was assumof nonchalance, copied from some s experienced fellows, in the hope ig his newness. He stood fidgeting. ncertain whether to deliver his telewait for some one to step forward Finding no friendly advisor, he approached the nearest clerk and h one was Mista' Jones. At the "Over there," he bounded eagerly tion indicated, deposited the manila a Jones' desk and nervously proook again betraying his newness by with a grimy forefinger where the ras to sign.

wned and mechanically scrawled his us the open page without so much the book toward him. The boy, greatly relieved, eagerly snatched

t and fled toward the door.

aned back in his chair and the on his face gradually changed to an of amusement. "Kid must think maly telegram ever received in this remarked to the filing clerk. The lights were evidently elsewhere, for not to hear. With a look of utter turned back to the pile of letters morning telegrams that littered his

sd the words, "Night Letter," in k type across the envelope left by seenger, picked it up, slowly pushed mife under the flap, opened it with h and with much deliberation refolded paper from within.

ree of habit he took in the entire glance, noting the words "Lincoln, se top, followed by his name, then word "Mother" at the bottom.

se read the following::

m would tell me what to do. I dislike to but I have been trying for several days there estate fixed up. My lawyer, Neuby, we no right to it. He says that if any of used to they could make me trouble for on the money left in the bank. I don't way to turn next.

MOTHER."

Jones," as he was known about the Northwest Transportation Com-

pany, had just turned forty-two. He had made his way from boyhood, and despite the hard lot which had been his for many years had accumulated a comfortable home, a wife, three children, and a reputation for honesty which he sometimes found to be a decided bore. His patience was so well known and so frequently imposed upon by those who happened to be associated with him that he had undeservedly earned the reputation for being "easy."

The text of his mother's telegram had, however, kindled in him that latent fire which had earned for his prototype of frontier days the reputation of "Bad Man." Inwardly he cursed all lawyers, and old Neuby in particular. He rose from his seat so suddenly that his chair bounded backward from the impact of his suddenly straightened legs, striking the front of the desk back of him with sufficient force to break up an argument between two rate clerks three aisles away. He reached the door of the anteroom in three noisy strides and burst into the hat room, meanwhile keeping up a monologue on the perverseness of human nature, and fervently hoping that the next Congress would declare an open season on all members of the legal profession.

"General Jack" Milliken, chief counsel for the company, was standing near the entrance, when suddenly the door flew open full in his face and Jones burst in, muttering to himself. Genial Jack was a good judge of human nature, but it required no expert in that line to see that Bill was mad.

"Matter, Bill? Somebody put a thumb tack in your chair?" he inquired jovially.

"You go to blazes!" and Bill strode on as if bent on going through the opposite wall.

Had he slapped Jack Milliken squarely in the face the latter would have been no more startled. Momentarily it ruffled him. His fighting instinct possessed him, but as he turned to retaliate, something in Jones' appearance changed his anger to amusement and scorn, and he quoted sarcastically from Kipling, "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs you'll be a man, my son."

The words, instead of having the effect intended, seemed to soothe Jones, for he turned back toward the door, glanced at the attorney.

and with a crisp "Sorry, Milliken," passed into the hall, and, walking swiftly, entered the chart room.

The chart room of the Northwest Transportation Company, like that of all the aerial transportation companies of the time, was the center from which the courses and movements of all the company's aerial vessels were directed and controlled. It contained, besides the wireless telephone and telegraph apparatus, several large drafting tables on which were charts of the routes over which the company's airliners operated. This was known as a Mile Chart. and was different from an ordinary map, in that the routes were straight between termini. Also the position of any airship was shown at all times. This was accomplished by means of an instrument known as the televisigraph, which showed two points of light, one at the bow and the other at the stern of the airship, and between them the ship's number. Across the narrow strips or bands representing the routes between landing places, and at right angles to them, were fine lines known as five-minute lines

The two points of light on the chart representing any airship moved in exact unison with the ship itself. Thus, if a ship was fifteen minutes out from any station, the dots of light would be just crossing the third five-minute line. In this manner not only was the position of any ship always known, but its speed could be constantly observed by the dispatcher.

Jones had made up his mind to visit his mother over the week-end and had gone to the chart room to obtain data on meteorological conditions that might effect the weather between Seattle and Lincoln for the next two days. As he entered the room he met Spencer, the superintendent, coming out. It was plain that Spencer was disturbed about the performance of one of the air transports, for as he was leaving he turned to the dispatcher on the Honolulu-San Francisco route and said with an unmistakable trace of anxiety in his tone: "Find out about forty-four and let me know."

With a military "Yes, sir," the dispatcher reached over to the corner of the table, picked up a mechanical integrator and carefully placed the fixed point on the dot indicating San Francisco. With the tracing point he cautiously followed for a few seconds the movements of the two points of light bearing the number forty-four, looked at the dial of the instrument, and turned to a large Fuller's slide rule. Twirling the cylinder quickly a few times

he looked up, signaled a messenger boy and gave him a folded paper with instructions to "Take it to Mr. Spencer, quick."

As he straightened up Jones moved over near him and asked, "Forty-four on the blink again?"

Puzzled, the dispatcher replied, "I don't know. She is twelve minutes late and thirty-eight miles off her course. She's losing time at the rate of eight minutes per hour. At that rate she'll reach San Francisco nineteen minutes after the New York Limited mail has gone. Finnegan is driving her today, and he's off schedule so much lately that the boys have nicknamed him 'Off course Finnegan.'"

The conversation was cut short by the reentrance of the superintendent. He looked straight at the dispatcher, who was talking to Jones, and rapped out: "Put Forty-four back on her course. Find out what the trouble is and tell Finnegan to report to me here at ten o'clock tomorrow."

"All right sir," the dispatcher answered, and wrote the following order which he handed to the wireless operator:

"Finnegan, Pilot N. W. T. Forty-four: Alter count twenty degrees right, hold present speed eight minutes, then change twenty degrees left. What is wrong? Make all speed possible. Report in person to Mr. Spencer here at ten o'clock tomorrow.

"HULSE, Dispatcher."

As the radio crackled this order through space. Jones watched number forty-four on the chart. Although it was twenty-five hundred miles away, he saw it swing slowly to the right until a line through the two points of light representing it paralleled the straight edge laid down on the course desired by the dispatcher. Glancing at the chronometer near by, he noted the time—exactly nine o'clock—and tumed again to watch Forty-four. Presently the minute hand of the chronometer crept up to seven and a half minutes past nine. Thirty seconds later Forty-four turned slowly to the left and headed straight for San Francisco, squarely in the middle of the band representing the route between that city and Honolulu.

While Jones had been watching Forty-four the dispatcher had been studying a paper which he now laid down on the table. Jones looked at it and read, "Off shore breezes S. 70 W. Two motors out of commission, beta terminals nearly burned away. Want instruction. Finnegan." Without saying anything the dispatcher turned and handed the message to the superintendent.

er's jaw dropped. Instantly his exchanged to one of anger and hardl he spoke to the dispatcher.

him to throw both motors overboard in two reserves. Tell him too that make up his lost time." Then as if elf, he remarked, "Finnegan would ose twenty minutes than to lose two sand dollar motors. Must think he's roading."

oard the Forty-four the crew was as orried as was the superintendent in

The offshore wind had been changing ically for the past half hour and the murkiness of the sky had grown so at an accurate determination of speed ossible. They attributed the unsteady nts of the navigating instruments to s rather than to the changing air con-They were therefore much relieved at ipt of Spencer's order to cut in the new and set hurriedly to work. Finnegan iciently encouraged to ask Seattle for t position, and very much worried to at he had drifted four miles off his ince the correction of a few minutes

ne not familiar with the methods emin the central office of a large aerial tation company, the incidents here ave proven exceedingly fascinating. To nowever, the only thing of interest had transpired was the statement by n that there was an offshore breeze W." An expression of surprise and ce crept into his face as he noted that ur was again off her course nearly four

cculd mean but one thing, and Jones od it instantly. Somewhere to the stward was an area of low barometric and a storm was brewing. He turned chart of the northern division and progress of number thirty-eight, a uiser on the coast run between Seattle ne. She was just rounding the volcanic f Southwestern Alaska, and as he , her indicator lights on the chart from deep red to a brilliant orange, that she had climbed to an altitude of sand feet. He knew the pilot had done avoid the rough air from the heated ow, and therefore that the weather must e calm. Turning to the dispatcher at t, he demanded, "Will you ask Thirtyout the weather up there?"

In a few seconds the reply came back, "Dead calm."

This worried Jones, for he suspected that a change was coming. He turned to the southern division and noted that number three from Rio Janiero to New Orleans was slightly ahead of time and moving rapidly. This indicated a helping wind, and Jones determined to get home as early as possible and to keep in touch with the weather bureau. He suspected a period of storm was coming on, and he wanted to get started for Lincoln early if possible.

Hurrying back to his own desk, he met the office manager and asked that individual if he could get away early, as it was Saturday and he had some legal business he wished to look after. The snappy "All right, Jones" came as a pleasant and most welcome surprise.

By eleven-thirty he had cleaned up the work that littered his desk and was ready to leave for home. From the office to the old Sand Point Aviation Field was but a matter of a few minutes by the subway, and without so much as "looking her over" he climbed aboard his four-seated "Cleaver," and twenty minutes later landed at his own home on Orcas Island.

It was not until he chanced to see the packed lunch basket on the kitchen table that he remembered that he had promised his wife, Doris, that they would spend that night and Sunday at Lake Shelan.

Bill sometimes tried to evade Doris, and sometimes succeeded—almost. However, he was honest with himself and he now admitted inwardly that he had forgotten all about the week-end trip. So when she met him with a radiant welcome and told him how thoughtful he was to come home early, his limited experience as a prevaricator betrayed him. More than that, it floored him completely. The dismay that flitted across his countenance proved his undoing. Doris uttered no sound, but her eyes spoke volumes.

His six years in the operating department of a large aerial transportation company had taught Jones a great deal about the causes and occurrence of storms. He was often able to divert the company's aircraft around storm areas or to alter schedules so as to precede or follow up meteorological disturbances. His twelve years as the husband of Doris had, however, resulted in the development of no such powers. He could not read the domestic weather signals at a great enough distance to enable him to avoid some rought going at times.

Tactlessly he blurted out, "Dearest, I've got to go to Lincoln. Mother is having trouble with the estate again."

Too late he perceived that he had "taken off" in a tempest. Hurriedly banking for a blow, he side-slipped into a squall, and became so rattled that he "tailspun" into a tangle of tears so violent that his coming encounter with old Neuby appealed to him as something to be looked forward to with pleasure.

After much coaxing he learned that the children had been left with their grandmother and that the Johnstons were coming over from Butte to meet them at Lake Chelan. She and Mrs. Johnson had planned a wonderful time for the four of them, and now he had as usual spoiled it all.

His hopes for a peaceful settlement were just sinking for the last time when the phone rang, and, true to her type, Doris abandoned all else in her haste to answer it. It was not until he heard her sobbing into the transmitter that Bill took any interest in the conversation.

He learned that the call was from Viola Johnston at Butte. That their original plans were still unchanged and they would start about one o'clock. She had called to arrange a few details regarding lunches, where to meet the Joneses, and the thousand and one other feminine worries which always accompany weekend picnics.

Jones was a direct-actionist sometimes, but only when he became desperate. He was desperate now. Stepping to Doris' side, he leaned over and said very distinctly into the transmitter, "We'll call you in fifteen minutes, Viola." Simultaneously he took the receiver from his wife's hand and hung it up with a bang.

The masterful way in which he had ended the long distance telephone conversation was no indication of Jones' importance in his own home, but his was one of those minds which occasionally hits a stretch of single track. He had told Doris that she could accompany him to Lake Chelan and return to Seattle or Bellingham on one of the aerial stages that ply between the coast cities and the various mountain resorts. This plan she very promptly vetoed. She refused to return on the stage, saying that the Sunday crowds were always rough and that many of the stage drivers ignore both the Federal gross loading regulations and the State altitude laws. In this she was correct, for on more than one occasion the Federal and State Inspectors had found contraband liquor on board, and in one instance,

some years previous when gas engines were still used, one aerial stage had crashed against the side of Mount Index, leaving no survivos to explain the cause.

Jones wanted to swear; but profanity was a relaxation in which he never indulged in his wife's presence. As he started for the phone to call Viola, the bell jangled as if expecting him. It was Viola herself, and wihout any explanation she hastened to inform him that Joe had to make a hurried trip to Juneau, Alaska, on Monday, and that she had decided to accompany him from Lake Chelan Sunday night and stay with Doris until his return.

For the first time since he spoke about the trip to Lincoln, Jones' respiration became normal. It seemed too good to be true. Hastly loading their camping effects into the "Cleaver," they were soon ready to start, with Doris satisfied to return Saturday night in the Johnston machine.

Landing at Lake Chelan forty minutes later, Doris set about amusing herself until the Johnstons should arrive, while Jones hurried over to the checking station to register in and also to check out for Lincoln. The chief dispatching officer, noticing that Jones checked out light and alone, politely asked: "Care to take an Omaha passenger along?"

He was just framing a frigid negative when a slender girl whom Jones guessed to be about twenty-three arose from one of the wicker chairs nearby and smiled confidently at him. then turned to thank the registering officer. Jones' bump of diplomacy had always seemed to have a dent. It now appeared plainly a cavity. He didn't want to be bothered with this girl. He was in a hurry and secretly wished that he might tell her to go to ——. Instead he awkwardly dragged his cap from his head and stammered, "Certainly, Miss ——"

"Smith," she replied.

"Miss Smith," he chanted mechanically. Picking up a black sharkskin bag, she labored after him as he fled toward his "Cleaver." Throwing open the door, he stepped back and chucked her bag in without so much as an attempt to apologize for having allowed her to carry it.

As she clambered aboard unaided he looked carefully at the clock in the tower of the checking station and compared the time with that of the clock in the "Cleaver." Without a word, he slipped into the pilot's seat, slammed the door after him, and pushed the controller handle forward.

int humming, the crackle of the violet the beta terminals of the controller, I by the roar of the two propellers, and ere off across the field before the girl rly settled herself in her seat. Circling er the field and straightening out on the n between the direction pylons, Jones ly checked his compass and sighed con-, as the needle settled due north. Swingout in a wide circle to the left, he I steeply to avoid the numerous soaring es and aviaettes with which the field come infested. As he pointed the nose "Cleaver" eastward until his gyroscopic s oriented itself on the great circle Lincoln, Nebraska, he settled back in t. and for the first time since morning e to relax.

off to the right the wide expanse of g wheat fields glowed in the late June hile farther to the southwestward Mount and its sister snow-capped peaks of the es, like silent guardians of the world's st forests, seemed to beckon a friendly oir. Between them, as if dropped from e of a Titan, lay the narrow, crooked of the Columbia River—a dead line bewhich the wheat fields dared not go; a ever busy cutting off the tentacles of truding foothills.

n below numerous whirlwinds, marked wly moving columns of dust, presented able proof of the barrenness of the counlarved to warn the aerial pilot that this region of rough air and varying atmosdensity, and likely to require his best To the left was rough, broken country, became even more rough and rugged as age of vision widened, until it lost itself forbidding barrier of the Canadian

city of Spokane and the northern Idaho passed steadily but slowly in review to ar; while out of the distant haze far mountains, valleys, cities and lakes ded, changing from the first faint images clearest detail, and then as if over-exquickly faded again into nothingness the westward.

jagged mountain peaks, valleys, forests ities advanced, flattened out and disapl with never-ending regularity, and the r of it all unrolled steadily and monoty below, Jones ceased to be interested, ke a tired child became restless and disad with the snail's pace of a bare three d miles an hour.

It was close and stuffy inside the little cabin. Languidly he wished that he had opened the after ventilators. It was not a difficult operation but he felt lazy, inert. He yawned and decided to let them remain closed. It would be getting cooler at that altitude anyway within an hour.

He had been taught as a child that everything created was for some good. He thought of old Neuby and wondered if his own childhood teachers, or the Creator, had made a mistake. As the jagged skyline of the Tietons grew more distinct, the words of the Psalmist flitted through his mind: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

He wondered if old Neuby's vision ever caught the significance of those words. well, he'd settle with him in about five hours now. In the meantime he would relax and be ready when the time came. On the instrument board before him the airspeed meter held to three hundred miles per hour as if locked in The drift indicator had remained so persistently on zero that he wondered if it were broken. As he lazily pushed his controls over to one side, the "Cleaver" dropped gracefully into a side slip. Simultaneously the pointer of the drift indicator swung to sixty-five degrees with such alacrity that he had to smile at having doubted its perfection. As he automatically brought its control back to neutral, the "Cleaver" levelled up and resumed its great circle course straight for Lincoln.

He lolled back in his seat in a posture of complete relaxation, not even deigning to look out of the window, although outside was being unrolled a panorama of beauty and magnificent grandeur that would have thrilled the soul of a cynic.

He yawned wearily and noticed without interest that the instrument board had become a dull blur, broken by glistening but indistinct circles, which he faintly remembered were the instruments. Outside, the drone of the twin propellors grew fainter and fainter. Now it stopped altogether. The afternoon heat ceased to annoy him.

After a time he moved uneasily in his seat. There seemed to be an uncomfortable bumping at his back. He shifted his position. Still the annoying nudging kept on. He moved again, but to no purpose. He aroused himself slightly. He concentrated his mind on the region of his right shoulder blade. Yes, some one was punching at him. He was wide

awake now, but sat very still. It was that pesky office boy. He pictured himself exterminating that pest some day. He resolved that for the present he would scare the wits out of him.

Concentrating every ounce of his nervous energy, as a cat crouches to spring on a timid bird, he turned suddenly. Scowling fiercely, he emitted a single word, "Sa-a-ay!"

He sat bolt upright as a frightened and highpitched "Oh-h-h!" pierced the atmosphere. As the cabin resounded with the frightened shriek, Jones' faculties gradually emerged from their lethargy. He forgot that he was more than two miles above sea level. He believed that he had unintentionally offended one of the stenographers at the office.

Quickly arising from his seat, he was attempting to apologize, when a sudden sense of dizziness seized him. His flier's instinct told him that the "Cleaver" had dropped into a tailspin. For the first time since taking off at Lake Chelan he remembered that he had a traveling companion. Hastily righting the machine, he turned about in his seat to explain, and, much to his dismay, found his fair passenger laughing at his discomfiture. It was an awkward situation, but she met it by explaining, half apologetically, half mischievously, that she had placed an auxiliary "stick" in position and had piloted the "Cleaver" until she noticed that the drift indicator became active. Fearing they might lose their way, she had taken the liberty of awakening him.

He was horrified to find that he had slept nearly two hours. He blinked comically when he noticed that she had turned on the lights and it was quite dark outside. Peering out, he observed with no little consternation that he was unable to recognize a single landmark. Taking note of the time, he estimated that the signal lights at the Yellowstone Park Airdome should be visible almost directly below. A rapid survey revealed nothing he could recognize, but far to the left a faint glow in the sky indicated the presence of what he judged might be a landing field at one of the smaller towns.

Turning to his instrument board, he observed that the recording drift indicator had been showing an increasing southern drift for more than two hours, and registered nearly thirty degrees. A rough estimation indicated that he must have passed within sight of Salt Lake City. Eagerly he turned to the girl and inquired if she had observed any lights on their right. She replied that she had seen two faint glows far to the southward, and beyond them

appeared to be a bright shaft of light. "How long ago?" he demanded.

"Why—why, Oh-uh, just about the time—"
"Yes, I know, about the time you woke me
up," he burst out, and laughed gleefully.
"Yes," she replied, much relieved. He noticed
the even whiteness of her teeth and the friendliness in her bright eyes, and inwardly cursed
himself for having been rude to her. After all,
she was only a child.

His sudden discovery of her charms had momentarily driven other thoughts from his mind. Somewhat abashed, he had turned back to his navigating instruments, when he remembered that she had mentioned seeing a bright shaft of light.

He turned to her again and learned that the bright shaft of light was eastwardly and to the south of the two glows of light in the sky. He marvelled at the keenness of her observation. Boyishly he exclaimed: Sure; it's the light pylon on Soldier Summit. We must have drifted a long way." He guessed that they were about two hundred miles north of Salt Lake City, and eagerly studied the small globe mounted under the compass.

It was a dark night, but already the eastern sky glowed with the first light of the coming moonrise, and for the next fifteen minutes be kept a sharp lookout ahead. If his guess were correct, Fremont Peak should soon appear. Hopefully he watched, unconscious of anything save his desire to once more get back on his course.

As the historic landmark loomed boldly into view like a ghost out of the night, his anxiety vanished in a burst of joy. "There it is!" be shouted, and instinctively turned to his traveling companion for that sympathy which all humans desire in times of joy or sorrow. Where he had expected an expression of the same relief which he felt, he read in her face only abject fear.

As her hands encircled her face in horror, a sense of impending disaster seized him. Whether it was her expression, or that sixth sense which we all seem to possess at times, or whether it was merely panic on Jones' part, it is impossible to say. Certain it is, however, that he pulled back the stick with all his strength and at the same time pushed it hard over to the left. Instantly the "Cleaver" zoomed up to a stall and slipped off on the left wing, just in time to avoid colliding with a dilapidated biplane of an early type which clattered by, barely seventy-five feet below.

the stranger displayed no running and had sounded no signal, Jones' first was that he was probably a bootlegger muggler. Circling around him for five in a vain attempt to get his registry, he learned that he carried none. Since ers always use the best equipment, Jones I that he was merely a job hunter who cked up an old ship and was traveling at in an attempt to evade the Federal ions—a veritable hobo of the air.

e more pointing the nose of the "Cleaver" mont Peak, he discovered that he was exactly on the great circle of the earth a Lander, Wyoming, and Lincoln, Nethaving adjusted the vertical stabilizer at the drift due to a side wind, he turned traveling companion and for the next our engaged in friendly conversation. Son having by this time arisen, he pointed the semi-darkness the features of the y, with which he had become acquainted he had worked there as an engineer.

at narrow trail down there at the right, ng from the gloom at the foot of those striking out boldly across this sage brush layfully piercing each group of lights the way and ending finally at the large ion of lights at the foot of those mounis the Wyoming and Northwestern Railrom Casper to Lander."

well he remembered the construction at line, back in 1905! How long that undred and fifty miles across the desert if then, and now he could easily travel the distance in half an hour! It seemed so ago, and yet it was only twenty years. There to the left that overgrown and hill ow detaching itself from the gloom about Cooper Mountain—the ignis fatuus that so many prospectors into the clutches of ederal law before Wind River Indian vation was thrown open to settlement.

nat narrow crack starting near it and exg through the ridges, only to stop before
ng that group of lights, is Wind River
1, stealing mink-like up Bad Water Creek,
3 the mountains is Thermopolis, the
of hot springs. That other trail, starting
where in the dark depths of Wind River
1, stealing mink like up Bad Water Creek,
ut into the sage brush, only to disappear
into the tunnel through Powder River
2, is the C. B. & Q. Railroad."

w he had worked in the snow up to aist on the location of that road in 1907,

when the Hill-Harriman fight was at its hottest! There at the foot of that bluff on Powder River he had dug himself out of the snow when he had all but given up in despair. The forty miles from Casper to Wolton was a hard day's trip on the old stage coach in 1904. Tonight they were covering the same distance in less than ten minutes.

"That winding ribbon of silver stretching in bold relief across the sage brush plain, darting now into the shadow of those bluffs, and gleaming in the moonlight far ahead, is the Platte River. That group of sparkling lights is Casper; now a city of oil refineries and wealth." When he first went there it was only a Western "cow town."

On reconnoisance surveys how many times he had thrown down his blankets on the bare earth yonder in that sage brush flat, with only the blue canopy of heaven overhead and the wail of a lone coyote in his ears, as he dropped into restful sleep, often to be aroused suddenly by the harsh grating of a rattlesnake that had taken refuge from the night wind in his blankets. Little did he suspect then the vast wealth of oil that lay far beneath him.

Thus Jones' narrative went on as each town, range of hills, or other topographical feature of the country came into view, while the girl watched and listened, too interested to ask questions; thrilled with the bigness of it all and fearful only that he would stop and sink back into that solidity which had almost made her despise him before he had fallen asleep.

She didn't want to think. She wanted to be comforted. She felt like an outcast. She hated the sight of that handsome sharkskin bag. How she would like to throw it overboard. Never before had it been her privilege to listen to so fascinating a story. Never had she suspected that God's creation could be so overwhelming. She felt so insignificant. She wondered if somewhere she had heard the words: "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" or if it were the product of her own thoughts. She would be glad when she was back in Seattle. This would be her last trip.

Presently Jones again relapsed into silence. Moodily, it seemed to the girl, he sat as if transfixed, while the "Cleaver" sped rapidly on toward the brightening disc of the rising moon. As if unconscious of her presence, he watched the winding course of the Platte River from Casper to Douglas—Douglas, the former home of his old friend, "Bill Barlow" of Sage Brush

(Continued on page 43)

Our Huge Centers of Population San Francisco's Outlook

By JOHN CHETWOOD

OTHING is more evident, and to some people more ominous, than the world-wide drift to cities, especially big cities, and most of all to our own. Already enormous hives of industry, human ants swarm to them in ever-increasing numbers. Moreover, the greater the hive the greater the seeming attraction, so that a score or so of specially favored localities promise before very long to absorb a very large portion of the total population of the country.

How long the urban population is to grow faster than the rural, or at what may be deemed the expense of the rural, is not material to present consideration. Even if eventually checked, the tendency referred to is likely to grow greater before it grows less, and it has gone so far already that our great centers of population as foci not only of multitudes but of commerce, industry and finance, must predominate in guiding, if not shaping, the future of civilization.

This outlook may be disturbing. It is certainly serious, not to say sobering. But a condition confronts us, and conditions can be rightly dealt with only as they are clearly realized. Moreover, there are many elements of promise, or at least of encouragement, in civic development. And very interesting and extremely impressive are these great centers, with their looming populations of three or four to fifteen or more millions of people.

As mighty power houses and distributors of energy, they make a great appeal to the imagination. They should appeal also to the best of us, and the best in us, to study and solve as best we may their sanitary, educational, industrial, political and other problems. Their future will largely determine the country's future, and, in conjunction with foreign centers, the future of this and other continents.

In the present New World, if not whole world,* metropolis, they seem alive to the situation, and to the requirements of the future. A leading New York paper in May of this year featured a plan under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation to prepare as adequately

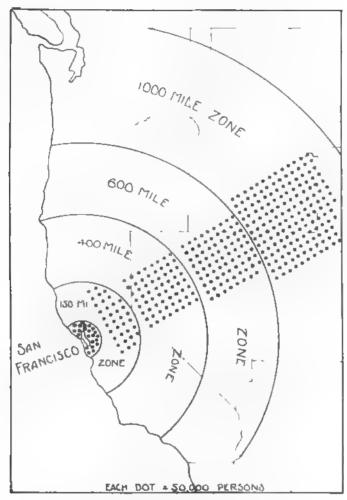
as possible for the health, wealth and of the future New Yorker and his felk muter—a most commendable undertakir it is computed that by or before the clos century there will be no less than 37, of him.

And as the 1920 census reveals about 000 now living within fifteen or twent of the New York City Hall and a grow of over 20 per cent for the decade, i unlikely that this estimate of 37,000,000 a radius of fifty miles or so may be a under-estimate! And reasoning from an other cases, perhaps two-thirds or more great total will be found within the fil twenty-mile limit. A circle with a ra about fifteen miles comprises roughly of about 700 square miles, which is the of "Greater London," or very close to i the people living on such 700-mile area our great population centers are to be de the most numerous, most influential, a cause of their crowded condition, the me cult to provide for, of the entire local

Partly for this reason, and partly bec the crying need for a standard of comp a uniform population center area of 700 miles for all our great cities seemed visitable. This was the San Francisco id was favored by the Chamber of Commi 1908 and suggested to the Census Bur the Merchants' Association, to which the was first formally presented, and then cated by leading commercial bodies of York, Boston, Chicago and other cities.

We felt that peninsular cities like Bost San Francisco and their near and poneighbors so long as separated politically get no credit for the real size and improf the locality. But as now presented I being accrediated with a considerable per enormous suburbs, has 1,772,254 and ranks as the fourth population center

It was not only in such exceptional however, that injustice was done by statidivorcing great cities from great suburbs system followed twenty or more years as



In the eight states of the Rocky Mountains lies an enormous market of 7.408.591 persons.

A study of the distribution of people in this district reveals the point from which this market may be most effectively reached.

DISTRIBUTION OF DODINATION

eached.

DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION

Number and Percent of total persons within each zone from

Zon	e	San	Francisco	•
50	miles	1,098,965		14.8%
150	**	1.768,782		23.8
400	14	3.193.637	1	43.1
600	**	4,000,695		53.9
1,000	#4	7,009,702		94.5
		<u> </u>	_ '	

-Courtesy of the Research and Information Department of the Chamber of Commerce

archaic, and provoked great and wide complaint at every census. For under that system we were trying to compare things that were utterly unlike. San Francisco, with 43 square miles and no suburbs, was being contrasted with Chicago, of 180 square miles and a few suburbs; New York, with 399 square miles and a few more, and London, with about 609 square miles.

There must, we felt, be a uniform area assigned in such cases. One that would permit comparisons that were approximately, even if not absolutely, correct, and obviously that area was the London one of 700 square miles. That San Francisco and some other centers would not fill such areas so compactly as the larger centers did not seem a material objection. Rapid suburban growth, so noticeable a feature of the times, will soon dispose of such discrepancies, and meantime, though the smaller center may have more or less vacancies for a time, its entire population is virtually urban or suburban. So while the smaller centers might properly be restricted to a correspondingly small area, one of approximately a million people seems populous enough to be assigned a 700mile area. In cases like New York and Chicago, where expanding population overlapped the borders assigned, the added area required could be added, and it and its inhabitants be listed (as in fact is done now in many cases). and the 700-mile area be also retained for purposes of comparison both at home and abroad.

As yet, however, we have a different area for every city, and no common standard at all. Most centers are assigned less than 700 square miles; some considerably less, and two largely exceed it. One of these, as we might expect, is New York; the other, quite contrary to most expectations, is marvelous Los Angeles. The Angelenos have now stretched their elastic wings over no less than 1290 square miles, while "little old New York" has but 1170; Chicago, Philadelphia and other centers being out-distanced; and San Francisco almost invisible.

With all respect to the Census Bureau, most of whose work is so very useful and so creditable, it is difficult to follow its system of measuring and ranking our great cities and their environs. Uniformity of area may appear too rigid, but is not the method in vogue too elastic, or rather too variable? As for the Angels, who have been flying while all other cities have

plodded, comparatively speaking, they now muster no less than 879,008 pairs of wings. This puts them right on the heels of the Sau Francisco center, with 891,477 mere wingless bipeds. The area accorded us, however, is but 444 square miles. How many we should have with an area of 1290 miles is a matter for pleasing fancy, but for fancy only. But on one of 700 miles we are a little better posted, and feel a claim for a full million would not be excessive, though we have no definite and complete data, and probably shall not have in the immediate future.

Of one point there can be no serious doubt. A great future for the San Francisco Bay Population Center, on any area of reasonable size, seems absolutely assured. The vigorous and timely movement now under way to widely advertise and exploit the vast resources of Northern California, if persistently pushed and followed up, must bring great development to this locality, as well as far and wide beyond is limits.

The growth of the bay region and the interior will correspond to each other. In such cases they always do. And in particular, the campaign to introduce new industries here and agricultural settlers in the valleys must greatly increase both coast and valley population. "Serene, indifferent of fate," can no longer be the watchword here. Much to their credit, our sister cities, both north and south, are not at all indifferent. Relying on the richness of our endowment, we have been inclined to rest on our oars, while they have forged ahead. We "know how," but in this respect, except by fits and starts, we have not applied our knowledge. And, as the French say, "it is time to change all that."

As for maps of centers, the Government ones are diagrams, mere bases for more complete map-making. It was suggested to the Merchants' Association in 1908, and to the similar organizations in Eastern cities, that each center make its own map, as one of the readiest and most effective ways to advertise the centers then advocated. Such maps should be made for walls and widely distributed, and others inserted in new editions of all atlases.

Indeed, the time seems about ripe for publishing in conjunction with maps a series of "American Population Centers," which should in effect be a taking of stock and marshalling of their many assets—industrial, financial, educational, diversional, scenic and climatic. This

t been done apparently because these ages and attractions of the entire locality ot yet been visualized even by their own much less by outsiders.

good map of the bay region will reveal eptional educational, scenic and climatic. l as industrial resources. Among these e State and Stanford Universities, Lick atory, Muir Woods, and the Tamalpais Railway. They are all outside the chief San Francisco and Oakland. Yet they in the center or close to it, and readily viously accessible from every part of it. shape of this center is very unusual. to topography the habitable area is by ocean, bay and encircling mountains othills. Hence the great bulk of the tion must settle in the great trough behighland and bayline, stretching to the only at the San Francisco peninsula.

ew of the more decided of the various belts" are marked, where the climate out nine months of the year much resemnat of Southern California. Of course olness of the upper peninsula is really asset. San Francisco and vicinity have by the coolest of summer climates, but the ne of its kind. That is to say, San Francisco and adjacent cities are the only ness on this, or any, continent where the r temperature is almost invariably cool lerate. In this respect they are in a class mselves. Mild as are our winters, those thern California are milder still. And

one can also escape winter's rigors in Florida, the Mediterranean region and other places. But for relief from exhausting summer heat, the big central cities of this population center cannot be equaled, and should eventually become the greatest of summer resorts.

And yet within a very few miles of the Golden Gate we find many sheltered belts where the air is much warmer and drier. This climatic feature must have a great deal to do with distributing our residents all over the area outlined on the map, a fact which we naturally realize more fully than can be done at Washington.

In short, one may say, in conclusion, that nature has done everything possible for the prosperity of the San Francisco Bay Population Center. It only remains for human nature to supplement the work! As already said, the campaign to let the world knew the great and undeveloped resources of Northern California is fully warranted and very timely. That should make this partial exposition of the bay region's attractions timely too. For it is part of Northern California, and one of its most important parts. And stretching away for hundreds of miles from the bay is the greatest "hinterland" any city or center could possibly have. What fosters the growth of one fosters the growth of the other. And the more completely they are linked, the closer the team work, the sooner they will achieve their manifest destiny, and share their prosperity to a large extent with the entire Pacific Slope.

*The census of 1920 gives the population of the New York center as 7,910,415, while that of the 1921 London one is 7,476,168. But the "metropolitan area" accorded New York is 1170 square miles, while the English one remains a bare 700, so without figures for the inner 700 square miles of the American area it is impossible to compare the two centers. The New World one is growing so much faster, however, that it must soon pass its great rival and become the world's metropolis, even if it has not already done so.



Navajo Indian Blanket Weaver

Mrs. Ida Eckert- Lawrence

Noted Writer, Poet and Friend of the Indian

By ALMIRA GUILD McKEON

OR two years Mrs. Lawrence has been writing a series of stories and poems of the Indian; Indian legends; the Missions and the deserts.

As a child she first came to know the Indians, her father's ranch being in the reservation just vacated by the Pottowatomia tribe, Oklahoma. While most of them had left, there still remained many near the ranch and these proved trust-

worthy and agreeable neighbors.

To this ranch came Maj. Henry Inman, Indian scout, and many of the sturdy frontiersmen who knew, and could talk with intelligence, on the true character of their Indian brother. And thus listening to the stories of these men, and being in every-day contact with the Indians, she learned to respect them for their sterling qualities, and to despise the unwarranted upstarts who insulted the Indian intelligence and manliness by unnecessary questions, and assertions of arrogance, and unkindness.

Especially did she resent the taking advantage of Indians who, not speaking English well, did not understand the full import of bargainings. At the age of ten she had her first fight for an Indian and now, at mature age and intelligence, she is still fighting; doing all she can to assist them in their plea before Congress

for restoration of their land rights.

In a recent letter from Mrs. Lawrence the

writer quotes the following:

"In the Government Report sent me from Congress I was more than pleased to see that one woman had the subject well in mind and that she was quick to put the word in the right place where it would help the Indians of California get their just hearing and rewards—and that woman was Helen Dare.

"I have read that report and I cannot see where even the Chairman on Indian Affairs usurps authority to put to these applicants for a settlement of the United States Government's debt to them, an endless number of personal questions such as —what would they do with the money if they did get it; would they soon be as bad off as they are now, etc., etc.?

"If the debt is owed it is the right of the

recipient to do with the payment as he sees fit, or so chooses. The Committee admitted again and again that the debt was owed, but there could not seem to be found a way to pay it. Of course we all know that there is always a way to pay the nation's debts. There are appropriations for everything else—there will be appropriations for this.

"In justice to my friends, and the good Indians who are following my every move; as a matter of great encouragement to them, I must mention that only a day or so ago I received a good strong letter from Hon. Charles Curtis, who was then Chairman of the Indian Affairs Committee. In it he said, 'I did not think it was right to put these Indians to the expense, and long

wait of going through the courts."

"As Charlie Curtis is an old friend and schoolmate of mine—used to sit in the same classes with him in the old 'Lincoln High' at Topeka—I know that from now on we will have an indefatigable worker

and champion for our rights.

"So I am again lifted up in my hopes for a speedy adjustment of these too long delayed debts. The Indians are fast passing, largely through poverty, poor living facilities in general and—broken spirits. The world is moving on and we are not satisfied to keep these, our brothers—these original owners—out on the sands of a burning, cruel desert pouring out their souls in grief to deaf ears any longer.

"I agree that our Indians, timid as they naturally are, in great political, swirling Washington, may have cut a sorry figure, but the psychology of that nature picture must leave its impress on the hearts and minds of men and some big soul will rise up out of the effuvia of selfishness and lift a voice and hand for justice."

Quoting from "Every Woman," for May of this year we find a more intimate, and personal touch, in the work Mrs. Lawrence is doing among these deplorably misused people.

Mrs. Lawrence addressed the Indian

(Continued on page 40)



Book Review and Commentary



"MERE NEWSPAPER WORK"

Heywood Broun's "Pieces of Hate" and other Enthusiasms.

Readers of The Bookman, Colliers Weekly and the New York Tribune know the work of that young Harvard man, Heywood Broun, who wrote "With General Pershing and the Ameri-

The book now before us, published by George H. Doran Company, contains forty-two of the best bits of very-modern newspaper work chosen from his weekly "column." He discusses with shrewd, honest, satiric strength, new books, college sports, politics, theatres, social matters and, in fact, almost everything from that "best seller," "The Sheik," to Volstead, Censors, and "What Shakespeare Missed."

Every page of the volume contains something worthwhile. We turn to "Life, the Copy Cat," for instance, and are told that when "'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was written things came to such a pass that a bloodhound couldn't see a cake of ice without jumping on it and beginning to bay."

Among the subjects of these live-wire newspaper topics are "An Adjective A Day," "Are Editors People?" and "Dempsey's Five Foot Shelf." For three pages of perfect bliss we recommend "Ruth vs. Roth," in which our author hunts the three thousand pages of "Who's Who" and finds no mention of George Herman Ruth; he only finds "Roth, Filibert, Forestry Expert" etc., and then in wrath exclaims: "Hereby we challenge the editor of 'Who's Who in America' to debate the affirmative side of the question: Resolved, That Prof. Roth's volume called 'Timber Physics' has exerted a more profound influence in the life of America than Babe Ruth's 1921 home-run record." "Babe Ruth," he tells us in conclusion, "tries each minute for all or nothing," and helps to "make life a little more gallant."

These 237 pages of light modern essays from an active newspaperman's daily workshop will find many readers, and will be worthwhile for years to come. They are full of fair-play, and are written in a pungent literary manner as dis-

tinctly Broun's as that of Gilbert Chesterton is Chesterton's.

LORD DUNSANY'S WORK

Not long ago we wrote a little about a play by Lord Dunsany that Putnam had published —the story of a man who reformed the last minute, and of results—"If." Yes! just "If." We are now re-reading some other books by this greatly imaginative and soul-compelling author. One is "The Book of Wonder," issued by Boni and Liveright in their Modern Library. and it gives us the chance to tell our readers about the author.

Lord Dunsany is a nephew of that fine lrish economist and statesman, Sir Horace Plunkett. His name before the title came to him was Edward John Moreton Dray Plunkett; he was educated in an English public school, graduated from an English University, became an officer in the Guards, and went through the South African War. Then he began to write such plays as "The Glittering Gate" and "King Argimenes," both produced by the Irish Theatre. He wrote stories which were really a new-old sort of folk-lore, as creative and as thrilling as anything in modern literature. One volume was "The Gods of Pegana;" others were "The Sword of Welleran," "A Dreamer's Tales," "Time and the Gods."

Padraic Colum, in the course of an appreciation of Lord Dunsany's stories, once said that the central idea of all of it is "unrelenting hostility to everything that impoverishes man's imagination—to mean cities, to commercial interests, to a culture that arises out of material organization." The reader will find six pages of this Padraic Colum account of Lord Dunsany as the Introduction to "A Dreamer's Tales."

One story we remember and always shall. It tells how Shepperalk, the centaur, sought his bride, Sombeline, "whose father had been half centaur and half god." whose mother "was the child of a desert lion and that sphinx that

eed not surprise readers that Dunsany of runty Meath, the home of Ard, ri of thrice-I Tara, of the Cuchullain myths, did once his readers a three-line preface: "Come for we have new worlds here." To this one has but to read such titles as "Poltarness, Beholder of Ocean;" "In roth;" "The Fortress Unvanquishable rom Sacnoth."

ISING THE PLAINS

long ago we reviewed the pioneer iscences of Elisha Brooks of Ben Lomond. ow receive from the Holmes Book Coma copy of Wm. Audley Maxwell's "Narof Early Emigrant travel to California by x-team Method." The book's title, "Crosse Plains: Days of '57," reminds one that the first ten years after the discovery Id really belonged to the State-builders, atter how they got here.

xwell's party of thirty-seven persons left uri for Sonoma County May 17th, 1857. months, later they reached the little settleof Healdsburg, "perhaps a dozen houses." had passed through countless perils. The most thrilling chapters tell of "the Hallo-Massacre," the "disaster to the Wood famand "Sagebrush Jusha."

e author of this very interesting book 76 pages wrote his "Foreword" from i in 1915, and the Sunset Publishing any printed the book that year. It is sard to find a copy.

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Congress, at Riverside, this week where three hundred real Indians, representing 20,000 people, with about eighteen chiefs—more than forty-seven tribes—were in solemn council. According to Mrs. Lawrence: 'A few, perhaps a dozen, were graduates of Carlyle, but for the most part they were the very poor from the deserts and reservations, where they cannot make a living because of the aridness. They have been so patient; waiting for the provisions of contracts signed away back in '52 to be carried out by our Government.'

"Poor old 'Fig-tree' John, who often came to the camp of Mrs. Lawrence for sugar, bread and fruit, came up to her smiling through his tears and shook her hand. Many more followed him, all so anxious to have so firm a champion."



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The Great Spirit of the West

(Continued from page 14)

were the printers who set it up. Wood did the presswork and I inked the type. I also distributed the papers after nightfall. From this humble beginning, the News gradually became a real newspaper. Not long before I came of age I married Eliza Jane Sumner, and, while we both loved our respective parents greatly, we decided that a young couple, particularly when they were newly married, would do better in a home of their own, so I secured a team and wagon, and, loading in it our few possessions, we started for Iowa. Next year, 1852, I secured two yoke of four-year-old steers, one yoke of cows and an extra cow, and putting our possessions into our wagon, we started for Oregon."

NOTE: We have had sketches of Mr. Meeter in the Overland Monthly before; also quotations and references from him, so it seemed interesting to publish this most recent interview with him, for he most cartainly is a "Great Spirit of the West."

JOIN THE PEOPLE'S PARTY

The People's Party will establish and conduct an open forum in every county and city in the United States where mass meetings will be held. At these meetings we invite an open discussion, or debate, on all national and international issues. Wherever possible an organization will be formed which will become a unit in the National organization, with full voting privileges.

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(Continued from page 31)

phy. As he gazed down on the white of the gravestones in the little cemetery ow, it seemed that he could almost see ords of the inscription on that marble He had friends." How often the Sage Philosopher had alluded to the cry of the g coyote among those barren hills as a rail of a lost soul." And now he was out the thieving coyotes remained.

Douglas is far behind now. Down there is Nebraska line in that well-defined gully source of the Niborara River. He had it all on hot days when he had worked

The thought amused him. Turning to I, he pointed it out to her and explained ture of the sand hills further on. He I out the small lakes among the sand hills, her how he had suffered for water and d been unable to drink any of it, beit all tasted like lye. Then in 1916, the supply of German potash had been by the war, artificial evaporation of that vater had yielded a rich return in potash. r these revelations he again became

As the rich farming country rolled by his thoughts returned to the reason for irried journey. He recalled how his had so persistently refused to make a How his sudden demise had left his with some property on her hands and al means of using it. He remembered uggle his father and mother had had to e family of four. The long, dreary days ad labored to accumulate something for ld age. And now, due to the complexthe law, of which his father was always this old crook, Neuby, was trying to his mother to place everything in his for settlement. He'd fix that tonight. had to get a deputy sheriff to get the nflint out of bed.

an hour later he beheld the lights of 1, and turning joyously to his companion ned, "Thank heaven!" and then with ame schoolboy expression which had so 1 her before, burst out with, "Say, are ingry? I forgot to bring along a lunch." her assurance that thought of food had tered her mind, he replied, "Well, ten s more and we can lay up the old ship e night."

iting the nose of the "Cleaver" toward ome of the State capitol building, he d slightly to the right, and five minutes later landed easily, stopping squarely in front of the checking station on the old South Twentieth Street Aviation Field.

Opening the door, he carefully assisted his passenger to alight. As he picked up the sharkskin bag he was surprised at its weight, and mentally berated himself for having permitted her to carry it when she had entered the plane at Lake Chelan.

Glad of the opportunity to stretch their limbs after nearly six hours in the air, they walked briskly to the checking stations. Having entered his name, place of residence, and the registry number of the "Cleaver," Jones politely turned the register for her convenience and watched admiringly as she wrote: "Alice Smith, Seattle, Wash." During this procedure the checking official had been watching the girl very closely. Jones observed this, and inwardly resented it. Quickly taking her arm, he turned her about and asked "Shall I call an aerial taxi—or do you wish to go on tonight?"

"Oh, I think I'll go by train," she replied in a low voice. "It will be restful on the ground for awhile."

Calling a taxicab, he directed the driver to hurry to the Burlington Station, and somewhat regretfully bade her goodbye, wondering the while what she could be thinking about to want to put in an hour and a half in a dusty, noisy train when an air taxi would land her in Omaha in twenty minutes.

"Oh well, its her funeral, not mine," he mused, and turned to walk the three blocks to the South Seventeenth Street car. Five minutes later he stood on his mother's front porch.

(To be concluded in October)

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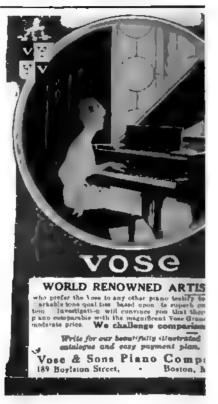
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The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor,

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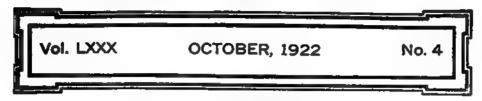


Joaquin Miller-Taken at his home, "The Hights"



Where Over-hanging Boughs Mellow the Dancing Sunbeams of October





Yesterday

By COLIN CAMPBELL CLEMENTS

(Author of "Pirates")

H, dear. . . Oh, dear me!" Lady
Ann Trevers closed her eyes and
leaned back in the not too comfortplush covered divan in which she was
"How—things—have—changed," she

red to herself, "how things have changed." she ld never have believed it possible!"

heir abourd coiffures, their ridiculous their abourd coiffures, their ridiculous their outrageous manners and their premas way of dancing. And because Lady ruldn't believe it, and because she didn't a believe what she was forced to see with rn eyes, she had quietly slipped out of libroom and found a secluded nook in nery.

t . . silly rot . . idiots! What world coming—oh, I beg your pardon." Ann opened her eyes suddenly, threw ser head and found herself gazing up at sceedingly good-looking, immaculately ad old gentleman in uniform. The nan, about whom there was something sly familiar, bowed again.

neg your pardon," he said. "I thought ruite alone. I—beg your pardon."

y Ann smiled, "You were referring to noing?"

ite right . . quite right. My word, sposterous, isn't it?"

u mean," Lady Ann raised her eyebrows, iconventional?"

at's a . . hardly the word for it." pood-looking gentleman was nervously

searching for his dangling eye-glass, "hardly the word for it!"

"These 'coming out' parties are not what they used to be when-"

"Coming out . . . coming out, my word, no one ever seems to be in these days!"

Lady Ann was slow in seeing jokes. "The young ladies, I mean . . . the young ladies."

young ladies, I mean . . . the young ladies."
"Exactly, exactly!" He had found his eyeglass and by a series of fantastic muscular
contractions succeeded in fixing it firmly in his
right eye. "Yes . . . the young ladies, 'pon
my word there doesn't seem to be much left
for them to come out of. They seem to be all
legs and arms!"

Fortunately Lady Ann hadn't heard this last remark. "Won't you sit down, Colonel?"

"General, Madame," the Stranger said petulantly, "General."

Lady Ann lifted her lorgnette and stared for a moment. "General—pardon my mistake. Oh, yes, we were speaking of the dancing."
"Yes yes—"

"You see the world moves so fast now-a-days, and the dances must keep up with the world. I suppose."

"The world! Running away with itself.

And these young people---'

"It was different when we were young, but we must be tolerant." She paused for a moment and looked down at the white feather fan which was lying in her lap. There was just the slightest quiver in her voice. "We are old people now."

"Old! I beg your pardon!" The Stranger jerked back his head; the eye-glass snapped from his eye. "Not old, not really old middle-aged, yes, middle-aged—and sensible, thank goodness."

Lady Ann turned her head and looked up at the speaker from the corner of her eye.

"Yes, that's it, middle-aged." He had moved over to the divan and with another series of muscular jerks, not unsimilar to the ones he had used for fixing his eye-glass, he managed to get seated. He leaned over and rubbed his left knee cautiously, "Yes . . middle- aged."

"Yes, Colonel—er—General."

From somewhere came the din of a modern, ultra-modern "jazz" orchestra. The palm trees seemed to quiver with the harshness of The Stranger reached up and the music. covered his ears.

"There goes that unspeakable music again," he said, "that infernal racket! It's like the tomtoms one hears in Africa! Much worse in fact! Awful. Yes, I dare say you are right, quite right, times do change."

"Yes—"

"Unfortunately. But, nevertheless, we must accept the facts.

Lady Ann sighed, "Unfortunately."
"I had hoped—" There was a crash in the music. The Stranger paused a moment. had hoped when I accepted the invitation for this ball tonight that I would find something something to remind me, even remotely, of my youth but 'pon my word they've even done the house over!"

Lady Ann looked up in surprise: she leaned forward, "Oh! I believe we haven't been introduced. May I ask—"

"Yes, yes, done over the house! And in this

horrible modern way too!"

"No—you see, I know this house quite well. I believe nothing has been changed, nothing."

"Nothing changed? Really? Well it seems changed, quite. Perhaps it is I who have—er changed." He was searching for his eye-glass again, "Perhaps it is I who have changed."

"Perhaps, you know when one grows old—"

"Old, Madam? Old?"

"I should say, middle-aged, when one

reaches—"

"Middle-aged! Why, I'm just in the prime of life . . just in the prime! Don't feel a day over twenty, not a day." He slapped his knee, and immediately wished he hadn't. "Oh, that is—at times, at times." He leaned over and smiled goodnaturedly. "Why at the War Office, they still call me 'Richard'.'

"Richard," Lady Ann was saying softly,

and looked up into her companion's face. She

was trembling. "Richard?"

"Yes!" The Stranger lowered his voice. his tone suddenly became confidential, "And at the East Indian United Service they call methey call me 'Dick'! Not to my face, mind you. But they do call me 'Dick'!

"Richard, "Lady Ann was saying softly, "Richard . . East Indian United Service Club!" She turned suddenly, "May I ask—"
"Yes . . yes, that's it." The Stranger

chuckled. "That's it! So you see I'm not so old, Madame. Of course I have accomplished a great deal in the short time I have been in her-", he coughed, "that is-his Majesty's service. It's forty-one years ago tomorrow that I went out, and I've seen service, my word, for a young chap, I have seen service!'

'Forty-one years ago?" Lady Ann was say-

ing, "yes—forty-one years ago."
"Yes . . yes, quite right."

"May I ask—"

"And as I was saying, I had hoped to find something of my youth here, some of the old familiar corners and nooks and faces." He paused for a moment and looked up at the ceiling. "Some of the old familiar faces . . one in particular.'

Unconsciously Lady Ann reached out her

hand, "Then you-"

"Oh dear, yes, very much so. I suppose every youngster is—until he gets sense. Oh, I was very much in love at the time, foolishly so. Couldn't live without her, and all that sort of thing. And if I do say it, she was a snappy little thing . . . clever, pretty, very pretty, as I remember—blue eyes and golden hair, that sort of a girl."

"And you—" Lady Ann raised her fan, "you quite forgot her when you went to India?"

The Stranger looked up quickly. For a moment, just for a moment, his eves met hers. "Yes . . yes, I quite forgot her, quite forgot her. Life in the service is strenuous, you know. Besides there's hunting, polo and that sort of thing. Oh, yes, I quite forgot her . . quite."

Lady Ann turned away and toyed with one of the leaves of an overhanging palm, "And -and married someone else?"

"Never! Oh, I beg your pardon." He laxed again. "No—no, I never married. relaxed again. Hadn't the time, matter of fact."

"And . . the young lady?"

The Stranger shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I dare say she is the mother of a large family Oh dear me, how times do change. As a saying, I was very much in love with at the time, you understand. But the ly, her family, you understand, rather obd to me, so I—I broke off the whole r; made a clean breast of it, joined the m Service." He leaned back and took a breath, "And I've been quite content, ""

(es?" Lady Ann leaned forward, "And -you haven't tried to see—the—the young since you returned to England?"

iee her? See her! Oh, dear, no. It ight be—er—rather, rather embarrassing both of us." He leaned back and half id his eyes. "You see we were practically ged at the time. That is, I hadn't come down to asking but you know how some gs are understood, so to speak, between g people."

But you went away—" Lady Ann began, went away and left"—she stopped enly.

Not exactly left her, let me see, let me see, recall it, I believe I did ask her to marry

And she refused?"

et me see, did she refuse?" The Stranger ed his forehead absent-mindedly. "Did she ie? Ah, now I remember! She said we id have to think it all over very carefully! that's it, her very words, 'very carefully!' nember how she wrinkled up her little snub and—"

ir, that is—" Lady Ann threw back her land stared coldly at the man beside her. (es, yes, her little snub nose." He looked uddenly. "Oh, mind you, it was a nice nose!"

And did you think it over carefully, 'very fully'?"

Vot at all!" the Stranger exploded, "not l! I was a bit of a wild dog in those days, know... like most young men. My was hurt." He chuckled softly to him"I was a proud young fellow... like young men, you understand, like most g men. Of course I expected her to fall in arms—and live there happily ever after—is, not in my arms, you know, but—" is your wife, I understand."

es . . yes, as my wife? Oh, yes,

ou were a romantic youth."

Very, very—exceedingly so. I believe I have been reading Disraeli's novels at the

time. Rubbish!"

"And you, you—quite lost all trace of the

young lady?"

"Quite." He paused for a moment. "Oh, I was a conceited young ass... like most young men, you know. Wouldn't have written for worlds! Several years afterward I read in the Times that Ann—"

"Ann?" Lady Ann turned quickly.

"Yes, Ann—Ann. Pretty name, isn't it? I was always fond of the name. As I was saying, several years afterward I read in the Times that she had gone with her father to Florence, since then—nothing."

"And so your romance ended?"

"It will never—yes, yes, quite so. It ended."
There was a long pause; once Lady Ann started to speak, but stopped. The Stranger was looking straight before him, lost in dreams of some far-away, half-forgotten yesterday. Suddenly the stillness was broken by harsh laughter and the sound of crashing, ear-splitting music. Lady Ann was the first to speak.

"You never married?"

"No . . . No, hadn't the time, always busy. Oh, I did think of it now and then, not often, mind you, but now and then. Life in the service does get lonely at times, just at times, when the hunting season is off, especially."

"Oh—"

"But I don't mind saying that a man should get married. Yes, indeed . . . yes, indeed. My word, I did need someone to take care of me, someone to—"

"You've outgrown that need?"

The Stranger looked up suspiciously. "Yes, quite, oh, quite—my man is, is very capable. Quite." He paused a moment. "There goes that infernal music again."

"Why, it's a waltz." Lady Ann with the tip of her feather fan quickly brushed away a tear from her cheek. "Yes—a waltz."

"Yes." The Stranger sat silently regarding his black leather boots. "Yes." Then, as if speaking to himself, "Ah me, what happy days those were!"

"What happy days those were," echoed his companion. "Music brings back so many memories."

"So very many . . . but—"

"And the young people are happy." She toyed with her fan nervously. "Ah, forty-two years ago I, too, could dance and laugh as they, but—"

"You-really." The old gentleman fumbled

for his eye glass, screwed it into his eye and sat gazing at his partner.

Lady Ann was unconscious of his gaze. "Yes—in this very house, forty-two years ago."

"Forty-two years ago; 'pon my word, so long as that?"

"Is it so long ago?"

"Forty-two years . . . forty-two years." He lifted his hands suddenly. "I say, we must have known each other—then."

"Perhaps." Lady Ann, though truly Victorian, had never wholly outgrown her coquetry.

"Perhaps."

"Do you know, I believe I didn't catch your name. Awfully stupid of me—awfully. I have the pleasure of—"

Lady Ann dropped her fan, regained it again, then turned away. "Yes, perhaps we did know each other then—and again, perhaps we didn't really know each other."

"Quite right—but really, I came to this house very often in those days; surely—" The old gentleman was blustering. It was a habit he had acquired when he was given his first com-

"Those days—were a long time ago."

"Perhaps you're right, and—you've lived in

England ever since?"

"No—no, after you—" She coughed. "That is, I've lived out of England a great deal. I have a small villa near Florence."

"Have you really? Delightful place, Flor-

ence."

"Yes, though a bit lonely at times."

"Is it really? You know, I had always thought of it as quite gay. That only goes to show how mistaken one can be."

"Yes . . . yes," was Lady Ann's only

reply.

"How mistaken one can be," he repeated, then leaned forward and carefully scrutinized the success line in the palm of his upturned hand. He had always been very proud of that line. "But—but I suppose you have your children about you and that sort of thing."

"No. I never married." Lady Ann said

without looking up. "I never married."

"That's a bit unusual, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

The Stranger, just a bit self-consciously, slid away. "And, I suppose you never will?"

Lady Ann shook her head, "No . . . no."

"Most extraordinary." He slid back into his former position.

"Perhaps."

He sat looking at her with half closed eyes.

"You know—" he began, but his voice was drowned in a crash of brass music. "There goes that infernal music again!"

"Yes. Perhaps we had better join the company, Colonel—er—General Farrington."

For a moment the old gentleman looked at his companion. He was a little confused and not quite sure of his ground; she evidently knew his name, though he hadn't the slightest idea who she was.

"We had, perhaps, better join the company, General Farrington," she repeated.

"General Sir Richard Farrington."

"Oh,—I beg your pardon." Lady Ann flushed but her feather fan came quickly to her assistance; she well knew the purposes for which fans are made.

"And may I have the pleasure of knowing to whom I am indebted for a very pleasant half hour—may I have the pleasure of knowing to whom I have been speaking?"

There was an awkward pause.

"Why-yes-I am Lady Ann Trevers."

"Lady Ann Trevers?" Sir Richard stumbled all over himself in trying to rise to his feet, but gave it up and sank back breathlessly. "Not Lady Ann of—"

"Yes, Sir Richard."

"'Pon my word! God bless my soul! Lady
Ann Trevers . . . Ann Trevers! I might
have known it the moment I saw you—but I
must admit I don't see so well as I used, that
is, not quite so well. Ann Trevers! And to
think that after all these years and in this very
house—"

"Yes. Richard."

"Ann! And you said you never married?"
"Never married." She was too nervous to notice that she was snapping the bones of her fan one after another. "No."

"'Pon my word, but I thought—"

"You were mistaken. It was you—I loved —then."

Sir Richard somehow had got hold of Lady Ann's hand and was, perhaps a bit awkwardly, but nevertheless ardently, pressing it to his lips. "And when you said, "We must think it over carefully," you really meant—"

"Yes, I really meant—"

"Now isn't that just like a woman!" He dropped the hand he was holding, leaned back and scratched his head doubtfully: "Isn't that just like a woman?"

From somewhere, some mysterious world of long ago, the faint sobs of a violin came sing-

(Continued on page 54)

Tomorrow

Two Pots of Gold and a California Rainbow

An Argonaut Tale, with an Arabian Nights Incident

By JAY SEE

O great iron pots of gold, brimful of coin, nuggets, bars, dust and trinkets, eputed to hold about 150 pounds, and most fittingly in a robber's cave! Very too, the setting of the pots—Bret Harte irk Twain Land. Northwest of them lies Mountain, while further to the north and chinese Camp, Sonora, Angel's Camp, Hill, Columbia, Poker Flat and James-

where, on the west slope of Moccasin its creek once so rich in yellow metal, Golden Cavern. The entrance was too a man to enter upright, and was comcovered by dense brush that, especially years, has overspread this foothill counsupplied fuel for many a disastrous

ever it lay, the lost cave must have ided a view for miles of Moccasin Trail, alleled by the county road from Sonora terville. For many a time from their terie the dreaded cave-men would swoop on the helpless passing miner and levy oll.

all harks back of course to "the days the days of forty-nine," and the decade lat followed. Silent all, or nearly all, scape now. Dead and gone for many a sapper and miner of early days. The ivors long exiled from Poker Flat, and other flat equally deserving the name; i few descendants of the "Jumping Frog veras" may still be interviewed. But urly fifties, when these hills and valleys the largest population of the Coast, they hrobbed with turbulent life. 1. whisky flowed like water, and roadd bandit partook over-freely of both. of these gentry was more noted or ared than Joaquin Murietta and his ever less than five, and sometimes eight armed to the teeth and all dead shots. bed and pillaged for some time with ive impunity; and when opposed, unless restrained by their leader,* were apt to become vindictive. Sometimes, however, they were not averse to an "entente cordiale," when in quest of food or shelter. Then they proffered gold dust, or coin, in liberal payment, demanding only absolute silence about the visit or the route they followed.

More than once this predatory band stopped over night in Mariposa County, near the ranch of a prominent and respected citizen three miles north of Coulterville. Their habit was to post a sentry on guard, feed and rest their horses, and toss on the kitchen table a bag of dust or nuggets to pay for their food or supplies. But by dawn, or before, the cavalcade rode off, usually to their Moccasin Cañon cave on White Point Ridge, or "Peñon Blanco," as it appears on Uncle Sam's topographic maps.

When the country grew too hot for Murietta and his much more feared lieutenant, "Three Fingered Jack," they were apt to disappear for a time, crossing the San Joaquin plains to another of their haunts near the Coast. And there, some forty years ago, they were all rounded up and captured, or finally dispersed.

But a short time afterwards a gaunt and swarthy dame and her youthful son rode briskly up to the Mariposa ranch just mentioned. They bought hay for their horses, and started for Peñon Blanco to relocate the cave. The woman admitted that her husband had been one of the Murietta band, and that from a description obtained from him she hoped to find the cave. It appeared from what she said that the last visit of Murietta to this section had been cut short by a sheriff's posse, and, unable to carry off all his booty, two mighty pots of gold were buried in the cave only a foot underground. and had never been removed. About a week after their departure the ranchers' visitors returned, saying they had failed to find what they sought, but were going to the Coast for more definite information and would then return to the cave. But they never did, and there still lurk the long lost pots.

Will they ever see the light of day? "Quien sabe," as Murietta would have said. Perhaps a mining revival will open up this locality and increase the chance of ultimate discovery. Possibly a brush fire will bare the entrance to the cave, or some wanderer casually stumble on it.

Enter the Rainbow

On the side of Moccasin Cañon, opposite Peñon Blanco and nearer its head, is the McAlpine mother-lode mine, which has yielded tons of golden ore. It commands a fine view of the storied cañon, and very often of brilliant sunsets and striking cloud effects. Half a dozen times, following recent rains, a bright rainbow has been visible from the mine. It completely spanned the gorge below. More than that, its western arch several times rested about half way up Blanco's sides, just along the supposed line of the missing treasure.

This coincidence inevitably recalled the proverbial rainbow, at whose end no treasure is supposed to lie. But this is California, and in this highly mineralized section of the Golden State rainbows really have no choice. Sometimes they just have to rest on golden ground. Did these do that? Were they bows of promise? And somewhere at, or near, the western end of those glittering arches does lavish California proffer not one pot of gold, but two?

Following the Rainbow Comes the Find

Only a few days after the foregoing lines were penned, the writer learned of the actual discovery of the cave. And, except for his in-

formant's family, and that of the find readers of these pages will be the first t it. It seems that a small girl, living grandparents quite a distance from Blanco, was climbing its rugged sides lost her footing and fell into the low a a cave. Being unhurt, she picked ! and entered. Inside were rusted p shovels and various other impleme partly burned sticks of pitch pine. used as torches to light the cave. dently the long lost cave of Muriettal to her own family, the prudent child have spoken of her wonderful adverto a little playmate, whose father me to me when we were casually speaking etta and his time a few days ago.

Only a short time before this inechild's grandmother was heard to deplete of means that kept the family from elsewhere a less lonely and more shome. But shortly after the occurrentire household moved to a city. Coast. There they bought a comfortation and auto and various other articles of a curable only with coin of the comfort the equivalent thereof.

The only undisclosed point of the Nights incident is whether the finder ticed the bows, near whose western found the cave. In the Arabian N would certainly have noticed and follow. The writer hopes she did, and every loving reader must hope so too!

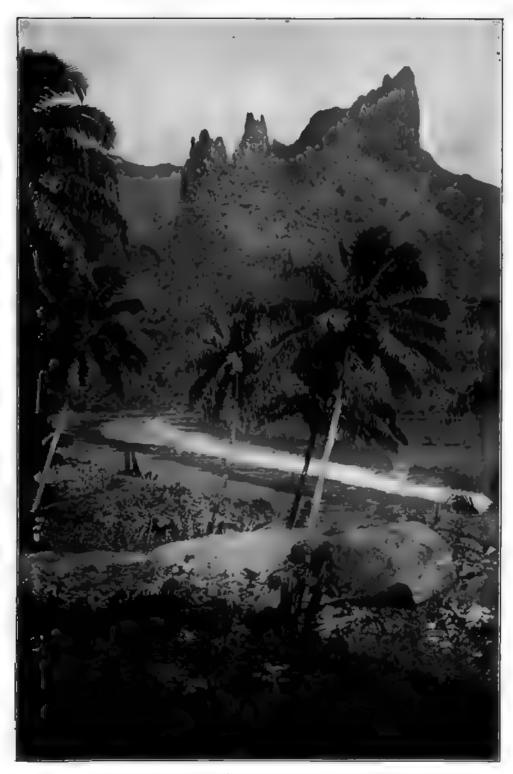
California's Cup of Gold

The golden poppy is God's gold,

The gold that lifts, nor weighs us down.
The gold that knows no miser's hold,

The gold that banks not in the town.
But singing, laughing, freely spills
Its hoard far up the happy hills;
Far up, far down, at every turn.
What beggar has not gold to burn!

-Joaquin Miller.



"The Swaying Palms"

The Plaids O' Grant Stand Fast

By CHAS. J. NORTH

Vice-President of the Grant Family Association of North America

Ben Lomond's crags are stirring;
. The pipes skirl out alarms.
The plaids o' Grant are climbing
Where dark glens spread their arms.
Dinna ye hear them—hear them—
Pipe out their fiercest blast?
The plaids o' Grant are hearing:
Stand fast, stand fast, stand fast!

The ashes o' their hearthstones
Lie scattered through the door.
The wives and bairns are hiding
Beyond Loch Lomond's shore.
The mist breaks clear above them,
The sun comes spinning down,
Dinna ye see the spinning
Above Ben Lomond's crown?

They stand, the wild McGreegors,
The fiercest o' the clans.
They fight for homes and hearthstones;
Aye—call them caterans.
The spinning mist above them;
The claymores in their hand.
They hear the skirling summons,
And daring all, they stand!

Tis many a year since then, mon, And many a mile between, And many a Grant-MacGreegor The spinning mist has seen. In many a far-off country They've heard the piping strains That carry down from Lomond, And stir through all their veins.

The Grant o' Grants is sleeping
Far from Loch Lomond's shore,
Where plaids o' Grant were climbing
Three hundred years before.
Did he na feel the spinning
That weaves down through the past?
And didna he hear the piping,
And daring all, stand fast?

[&]quot;Stand Fast" is the Grant motto.

The Devil Priest of Hjal

By JAMES HANSON

ID! Sand! Sand! There were lakes d oceans of it; ages and eons of itits totality could be measured in terms or water. Mountains and valleys of dust surrounded the atomic figure that ross the face of that infinite region. bage was scant and white-bleached as ones, and as dead as the sphinx-eyed nkey which, in the sweltering day, had at the last dry water-hole.

thole desert was shimmering with heat nd the brightness of the midday sun in the neck of the staggering one, set n askew and seduced his eye into the tat the great hills danced grotesquely So silent was it that the swish of his surged in his ears like the ominous of the surf on the rocks.

ne thing had sent Stalder Michelena y into that Asiatic Sahara: He sought tain of crystalline stuff of which the ig desert men had spread fabulous They told of a hill that spangled in the a million jets of emerald, tourmaline namarine. At that moment Michelena a gem reputed to have come from there. ndeed, a strange bit of stuff. Its classhad baffled jewelers; but they had adits composition a rarity.

on he staggered, passing his hand bes face to brush away the mica-like that swayed in front of his eyes, ever z his jaded feet along and clinging to ity canteen at which he sucked tena-

He let out a sardonic laugh and wonow soon he would see a mirage of cool. ater.

the mountains came. Abruptly, it the desert lay leagues behind him. He hrough a wild defile which resolved into plateau where the surface formations resisted his efforts. There the earth's as eroded and furrowed as if from the fires and upheaval of its layers.

t he went, a severe torment within him water that he sought. His body was I from falling on the rocks that rolled is feet, and he cursed the uncountable at buzzed in his ears and hair. Nightmons, born of his delirious brain, grimaced before him, mocking him in his plight. Once when he rushed them, they faded away and he ran squarely into a leprous rock, struck it with his naked fist and fell on his way with cackles of haunting laughter.

Suddenly, as if by a change of a stereopticon slide, he gazed stupidly upon a sheet of water which lapped at his very feet. Even as he cast his exhausted flesh into the unreal depths of his optical illusion, he plunged through the crumbling shards of earth toward the lurid bowels of the inferno, over him tingling the sublime, sleepy contentment that laves a drowning man, and with the dimming and fading of his mind, he relived events of his childhood

When consciousness came Michelena believed that he had descended to the lowest pits of the infernal realm. Through filmy eyes he saw a thousand garnet and violet lights scamper capriciously over the serrated walls of whatever place he was in. An overpowering odor hung like an invisible pall upon the atmosphere. To his ears came a wierd farago chanted in a lazy monotone.

He strove vainly to analyze his sensations. He had attempted to move neither head nor limb for fear of binding the conviction that he was dead, sensing that under him was a rude structure bearing his benumbed frame; and his surroundings had all the likeness of a crypt for accommodating sheeted ones.

The sudden illumination of the place caused him an involuntary start, thus dispelling his disjointed musings. What he saw almost sickened him, as he turned his head to inquire the cause. He knew not whether it be man or beast, for it bore all the appearance of a hideous ifrit seen with his wandering mind. Upon closer inspection he observed it to be the dwarfed form of a native.

The creature was all that was possible to be bestial in a human. His wrinkled face, bluish lips, malformed nose and oblique eyes attested to the fact that he had lived for many decades. His arms were apish, long and sinuous, and at their ends were osseous hands that clutched a blow-pipe, from the mouth of which violet flame spat into a forge and lighted up his coppery, parchment-like skin in a glow as diabolical as that of a Mephistopheles. had shed his robe and it lay at his feet.

But in spite of his exceptional and revolting mein he spoke gently, as he turned upon

Michelena.

"You will recover in time. A fall of twenty feet through my roof has given you a time of it."

The stricken one sat feebly erect, then fell back with a groan of genuine pain.
"Lie still," cautioned the other.

"Where am I?" Michelena's query was hardly articulate.

A fleeting smile of pride touched the cavedweller's lips as he answered:

"In the kingdom of Hjal."

"And—who are you?"

"Lammin, its ruler."

The sands of time drifted on and days merged slowly into weeks. With noble patience Michelena awaited the healing of his frame to perfectness. Daily he crept to the side of the pygmean troll who toiled, always toiled, over his forge, amidst the virulent, yellow fumes ascending from his crucible, chanting all the while in his monotonous semi-tone the croon songs of Hial or reciting some ritual of his priestly station.

"See, comrade," said Lammin, breaking the matrix of clay, yet never once removing his eyes from the glowing result of his workmanship, "the crystallization is complete. But not yet have I attained perfection, though this is of better quality than that bit possessed by

you.

"It must have the purity of a diamond, the color of jade, and the subtle delicacy of a pearl. My creation shall be-not a mere sparkling bauble—but a precious bijou, fit enough to adorn the crowns of royalty. It shall surely be; for I am blessed with a fire of natural gas that is twice as hot as acetylene flame, and the hardest of rock runs before it as water."

A profound silence fell, unbroken except for the splutter of Lammin's torch as he regulated the flame which once leaped twenty feet outward, reddening the opposite wall; then the soft, purring hiss of it, as he toned it down to an inch-long, bluish blaze, accentuated the stillness.

Michelena ventured, after studying him for a moment:

"You are learned."

. Lammin's face darkened as he fastened his

gaze upon the emaciated countenance and unshorn beard of the sick man, and laughed hollow mockery—a guttural throat noise that might have been born in the very posterns of death.

'Aye, learned! I might mention colleges of New York and California. I am learned in the noble artistry and subjects of the East, as taught by pure and one-strained priests-filled to satiety with the crafty teachings of wer Western civilization that brought me bittemes and drove me to an earthly grave."

"Be not so hurt," protested Michelena. "Your hatred is surely unjustified. Call you the lessons of brotherly love 'crafty teachings'?"

A sneer of irony was in Lammin's tone and every line of his features expressed arrogance and disdain.

"Brotherly love! That which I sought most!

There was none for my deformities.

"You were super-sensitive," parried Michelena, endeavoring to laugh lightly. Then be assured Lammin sincerely: "I hold no rancor against you. Indeed, I am indebted to wor. Were it not for you I would have ceased to exist. I have naught but brotherly love for you, and twisted body that you have—"

Lammin silenced him with an impatient

gesture.

"It is transient. I am undeceived. It is but the temporary gratitude of a patient to his nurse. But-what care I?"-his voice rose in menacing wrath. "Here I am king. Here my word is law. Here I grind out my revenge upon the Western world, and all of its citizens that meet me-"

He broke off and again silence ensued. When he resumed he had regained his composure.

"Forgive me, comrade," he begged; "I was hasty. You are interesting. My friendship yours, as long as you break no taboo. I have avowed death to all Occidentals; yet I shall except you-now."

Lammin returned to his fires, and burst into verse, as written by Emperor K'ang Hsi, of the

Ch'ing Dynasty:

"The old farmer cultivates the land diligently. giving great attention to all things around.

From morning to night he guides the plow and never willingly relinquishes it . . .

And Michelena, silently, deeply in thought lay back on his couch and, before drowsiness coiled about him, he wrestled with many problems concerning this curious kobold: his abtalents, his abstruse reasoning, and his belief in his own impeccability.

e following days Michelena learned bout Lammin and his followers, who the banner of outlawry. Lammin told hem. They were a hybrid race—Gurkzetans, Surmagasi, Khas, Nepalese—outcasts from their tribes, who took the heights where they might worship y of their choice. But Michelena had ne of these; for the confines of Lamzrkroom were taboo to all.

are smugglers and bandits," said Lamavage and cruel to those that oppose I to them we deal out a bloody punish-

lena perceived the wolf within the loth, saw him to be a callous and construte, and a hot gush of hatred to his own temples.

what right do you dare assume the take blood?" he cried. "Fear you law?"

in smiled contemptuously.

re anything. Am I not the law? Am preme?"

p of amazement and incredulity broke chelena, and he spat a hot retort. words of an ignorant fool!"

in's face went livid, and his eyes with garnet and savage fire. His iffened into hawk-like claws for a then he relaxed. When he continued smiling, calmly, enigmatically.

aps my words shall have proof," he

are a fiend! A devil!" cried Michelena, nding hidden meaning.

comrade," laughed Lammin ironically.

my kingdom; I am its king. Hence
nighty, with the power to bestow coripon all that break the taboos of my
Each man is a king; some are greater,
less. So you, too, are a lord. You
power to break the charge I put upon
ch is this: Do not leave this chamber
Should you—then—Ah! The clash
The conflict of rulers! 'The strong
vive, and the weak' I
ate to harm you, for you are an interinversationalist and companion."
lichelena shook his head.

fter day, as each successive day had a greater return of strength, the desire m had grown more to investigate whatbeyond the threshold of his prison. Now desire leaped from lambent flame into eager obstinacy and resolve. Defiantly he watched Lammin disappear through the mouth of the place and heard his laugh of sardonic humor echoing behind him:

"Ah!—the clash of kings!"

Almost till morning Michelena, his mind a whirl of meditations, listening to the sounds that always trembled in from the area beyond the door: stentorian voices, chants, twanging of demonic musical instruments. Once he imagined he heard the trumpeting of a tusker resounding like the reverberations of thunder in a cavern. It was voices, a magnet, a seducing thing that forever beckoned and called him. Adventurers, explorers, traders—the thoughts of them always haunted his memory. Were other wanderers in Hjal? Or had they escaped the acquaintance of Lammin? All of these and more questions Michelena put to himself.

He crept cautiously through the tunnel, which was suggestive of a rabbit's burrow, until he gained the mouth of it. It required his utmost of strength and laborious squeezing to pass through the aperture that was scarcely large enough to admit his six-foot frame. This was the first time he had had an opportunity to roam to the narrow and dark far end of Lammin's work room.

There he halted, listened and tensed, his senses at uned to the situation, the muscles of his legs taut for instant flight, his fists clenched in readiness for combat.

He blinked his eyes in astonishment from the start he received at thus being unexpectedly confronted with such a scene of awful splendor. It smacked of Dante's "Inferno."

He was in an amphitheatre, a natural cave with numerous miniature chambers, domes, abysses and avenues that were doubtless created with whatever earth-cataclysm had caused the pit. Rising sheer from the cavern's floor was a wall that terminated abruptly at a ledge that seemed to encircle the place. The crags of its earthly canopy were covered with a continuous incrustation of minute crystals which, in the dim light from the torches that illuminated the cave, glowed and shimmered like a rainbow of sparks.

At its farthest end in the darkness loomed some image of worship. Its base was lost in the inkiness that seemed as black fog at its feet, if feet it had. Michelena searched and racked his brain in an attempt to classify the deity among the pantheons of the Orient. It was unreal, ghostlike, that palely luminous

thing which stood scowling like a great-fanged Fo-dog, before whom the truculent subjects of Lammin surely made obeisance and libation. And from the very bosom of it pealed myriad sounds that became a fantastic display of tonal wafture among the dark nooks: dissonant jargon, cadence, dissimilar cymbal tinklings, tomtom rubbings and again trumpetings as if from an elephant compound.

"What is this cyclopean creature—its mysterious source and construction?" thought Michelena, as he stood there giving it distant inspection. Though unversed in iconography. he saw therein the artistry of three countries— India, Tibet, China—to be intermingled in its makeup. But he made no decisive conclusion: for from the depths of its entrails came the magnified voice of Lammin, which hurried him back through the tunnel.

The day came when Michelena was able to make his way about his prison without the aid of a supporting staff—indeed, his injuries were completely healed. Time had passed by unnoticed, for, as a companion, Lammin was unequalled. The philosophic trees of Plato and Hegal, as well as those of Tao and Kong-futze, were stripped bare to the core by their argumentative axe. Discordant were their discourses over Mozart and Wen-ch'eng. Once Michelena spoke of Asiatic explorers who had sought a learning of what transpired in the mountain lofts and never returned. Then again came a darkening, as umber as weathered salwood, over Lammin's countenance, and he said:

"They came to learn. And the denizens of

the hills taught them much."

A sickness of heart smote Michelena, and his body was aguiver with the desire to squeeze the breath from the devil's body; but some un-

known thing bade him halt.

And Lammin spat after the manner of his kind and continued with his toils. Ever and ever he labored over the crystals and schists of rock. Every color, every gamut of emerald, jade, tourmaline and lapis lazuli found their way into his melting pot, into which he directed the spitting, bluish finger, while he chanted endless panegyrics of his line and ancestry in flowery phrase. Once when he held up for observation a topiary, prismatic crystal, he uttered a cry of elation.

See, comrade," he commanded of Michelena, who made feint of watching him, but was lost in the resolve to thoroughly inspect the worshipping room—"See! It is as limpid as the lotus ponds of Buddha. But not yet is it perfect; it is too bluish and its facets have a

greasy luster like elaolite. Ah, but the one! The next-"

'I was taught at Jaipur by scions (shaven priests. I—as did they—shall over the product of thirty hours of fusion. I. too, shall hover over it as it and crystallizes into cubes and octahe and bask in its display of rays as I fashi

At that Lammin was lost in the ecstas lucid mind while he watched the moltes in the crucible simmer and interfuse and ilate each added bit of crude brilliant. gleamed up at him the while like an evil and incandescent as those cast upon it.

A cry of distress pricked suddenly in silence. It caused Michelena to leap in to his feet and start toward the voice. L confronted him like a snarling tiger of a lair.

"Beware!" he spat, "unless you too the ire of the God of the Pit. Twas b cry of an infidel who shall soon grace th rificial stone." His voice softened to a that might have sprung from an ancien yet it held something that was sinisteryour own good, comrade, do not answe urge."

Only with a colossal effort was i Michelena beat down the desire to throt cave creature. But always came the voic somewhere within him in its warning grip yet, not yet."

With a sibilant intake of breath through pressed lips Lammin turned to his wo noring Michelena, in whose heart res sharply the scream of anguish.

Man or beast; genius or idiot; ea bhang; drinker of kumis?—which w pagan, arch fiend, exponent of death, toned keeper of a devil kingdom?—Mix asked himself again and anon. What w intangible secrets? Did he venture upo sions of rapine and plunder, when abse days at a time? Of his congregationwere they?

His perplexities were broken in twain vociferous curse from Lammin, who bulgy-eyed at his torch. The supply of gas had given out. With a splutter, a as the rustle of a rajah's shift, the flam ened and expired. And again Lammin blasphemy.

"May the One of the Pit suck the bloo the hearts of all unbelievers!" he sen : is their presence that caused me this y." He thrust his hand skyward and me the room.

day a chance came again for Michelena y the chamber. Lammin appeared for tent and gave an extemporized excuse absence to come. Albeit Michelena words of regret for his loneliness to he advertised no outward evidence of asure at thus being accorded another for exploration. He was a match, he for a dozen of Lammin's like, should arm without warning. There must be node of escape from Hjal—this and the cry concerned him most.

lly had Lammin's footsteps died away, he congé ere Michelena crept through apacious tunnel and crawled past the r at the narrow mouth of it. He wonat that stone. Was it there for a pur-Perhaps Lammin employed it to conceal

place was as silent as a forgotten grave-He tarried for a minute so that his eyes become accustomed to the gloom, before le a search for the trail that might lead the bloated idol. He dared not venture for he sensed that the floor was swampy, dors of decay assailed his nostrils; the was as repulsive as the off-throw of a

But he found no trail, save the one inct. Ever gradually he made his way the evil-smelling pit. The place seemed anate vice—it was the very maw of with its saturnine mazes. And the ss—the eternal darkness!—except for ty who was always bathed in an uncanny of phosphorescence.

ank into the slime just in time to escape low light that flashed over the scene as opened, through which a human being ed. Michelena thought him to be the seper.

was a squat man with crumpled, brown s. Above his shaven head, upon which crimson caste-mark, a flambeau was d in his gnarled hand, while he gazed with bleary eyes as if something had him cause to investigate. Apparently i, he returned from where he had come. Lelena had light for but a moment, but moment he obtained a complete survey at the pit had contained. About the ular base of the idol were grouped some lesser gods of Tibet and India—Shiva,

Varuna, Yama, Tzung-ka-ba—and the prayer-wheels of the Yellow Cap sect. The floor was bespread with bones—human bones—and bawdy statuary, zitars, lutes, tabourets, intricately carved of saj-wood and butter lamps of Bhutan word—all broken and cracked and besmeared with the mucid tegument of age and of the pit.

He rose, still groping in one hand the slippery water-pipe which he had seized as a weapon to thud the shiny head of the ancient creature, and smiled as he recognized the familiar feel of steel which he clutched in the other. This last he thrust into his shirt.

No longer afraid, he gave his attention to the deity. As he suspected, it was compounded of Lammin's fires. Its base was of marquetry and covered with hagiography. It seemed hollow to his touch, and translucent and strange of color, as if it were laminated, green upon yellow and reds blended into blues. It was as fragile as an egg shell and no thicker. Its back was to the wall. This brought the conviction upon him that it acted as a sounding box, as in a phonograph, which made the greater the sounds told into it, forcing awe upon Lammin's superstiticus followers. Ergo, the sounds of elephants and music. Michelena smiled at the old priest's artifice and cleverness.

Michelena had noted the position of the door through which the idol keeper came, and he crept cautiously to it and fastened his eye to a tiny hole in the panel.

He gazed into a room that was fit enough for any Oriental princess. Tapestries and robes of the finest selection adorned the place. Yet it was not this, nor the caste-marked one, that took his attention, but the damsel of soft and childish contours who slept upon a divan. Was she asleep? Or was she under the influence of yogi hypnosis or hashish? And he saw beyond her, through a little window, and made a mental memorandum of the stock enclosure and the valley below. With a last glance he saw and wondered at the several mirrors that were in the foreground. Then something warned him to leave.

A day elapsed ere a chance came for him to examine the gun that he found in the pit. The locks and barrel were incrusted with rust. But these he rubbed with sand till they shone as if fresh from a gunsmith. A full amount of cartridges were in the magazine. With these he could send many a soul into the keeping of grim Charon. And he kept the destruc-

tive engine hidden from the prying sight of Lammin, till would come the reckoning day. What unfortunate one had once owned that gun? thought Michelena.

One day he observed an unusual movement about the place. Lammin was in a morose and taciturn mood and refused answer to the many queries of Michelena. He had early garbed himself in his sacerdotal vestments, which must have cost a fortune. Ropes of gems hung from his freshly anointed body; his head was newly shaven; and his robes were of the finest yak's hair, brushed sleek with some scented oil, as extract of asoka flower or musk. Only once did he venture into poetry. It was a Song of Nepal, to "Leila:"

. . . Oh! Leila!
In your heart are three things:
All the yellow cobras of Burma,
All the deadly fungi of Bengal,
All Nepal's poison flowers;
The poison flowers are your vows,

The deadly fungi your kisses, The yellow cobras your deceits.

Oh! Leila!'"

After which he vouchsafed an explanation. "The God of Hjal demanded retribution. Before him one that fouled his presence shall atone."

Michelena's eyes roved to the pistol concealment; yet his voice was of casual curiosity, as he asked the gloating one:

"May I attend?" He realized the uselessness of his request, but vowed to be present.

"To double the sacrifice, yes," was the retort.

Affected apathy fell from Michelena; in its place was determination. Lammin saw and understood it.

"You admit you owe me a debt," he purred—"then repay me, Stalder, by staying here. I should hate to kill you. Remember I am highest, here. 'Ah, the clash of gods'——"

The crisis had arrived.

Michelena grew tense, as he lent his ear to the dying footsteps. For the first time since his entry into Hjal did he feel completely at ease. Then, fondling the long-barreled Colt within his shirt, he stole after the priest.

Again the oppressive scents smote him, as he merged from the mouth of the tunnel. Then he sought out an obscure spot in the gloom where he began a perilous ascent to the pathway above.

But the place!

It was a-swarm with folk—a mongrel horde in nondescript garb. A hundred and more humans grouped en masse before the deity. And Lammin, in his bizarre robes of the ritual and eyes darkened with kohl, addressed the conclave in terms of his destructive philosophy.

The ceremony began.

Instantly, by signal, the lights were extinguished, leaving the room in total darkness, except on the walls where the seepage of years had not effaced the sooty lamp-smudges that shone as faintly shone the God of the Pit in its alien splendor. And of the diety! It, too, assumed a change. First a pallid glow enveloped it; then it gleamed with flamboyant brilliancy. Michelena knew the cause. The meaning of the reflectors behind it was presented.

It was extremely uncanny.

Its face was first bespread with a florid and purple tone, as though livid with rage over some wrong, then dimmed and subsided into lesser tones, while the wierd music from the belly of it accompanied the changing hues.

And the motley crowd gave response. Slowly they began to perform a fanatical show of eccentric muscular action in rhythmic motions—with bodies writhing in snake-like movements and undulating unto suggestiveness—casting themselves in prostrate servility, trembling, panting, upon the sacrificial stone before the idol, which changed hues with such rapidity that it defied the eye to follow the transient and uncouth emotions.

Suddenly the gamboling and chanting stopped, and from the chamber-prison was brought the defenseless subject of the offering. Michelena saw mortal terror written in her every feature, and he made his gun in readiness. She shrank back, seemingly to beg for mercy. She was too frightened to struggle.

Lammin was before her, in his beady eyes an ensanguine glow that would have shamed a Satan.

"The God of Hjal be appeased. Blood is the wine of life!" he chanted, drawing from a recess a long, flexible tube which the silent observer knew to be one of the blistering torches. This he put into the hands of his lieutenant, the caste-marked, wrinkled one.

Slowly and sinuously the under-priest advanced, chanting; his berry-brown features working as distortedly as those of the Pit God's, gauging the spitting jet of fire till it sprang out to an extent of a dozen feet. It held as

fascination for the captive. Only id she remove her eyes from the devil nd his torch to glance aloft as if she n search of ethereal assistance. And thsome, gyrating one advanced.

moment came!

a horrible yell the priest lay motionon the sacrificial stone, the last tremors ng his face and body, his knuckles beatspasmodic tattoo at his side.

par, unmistakably indicative of ferocity agrin, broke from the audience. They sot what had caused such sacrilege. Some out blindly and frantically in search of

irce.

ther sprang forward to take the place fallen priest. He, too, joined his dead le. No attention was paid to the caphe had found surcease in a faint.

and there a torch appeared. More and vere seen, till the place was ablaze with The situation became more hazardous. ena was yet undiscovered. From his on he saw them run vigilantly to and fro, only on seeking out the cause. Twice d into them with telling precision, then his position instantly so that the flash gun might not betray his whereabouts. scanned the maddened throng for one t that moment slunk along the wall behim. Again he fired into the mob, and another fanatic joined his companions in ernal silence. He looked at his weapon w but two cartridges remained in the ne. A curse escaped him and he wonhow the situation would end. Soon but ell was left: this he decided must be d for Lammin.

where was Lammin? Michelena ran: the lofty trail and gained a position rabove the great idol and peered cauover the edge in an effort to discover est. He was nowhere to be seen. Then or intuition caused Michelena to look him

jerked his head aside barely in time to the long javelin that like a hissing snake d past his head. At the same moment d at the horrible face. But even as he ammin slipped over the side of the wall lled to the floor in a pile of debris, unl by the bullet.

lenly a thought struck Michelena. It if a shaft of daylight had burst into rky realm of Hjal. The utter simplicity aused a smile to lighten his lips.

brandishing his empty pistol, he ran

around to the opposite side of the cavern and, standing in full view of the multitudes below, he shouted to call their attention to him as he pelted them with a rain of rocks.

This idea was supreme. He drew back into the darkness and slipped away to the side where the idol stood, and dropped lightly into the pit. There he took up a position on the sacrificial stone. He proclaimed his presence by a ringing, derisive laugh.

Instantly the mob rushed him. But he remained untouched.

Another scornful laugh broke from him. In their eagerness to seize him the torch in his hand went unnoticed. And before they had time to withdraw, a scorching, white-hot arm shot out from the tube's end and was played upon them.

The drama became a farce. They fell away before the withering flame like squealing, cornered rats before rising water. And after them rushed Michelena. There was not escape from that stream of liquid fire, which was more deadly than that of No Man's Land.

Lammin surged forward, but only for a moment.

"Get to your burrow!" commanded Michelena, describing a significant arc with the flame.

As obese, wheezing pigs scrambling through a hole in a fence, they fought and clawed their way into the tunnel. Michelena was ever alert to see that not one of them escaped the fate that was in store for him.

The girl had regained her senses and was at his back pouring out her thanks upon his deaf ears. Only once did he address her. He asked her assistance to roll the bulky rock in front of the entrance.

Upon it he played the blaze, watching with satisfaction as it became reddened, melted, and a very part of the cavern walls itself.

"Now," he said, thinking of the bull elephant that he saw the day of the exploration which bore the great, draped howdah and ankus at its side.

"Wait," he added, stooping to pick up a rock the diameter of a baseball.

With a mighty heave he sent it out. With a sighing whir, as whir the wings of a bat, it went across the nocturnal spaces, and—

The God of the Pit exploded!

With a detonation like the sound of air filling a vacuum, its wrathful roar surged and boomed voluminously among the caverns and niches, and re-echoed till it subsided into the dusky haze of nothingness. The air was filled with millions of scintillating particles that ascended skyward and floated there like green, blue and carmine dewdrops—and descended again in an iridescent sheen of meteoric splendor and in strings like wool. The God of Hjal and its bestial creator were no more.

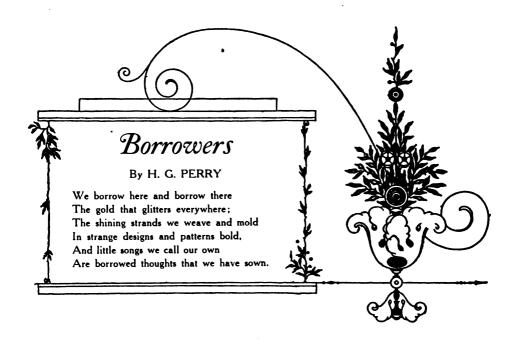
"Now come," he said.

The Quest

By STANTON ELLIOTT

You would be free! Yet how be free With the spirit benighted by memory— Freighted with heartaches, harried by pain, Curbed in its yearning, reined in its reign, Sphered in its sweep of infinity.

No cry of soul, no utmost plea
Has pierced the pale of this mystery;
Not all the strength of your Protean brain,
Nor all your Promethean will can gain
One atom's pause to set you free.



"The Mistletoe Woman"

By CHARLES H. SHINN

IX weddings in San Joaquin Forest in one year!" said old Ranger Neil to young Ranger Blackstone, as they met trail. "Only eight of you gay young ors left to dance with the girls! Get go down the line and propose to every unbonnet. Let the town hats alone—giddy an' stuck-up. Out in the aidges foothills there's better girls wearin' what nothers wore."

tty girl is pretty, even in them extinhats," said Blackstone. "I don't deny at these weddin's and celebrations, and arin' criticisms on us slow-pokes have ne effect. And of course I acknowledge, between ourselves, that them six rangve done pretty well. They picked up hat light up their cabins whenever they rough the doorway."

ere you go, Blackstone," said Neil, in of solemn warning. "Arkansaw and dyed-in-the-wool bachelors. We know easy to get a girl at all—it's durned get a real sensible one. I've seen even mer rangers than you be sail down to lley under full spread of furlough, with month's salary ahead—and came back ad marked with that same old slipper

Yes! I've seen them hand out to us ud satisfaction just such a lovely social of wedded bliss as Jerry Buttons' girl. ree or four others I have in mind."

ill," said Blackstone, "those are all new to me. When we make camp and Mindes in from his range, an' maybe those estimating boys, I'll call on you to sound min' notes, an' brace the bachelors. I one of the married men say as how the the bachelors was a-goin' to be put in , an' be toted around and banged at with poters for ten cents a shot."

t night they camped on the Chiquito, four trails cross, and the timber crew in, so that six rangers were together. aught trout for supper, Minaret had a of Inyo County comb honey, white and nt, and a Round Valley cheese, by way of s."

er supper one of the young rangers went pack, and brought out a half dozen good

cigars, well wrapped. "Came from that New York newspaper fellow that I showed around last summer—the same that give the ranger library one of the books he wrote—bully good story, too, about how to run foot races."

"We live too high out here, we rangers," said Aroostook, the head of the timber crew, lighting his cigar and stretching himself out in perfect bliss.

"You bachelors are mighty convenient around this forest," he continued. "You make friends easy; you fit into lots of places. Besides, you are becoming too scarce in this country."

"Ranger Neil advises us to brace up against feminine wiles; he thinks there are two sides to this wedded bliss picture," remarked young Blackstone.

"And so there is," said Neil. "When I rides by a camp and sees the kids chase out to tell their father goodbye, or see Macy with Dimples in front of him on the saddle, or hear Mrs. Roy singing as she gets breakfast for a bunch of us old fellers, I wisht I had a happy home. But then I think of Jerry Buttons, an' I observe that wedded bliss is of varied sorts."

"Who was Jerry Buttons?" asked Little Jo.
"He was on a forest where I rode range
before I was transferred. I mought hurt feelin's ef I named it. There was a very good
ranger up there whose Bible name was Jeremiah Mason. But his favorite cuss-word was
'O, Buttons!' So of course that stuck to him.
He was the finest man we had on cattle work.

"You timber fellows needn't laugh, and say 'old style.' Reproduction of timber isn't the only item. I rode once with a way-up boss from Washington, that writes slashin' good poetry; well, he told our Supervisor that if a ranger knew range an' live stock an' mountain people, he could make good in any position. We used to think that was Jerry Buttons."

"Cattlemen are peanuts to manage along side of contractors and lumber jacks!" interjected Aroostook.

"One day Jerry goes down to Sacramento and meets a girl there. Then he writes lots of letters," said Ranger Neil. "Pretty soon he begins to save money hard—for a bachelor.

We heard she was a beauty, and real bright," he continued, an' so we thought: 'Now here's Jerry, whose weak point is reports, will have a jim-dandy home clerk to post him on book names of grasses, an' help him draw grazing maps, an' make him study harder than he ever did before." Yo see, Jerry was careless, and he was lazy in streaks, but a tremendous worker in between.'

"That's me and you all right!" said Minaret. The narrator looked at him reproachfully. They had been cowboys together in Nevada,

before the forests were set apart.
"Et tu, Brute?" whispered Little Jo of the timber crew, so softly that no one heard him. What he said aloud was: "Go along, Minaret! You and Neil and all you pioneers simply wear the rest of us to skin and bone. Lazy nothing! Fire ahead, Neil; he's an old horned toad from

'Jerry brought her up here," said Neil, striking his gait again. "You never saw such a change in any man on earth. He was that subdued, and under the brush harrow. Every

one saw it, first jump—except Jerry.'

"'That wife of mine,' says Jerry to me as we rode together, 'is a wonderful woman. I can't understand, as I say to her, how she ever came to marry me. She is so well brung up, an' she likes things so nice! Its jes' like a romance out of a book—and here we are, roughing it in an old barn."

"'No worse than other young couples,' I tells him. 'The forest has only money to build one or two cabins a year.' But Jerry went on:

'She's so sensitive, an' delicate. I never seen it before, but you must acknowledge that this is an awful hard life for a real lady. Whenever I can't manage to make my home camp at night, she jes' lays there with her eyes wide open, an' her han's clenched an' her ears stopped with cotton. She can't sleep one wink till I get back.'

"'She'd get over that about the third night," I mentioned—without any sense to brag on. 'It's only fifty yards to a neighbor. Leave her a police whistle an' give her a chance to realize that nothin' will hurt her. She'll soon be spendin' her time fixin' up things to surprise you with. She'll get so that she is proud to see you ridin' off for a week of specially hard

work.

"Jerry turns in his saddle and looks at me, cold and sudden. We rode on a while, an' then we took different trails, an' he says, 'Good mornin', Mr. Neil,' as if I was a stranger. Then I says, 'Get along, old man,' and it brung tears to his eyes, but he couldn't manage to say

'Jerry, he buckled in even wuss after that," said Neil. "No man ever worked harder to play two games at once."

"To reconcile the irreconcilable," thought

Little Jo.

"He often rode ten miles after dark," said Neil, "chasin' home after a big day's work; he wore down his horses, an' bought two more, on installments; he washed clothes on Sundays; he sent his wife off on long visits to her friends; he began to wear out; lost his cheerfulness. We did all we could to help him along.

'This sort of thing ran on for about five years," the ranger continued. "By then Jeny was washing and starching and ironing clothes for his little girl and a lot for his wife, too. She was livin' on him jes' like a mistletoe livin' on an oak. She always looked as if she had come out of a bandbox, an' so did the little girl. She got even prettier—but Jerry had a stoop, and looked gray and wrinkled. Lost his promotion, of course, and Mrs. Jerry, who was smart enough, made up a mean but funny little verse about the Supervisor, that went all over the country."

"Jerry put all of you in a hole," said

Minaret.

"He sure did," answered Neil. "He was obeying every order, and taking every dressin' down like a lamb. But he couldn't see where the trouble was; he went on worshipping his pretty little mistletoe woman."

"What do you think the trouble was, Neil?"

said Aroostook.

"Well, she had been an only child, among adorin' relatives. She was selfish clear through. She liked admiration, and she hated plain livin'. She said onct that she warn't raised rough like the rest of us."

'Jerry was a fool," said Minaret.

"I can't have told this thing right, if any one thinks that," said Neil. "I want you to see how she was that bright and attractive that no matter how mad we were at her on Jerry's account, she would meet us at the postoffice, or on the road, and in ten minutes get us to feel friendly again. Jerry kept on sayn' every once in a while, 'I don't see why she married a common ranger like me."

"She was nothing at all but a bad, dangerous woman," said a young timber ranger from Big Creek crossing. "What do you think, Litle Jo?"

"She was conventionally honest, but shallow

d. She was worse than bad—s. But how did it end, Neil?" resign. Then he went to Tonalittle money, so that he could is, at the hotel—every night. d of typhoid, and the woman mining-stock operator. I unrent right down hill after that."

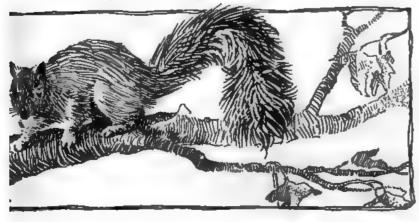
1!" said Ranger Blackstone. like that is frightful! But a tell a girl the details of his sure that she understands the being aione nights—the whole neteen out of every twenty of m are first-class helpers of their

men folks, so we needn't lose sleep over the misfits."

The young forest men rolled up in their blankets; the campfire by the Chiquito fell to a glowing heap of coals; the moon shone on pine-clad ridges, and when it sank the constellations gleamed out in darkest skies before the dawn, and moved on overhead, as they had for countless thousands of years. In the hearts of the sleeping rangers, stronger than contradiction, the calm ideals of home, of fellowship and of broadening life, remained unshaken, while those who were happily married saw visions of their distant wives, equally with themselves bearers of the burdens, sharers of the happiness of the forest.

The Maples By NINA MAY

Sometimes in the heart of the forest, Oft fringing the blue river's brink, And often in meadows are waving The maples where wild rushes drink. And onward past hillside and upland, To heights where the summer winds blow, They're flecking with shadows the canyons, Where tumbling the hill waters flow. Bright gold is the sunlight that filters Down through their broad tasseled leaves, And tinges with gold and with scarlet, When Autumn her artistry weaves. The gladness and health of the maple Are scattered wherever it grows; Its heart is as white as the lilies, And strong with the green sap that flows. To follow a trail long and winding, Is a joy that is past all compare, Where leaves that have fallen are golden, When gold are the maple boughs there.





The Flying Somnambulist

By J. W. MILLER
Part Two

rang the bell he heard voices inside reminded him of his University. At the click of the latch he pushed door and seized the startled grayls woman inside in a bear-like emsoon as she could speak she said ulous voice: "Oh, Will, I'm so refly didn't you answer my wireless?" mother? When did you wireless asked, startled.

five o'clock this afternoon," she reem without waiting for him to speak, lieving him of the necessity of worryy admitting that he had been asleep ne, she went on, "I wanted to tell everything is all right. Mr. Knight his afternoon with Uncle Alfred, and hem Neuby has decided to keep his the estate. There was no need of ng, but oh, I'm so glad you're here. I always worry so when you make trip across the mountains."

he reassured her. "Oh, forget it, You've been worrying about me for and I'm still paying taxes and gro-

Come on, let's go see the company."

g her arm he ushered her into the
m where his Uncle Alfred and his old
iend Ellis Knight sat talking.

Uncle Alfred!" he shouted, and seized man's hand in a firm grasp. "Where as from?"

set dropped in from Buffalo to stay t and see how your mother was gettin' to go back tomorrow," replied the adding, "These here airships is purty

et," assented Jones.

s to his old friend Ellis, he put out his Hello, E. B., how did you get here, e did you come from?"

a snail in from Washington, D. C.," lis dryly. "Came on one of your old. crates. Took us over five hours. an a windjammer. Wonder you peon't put on some real ships. Wouldn't e at all but I saw your brother in the he told me about your mother's trou-

bles. Too bad she hasn't got some sons to look out for her."

"Same old crab you always were, aren't you?" and Jones grinned. "I wouldn't speak to you if you weren't the best lawyer in the country." Then more earnestly he continued, "I was disappointed in old Neuby. He was recommended to me as a man of rare judgment."

He was interrupted by a disgusted "Huh" from Ellis. "Rare—worse than that—I'd say he was raw."

"Well, he ought to know the law," persisted Jones. "He comes of a long line of barristers."

"Maybe," broke in Uncle Alfred, "but I allus kind o' thought thet if you looked about his family tree a bit ye'd find a rat's nest among the roots somewhere."

Drawing from his pocket a legal document which he unfolded with much deliberation. Ellis turned and laid it on the end of the library table. Handing a fountain pen to Jones, he said with finality, "Sign this."

Without hesitating, Jones signed his name on the line indicated and mechanically returned the pen to its owner. Picking up the paper he had just signed, he asked, "What is this?"

"Fine time to ask what it is," replied Ellis, "after you've signed it. Your brother did the same thing. It simply means that you have renounced all claim to your father's estate."

At the blank expression on Jones' face the attorney laughed delightedly. "I told you your mother needed someone to look after her affairs. Lucky old Neuby didn't get hold of you before I did. Since you and your brother have both signed away all claim to the estate, your mother is the sole heir, and as soon as I can get into the court house Monday morning I will file these with the probate judge. Then I will establish her identity as the widow of the late W. J. Jones and file proof that there are no other claimants, and she'll have a free hand to do as she pleases with all the property. If I were in her place the first thing I'd do would be to disown a couple of worthless sons." Boyishly he slapped Jones on the back. "Come out of it, Bill. That's all there is to it. Your

troubles are all over and you can start back as soon as you're ready."

To Mrs. Jones it seemed incredible that so important a matter could be disposed of so simply. When she became convinced that as soon as the papers were filed as explained she would not need to worry she insisted that Mr. Knight remain for the night, but he politely refused, and informed her that he had an engagement in Denver for Sunday and would leave on the midnight airliner.

Noting the worried look on her face as he reached for his hat, he hastened to assure her that he would be back Monday morning in

time for the opening of court.

"Well, I guess I'd better be moving," said Jones as he drew his watch from his pocket. Having had a good night's sleep, he had attended church with his mother, after which they had had dinner at home, with some of her friends as guests. "It's one o'clock," he continued, "and I want to get home in time to get a good rest tonight. I left the office early yesterday, so I'll have a pile of work ahead of me tomorrow."

As she rose from the table the little woman struggled bravely to keep back the tears. Noticing this, Jones slipped his arm about her shoulders and asked eagerly, "Coming out next month, aren't you? It's too hot to stay here, and Doris and the kiddies always look forward to your coming. The salt air always does you so much good."

"I don't know, Will. It's such a long trip,

and it wears me out so," she replied.

"Oh pshaw, mother! It's only six hours. You used to make it by train when it took three days and nights," he replied pleadingly. "You can take the St. Louis-Seattle limited at eight o'clock and have lunch with me in Seattle. Then I'll slip out to Orcas Island with you in the "Cleaver" and you can be all rested and fresh as a daisy by the time I come home again in the evening. Be sure to call me up when you are ready to start and I'll keep close watch of the limited all the way and meet you at the station."

She could never quite adapt her mental processes to the more modern means of travel which the ultra-spectrum radiomotor had made possible, but her son's words seemed to cheer her and Jones hastened to say goodbye to the guests while she remained cheerful.

Arriving at the airdome he registered out for Seattle and suppressed a desire to slap the face of the impudent official who served him and asked insultingly as he did so, "Is that Cleaver from Washington yours?"

"Yes," he snapped. "Got anything against it?"

"Nope," answered the official, eying him critically.

As the Cleaver was rolled out of the hangar Jones looked it over carefully. He could find nothing wrong, but he had an uncomfortable feeling that the machine had been rigidly inspected. He glanced hurriedly at the barometer, and noted that the weather forecast posted at the checking station indicated brisk southeasterly winds. He climbed aboard, hoping that he could reach the mountains before the storm which this forecast always indicated could reach him.

Swinging the machine into the wind, he was off the ground almost as if shot from a catapult. As he pushed the controller hard over, the twin propellers roared angrily. Swinging about in a steep bank, he headed northwest over the business section of the city.

It had been several years since he had visited the Black Hills and he felt an indefinable longing to once more follow the trail of General Custer on that fateful expedition beyond the frontier. As he sped rapidly northward across the Platte River he looked down upon a fairy checker board of rich farms, marked of in mile squares by wide highways. The long straight tangents of the Union Pacific from its source at Omaha to where it disappeared in the direction of North Platte seemed always to have been there. And yet but little more than half a century had gone by since men travelled on horseback and fought Indians over that same country. The contemplation of this fact brought on a train of thought that completely absorbed him.

As if in a trance his thoughts sped back through the centuries and he saw primitive man embarking in a piece of fallen tree and exuling over his discovery that he could move from place to place without the use of his own muscles. He saw him capture his first wild horse and after almost insuperable difficulties train it to carry his burdens. He pictured the progress of civilization and understood that its advancement required and depended upon efficient means of transportation. A feeling akin to affection for his machine swept over him.

A loud crash which fairly made the Cleaver stagger brought him out of his reverie and be discovered too late that he had headed into a thunderstorm. Holding the stick back against his chest he pushed his controller handle overthe Cleaver assumed a climbing angle years before would have stalled the tout. Suddenly it shot into a storm dense that he could not see the tips ngs. It became quite dark inside the it he held the stick firmly, expecting moment he would emerge from the p the bright sunshine above.

ng played all about him. His altiistered fifteen thousand feet. He not his motors had become unusually
le wondered if the static electricity in
ls would affect them. Cautiously he
k the controller while the beta terzzled. He pushed the stick forward
Cleaver proceeded on a level course.
d a great deal of respect for the boys
g air liners. Suddenly a bright gleam
ht shot into the little cabin and he
wm. Far below he could see the wide
the Missouri River and the storm
ignily far to the rear.

g sharply to the left he put the maa long glide, at the same time slowhis motors to the normal speed. As
y lost altitude the sharp pinnacles of
Bad Lands seemed to rush up at
they were in a great game in which
ght to impale him. Jones smiled as
ght flashed through his mind. That
ve been a possibility—even a probathe days of the gas motor, but not
could fly as far and as long as he
he only limit was time and his physrance.

nissed the thought from his mind and dving the scene below. The wide exthe Bad Lands reminded him of an ash heap spread out carelessly, as if he builder of the mountains beyond. is of years of wind and rain had eroded n waste into deep canons, leaving fan-I vari-colored pyramids all alike and fferent as to charm and hold the eye became dizzy at the immensity of it. serted city of fabled ancestors it lay, gotten, and yet withal grand, as it in the afternoon sun. Those immense ading in sharply defined strata from sugh all the colors of the spectrum deep gullies, at the bottom of which etrified remains of creatures belonging millions of years older than man.

the right stretched the great wall, at of which Jones could see the whitens of thousands of cattle driven over y precipice by the raging blizzards of earlier days. He remembered his own fight with the blizzard down there near the Cheyenne River. How he had lain for weeks after his rescue, wondering whether he would ever walk again. It was not a pleasant thought, and he turned his gaze westward to where Harney Peak stood sertinel over the rich mineral deposits of the Black Hills.

There below was Hot Springs and the highway leading out to the great Wind Cave. Far to the north was Bald Mountain, and at its foot the workings of the Homestake Mine. Out in the flats beyond gleamed the great reservoir of the Belle Fouche. There to the westward lay the Devil's Tower—that mighty shaft of granite, pushed up through the earth's crust like a giant needle. How often he had stood at its base and wished that he might climb its six hundred and fifty feet of stubborn grandeur, and now it looked like a small spatter of white on the prairie!

He fancied he could retrace the trail left by Custer's band of martyrs. The thought brought back the desire to once more visit the historic battlefield. Swinging the little globe under his compass to place Billings on the line of flight, he headed straight for the valley of the Little Big Horn.

A half hour later he was over the range of buttes where Major Reno had started with three troops down the gully which marked the headwaters of the creek that bears his name. In imagination he viewed the events which transpired there on the ridge that fateful day in June, 1876. Through the eyes of Curly and White Swan he could see the five troops of cavalry, worn and dusty from their long march across the desert. Sabres clanking, and saddles creaking, they swung along in measured rhythm with but forty of the eight hundred miles of their dreary march yet to do. They are impatient, and though tired move briskly.

At a sharp command from the tall bronzed giant with the long mustaches the column halts. It is difficult country and they give up the attempt to reach the post that day. They take it easily and camp early. Sentinels are posted as a part of the regular military routine, but the commander of the expedition expresses his opinion with what seems a slight trace of contempt. "Just as I expected," he says to his brother Tom. "Not an Indian in the country."

Morning again and the little column is once more on the move. Suddenly a fierce war whoop sounds and hundreds of painted screeching devils under Rain-in-the-Face pour up the depression on the north side of the ridge and hit the rear of the lower column. Instantly both columns about face, and obliquing to the left by twos, are forming in battle line to the rear, when the hideous war whoop sounds again from the south. Thousands more of the fiends under Sitting Bull pour onto the plateau and again the columns split and obliquing once more, form in battle line to the front. antly they are holding the thousands of murderers at bay, when a cross fire from hundreds of guns down near the river mows them down in their tracks. The bugles sound "Rally," and the survivors dash madly back to the ridge from which they had deployed. Two troopers dash off in the direction of Fort Custer and drop side by side, as hundreds of the savages' bullets pursue them.

Thus Jones in his crude way visualized the events of that memorable tragedy. He had been on the field many times, but he always found much of interest there. He wished that he might land once more and go over the hallowed ground. At a low altitude he circled the field twice.

It had not occurred to him before, but he now wondered what the girl would think of it. She seemed to be so interested in the things he had told her. As the thought passed through his mind, a feeling of loneliness came over him. He was tired and wished that he were home.

Pointing the nose of the Cleaver upward and toward the west, he was rapidly gaining altitude when an object down below caught his attention. It glistened in the sunlight like polished silver. His curiosity aroused, he came about in a short spiral and dropped in a nose dive to within a few hundred feet of it. His heart-beats became almost audible as he made out the lines of a wrecked airplane. Quickly flattening out, he circled about it and then carefully side-slipped to a landing on top of a small knoll.

Hastily securing the Cleaver, he ran down a slope to where the machine lay, one wing badly smashed. Much to his surprise it proved to be a "Dart," one of the latest and fastest models built—a machine that could be forced to five hundred miles an hour if necessary. So interested did he become in the wonderful appointments of the cabin-oxygen tanks, automatic heaters and other luxuries of the modern limousine of the air, that he failed to observe the approach of a tall, slender girl from the opposite side of the wreck. He was much startled when a familiar voice at his side exclaimed: "Why Mr. Jones! How did you

happen to come 'way up here?" He was too surprised to catch the alarm in her voice, and stared wild-eyed while the same smile played about her mouth that he had seen before.

"You? You?" he interrogated, while the look of uneasiness once more crept into her face. "Ah—uh, Miss Smith, how in the world

did you get here?"

Calmly she told him she had started out to visit some friends and relatives in Billings and her desire to walk over the battlefield had mastered her and she had attempted to land, with the result that her machine had rolled over the bank and down the side of the gulch. Her wireless telephone fortunately had not been greatly damaged and she had been able to call Billings and they were sending out a rescue truck to look after her machine.

"Then you don't need to wait until they

arrive?" he queried.

"Oh, no. That is, I wouldn't if I had any way to leave. It's a long way to Crow Agency, so I thought I'd just stay here until they come," she replied easily.

"I'll hop over to Billings with you, if you

don't mind," he suggested gallantly.

"Oh no, I wouldn't want to delay you. You're on your way back to Seattle, I suppose," she added politely. In spite of the evident refusal of the offer her looks belied her words, and ten minutes later the Cleaver had taken the air with the girl again as a passenger. The sharkskin bag reposed in its place at her feet. She told him she had come a day earlier than she had first intended and that her friends were not expecting her. That she was going on to Seattle the next day, but now that her plane was broken she feared she would be much delayed in reaching the coast. She had an important engagement in Seattle, too.

"Why not go on with me and come back here on the air liner and get your plane when it's done?" he asked, hopefully.

"Oh, just as you landed I wirelessed Aunty that I'd be in Billings this afternoon. I didn't tell her though that I'd had an accident. I wish now I had not called her; I would go on," she answered wistfully.

"That's easy," he told her. "My phone is working. It has a short range, but I'll fly over town and you can call her."

She seemed delighted at this suggestion, and Jones politely turned away while she talked. He caught her final words, "All right, Aunty. I'll see you tomorrow." As he turned to speak

again he failed to notice that she had h the transmitter and detector switches

passed by the wonders of Yellowstone ith scarcely a comment. Butte they see at all. He thought it would be they had time to drop down at Glacier I Park, and she agreed with him.

tly the time passed. He had spent more ling about the Big Bad Lands and about battlefield than he had realized, and it wing dark when they reached Lake

He had hoped to reach there before nd the Johnstons left, but he decided was now too late to catch them.

they reached the old Sand Point Aviield the lights were on, and he landed istance from the checking station in avoid running down some "fool proracker," as he termed those who perventured into the runways without y. As he carried her bag into the staseemed to him that it was much lighter

force of habit he registered, "W. Cleaver—Orcas Island." His name apso many times on the register that the n charge filled in his registry number the him his clearance card without com-

had been at Lincoln.

at him.

ing to the girl he asked, "Will you take way or shall I call a taxicab?"
i, if you please," she replied, and smiled

a vision of her face before him he briskly into a booth. Glancing at the the wall, he took the first taxicab numthe list, Main 8810. Mechanically he the disk on the automatic telephone. er could get used to these pesky auto-

He did not notice that on the first he had turned the disk to 7 instead us ringing Main 7810.

fforts were rewarded by a gruff "Yeah" e receiver. Without attempting to voice casm that rushed to his lips, he said "Send a car out to Sand Point Aviald right away."

is this?" asked the same gruff voice.
was too surprised to frame the reply cocasion seemed to require. "What ce does that make?" he asked hotly.
want to send a car out here or not?"
a minute," the reply came back. This new one to Sergeant Perry, and turning all muscular man in a Captain's uni-

form, he said, "What d'you make of this nut, Captain?"

Wonderingly Captain Hanz took the receiver. "What was it you wanted?" he asked in a well modulated voice.

Mollified, Jones explained that he wanted the car for a young lady. He took some care to describe her and mentioned the bag as a mark of identification.

Captain Hanz had been in the Police Department too long to ask foolish questions, and politely replied, "Yes, sir, we'll take care of her at once." Slamming the receiver onto the hook, he turned to Sergeant Perry and commanded sharply, "Order up my car right away. I'll look into this myself."

After a none-too-hurried farewell Jones climbed wearily into the Cleaver and in less than half an hour was with his family on Orcas Island. The Johnstons were there and he arrived just in time to join the group in a hurriedly prepared luncheon of picnic sandwiches and hot coffee. With much satisfaction he told of Ellis Knight's being in Lincoln and how he had settled the matter of the estate. He discreetly refrained from mentioning Miss Smith. He also failed to say that he had gotten off his course on his way east.

Impatient to be on his way to Juneau, Joe Johnston had arisen early. As Jones came out onto the veranda he handed him the morning paper which he was just finishing, and remarked, "I see the police think they've got one of the dope ring that they've been promising to run down so long."

Disinterestedly Jones took the paper and read:

"FAMOUS DOPE SMUGGLER CAUGHT!"

"'Slippery Sal,' one of the most notorious dope peddlers on two continents, was picked up at Sand Point Aviation Field by Captain Hanz of the Central Police Station about nine o'clock last night. A clew to her whereabouts was 'phoned to headquarters from one of the booths at the aviation field, while she sat in the waiting room. In a black sharkskin bag which she carried was found ten 5-tael tins of opium.

"Captain Hanz believes that his informant is one of the ring; probably an admirer of 'Slippery Sal' who has turned her in after a lover's quarrel. There has been a standing offer of five thousand dollars for her capture, and the police will watch with interest any claimants for the reward.

"Where she came from is as much a mystery as is the source of the information leading to her arrest. A careful check of the register at the aviation field shows that no machines, excepting those locally known to the officials, have registered in or out all day Sunday.

"Upon the heels of this sensational capture comes a report from Omaha that the aerial police of that city yesterday at about noon chased this same elusive young woman in a late model Dart far into South Dakota. She easily outdistanced the police scouts, but the reports from the Middle Western city claim that it is impossible for her plane to have escaped injury from the fusillade of bullets sent after it.

"The report is discredited by the Seattle police, as no machine of this model has registered in this city, and the prisoner taken by Captain

Hanz frankly admits her identity.

"It is possible that some one has been posing as the tall brunette in the hope of gaining some notoriety. A careful check of all the registering stations between here and Omaha is being made, but it is probable that the machine chased out of the city on the Big Muddy escaped into Canada."

What Jones' next move would have been it is difficult to say. Doris, just then appearing at the door to announce breakfast, stopped as

if petrified.

"Why, Will Jones, you look like a ghost. What is the matter?" she cried. "I know," she continued. "That trip yesterday was too much for you. You're not going to work today," and she hastened to the telephone to call the office manager of the Northwest Transportation Company, forgetting in her impulsiveness that that individual was probably still in bed. Twirling the disk to the desired number, she hurriedly rang and was rewarded with the busy "buzz." Impatiently she jammed the receiver onto the hook.

As the full significance of his part in carrying the dope smuggler to Lincoln and then back to the coast forced itself upon him, Jones hunched down on the veranda, the personification of despair. He understood now why the checker in Lincoln had asked about his machine; also why it had been so rigidly inspected. He knew it was useless to try to avoid detection. The registration officer at Lake Chelan knew that he had taken a passenger east, and it was only a matter of a few hours until Lincoln would report that the Cleaver had landed there and that a tall brunette had come in on it as a passenger.

Feebly he arose. He knew this would almost kill Doris, but he must tell her before she could get it from garbled newspaper reports. She would at least know that what he had done had been due to his own ignorance and good nature. As he dragged himself wearily across the veranda to the door of the sun room he seemed to have aged twenty years.

He looked up listlessly when a newspaper plane buzzed low overhead and landed in the public field a hundred yards away. He buried his face in his hands as the newsboys' cries brought every one to the door. "Extra! Big

dope mystery solved! Pa-apers!"

Joe had as usual grabbed the first paper and was now running toward him, waving it excitedly as he came. "Bill, you old scoundrel!" he shouted. "Why didn't you tell us——?" But Bill heard no more. As he caught sight of his own picture covering half of the front page, his limbs crumpled beneath him and he sank down in a heap on the steps.

When he revived, it was nearly noon and he was in his own bed. The paper lay on the pillow beside him, the front page uppermost. He looked at it and groaned. He wondered

how Doris had stood it.

The thought of his wife momentarily took his mind off of himself and his interest in life revived slightly. He picked up the paper and gazed intently at his own picture. Beneath it were the words, "Wm. Jones." He didn't read the paragraph in italics below this. He thought he know what it said.

Mechanically he read the head lines:

BIG DOPE RING SMASHED

Member of N. W. T. Co.'s Staff Turns in

Much Wanted Smuggler.

Sullenly he read:

"One of the neatest as well as one of the most daring exploits in the criminal annals of the Pacific Coast has come to light with the capture of 'Slippery Sal' by Captain Hanz last evening. Too much cannot be said in praise of the intrepid Police Captain for the way in which he brought the daring beauty to head-quarters, but the one individual to whom the honor of her capture must be given is Walones, of the Northwest Transportation Company.

"For months the officials of this company have suspected that their airliners were carrying smugglers in their passenger lists, but they have never been able to secure information that would warrant an arrest. A short time

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Exiled on the Farallones

By McKELLAR PRING

IRTY miles out from San Francisco, the Farallone Islands stand sentinel for the Western commerce. The white lighten its barren, brown peak, three hundred to the surging breakers, safeguards gevery night. And at any time the s station will give the bearing by radio passing ships.

first rocky peaks to be sighted by invessels, the last glimpse of land to be the Orient-bound steamers, these islands tostly as a name; their inhabitants are ers. Yet when one knows them, they staunchest of Americans. The privandergone by the hardy dwellers of the nes unite them with its common cause. ive as one big family, helping one anneverything.

boat day, every second Friday, is looked to by all. C'est le jour de fete.' The use tender from San Francisco anchors: waters. Over the side a rowboat is the provisions are dropped rane. The passengers then descend a adder and jump.

small boat is slowly rowed to the landa narrow inlet. Rocky sides rise abfrom the ocean bed. A short, narrow landing for passengers leans against ck to escape the waves. From this a almost perpendicular staircase clings to ks until it reaches the docks, one huneet above. Giant cables, controlled by hoist the provisions.

the 30th of last December I risked my this perilous ascent. Gaining the dock, pectant faces of the entire insular popucentered on me. Their eager interest in rival was dumbfounding; I am much acquainted with the idle curiosity of

The little children romping the rocks d to smile. The hearty welcome given grownups told of the isolated life they eading.

first impression of the islands is depresslocks everywhere, and a weary climb to uses. After scrambling over loose rocks call it a path) with most demonstrative is of my suitcase, I finally reached a sint—also a resting point. The lighthouse, sheltered on the south side of the rough rocky peak, cannot be seen from the supply ship. But before me now lay the panorama of the settlement.

Amazed and worn out, I stopped. White-washed houses with red tiled roofs rest peace-fully at the base of the mountain. This is the lighthouse settlement. Beyond, half hidden by a spur of the mountain, the green houses of the U. S. Navy Department stand out from the dull brown of the rocks. To the right, and at a short distance from the island, Saddle Rock, the home of seal lions, basks beneath the sun while deep blue waves race around it.

The little green cottage that was to be my home for three weeks (as later events proved) was the nearest of the Navy buildings. Above the door was "Kum-on Inn." As one soon finds out, this was the hospitable motto of the entire island. Every time I passed a home, a cheery voice would call from the door or window, "Come on in!"

These people who suffer the hardships of exile gain comfort from the knowledge that the lighthouse and the compass station help the passing ships.

The lighthouse stands sentinel over the islands. Itself fifty-eight feet high, its base rests three hundred feet above the water. Even at this height, salt spray accumulates on the glass. Each day one of the men washes the outer panes of glass. And every five days, all the "Bull-eyes" and the magnifying glasses must be cleaned. The machinery is kept in perfect order and all the wood work dusted until the lighthouse is immaculate. At sundown the man on watch lights up. He first lights a small wick which heats the big lamp. Slowly the heat spreads until the larger light bursts into flame and the dazzling brightness blinds the eyes. Only three gallons of kerosene are needed to keep this light burning all night. The force of the light from the Farallone lighthouse is 280,000 candle power. This beacon is seen twenty-six miles away by ships, further on clear evenings. During the night the watches are three hours long. Think of the men who stay there alone to watch and guard the light that guides our commerce at night.

The compass station, a small green house, is

built on a jut of rock two hundred feet high. Formerly it was down near the water, but one big storm lifted the entire house into the ocean—fortunately the man on watch was able to awim in. Bearings are given to the ships by wireless; the station has risen under Chief Hawkins until it ranks first on this part of the coast.

The only way of obtaining provisions is to order from some company in San Francisco. If the company neglects to fill the order, the people suffer. This occurred when I went out; some of the lighthouse people did not receive any of their order on the boat. Two weeks before they had received but half of their supplies, so they had just a few groceries left. Everybody on the island willingly gave from their pantries and the first week passed without any one's feeling a shortage. The second week

lay smoother than the sleek skin of a living seal.

Darkness spread without obliterating objects beneath its cloak. Brilliant stars, glittering in the blue black velvet of the sky sparkled in close proximity. The steady rhythm of breaking waves was occasionally accompanied by the bass roar of a sea lion. The echoes, slowly dying away, accentuated the stillness. Virgin night lay before me, temptingly sweet in her purity.

The morning of Friday, the 13th, dawned brightly. A cold wind sprang up about ten o'clock. The lighthouse ship, Sequoia, was seen in the distance and the insular inhabitants gathered at the dock before twelve. A boat was lowered over the side of the Sequoia with provisions. It started for the landing, but the waves and wind threatened to smash it on the



"The Lighthouse Ship was seen in the distance"

butter and potatoes gave out, but the next boat was expected on the coming Friday.

Everybody was flushed with expectancy on Thursday. Hoarded dainties were enjoyed, for provisions would be plentiful on the morrow. Grey mackerel clouds curtained the fiery red sunset and bordered the steel blue Pacific which

rocks. A motor launch left the lighthese tender to rescue the rowboat.

Unable to land, the boats returned to the Sequoia. Up went the anchor and the tender steamed back to San Francisco. That afternoon the inhabitants of the Farallones hunted

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Justice of the Wild

By REGINALD C. BARKER

ISTY and indistinct in the greying light of dawn loomed the stately, white peaks e Sawtooth Range. The light grew er. From somewhere among the rocky came the sharp whistle of a hoary marwhile the chirping of the yet invisible could be heard as they welcomed the comav.

uin the marmot whistled, then he dived thole beneath a huge granite boulder, mming lightly over it a great horned owld his silent way homeward to a cave the peaks.

n; then another, followed by a shower of stones and dirt.

h up on the canyon wall a band of bigsheep passed in single file. In the lead huge ram with horns possibly fourteen in circumference at the base, that, curvick over his shoulders, made one wonder is managed to retain his balance as he his way along the ledge. Behind the ere two ewes, graceful as deer with small, erect horns. As they followed their along the ledge they stopped occasionally ble at the lichens and mosses growing the rocks.

ledge came to an abrupt end, but not single instant did the big ram hesitate. eet below him he saw a narrow shelf the opposite side of a deep chasm. Aply the thought that he might fall short leap never entered his head, for, like a pring suddenly released, he shot into the dilanded with all four feet upon the

Reposing the utmost confidence in his ent, the two ewes followed. Bounding edge to ledge, or climbing almost unscaliffs, the three bighorn sheep kept on their

his companions had disappeared. Pose had been expecting this. At all events not seem to worry, but continued nibhe plants and mosses as though it were ual thing to be deserted by one of his

aving him the ewe had been impelled by inknown force to which she was bound

to respond. It suddenly occurred to her that she knew a better route than the one he was choosing, and for some reason she felt strangely tired of leaping. So she decided that she would find a place where she would be free from molestation and there she would rest. Upwards, ever upwards she climbed, never leaping if she could avoid it, but keeping to the narrow ledges that wound around the side of the mountain.

At last she came to a place situated high up on the wall of the mountain where a wide ledge was overhung by a mass of rock that prevented all approach from the upper side. So far as an enemy approaching by the path she had traveled was concerned, that did not worry her. Well she knew what would happen to any intruder that dared the narrow trail along the shifting slide rock that even beneath her delicate, rubber-like hoofs, rattled and slid into the canyon a thousand feet below.

In these inhospitable surroundings, amid the shadows of the giant peaks, with the sentinel stars keeping watch over her during the velvety night, there was born to that timid mountain mother a tiny, bleating lamb.

The lamb grew very fast, and it was not long before the ewe led it to a place on the mountain that was less rugged. Here she taught it what to eat, for it soon began to desire other food than she could supply.

She also taught it never to leave her side, and at the first hint of danger the mother and lamb would sink down among the rocks; their greyish brown coats harmonizing so closely with the lichen-covered boulders as to render them indistinguishable at a little distance.

As the lamb grew older it showed an inclination to wander farther and farther away from its mother and to heed less and less her calls.

One day they had been feeding among a mass of jumbled rocks and boulders that were strewn along the shore of one of the little land-locked lakes common to the high altitudes, when the old ewe, suddenly missing her progeny, bleated loudly. In front of her was a huge, granite monolith. Thinking that the missing lamb might be behind it, she hastened in that direction.

As she rounded the obstacle she saw the lamb busily feeding. Then the ewe gave a cry almost human in its intensity; for, stealthily creeping towards the lamb was a lithe, sinewy, reddish brown animal with a long tail and a round, short-eared head from which glared cruel eyes that shone with lambent green fires.

Under ordinary circumstances, another instant would have seen the ewe in headlong flight, but with her young in danger she became metamorphosed from one of the most timid animals native to the mountains, into a stamping,

snorting bunch of incarnate fury.

That she stood no chance the ewe must have known from the first, but if the thought entered her mind it did not deter her in the least. One wild rush, then high into the air she leaped, intending to crush the spine of her enemy with her hoofs, backed by her full weight of nearly a hundred and fifty pounds.

Quick she was, it is true; but, as compared to the quickness of the mountian lion, she might just as well have been standing still. Even as the ewe leaped the great cat threw himself to one side, then, like a flash of red fire, he whirled upon his hind feet, and even before the ewe's hoofs struck the ground, the lion made one lightning stroke with his front paws. As the terrible curved claws sank deep into the neck of the ewe, the lion settled back upon his haunches. His weight did the rest.

For an instant the huge cat stood with both front paws upon the body of his victim. Then from his throat came a low growl of defiance that insensibly merged into a deep purring as he gave thanks to the gods of the Wild.

Why the lamb did not act according to the nature of his kind and take to his heels when the old ewe fell before the stroke of the mountain lion cannot be explained. But it is almost certain that had he done so, he too would have met the fate of his mother. As it was, instead of running, he shrank far back under the over hanging boulder by which he had been feeding when the lion began his stalk.

Crouched upon his kill, the lion gorged himself to repletion. Afterwards he licked the blood from his paws, then washed his face with all the fastidiousness of a domestic cat.

Under ordinary circumstances, after eating his fill, the lion would have either piled fir needles and twigs upon the remains of his kill, or have carried it off to some place of concealment. However, there being neither fir needles nor twigs or leaves within easy reach, and being too much gorged to carry off the

remains, the lion decided to leave them and return later to finish his meal.

It is hardly likely that he deliberately ignored the lamb, for it is the nature of the mountain lion to kill for the love of killing. It is more probable that by a fluke of memory he forgot all about the lamb, for having completed his toilet to his satisfaction, he melted from sight among the scattered boulders.

Yes, melted from sight! No other phrase will express it. One minute the lion was lying beside his kill; the next minute, so perfect was the similitude of his coloration that he insensibly

merged into the scenery.

Trembling in every limb, all through the long night the orphaned lamb lay beneath the rock where he had taken refuge. Surely the gods of the Wild must have been watching over him, for strange to tell, when daylight dawned nothing showed that any midnight prowler had passed that way.

In the glory of the morning the lamb came out of his retreat. Nowhere could he see his mother. Near the little heap on the ground he stood and bleated loudly for help.

Once, twice he called; then, from the rocky

crags far above him came an answer.

Again the lamb called, and again he heard an answer to his call.

Hesitating no longer, he started to pick his way among the rocky crags in the direction or the answering sound.

Suddenly there appeared from among the rocks a bighorn ewe that might have been a reincarnation of the lamb's own mother so close was the resemblance.

Now it chanced that this particular ewe had, a few days previously, lost her own lamb by the talons of a bald eagle, and broken-hearted, she had been calling it in vain, when she had heard the voice of the lamb which had lost its mother.

If the ewe had had any idea that by some miracle her own lamb had returned, it was dispelled as soon as she met the little orphan, for he was older and larger by far.

Leaping from the top of a nearby boulder, the ewe took two steps in the direction of the lamb and then stopped. She did not recognize the little stranger who ran to meet her. Then the ewe stretched out her graceful neck and snorted loudly, the while pawing at the ground with a dainty hoof.

The lamb bleated, and in his voice there must have been expressed all the fear and loss-liness that he felt, for side by side the lambless

and the motherless lamb bounded lightly crag to crag and disappeared from sight. the the coming of the cold weather the bigsheep banded together and sought the levels, where they might find shelter from riving blizzards that swept the heights, and food might be more plentiful.

was during the descent to the lower levels the young ram—for he was a lamb no r—came to a knowledge of firearms. In fild the ties of consanguinity are soon form, and little did the young ram know that ig, overbearing fellow that led the band his father.

en one day, while passing along the top hogback, the leader of the band exposed !f for an instant against the skyline.

addenly there came a loud report, followed wo more in quick succession. As the s rolled and reverberated among the peaks oung ram saw the ewe that had adopted fall to her knees, try to recover herself, pitch head first over the edge of the hog-

As she fell the big leader turned to flee, ne was too late, for yet again the rifle ed. As the echoes died away the big ram for an instant motionless. Then slowly nk to his knees, rolled over the edge of the pice, and hurtling through the air, his body ced from rock to rock, to land a shattered at the bottom of the canyon, a thousand below.

r an instant the band of bighorns stood yzed with terror, then unconsciously the g ram took the place of the fallen leader with mighty leaps and bounds, led the way safer locality.

no years passed; the young ram attained all size, and far and wide over the mounhis fame spread, for Nature had crowned with such an enormous set of curved horns and never before been seen in the hills by oldest hunter.

iny was the hunter who risked his life in the precipices that he might secure that lerful set of horns, but the constant need if-preservation had so sharpened the factor of the ram that never once was a hunter to come within gunshot of him. Far away nunter would see the great curved horns need against the skyline and cautiously ould commence his stalk, but, ever when rrived, the ram would be gone. Always ept above his pursuers. Why he did thus am did not know, he was simply obeying inwritten law of his kind.

One morning the bighorn ram stood upon a narrow ledge that skirted the side of an almost inaccessible peak. Beneath him the clouds rolled in vapory billows among the lesser peaks and coiled their clammy, grey folds around the rugged crags.

Suddenly the sensitive nostrils of the big ram twitched, for, wafted to them upon a vagrant current of air, was a strange, musky smell that filled the ram with anger mingled with fear. Why he felt so the ram could not have told, but in a dim way he realized that somewhere, long, long ago, he had sensed that odor before, and he knew that it meant danger.

His first thought was one of flight, but where? Above him the mountain rose in a precipitous wall that would not have afforded foothold for a cat; below the ledge upon which he stood lay unknown depths shrouded in grey mists. Ahead of him the ledge came to an abrupt end against the perpendicular side of the mountain. There was but one way left him; he would have to retrace his steps along the narrow ledge and his nose told him beyond a doubt that the hidden danger lay in that direction. Not knowing which way to turn, he stood facing towards the unknown danger with twitching ears, bright, scared eyes and flaring, red nostrils questing the air.

The fog had grown thicker and the ram was unable to see more than a few yards.

Suddenly a puff of wind around the peak swept away the mist and the brave heart of the ram beat a little faster for he saw, stealthily sneaking towards him along the narrow trail an enormous mountain lion!

Although the ram did not know it, he was looking at the same lion that had slain his mother more than two years before.

As the pale, round eyes of the big cat noted the great size of the ram and the threatening aspect of the huge, curved horns, he crouched, and, turning his head, looked back uncertainly. He had figured that he was upon the trail of a lone ewe who was seeking the secluded ledge. Like all of his tribe the big lion was an arrant coward at heart, and he had no particular wish to face a charge where, owing to the narrowness of the ledge, the advantage lay with his

Left to himself the bighorn ram would never have sought a battle, but in this case he had no choice in the matter. So he stood with legs firmly braced, head down, and blazing eyes awaiting the spring of his enemy.

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Caolness, sevenity, harmony nature all engulfing -Strife forgotten

Proposing a National Deer Park for the San Jacinto Mountains

Riverside County, California

An Address Delivered to the Southern Branch of the Sierra Club in Round Valley

By GEORGE LAW

OR several years this beautiful wilderness has been recommending itself to me as an ideal region to be set aside for deer. I would like to see it converted by Act of Congress into a National Deer Park wherein the deer may be encouraged by suitable protection, study and scientific care to persist and

mutiply.

There is no question about our all desiring the preservation of the deer. A good many of us, I dare say, would be very glad to subscribe to most any measures devised to preserve the deer for their own sakes—and for ours in the pleasure it gives us to see them gamboling unafraid and unmolested in our wild playgrounds. Then there are those who look forward to the excitement and recreation of an annual hunting outing, and they certainly desire the preservation of the big game.

Yet the deer are steadily dwindling in num-The mountain sheep, with which these desert slopes once abounded, are verging on extinction. This is not news to any of you. On the contrary some of you may be surprised to hear that there are still enough deer and other game creatures in these mountains of Southern California, so near to our thriving cities and ranch communities, to make the advocating of a new lease of life worth while.

But nature, by means of brush, rocks, precipices and wildernesses such as this Tahquitz region, has been provident of her wildings. The game laws have accomplished a great deal, too. And in these mountains where there has never been a closed year, the big game is more plentiful than anywhere south of the Sierra Nevadas. Tahquitz Valley and its immediate surroundings are peculiarly and exceptionally adapted to the likes and needs of its graceful woodland nymphs and bearded satyrs. Here, notwithstanding theoretical nearness to man, is actual remoteness: the character of these mountains is such as to render them unattractive to the commercially minded, and alluring to such nature lovers only as do not blink at hardship. From San Jacinto Peak southward between the inhabited valleys to the west and the Palm Springs region to the east, lies a mountain area which is the wildest and roughest, the most inaccessible and the least visited of any game region in Southern California. Located approximately by natural monuments, it would run from San Jacinto Peak as the northwest corner about ten miles southeast to a point in the ridge above Murray Canyon; thence a few miles east, and thence northwest to a point above Cheno Canyon. This belt of country would vary in width from four to six miles; the west line would range in altitude from 10,805 feet to 5000 feet. The east line would follow the desert slopes at about 2500 feet contour.

While this wild and rugged stretch of mountains is eminently suitable for deer, mountain sheep and other game, it is entirely unsuitable, and of course undesirable, for anything else. Since the Indians quit their wild haunts and diet of mesquite and atole, this region has been utterly deserted. Parts of it were not habitable even by Indians. The land is all owned by the Government or the Southern Pacific Railroad. Officials of the latter, wishing to facilitate the establishment of a National Deer Park, have expressed their willingness to trade their holdings for other designated Government lands.

Should such a belt of territory be set apart as a permanent and inviolable refuge for game, our deer and our mountain sheep could be saved from extinction, and at the same time the overflow into adjacent territory would insure the hunters a perpetual and never-failing game supply.

There are two outstanding reasons why such a National Deer Park should be created.

The first is that unless our deer possess a safe retreat somewhere they are destined either to become extinct or too thinned out to retrieve a hold upon life. It would be an irreparable loss indeed if the deer should follow the buffalo, or even become so scarce as the mountain sheep.

The second reason is that by encouraging, and, should it prove advisable, by scientifically husbanding the mule deer and the blacktail of Southern California, as is being done with the reindeer in Alaska, we will be utilizing an otherwise unproductive region for a productive purpose. In such a use lies the peculiar and only economic value of these semi-arid mountain slopes and canyons. Should we continue to let the favorite haunts of the deer be converted into slaughter pens every September, this fine possibility will shortly be destroyed.

It may appear that parts of these mountains possess value on account of timber, water or grazing land. The timber value is entirely illusive, save as these trees might be used for buildings and fuel here on the spot. For a lumbering industry they are not worth the cost of cutting and conveying out. The wood is of inferior quality, becomes pithy in drying and quickly warps out of shape. Such, at least, is what experience has proved to lumbermen in the accessible valleys further down the mountain. In the Twentieth Annual Report of the U.S. Geological Survey, the forest area of the east slope, estimated at 4000 acres, is placed entirely in the second class, as having an open growth with less than 1000 feet board measure per acre. The report says: "The trees stand scattered, with an undue proportion of crown and lateral branches. But little is strictly commercially valuable timber except for purposes of firewood."

I think we can perceive a log-cabin value in these trees, and further that we would like to have them reserved for campsite uses, most of them being left standing, with plenty of deer dodging in and out. Personally I prize them for scenic reasons. The desert winds and the severe winters give them distinctive tops and most unusual shapes. Happily in saving deer we subscribe to a general sentiment in favor of preserving the natural wild environment suitable to the deer and loved for occasional outings by ourselves.

The worth of the belt of land suggested for the Deer Park as a watershed is not very great. This belt tilts at an angle from the summit ridge eastward toward the desert. To quote from the same report: "The drainage from the eastern slope is insignificant. It all flows into the desert and is swallowed up in its sands. Most

of the streams never even reach the desert line, sinking within a mile or two of their rise." However, a deer park would in no wise interfere with future projects for conveying this water by flumes to the desert. Should the high Tahquitz basin be tapped, our deer further down the mountain would not go thirsty, as there are widely distributed and numerous springs.

Seeing some of these lovely meadows we might think that they possess agricultural possibilities. But the short seasons, the early and late frosts, exclude all valleys from above 5300 feet contour from the agricultural class. The report says: "There is no agricultural land on the eastern slope of either the San Jacinto or Toro ranges." There is a limited grazing capacity. The meadows are capable of supporting a herd of eighty or a hundred cattle during the summer months. But as the deer rarely eat grass, much preferring the tender shoots and leaves of the brushes, grazing permits could be granted to the cattlemen as is usual in the Forest Reserves.

I have emphasized the idea of a National Park created especially for the deer. This is because the region is especially suitable for the deer, numbers of which still range there. Between San Jacinto Peak and Santa Rosa Mountain more than a hundred deer are killed every hunting season. Should their ranks continue to be depleted at this rate for many more years, there will be too few left to occupy the region. It would have to be stocked by the Government. But can protection be gained for the deer reasonably soon, enough will still be left to multiply rapidly and provide a supply from which to stock other regions. What is true of the deer is also true, to a less extent, of other game. Probably there are enough mountain sheep left to insure a slight gain each year, if real protection is afforded them. Among the smaller game animals which are still fairly plentiful in this region are several species of quail, tree squirrels and doves. Other game could be profitably introduced—grouse, for example. The region could and should be utilized as a nursery and feeder for both adjacent and distant hunting territory.

The environment best suited to game is that which is least altered by man. There is no commercial reason for invading these heights and desert slopes of San Jacinto Mountains. Should a road be conducted into Tahquitz and Round Valleys, a very limited area—not over a few sections of habitable land—would be

more accessible to vacationists. Trave decided this to be the most beautiful scenery in Southern California. Some siastic enough to add that it belongs mily of National Parks. But a road, concomitants of automobile, resorts ping settlements, would speedily decreat deal of the present charm. Cerwant a few unspoiled wild spots left ern California. San Jacinto's lovely should be preserved in their present splendor and wild pure beauty for us who are willing to pay, not in out in effort, for the privilege of visit-

serve them as they are should be one rincipal objects of the National Deer it because of their present perfect suitthe deer, and second because of their scenic loveliness.

about the proposition for conserving ster other secondary, but important, or having this region set aside. I have sed that side which may be called the ;; for in saving and husbanding the will confer a real economic benefit selves and our posterity.

s a wild pasture destined in a few years solutely to waste unless we determine to co-operate with nature in her mansing it. And we human beings, who landered so much, realize that at last ot afford to waste any more natural

therefore act upon nature's suggesuse this unclaimed and unclaimable is for the deer. Let us preserve the of Southern California for the healthy hunters. And let us save this lovely be to exalt the mind and refresh the f man.

POSITION FOR THE ESTABLISHOF A NATIONAL DEER PARK General Statement

IHE San Jacinto Mountains, Riverside unty, Southern California, there is a gion of forty square miles ranging in from 2500 to 10,805 feet, accessible trails, where the blacktail and mule sess a natural habitat.

egion lies almost wholly east of the ridge, falling away at first gradually and meadows, and then precipitously and rocky slopes to the western marbe Colorado desert. The drainage is

entirely eastward, most of the water being sucked up in the deep and unapproachable gorges before reaching the desert floor. The trees foresting the high ravines and ridges—mainly yellow pines and white firs—attain only an imperfect growth, because of the variable semi-arid climate; their wood is pithy, and they live and die in situations all but inaccessible to the lumberman. The region, therefore, has little or no riparian or timber value. It possesses, however, a unique agricultural value for the husbanding of deer.

The deer have persisted in spite of being regularly hunted. But with the closing of other hunting range and the concentrating of hunters upon this particular region in greater numbers each season, it is only a question of a few years until the deer will be vanishing never to return.

With them will pass away the peculiar productive value of this wild place—a value created and maintained by natural conditions. These are times when no resources are to be squandered or neglected, when nature's present potentialities need to be carefully gauged and developed with an eye to the future.

It is with the object of utilizing this wilderness in the only manner that lends itself to utility, and with the secondary object of preserving its wild beauty untouched and uninvaded, that this plan for placing it in the family of National Parks is advanced and supported.

The Name

It is proposed that the park be called "Tahquitz National Deer Park," after the Indian name of its most central valley and the peak demarking its southwest corner.

Location

It is proposed that the boundary lines and corners of the park be located by natural monuments as follows: From Tahquitz Peak north about six miles to San Jacinto Peak, thence east about six miles to a 2500-foot altitude point in the Tahchevah Forks; thence south about seven miles to Murray Bluff; thence west four miles to Antsell Rock, and thence north by west two miles to the point of beginning.

The territory embraced covers approximately forty sections, or something like 25,000 mountain acres, almost in the form of a square.

Lying between latitudes 33 degrees 40 minutes and 33 degrees 50 minutes north and south, and between longitudes 116 degrees 37 minutes and 116 degrees 41 minutes east and west, the land is sectionally as follows:

(Continued on page 58)

Gingerly Business

By MAY FOSTER JAY

ARAH SINCLAIR hurried about, dispensing telling touches to her orderly

apartment; to brown hair that refused to be tailored; to excited cheeks that needed quieting, occasionally casting a half-discrediting glance at the telephone which had just announced to her that Reeve Lawton would call in about ten minutes. Her flurry of preparation was entirely mechanical, for Sarah's mind was concerned with a very lively curiosity as to what Reeve Lawton would be like by this time. Something told her that he would be different; and that she might be frankly and safely glad to see him.

The first time that he proposed Sarah accepted Reeve Lawton as unhesitatingly as she did the huge box of chocolates which he proffered simultaneously with his heart. But, as she laboriously explained in the letter by which she squirmed out of the contract six months later, she had been such a young thing then, not expected to know her own mind; a befuddling moon had been more or less to blame; while her slipping away from the espionage of Sinclair mater, coupled with Reeve's slipping away of the roadster from the espionage of Lawton pater, had given the occasion a dangerous atmosphere of romance.

The second time that he proposed—when they both returned to the home town for the summer from different universities—Sarah threw out her hands in a hopeless gesture. Her head was fairly awhirl, she declared. There were so many men in the world—and she liked them all. How then could she marry one?

The following summer she blushingly refused him on the grounds that she was pretty sure it was some one else—and quite effectively dampened the young man's ardor.

But when, after their junior year, Sarah could hardly remember who the some one else had been, Reeve took heart and put his question again; whereupon Sarah gently told him of the career she had in view, which put trifles like matrimony out of consideration.

She refused him the fifth and final time the summer after they were graduated from their respective colleges because she had grown too sophisticated to care to risk marriage.

"I have been observing," she cried. "Look about us—at our friends who have taken the plunge. The Lanes are so poor they're unhappy, the Dixons so rich. The Greens quarrel incessantly; and the Randalls have grown indifferent. And one and all they tell the same story."

"And that?" Reeve questioned.

"That marriage is tolerable provided you can weather the period of adjustment—which lasts two or three years."

"Oh twaddle!" was Lawton's inelegant comment. Then, "How about the Norths?"

"Oh they're older—and different. Besides, Mrs. North is naturally of a contented disposition. I'm not. I'm disgustingly restless. I can't imagine myself satisfied to spend my evenings under a reading lamp. No, Reeve-I'm afraid of it. We might not be able to weather that awful period—and then what a mess life would be! It can't but be disillusioning, you know—getting used to the commonplaces of domestic life, seeing a man around with his collar off, and shaving; facing him across the breakfast table; discussing money matters with him intimately; giving up all the jolly men you know for him, and everything. It isn't that I don't like you just heaps, Reeve; if I had to marry somebody I'd want it to be you-you're so-so dependable. But we are so happy now, just as friends. take the risk of spoiling things?"

"If you ever change your mind, remember that I am waiting," Reeve said, and his head was up as he said it. But for a long time after, when Sarah had gone to the far West to disburse her restlessness in a kindergarten, and Reeve Lawton had gone into mining engineering with John North on the Mexican border, his hurt reproachful eyes had chided her.

It was two years since they had separated in the home town back east. Perhaps it was intervening time which made Sarah anticipate a change in Reeve as she sat waiting for him today. Perhaps it was the different tone of his letters. It was some time now since he had hinted at undying devotion, she remembered, either in the lines or between them. They had grown more desultory, too, those

; but also freer, more at ease, and dely.

elevator door clicked outside, and Sarah ed into the hall of the apartment build-He came swinging toward her—the same eeve, substantial, dependable, broad of er, browned with the suns and winds of rder country.

rita!"

not quite the same old Reeve. In the 1ys there would have been a repression greeting, born of his pent-up want of Today he was frankly glad to see her. vas a good sign.

i like a bit of home to have you come,"
Id him as she gave him her hands and
him into the room. "I'm so surprised
ardly caught my breath. Whatever sent
Seattle?"

siness. Staggering business, but—pretty I'll say. Serita, you blooming slip of a How good it is to see you again!"

yes. Reeve was quite different. Apof her fell too lightly from his lips now;
ere was no wistfulness in his steady blue
when he regarded her; they held a new
of humor, philosophical humor, Sarah
d it was. She drew an inward sigh of
ction and relief. Lucky girl—to keep
hilom lover for a friend.

then, after they had chatted in a lively of home things—of the Lanes' divorce, in Randalls' new baby, and of the game of which Mrs. North was facing an unlife with her husband down in the country, and of Sarah's younger sister's ement to Reeve's younger brother, the her unexpected question came catapult—"Well, and how about us, girl? Ready try me yet?"

almost immediately Reeve threw back ad and laughed reassuringly. "There, Serita! You look scared sick—as usual. do it! I understand. I won't tantalize y hanging around and doing another year waiting act—if you don't want me Because—if you don't, there's—well, a girl in El Paso, Serita."

th's tension relaxed, and her eyes d. "Reeve Lawton! Truly? And engaged?"

no—not quite—yet. I'd hardly pawn
off on one girl while another had an
on me, you know. But—I have hopes,

"I'm so glad, Reeve!" Sarah declared in genuine delight. "And desperately sorry you let me delay things. I didn't deserve consideration. But tell me about her. What's her name?"

"Anne. Anne Morehouse."

"Is she as pretty as her name?"

"Well—I'd hardly be an impartial judge of that, would I? Her hair and eyes are rather like yours, it seems to me—and you know I always liked yours, Serita," he answered easily.

"And I suppose that exhausts your man's powers of description," Sarah laughed at him. "Well, I'll have to get acquainted with Anne by tidbits during your stay.—And I hope that will

be for a long time?"

"Can't tell. Depends on how the business lines up. I have a stiff job to tackle here—and I don't want to leave till I've won out. But—I must be going. By the way, Serita, where shall I look for a room or small apartment? The Washington is no place for a man with matrimony on his mind, you know."

Sarah's brow contracted in dismay. "Oh Reeve! It's such a proposition!" But straightway she brightened. "Oh, but I know a girl who's leaving the Hillcrest here in a couple of days—and she hasn't given them notice. I'm sure I could get her apartment for you if you want it."

"Do I? I was just hoping for some such luck. How about meals?"

"They serve dinners here, and," hospitably, "there's room for one more at our table—if you can stand it to eat with three teachers."

Which arrangements brought it about that Sarah became better acquainted with Lawton in the days that followed than she had ever been, although she had known him since the days when their mothers compared the gurgles and new teeth of their respective prodigies.

They went about together constantly, to the theatre, and cafés, and the woods. They played bridge with enthusiasts in the apartment building; they attended the weekly dances in the lobby, they swam in the pool below. Sarah, at ease over anything "developing," gloried in the intimacy. She had always told herself that Reeve would make the best of pals—if only one could hold him there.

He was an altogether cheery and chummy individual to have about the house, this new Reeve Lawton, dropping into her room and out of it in his cheery at-home fashion. Sarah came to listen for him as he passed in the evening on his way to his own room four doors

down the corridor. Usually he rattled her door knob, and at her call the door would open, perhaps, just wide enough to admit a genial "'Lo, Serita!" Or perhaps he would wander in to drop a magazine or the evening paper.

The first Sunday morning of his stay in the city Reeve telephoned in to say good-morning to Sarah, and to suggest that he had two per-

fectly whopping grape fruit.

'All right," agreed Sarah, comradely-fashion. It was her custom, as Reeve knew, to prepare her own breakfasts. "Come on. My coffee pot holds just enough for two." And the breakfast over Sarah's electric grill proved such a success that they declared it an institution.

Yes, Reeve was the perfect comrade, Sarah discovered. Always on hand if she wanted him. but never interfering with other plans. She had not the slightest compunction in going out for the evening and leaving him there in her apartment. It was rather jolly to have him waiting for her when she came home, as he frequently was, reading or writing. She had a suspicion that many of his letters to Anne Morehouse were written at her desk-and chuckled at the turn things had taken.

As the days slipped by into weeks, and Reeve's business still held him in Seattle, Sarah hardly knew, however, that the occasions when she turned somewhere else than to Reeve Lawton for companionship grew fewer and fewer.

'Serita," he confronted her one evening when she had just pleaded another engagement over the telephone, "you mustn't do that! Three times this week you have refused invitations—surely you don't let me keep you—"

"No, silly!" she laughed pushing him back toward his chair, "but you'll let me use you for a good excuse, won't you? That was Jim Keets—wanting me to go to a dance with his crowd."

"But you like to dance, Serita."

"I know. But Jim's so distressingly young! Anyhow I'd rather not go on a school night-I never know enough to come home. and I will go somewhere and dance Friday night."

'Suits me all right, you know, Serita." He was regarding her quizzically. "So Jim is too young? Serita—isn't there—anyone—yet?"

Sarah shook her head.

"How about Jack Wilson? You always seem to have a good time with him."

"Oh yes. One does, you know, with a man named Jack. But Jack's wife would be sitting at home waiting for him—always waiting—and

wondering what was his latest caprice."

"Bobby Somebody-or-other then? The chap who comes up here and makes the piano talk. He ought to satisfy your love for the artistic."

Too much temperament. Everyday life

would be a hectic thing.'

'And the man who has all the automobiles?" "They are ALL he has," was Sarah's cryptic comment.

Reeve chuckled. "Your fastidiousness is rather a relief. I'd hate to see you marry any one of them. . . What sort of man do you want, Serita?"

"I'm not wanting. I'm perfectly contented

as I am right now, Reeve.'

'All right. If you are, I ought to be," he teased, settling comfortably in his chair and

reaching for his pipe.

"Egotist!" Sarah reprimanded him without embarrassment. "Read to me. I want to finish embroidering this collar tonight—oh, did you match my silk for me?"

"Yes—and a fine time I had of it," disgustedly, as he drew a tiny package from his pocket and tossed it to her. "I draw the line at such errands. Serita Sinclair. I don't mind taking your shoes down to be fixed and doing your banking-oh, by the way, Serita," he broke off as he also produced her bank book. "You've been having me deposit fifty dollars of your check in your savings account each month. That means that it costs you about one hundred and fifty to live, doesn't it?"

Sarah smiled comprehendingly. "I hope you appreciate all the practical schooling I'm giving you, Reeve Lawton. Yes, there's no getting around it-a wife will be an expensive item.

"I wouldn't worry if she were thrifty, like you. But," he flushed consciously, "I've been wanting to ask you, Serita-do you think I'd have unmitigated nerve to ask a girl to buck the game with me on three hundred a month?"

"Of course not, Reeve," Sarah answered casually. "Not if she's the right sort of girl

That's enough.'

"Of course," he grinned, "the rent for a 'dobe shack won't be much. For I'll undoubtedly be located in Mexico soon - now that things are quieting down in there." With the words Reeve was seized with a second qual-"Serita—that might not be right—to drag her off there. She's a sort who likes people—and gaiety. She might not care for this sort of thing.

"She might not?" Sarah demanded mutinously. "She'd-better. I don't think much of e wouldn't! T'would be a lark!"

Well," Reeve defended, "she's a ame little person." And Sarah felt by the gentleness in his voice for her try flare-up against Anne Morehouse. ourse," Reeve was adding, "it isn't as wouldn't be more of a salary from time

There's no reason why I shouldn't up steadily as I gain experience." ng over this deal ought to help you,

ing could help me more—if only I put "Sarah observed the worried lines ce that she had seen there before when ssed this phase of his business.

Reeve—is there any doubt?"
t tell, Serita. Sometimes I think things

g all right—and again I'm down in the You see, it's a darn gingerly business to play it sort of like a poker hand—riness and bluff—and stoicism. And es I lose confidence in the hand I hold." t is it all about—a matter of interesting "Sarah asked—somewhat diffidently, ton had never taken her much into his ce in this matter.

—there is capital involved, of course. here's so much more than capital."
re," a little hungrily, "could you tell me?"

woked at her, intently, a great warmth yes, but hesitating.

n't, pal," he said finally. "At least—
It isn't that I wouldn't trust anything
rything I know to you, Serita—but—
simply isn't advisable to talk right now.
rill tell you before I go—everything—
I win or lose. Will that be all right,

ill. And—Reeve?"

're going to win, you know."
re is nothing in the world that could to success so much as your confidence serita," he said earnestly.

kept hearing these words throughout is night. Reeve had said them in such v. Were they true? And if so, should? Ought it not to be Anne Morehouse is inspiring him to a stiff fight? She put away a hostile feeling toward Anne use. Was she the girl for Reeve? But was satisfied—and he seemed to be—staunch to Anne in word and deed—

1 fell asleep at last, trying to underer own topsy-turvey emotions. But it was the merest bit of Reeve Lawton's nonsense which brought her understanding the following morning.

It was Sunday and the two of them had planned an early start for a long day in the woods.

"Have to go out to a barber, Serita," Reeve exclaimed in disgust as he came to her door. "Smashed my mirror."

"Oh, Reeve Lawton! And the coffee's perking already. It'll be spoiled! Can't you—do something? Why can't you shave in my bathroom? There's a good light on the mirror."

Lawton produced his razor from his pocket with a boyish grin. "Was hoping you'd take the hint. And I wonder—could I also make negotiations with you to sew my sweater onto this button?"

Sarah took the garment laughing and seated herself by her sewing basket. "You have a nice throat, Reeve," she said, watching him turn in the collar of his soft shirt.

He went on into the bathroom whistling and she heard the stropping of his razor. Presently his lathered face appeared in the half-opened doorway, and his teasing eyes regarded her quizzically. "Just like old married folks, Serita," he observed, and went back to his task.

Sarah's needle poised in midair just over the small hole toward which it had been pointing. But Sarah felt as if she had been jabbed with a hundred needles. Her eyes wandered off across the waters of the sound, a dawning of understanding in them. Reeve's lightly-spoken words had had a surprisingly clearing effect upon the befuddled state of her emotions.

"I believe," she confided finally to a lonesome jagged peak, "that I feel—like—like Mrs. North herself."

She finished sewing on the button mechanically, and snipped off the thread. Then she sat, one hand going over the old sweater in her lap, a little tenderly, the other fumbling with a pipe and ash tray on the table beside her. She had grown so used to seeing them there. Meanwhile her good old pal whistled a potpourri of late light opera. Something splashed on the sweater beside Sarah's hand; ruefully she rubbed it away into the woolen meshes.

"A good old pal!" she mused. "It's taken me a long time to learn a little lesson in synonyms—for I suppose pals are what husbands are."

Then she sprang determinedly to her feet. "The joke is on you, Sarah Sinclair. You had your opportunity—and trifled with it. Now

you will just take your medicine. You'll see

this game through without a whimper."

"Well, my dear," she answered Reeve lightly, if belatedly, "if you'll day-dream a little less rosily, and shave a little more speedily, you're apt to find breakfast a bit more to your taste. Which," she added, "is by way of doing Anne Morehouse another good turn. Promptness to meals is a husbandly virtue."

Sarah gaily superintended Reeve's packing of the knapsacks as she cleared away the breakfast things; slipped into the sweater he held for her, pulled on her tam, and grimaced mockingly at the hurt look in the eyes that met hers in the mirror. Her chin was square and

plucky.

As they were leaving the building a telegram

was handed to Lawton.

"Why don't you read it?" asked Sarah curiously as he thrust it into his pocket unopened.

"I have a premonition that it might spoil our day if I did—and we can't have this day

spoiled!

It was one of those days of marvelous clarity, not infrequent in Seattle, but rare enough not to become commonplace, when mountain ranges spring full-fledged out of the mystic haze; when far-away peak and dark forest seem to have crept up, unaware, to stand, suddenly revealed by the slipping aside of the veil, close about the city of hills.

Sarah and Reeve entered a street car and rode to the end of the line; dismounted, and tramped across country over the damp silty earth to the pine woods; discovered an old skid road, moss covered since the days when logs were snaked out over it, and overgrown with jungles of bracken, and followed it down the gentle slope which they knew would bring them to Lake Washington. In the mysterious quiet of the deep woods they themselves enjoyed that privilege of good comradeship—silence. Sarah found it much easier than conversation would have been.

Her eyes rested dreamily on Reeve Lawton as he walked before her over the rough logs, parting the brakes for her as they passed through. Solicitous of her, always; but always impersonally so. He swung her over a fence that crossed their trail, "much as if I were a sack of potatoes," she declared to him as he set her down easily. And in his frank eyes, as she met them, she could discern no remembrance of days when he had welcomed the excuse of a fence and had lifted her over—well, not at all like a sack of potatoes.

The old road brought them out at the very head of the lake. There Reeve, with the ease of one who has lived much in the open, speedily had their fire going. Sarah spread out the contents of their knapsacks, and then sat ifly quiet, looking, listening.

She closed her eyes, as if she would let the gorgeous day steal in through her senses and imprint itself forever in her memory. The placid lake, pine bordered, its shores blurry with green underbrush, stretching away for miles and miles—and Tacoma, beyond the far end, bulking blue-white in the dazzling sun. The sweet dank smell of the pines, the tangy breath of the sound wafted over the hills, the fragrance of steaming coffee. The vast quiet of the solitude sounding in her ears—and Reeve's cherry whistle as he broiled the bacoa. Consciousness of sweet security in their complete isolation.

When they had dined, and read the Sunday paper, they went for a tramp along the lake shore; rented a canoe of some boys they found in camp, and paddled about the blue waters lazily throughout the long afternoon.

"How about staying until evening, Serita?" Reeve asked as they returned. "We have grab enough for supper. And there'll be an early moon which I fancy 'twouldn't be a bit hard to watch from this vantage point."

"Yes," agreed Sarah slowly. "Let's stay.

This is all-too beautiful-to leave.

"I wish, Serita," Reeve said in a low voice as he threw himself down beside her on the black spongy earth, "I wish that this day could go on and on and on forever."

Sarah looked at him quickly—and saw the old wistfulness in his eyes.

"So do I," she said involuntarily. Then, because her voice had broken ever so little as she said it, and because she shouldn't have said it anyway, she arose and wandered over to the water's edge, and sat upon a great log there. Surely it was the old wistfulness that she had seen—

"Suppose I'll have to read this thing." Reeve was saying casually now, however, as he tore open the telegram he had thrust into his pocket that morning.

"Just what I expected," was his verdict—a trifle despondently given, Sarah thought, and yet with a peculiar tenseness in his voice. He came over to her, handing her the message as he seated himself beside her.

Sarah read:

If you can't close deal by this time you're

ly. John North.

I'' Sarah Sinclair searched the unface before her in distress. "Reeve!

s is—is a positive indictment of you fail."

you—closed this deal?" a trifle y.

-can't you?"
n't know, Serita." Reeve's voice was

tears would come flooding Sarah's seems to me, Reeve," she said tenseI just—couldn't stand it—to have
Can't you tell me about this business of yours—now?"
arms went about her. He drew her n to his shoulder. And Sarah, deemore seemly that her tears should fall tocket than out in the open, suffered in there.

I you now," he said, his face pressed er hair. "For I'm going to bring the iness to a show-down—immediately." —do."

ed her face then, so that he could her eyes. "Serita," he asked, with a tleness, "you don't happen to feel do you?"

ted? To what?"
e? So that you wouldn't be afraid
me now?" His eyes were a mixture
; fun and of tenderness. "You see,"
; puzzlement grew, "it has taken some
ing, but I think I've managed to get
to all of the things you were afraid

of. I've sat across the breakfast table from you every Sunday morning for three months; we've dined together daily; discussed money matters intimately; you've seen me around with my collar off, and watched me shave; you've turned down other men to be with me—without its seeming to hurt a bit; we've spent evenings on end under the reading lamp—"

"Reeve-what is this all about?"

"About? Why—the business which brought me to Seattle, of course."

"You mean—you didn't come for John North

at all?'

"Well, not exactly, though aided and abetted by him, through his sanction and advice and a grant of time off. But, as you see, he thinks I'm too slow. Serita—Serita dear—have you found it disillusioning—our intimacy?"

"Oh—oh—" stammered Sarah in confusion.
"Oh—twaddle!" she finished inelegantly; but her hand stole up to Reeve's hair as it had been aching to do all day; and she found her face captive under his.

"I've been the—the contentedest thing," she said into his collar, "ever since you came—and I never knew what ailed me until you said that this morning about being mar—"

She broke or and drew back aghast. "Anne

Morehouse!" she gasped.

Reeve grinned shamelessly. "A lie certainly is an ever-present help in time of trouble, Serita," he said. "I don't know how I ever would have vanquished your wariness if I hadn't invented Anne to help me out. . . . Serita, you have discovered that you love me, dear? You will marry me now?"

And Sarah accepted him quite as unhesitatingly as she did the first time that he proposed.

The Desert

By A. G. COTTER

The Desert! Across the open plains
The sagebrush stretches far away,
And swaying, bends to the winds that blow
From early dawn till end of day.

The Desert! Above the hills and plains White clouds trail, one by one And changing, turn to a rosy hue Stained by the rays of the setting sun.

The Desert! Across the open plains
A prospector takes his lonesome trail
And slowly blending in the haze,
Goes out of sight and out of hail.

The Desert! Across the open plains
The purple shadows quickly fall;
An owl gives voice, a coyote howls;
Night has come at the Desert's call.

Gulsa

By OMER BEG MLEMOVICH Translated from Serbo-Croatian By LOUIS ADAMIC

A Tale of Life in Bosnia

Osman Beg was old and wealthy, and the father of the fairest of maidens in the town. Gulsa was slender of figure, pale of face, and her eyes were veritable pools of joy and mischief. Her manner and bearing were those of an aristocrat; the swaying of her body invited

gazes of masculine eyes.

Gulsa had already passed the age when customarily young Moslem girls don veils, but she hated the custom, persisting to appear on the streets with her face, always beaming and smiling, revealed to the world. She envied young Shwabitsas, non-Moslem girls, for whom it was proper to walk about the town in company of their suitors, to enter stores and places of amusement, and thus enjoy life. For her, being a Moslem girl, such behavior was improper.

Gulsa had a friend, a city official's daughter, who was a girl of her own age, and educated and refined. Flora was a mere shadow of Gulsa's beauty: short and stout, of dark complexion, dark-eyed; but she delighted in telling her about romances, parties, dances and good times. Flora often spoke enthusiastically about things which Gulsa could not understand. How could she? She was forbidden to read, or to mingle with people as the Shwabitsas did.

Osman Beg, her father, was a conservative Moslem who opposed education and every socalled modern idea. Frequently he used to speak to his equals-in-thought: "Shwaba will ruin our children. He lures them to his schools. away from us, and the teachings of the Prophet, to ruin them and to convert them to his faith. Old Osman would not associate with Croats. nor with Serbs and other non-Moslem inhabitants of the town, for he was a true Bosnian worshipper of Allah, daily expecting to see the Sultan's army appear from behind the crest of the mountain and deliver Allah's good people from the Shwaba. He stubbornly refused to believe that the once mighty and fearful Sultan could never reconquer Bosnia.

The old beg loved his daughter above everything, but he sternly and harshly objected to

NOTE: Omer Beg Mlemovich is a popular writer on life in the Balkans, especially in Bosnia.

Gulsa's manner and bearing; to her independence and her expressions of defiance. He could not see why Gulsa should wish to be freer than custom permitted. He suspected that "that Shwabitsa," Flora, had put dangerous ideas into his daughter's head.

Osman Beg would go to the coffee-house and there, gravely shaking his huge gray head would say to the gathering of old men of his

ilk and opinion:

"What are we coming to, I ask you, you begs of Bosnia. We have already lost many of our sons, and now the females are plotting and scheming to get away from us!" Here old Osman Beg would challengingly look into the faces of his listeners, who, then, would readily agree with him.

"You are right, my brother Osman Beg." one of them would say, and the others would nod their heads.

Gulsa reached the age when Moslem girls are given into marriage. Osman Beg wanted to tie her down as early as possible, but she rebelled successfully.

Once Flora, her Croatian friend, said to her: "You Moslem women marry too early. When some man takes you, making you his woman, whether you want him or not, you should really begin to live, to enjoy your freedom and independence. We never marry until we find the man whom we can love. We choose our men, while you are given away; sold like a donkey or a cow."

"Yes," breathed Gulsa, thoughtfully. "Your "Western culture," as it is called, is wonderful."

And a few moons later, when Gulsa and Flora again met, Osman's daughter confided to her friend a deep secret.

"I am in love, Flora," she said. "Oh, that You have you would know how I love him! seen the pearl my father gave to me? Well, I love him a thousand times more than I love that pearl. Without him I could not live. If he would die. I would die.'

GULSA 49

to is he?"

is Yusuf who is studying to become a —tall and handsome. You can not se, Flora, what sweetness comes into my as he and I sit on the bank of River Una sten to the water rushing by. The sounds river are the song of my happiness—and appiness. . . . Oh, I can't express . . But only Allah knows how long my tess shall last."

ra listened in silence.

you knew how Yusuf loves me, pets me aresses me!" Gulsa continued. "But I raid, my dear Flora, that my father would if he knew."

* * *

v. Yusuf was a promising young man, and nted Gulsa for his wife—but how? Could I old Osman Beg, whose ancestors had all great Bosnian begs, ever come to discuss after? That was unthinkable. Very likely Beg would refuse to speak a single word 1, who attended Shwaba's schools and ated with the priests, who had turned his on the Prophet and his Book. And then might as well try to shovel the mountains smia into the sea as try to attack the ous conservatism and narrow prejudices se old begs.

: vacation period came to an end and

young Yusuf had to return to the city to complete his studies. Shortly after his departure Osman Beg entered his daughter's room.

"Gulsa," he said, "I will give you away to Arif Beg, who is rich and sensible."

"But father, I don't---"

"Silence!" ordered Osman Beg. "Say no

That evening Gulsa sat alone on the bank of River Una. contemplating its rushing, furious waters. She would sooner die, throw herself into the river than marry old Arif Beg!

But three days later they carried a lifeless and indifferent Osman Beg down the main street of the town. Behind him walked a group of old conservatives who had been used to listen to him in the coffee-house.

Her father's death brought sadness to Gulsa—yet the river appeared to her again as wonderful as it had been when Yusuf had made love to her.

His studies completed, young Doctor Yusuf returned to his home-town and to Gulsa.

"Are you happy, Yusuf, dear?" she asked him, watching the moon as it rose over the mountains.

"More than happy, Gulsa," he continued.
"Listen! River Una sings the song of our happiness."





Book Review and Commentary



OLIN CAMPBELL CLEMENTS, author of "Pirates" which appeared in our June number, and of the humorous little skit called "Yesterday." published in the present issue, has just published a book of splendid plays especially adapted for the modern theatre.

"Seven Plays of Old Japan" is beautifully illustrated by Norman-Bel Geddes and contains a preface by Henry T. Schnittkind, PH.D.

Publishers—The Stratford Company, \$2.10 net.

8 8 8

Belle Willey Gue, author of "An American", has brought out another international love story called "Grounded".

With her usual deep understanding of human nature, and ability at characterization, the author brings to her readers a new phase of the people she portrays. There is pathos and humor in the story and many readers will be won over not alone by the loveableness of the heroine, the splendidly drawn picture of the faithful Hibernian nurse, but by the projection onto the scene of the heroine's collie.

The introduction of animal life into either a story, or on the screen, is always a stroke of fine value.

8 8 8

Additions to the Lambskin Library

On September 8th Doubleday, Page & Company added to their Lambskin Library series five famous books that have grown increasingly popular with time: "Lorna Doone," "Two Years Before the Mast," "Alice in Wonderland,"

"A Tale of Two Cities" and "The Three Musketeers." This attractive collection, bound in imported English leather, made to sell at ninety cents a volume, now consists of twenty-one volumes and it is the intention of the publishers to add from time to time other famous books that have won a place in every well ordered library.

8 8 8

The copy of the painting of Booth Tarkington entitled: "A Wayman Adams portrait of Mr. Tarkington," which was published in our August issue of the Overland Monthly was so used through the courtesy of Doubleday, Page and Company.

It was by some regrettable error that this mention was not made at the time of publication.

8 8 8

"An Appeal to the World for a Chapel in Every Home," by Joseph R. Wilson, LL.B.

A non-sectarian appeal to consecrate one little corner in the home for prayer and worship, that stability, and uplift may strengthen even more the hearthstone of humanity.

The book contains over sixty pages of endorsements from the most eminent of our clergy and of prominent laymen, of this idea of "a chapel in every home."

To quote from Mr. Wilson's preface:

"If Pagan Rome had domestic shrines for household gods, surely Christian America ought to have domestic shrines for the one God."

International Printing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Long Island parson, bought a second hand fiver and returned it in a few days.

"What's the matter, can't you run it?" asked the dealer.

"Not and stay in the ministry," replied the parson.

No Chance

"What were your father's last words?"
"Father had no last words. Mother was with him to the end."—Wag Jag.

Both in the Swim

"My daughter sprang from a line of peers," said the ardent father.

"Well," said her feller, "I jumped off a dock once myself."—The Naval Monthly,

Happy Suggestion for Uncle

Little Spencer let no grass grow under his feet, when uncle came for a visit, before rushing up with this:

"Uncle, make a noise like a frog."

"Why?" asked the old man.

"'Cause when I ask daddy for anything he says: 'Wait till your uncle croaks'."—The Van Raalte Vanguard.

War Will Follow

The Microbe: Who are the new bugs that just came into our milk can?

The Bacterium: Probably some more strained relations.—Stanford Chaparral.

Time to Act

Five-year-old Bobby was stroking his kitten in front of the fireplace in perfect content. The cat, happy also, began to purr and Bobby dragged her hurriedly and roughly away from the hearth.

"You mustn't hurt your kitty, Bobby," his mother interposed.

"I'm not," protested the young natural historian, "but I've got to get her away from the fireplace; she's beginning to boil."—From American Legion Weekly.

"Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting, The river sang below;

The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting Their minarets of snow."

"Dickens in Camp" Bret Harte.



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PENCO Adiator Cleans

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We guarantee satesfacts on, or your minor places or a problem. The adjustment learners places or places on a per wide rice work's prepared unplus. Our coles place also administs demands, auditin made house from house from house from house the large places. Button places are the made. In mendature deformance, Double 2000 Others won, \$10 Mg. 1500 otherways.

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She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used Marmola Prescription Tablets, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that Marmole Prescription Tablets give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell Marmola Prescription Tablets at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY

Garfield Bldg.

Detroit, Mish



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your property by using the

Simplex Plans for Salling Each Betate, which have already soil more than 5,000 properties of all kinds in the
U. S. and Canada. No matter where your property is
to cated, these accessful plans will above you bow to sail
it yournelf, without employing agents or paying commissions to anyone. Don't spend a minute's time, an ounce
of effort or a sent of mancy srying to sail without farst
reading this important book, and learning how to sail
your property quickly, seconomically and at the highest
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also intelly five, you have everything to pained—a portal
of love. First, you have everything to pained—— portal
will do——and you will recover to by transal, postpaid.







INVESTIGATE

You owe that much to yourself and family. Then you will certainly learn there is some-thing new under the sun in the State of TEXAS. Over five hundred new millionaires made from Oil discoveries in the past two years. Thousands of people have made smaller fortunes from Oll...

THE OPPORTUNITIES ARE GETTING GREATER

Keep informed of the riches that are made in Texas. The news of the development should be before you. New discoveries each day each week. Be informed by our market letter. Write for copy today, free on request.

ROYAL PETROLEUM CO. (Inc.) Suite 19-202 Continental Bank Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

HOTEL MARTINIQUE

BROADWAY, 32D STREET, NEW YORK



The House of Taylor

- ¶ One block from Pennsylvania Station.
- ¶ Equally Convenient for Amusements, Shopping or Business.
- 9 157 Pleasant Rooms, with Private Bath,
- ¶ 257 Excellent Rooms, with Private Bath, facing street, southern exposure,

The restaurant prices are most moderate

400 BATHS

600 ROOMS

VESTERDAY

(Continued from page 10)

ing through the low-hanging palm trees; a great golden moon had risen out of the East, and was peeping in the windows. Love, even though there was now a gray feather or two in his wings, could still fly.

Sir Richard arose from the seat slowly. "Ah me, what happy days those were!"

"What happy days!" her voice echoed his.
"Yes . . . yes. My word, isn't that a waltz they're playing?"

"Yes—a waltz," Lady Ann replied dreamily.
"Ann, will you finish this waltz with me?"
Lady Ann looked up into Sir Richard's face;
she found light there; she found love there.
"Yes. Richard."

EXILED ON THE FARALLONES

(Continued from page 34)

abalones. They came home with seventy-two. Abalones are a rare treat, but when they are served at every meal one longs for something else. Occasionally eels furnish a variation for breakfast. The canned milk gave out in the different families. This was very hard on the babies. Tears filled my eyes when the father of three children came with an empty bowl begging sugar.

Each day which followed the boat was expected. I, waiting to come in to San Francisco, packed every morning, and unpacked every afternoon. Food conditions became so bad that the father of the three children threatened to rig up a sail boat and come into San Francisco. Tobacco was very scarce. The women, unaffected by this, did not pity their husbands. Fortunately there was plenty of coffee. Climbing the rocky summit to gaze at the Golden Gate in search of a sail, I entertained great sympathy for Napoleon Bonaparte on his Elbe exile. I had an advantage though, that of hearing news and music by radio.

Finally on Friday, the 20th, the boat came out. Joy was in all their hearts; now they could eat and smoke! There was a sinking feeling just below my heart as I stepped onto the boat deck. It may have been a premonition of the coming seasickness; or it may have been expectancy of returning to San Francisco; but don't you suppose it was my regret at the ending of an enjoyable exile?



May we send you our guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls?



PASADENA 33 W. Colorado St.

POMONA 357 W. Second St.

SAN DIEGO Cabrillo Theater Building

SACRAMENTO 422 K Street

SANTA CRUZ 96 Pacific Avenue.

BAKERSFIELD 1923 | Street



SAN FRANCISCO, 41 Grant Ave. LOS ANGELES, 636 S. Broadway OAKLAND, 408 Fourteenth St.

STOCKTON 531 East Main St. SAN JOSE 285 S. First St.

VISALIA 104 West Main Street

SANTA ROSA 523 Fourth St. FRESNO 1228 J Street

Why do you like Coffee?

Some people say on account of its flavor, others for its appetizing aroma, many because of the zest it adds to any meal, but all will agree that coffee is liked because it is an enjoyable drink. To make it a perfect one care must be used in preparation and the coffee must be of the highest grade. If

Hills Bros. Red Can COFFEE

is used, the most critical will be pleased.

Red Car

THE FLYING SOMNAMBULIST

(Continued from page 32)

ago an order was issued requiring all employees who own planes to keep them equipped with the tele-visigraph. This was done ostensibly to enable the company to keep in touch with them in case they should need to be called into service on short notice. Actually, however, the purpose was to keep them under surveillance.

"On Saturday afternoon Mr. Jones of the traffic department of this company made a hurried trip to Lincoln, Neb., to attend to some private business. The operator at the Mile Chart in the dispatcher's room here in Seattle was much puzzled to see him drift far to the southward of his great circle course. When about two hundred miles north of Salt Lake City he was seen to suddenly zoom up to a quick stop and then hastily circle about to the northward, as if following another machine. This was especially noted by the observer.

"On his return from Lincoln yesterday his course lay almost directly north from the Nebraska capital. This would be difficult to explain were it not for the fact that at about this time the Omaha Aerial Police were chasing the notorious smuggler in a late model Dart.

"Mr. Jones deliberately followed the fleeing smuggler until her crippled plane "crashed" in the vicinity of the Crow Agency, Montana. He landed, and after rescuing her from the wrecked plane, brought her to Seattle. While she waited for him to call a taxicab, as she supposed, he quietly notified the police of her presence.

"The tact displayed by Mr. Jones is as remarkable as his audacity. Ninety-nine men in one hundred would have given the entire game away by remaining until the arrival of the officers. Not so with 'Old Bill,' as his friends know him. After an affable and lingering farewell, in order to give the police time to reach the field, he boarded his faithful Cleaver and reached home satisfied that he had done his duty. That he was able to bring her all the way from Billings and to notify the police of her presence without once arousing her suspicions is a feat that but few men could accomplish.

"The five thousand dollars reward offered for her capture has been deposited to Mr. Jones' credit in the First National Bank of this city, and in recognition of his ability he has been made Assistant Superintendent of the Northwest Transportation Company. pointment is due to the efforts of N Milliken, chief counsel for the compar smugglers have been a thorn in his months, and the success of Mr. Jone is particularly gratifying to him.

"While in Lincoln, Mr. Jones was ference with Ellis Knight, a special the Treasury Department, and is said been instrumental in bringing about t of L. L. Neuby, one of the higher-up nefarious traffic.

"How he secured the information abled him to follow the movements much-wanted young lady will be tok Jones himself in the columns of this mat a later date."

As he finished reading, Doris burst into the room and bounded eagerly tow "Oh, Will!" she exclaimed, as she onto the bed beside him. But she was The new Assistant Superintendent hac again.

RELIABLE tire concern wants capable
County Representative and Sales 3
\$50.00 capital necessary. Chicago
Works, 2848 Broadway, Chicago, 111.

NOTICE ADVERTISERS

Golden Rule Monthly has subscribes states. Circulation growing all the time vertising rates 10c per line, 1 inch, \$1. copy 5c. F. H. Dutton, 1502 W. See Little Rock, Ark.

PUBLICATIONS, BOOKS, MISCELLA 6 DIFFERENT BUSINESS PUBLIC covering Accounting, Advertising, Adtion, Merchandising Salesmanship and all prepaid only 25c. Value \$1.50. Inseducational, practical. Walhamore (fayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

KODAKERY, MISCELLANEOUS, OPPORTUNITIES SELL YOUR SNAP SHOTS AT \$5.00

Kodak prints needed by 25,000 pus Make vacations pay. We teach you and where to sell. Write WALHAMO STITUTE, LAFAYETTE BLDG., DELPHIA, PA.

ATTRACTIVE BUSINESS GIRL, 28, \$40,000, wants kind, helping husband, quick for standing picture and desc Box 223, Los Angeles, Calif.

INVARIABLY

Four-months-for-a-dollar subscribers renew their order for

The Photo Play World

became they find this high class publication indispensable for their library every month.

If you are not a regular reader, a dollar will being you the next four numbers, each bigger and better than ever. When your subscription has expired you'll want the Photo Play World regularly.

The yearly subscription is \$3.50-35 etc. on

Sample copy on request.

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Philadelphia Pa

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ANNOUNCING A THRU

DINING CAR SERVICE TO SACRAMENTO

Column

Maryaville

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"The Meteor"

Leaves at 4:40 promptly Key Route Ferry



The RIGHT Way to Sacramento

Make \$5000 a Year

Rainii Ravelegh Lond Feath, Practica. Speecy Pear, Coops, Demart Powers, Call Proparations, Homewark, Coops, Demart Powers, Call Proparations, Homewark, Coops, Call Pear, Call Machiner, etc., 130 merial stome neaded in creey Year relatives, friends and acquestences will bury at upht—become regular customers. Easy to build permanent metabable, big powing business. Pleanach, healthful, outdoor work. Make 33000 to 35000 a year, or more Experiment and necessary. We furnish for advurtising matter and sales helps. With for particulars. Stomple undEFFREE.

MONKEY GLANDS

Monkey Glands for the renewal of youth are an expensive experiment at best. Every man is just as young as his atomach and kidneys. To renew one's youth, one must renew the youth of those organs, and that is achieved by taking a course of

Brightsbane

which has been given a thirty years' test. Your druggist will secure it for you from his wholesaler.

WM. V. WALSH

Oakland

California



FREE BOOK.-Elijah Coming Before Christ.
This Great Forerunner His Work Foretold.
Bible evidence. Write O. Megiddo Mission,
Rochester, N. T.

THE SAN JACINTO MOUNTAINS PROPOSING A NATIONAL DEER PARK FOR

(Continued from page 41)

Every odd numbered section is at present the property of the Land Company of the Southern Pacific Railroad. To facilitate the consolidating of the mass under Government ownership for the purpose of enabling the establishment of the deer park, the Southern Pacific Land Company has expressed the willingness to relinquish to the United States the twenty sections owned by them provided Congress will pass an act authorizing the selection by them in exchange of an equal area elsewhere located.

Administration

It is proposed that the park be placed under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, which shall have full authority to make rules and regulations, decide on appropriations and attend to all matters of administration.



Write for it. C. E. GAERTE, President his Justin Tyrkumyen Exchange, DCPT, CHRAGE, BLI

Instant Bunion Relief Prove It At My Expense



One 't send the one cent — Just hely me seen to to you as I have done for it all attace in that fix mouths. I claim to have the next warm ful remedy for business ever made and I west you be let me early you a treatment if you, entirely my expense. I don't care how imany early because I don't care how disquanted you pre without, or pain you every tried without sli—you have not tried my remedy me have med absolute confidence in it that I as a being to even you a treatment of the head of the production of the confidence in the late of the principle of the principl

FOOT REMEDY CO.

Book on Destroying Hair

New Book by Prof. Harve, A. M., M. D., into al Wann's stadion College, Chicago Calescy of Parameter, and The guest not expert of some resum her and finely and the College of the College

"Learning to Typewrite?"



If you have just started learning the typewriter or about to take up this interesting, paying profunite, order one of these practice keyboards at once. It is a twelver courte in linelf, can be used at home, and teaches keybaned keyes the same as a \$100. meching.

"Practice Keyboard

Not drenome like a heavy machine. Old timers can become their speed on it. It is the about cut for the minimizes craise Sent to you, postpaid, for St.

Maine Supply Co.
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Portland Major



Shake Into Your Shoes

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Powder for the Feet

This Antiseptic, Healing powder takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

Makes tight or new shoes feel easy.

At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath

and enjoy the bliss of feet without an sche.
Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet,
were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.



Heats the Fee



Please Mention Overland Monthly When Writing Advertisers



OF THESE TWO Popular Writing Instruments for Only \$1.00 postpaid by in-sured mail to any U. S. addressdelivery guaranteed guaranteed.

Cut at left Illustrates the Liberty Safety Self Frilling Fountain Fee (either long or short pattern as preferred) fitted with solid 13 lit. gold pen.

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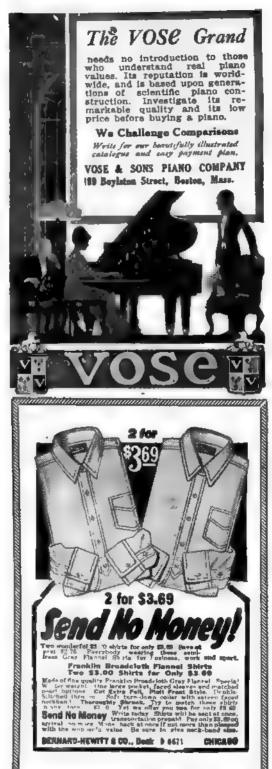
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27 Oliver Bidg., Phil. Pa.
29 Drexel Bidg., Phil. Pa.
20 Central Bidg., Los Angeles
331 Lyon Bidg., Seattle

Write nearest office



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JUSTICE OF THE WILD

(Continued from page 37)

For an instant the green eyes of the big cat met the red-rimmed eyes of the bighorn ram, but not for the life of him could the mountain lion keep his eyes from wandering, although he tried to make his bluff good by switching his long tail to and fro, while deep in his throat he snarled a warning of death.

Thinking that the bighorn would turn his head for a moment and thus expose the side of his neck, the great cat waited; for he knew that his only chance of victory lay in being able to fasten his teeth in the neck of the ram, the while rending from beneath with his hind claws.

Apparently the ram knew this, too, for he was careful to keep facing the great cat that was every minute growing more uneasy.

Suddenly, as the two enemies glared at each other, each waiting for the other to make the first move, the silence was broken by the scream of a bald eagle circling overhead. At the unexpected sound the great cat gave a nervous start and half turned to flee; as he did so he exposed his shoulder.

It was but an instant, but it was long enough for the ram, who charged; the attack of two hundred and fifty pounds of bone and muscle behind the great, armed head, made doubly vicious by the animal's incarnate fury.

Squarely the great frontal bone of the bighorn ram struck the mountain lion's shoulder. Then with a side thrust of his head, the ram caught the body of the mountain lion upon his horns, and, raising his magnificent head, tossed the screaming cat into the sea of grey mist that eddied and circled above the floor of the canyon a thousand feet below.

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CAN BE CURED TO STAY CURED

34 years of relieving worst cases have proven it. O. H. Thornton, Elkhart, Ind., writes: "Hopkins Tablets have affected many miraculous cures."

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Don't suffer another day. Send name, address. Hopkins Medicine Co., Bcx G-1, Charlotte. Mich. We Buy, Sell, RENT, Repair Install and Exchange

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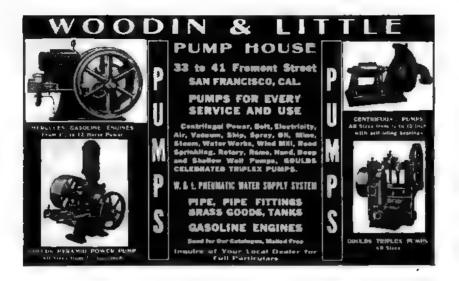
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New Montgomery and Market Sts.
SAN FRANCISCO

Vaults Are Open for Every Day in the Year (Sundays and Holidays Included)

From 7:30 A. M. until 12 o'Clock Midnight

BOXES \$4.00 PER YEAR







The BAECHTEL PIPE

Has twenty (20) inches of stem; fits snugly into any vest pocket; has four separate and complete drip chambers; weighs only one and one-fourth (1½) ounces; positively can not draw tobacco particles into mouth; cleanest, coolest, most wholesome smoke there is; so light in weight that you scarcely know you have a pipe in your mouth Remember, the size of the pipe is only four and one-half (4½) inches from tip of stem to extreme outside upper edge of bowl, yet you have twenty (20) inches of cooling stem. Order today or send for circular. Once you use the Baechtel Pipe, no other smoke tastes half so good.

Price of Baechtel Pipe, complete, securely packed and shipped by insured or registered mail to any address upon receipt of price, \$5.00.

Send currency, check or money order to

BAECHTEL COMPANY, Inc.

Hagerstown, Maryland

(We ship C. O. D. if preferred)





BEAUTIFUL HOMES

"H AVE NOTHING IN YOUR HOME THAT YOU DO NOT KNOW TO BE USE-FUL, OR BELIEVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL," SAID WILLIAM MORRIS, THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN. IT IS THE GOLDEN RULE FOR FURNISHING ARTISTIC HOMES.

MACEY SECTIONAL BOOKCASES ARE ADAPTED TO THIS IDEA. THEY POSSESS THE BEAUTY OF THE OLD MASTER DESIGNS, BUT ADD THE PRACTICAL ADVANTAGE OF BEING SECTIONAL. THEY MAY BE BUILT UP AND ADDED TO, RE-ARRANGED, TAKEN APART OR EASILY MOVED ABOUT. THEY ARE DESIGNED NEVER TO LOSE THEIR SYMMETRY AND CHARM NO MATTER WHAT THE ARRANGEMENT.

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Write for specimen pages, illustrations, etc.
Free, a set of pocket maps if you name Overland Monthly

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY Springfield, Massachusetts





Please Mention Overland Monthly When Writing Advertisers



Why We Use The Miner

B ACK in the days of '49, when a red shirt and "dust" determined a man's financial rating, W. P. Fuller, Sr., sailed 'round The Horn. Establishing himself in business in Sacramento he began the present house of W. P. Fuller & Co.

Success did not come in one swoop. Days and nights of work, ceaseless striving and thought were necessary to establish the firm foundations upon which the present day structure is builded. The twenty-one branches, the twentyseven acre factory, the coastwise di tribution of today stand as a moname to his toil and perseverance.

So, our Miner represents that fearless courage of the days of '49, when strength and virility were the requisites for success.

Of Interest To Every Reader

When the painter comes to your house to re-decorate it, do you specify what he shall use" You buy your food products by name, your clothing by name, your magazines by name. Why not specify your paint products?

If you want a "lead and oil" job, insist that l'ioneer White Lead is used. Competitive tests show it has no superior on the market. It pays to secure the best for it lasts for so many years longer than a cheap unreliable product.

Why Use Ready Mixed Paints

There was a time when ready-mixed paints were taboo, for the reason that a few unreliable manufacturers "doped" their products. Fortunately, they are matters of history, and ready-mixed paints are now far superior to some handmixed paints. Why?

Because our ready-mixed paints are composed of Pioneer White Lead, Pure Colors in Oil, and Pure Zinc, all perfectly mixed in correct proportions by powerful machinery. The zinc gives the lasting qualities to our paints. The choice is VOUTE.

If you are interested in painting problems, write the Advertising Department at San Francisco for their "Home Service Booklet" which tells all about painting problems and their solution.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

"since '49"

Sacramento Oakland Los Angeles San Diego Pasadena Long Beach Santa Monica Hollywood

Portland. Seattle Tacoma Spokane

Boise Sait Lake City Yakima Walla Walla Factories at South San Francisco

Freano San Bernardino San Francisco Ogden

OVERLAND * MONTHLY *

merican² Red Cross 多多多多多

:hartered by Congress to Relieve and Prevent Suffering
In Peace and In War — At Home and Abroad



Dividend checks from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are received quarterly by more than 200,000 telephone users.

Owned by those it serves

Less than fifty years ago an application was made for a patent which created the possibility of speech between distant points. It was the culmination of years of study, research and experiment. It suggested a new aid in commerce and domestic life; a new tie to bind the people together. But it was only a suggestion—a dream.

To make that dream come true required the creation of an organization unlike any other. It demanded a kind of scientific knowledge that was yet to be formulated, as well as a type of equipment still to be devised. And it necessitated the financial and moral support of many communities.

Out of this situation grew the Bell System, bringing not only a new public service, but a new democracy of public service ownership—a democracy that now has more than 200,000 stockholders—a partnership of the rank and file who use telephone service and the rank and file employed in that service. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company exists

to serve the people and is owned directly by the people—controlled not by one, but controlled by all.

Evolution is going on. Each year the ownership is more widespread. Each year the various processes of the service are performed more efficiently and extensions are constructed. The responsibility of the management is to provide the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible cost and to provide new facilities with the growth of demand. To do these things requires equipment, men and money.

The rates must furnish a net return sufficient to induce you to become a stockholder, or to retain your stock if you already are one; after paying wages sufficient to attract and retain capable men and women in the service. They must adequately support and extend the structure of communication.

These are considerations for the interest of all—public, stockholders, employees.



"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

CYCOL



Backed by
Scientific Authority
Cycol-ize your
motor Today

ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
San Francisco

"thermics"

A new science for the Promotion of Health

Not concerned with medicaments, movements, massages or electric rays

THE world was quite old before common lightning was discovered to be electricity—now we have wireless—roentgen rays—power—light; from the great force.

Similarly, the underlying principle of thermics is as old as the world, yet very new in its unfoldment of human blessings. The science of thermics devotes its action to the assistance of the cells of the body-structure in normalizing themselves to health.

The science of thermics does not provide a cure-all—yet within its reasoning it contemplates much of human ills. In the application of the science of thermics, the underlying natural force is embodied in specific appliances, many in number, some internal, some external, yet each specifically adapted to the purpose in view.

Thermics like other sciences has much to learn, yet it knows much; this is witnessed by thousands who have tested its principles. You have used thermics without realizing the power of it.

Thermics cannot harm you; there are no nostrums to work havoc with your good physician's labors, or his expert care. There are no mystic features. Like other sciences, thermics proves its way first by reason then by results.

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The tools of this broad science are called Thermalaids, some of which are adapted to conditions which require only a general diagnosis, and work with prompt effectiveness. Some are adapted to simple, some to the intricate, faults in the health fabric, internal or external. You will want to know how this science is applied and you can get its story without trouble or obligation or annoyance. Just mention your health fault. A card will do, or if you want a personal letter give all the details for an intelligent response. It will incur no obligation. Just address

THERMALAIDS

DEPT. 8—STEUBENVILLE — OHIO

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of October, 1922.

(Seal) A. J. HENRY.

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Vol. LXXX



No. 5

Guerland

Monthly

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor.

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Algarian Slave-Paris Salon, Painted by Lucila Joullin



Birth of the Red Cross

By GEORGE LAW

ERY like the origin of a religion was the birth of that organization which for more than half a century has been succoring anity throughout the world. Indeed, with ensitiveness to distress, its impartial love, unquestioning and unremitting Good aritanism, the Red Cross is in itself the practical expression of religion, and is rally associated in our minds with the crest and most reverent of sentiments, as essed in the popular appellation "The ser of the World."

ne history of progress is that of warfare struggle. These were the blind unconis means by which, first, social integration, the rudiments of civilized races, and finally amaigamation of nations, have been ght about. As natural forces making for enprovement of the human race in the only possible, they have been necessary, and continue so until man can supplant the ful and profligate process of nature with lder and more economical one of his own But though mankind has always pted the red pathway courageously, bearthe standard of civilization forward at ever cost and sacrifice, the human heart been able to acquiesce in so distressful a is only through assuming the role of er, and striving in every way within her er to mitigate the effects of her children's ts to destroy one another.

sere are glimmerings of this tendency as sack as the ancient civilization of Egypt, physicians were employed by the state to d the soldiers, who were held in high re-, without charge,

en with the siege of Chyrra, on the Gulf

of Corinth, comes the earliest account of medicine, in connection with the benevolent undertaking of Nebrus, a prominent physician and ancestor of Hippocates, the celebrated Father of Medicine. Hearing that a pestilence had broken out among the besiegers, Nebrus and his son, Chryrus, also a physician, fitted out a vessel with medical and other supplies at their own expense and voyaged to the scene. They succeeded in staying the course of the disease.

The hospital itself began as an institution in connection with the military under the Roman Empire. The doctors held military rank and were greatly esteemed because of the dignity and humanity of their profession. Not until the tenth century did hospitals for the sick become separate institutions.

With the Crusades originated several famous nursing orders, military in organization and designed for service on the battlefield. Prominent among these and still enduring are the orders of the Knights Hospitallers, of St. John of Jerusalem, of Rhodes, and of Malta. Women had a conspicuous share in these orders, and it was a women's branch of the Hospitallers that founded the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, with Agnes, a noble Roman matron, at its head.

The men and women of these orders served on the battlefields, devoted to the cause of humanity, and their deeds of tender mercy and charity are celebrated in history, religion, romance and poetry. The influence of their lives and noble actions nourished that spirit which was in time to give birth to the Mother of the World. It breathed of that love which, in the face of need and suffering, knows no partiality. Though fighting for the Holy Land, the Hos-

pitallers gave care to all the sick and wounded that fell into their hands, Christians or Moslems. On their armor breastplates or on the shoulder of their long mantle they wore the cross, varying in shape and color in accordance with the order. One was the red cross, originating from that on the white shield of Sir Galahad, where it had been traced by Joseph of Arimethea with his own blood. It is interesting to note, in view of the present use of dogs to find the wounded, that the Hospitallers kept a fine breed of dogs trained to rescue Christians and give warning of the approach of the enemy.

Throughout the annals of history, which in the words of Gibbon "is mainly an account of the passions, errors and misfortunes of men," the spirit of mercy and tender helpfulness is seen vying side by side with those severe instruments of progress, war and struggle.

The red cross not only appeared on the shields and mantles of the Knights and Ladies Hospitallers. In 1582 Camillus de Lellis, a priest, whose sympathies had been quickened by personal suffering both in war and in the hardly less deadly conditions of a medieval hospital, founded a religious order to serve the sick, and charged its members to wear a red cross upon their breasts to remind them of the sufferings of their Lord, and to fill their hearts with the strength and encouragement of His example.

During the Thirty Years' War and the war of the Fronde the Sisters of Charity, an order founded by St. Vincent de Paul, nursed the wounded and cared for the victims of famine and pestilence. Again, during the Siege of Quebec the tender deeds of the Sisters came into prominence with their impartial nursing of the French and English alike. One expression of their service took the form of knitting long stockings to cover the knees of the Highlanders, which says Parkman, the men accepted with gratitude, though at a loss to know whether modesty or charity prompted the act.

Meagre stories appear throughout history of the work of patriotic and humane women for the sick and wounded of military conflicts. During the Crimean War the saving part that women may take amid the most terrifying and horrible conditions that man is capable of producing for himself, was brought out with an emphasis, powerful through sweetness and gentleness, in the never-to-be-forgotten acts of Florence Nightingale and her band of thirty-eight nurses.

They arrived on the scene in Scutari in 1854

to find their work laid out for them—four miles of it in the form of barracks overflowing with human misery of all kinds and intensities. There were a few surgeons on hand and of these Miss Nightingale wrote to a friend: "Two of them are brutes and four are angels, for this is a work that makes either angels or devils of men and women, too." Of the effect of the work upon her and her helpers, their untiring deeds of service left ample witness. Human beings facing the aftermath of the battlefields, wretched beyond all description—such had they come forth to find and to succor, and their hearts did not fail them. Kinglake called them "The Angel Band."

Florence Nightingale never permitted the immense labor of organization to blot out of her nature the qualities of the tender, devoted nurse. It had been the custom in the barracks to leave the sufferers in darkness and alone during the entire night. Miss Nightingale immediately changed this, taking it upon herself to dispense cheer and comfort during the long lonely hours of darkness. As she passed through the long wards with her little lamp in her hand, ministering to the needs of the suffering men, they kissed her shadow as it fell across their pillows. Truly the spirit of that love which is superior to hate, and impartial in its tender ministrations to human affliction, was ready for quickening into world-wide consciousness and influence.

Certain great souls, infrequent in history, have, by some peculiarity of temperament, found themselves possessed of divine discontent. Suffering fosters a similar spirit in many; but these rare souls have been the repository, as it were, of the sufferings of the world. Such were Buddha, Jesus, and Francis of Assisi. Such a one was Henri Dunant, from whom came the inspiration of the International Society of the Red Cross.

As a child Dunant took peculiar interest in matters of benevolence. He was deeply stirred by stories of Elizabeth Fry's labor reforms and of the tender deeds of Florence Nightingale and her Angel Band. In 1859 during the Franco-Prussian war, the young Swiss, traveling as a tourist, but burning with zeal to aid the wounded witnessed one of the most terrible battles of history—Solferino—in which 40,000 were left upon the field, dead or wounded. In his "Souvenir de Solferino," after picturing the battles as only a man can who has lived through the horrors of such an experience, he says: "As the shadows of the night begin to

ne tumult of the battle dies away. The darkness is broken by the groans and for help of the wounded men." Most e wounded were carried to Castiglione. churches, barracks, convents, and private were filled, and many more still lay upon one pavements. The agonizing cries of h. Austrians. Slavs. Italians and Arabs. he air in many languages.

nant gathered together a number of good n of the city into a volunteer corps, whose s if unskilled services brought some relief. that he made no distinction of nationthey followed his example, giving the kind care to all, and went from one to er repeating with compassion—"Tutti fra--"All are brothers." Then Dunant: "Would it not be possible to found rganize in all civilized countries permasocieties of volunteers, which in time of rould render succor to the wounded withistinction of nationality?"

question was answered by the Treaty of a. In the autumn of 1864 there was at Geneva, Switzerland, an international ntion. A permanent international com-

with headquarters in that city was d and the fundamental plan of the relief es adopted. One object sought by the ational Committee was the co-operation ne of the important states of Europe in ity which should recognize the neutrality spitals. Another was the adoption of a m or badge. The signatures of ten other aments were procured at that time. The , was later ratified by forty-four nations, ing the United States. A permanent sowas created in this country, and in 1905 merican Red Cross Society was reincored by act of Congress.

A red cross on a white ground was adopted as the flag and badge of the National Aid Societies. In war the Red Cross flag must be accompanied by the flag of the country using Individuals wear armlets. The direct object with which the Red Cross Societies were established was to secure neutral rights and protection for wounded soldiers, irrespective of nationality, and the safety of all places and persons devoted to their care.

To American Red Cross workers always come the vision and inspiration of Clara Barton. ministering tenderly to the wounded and dying on the sad battlefields of the Civil War. By her efforts the American Red Cross Society was founded in 1881, and she was its president until 1904. It was her suggestion that led to a change of the rules of the Red Cross Society permitting relief in other calamities than that of war.

There is a love, the highest and noblest form of love, which means service—the losing of self in the service of others; clinging to nothing, but giving up everything; making every gift always of pure love; inward sacrifice; ever renewed patience.

Such is the love that has grown apace in the heart of humanity, bearing with necessity, but mitigating and modifying the effects of its more severe aspects. The influence of this love has spread and widened until now throughout the world, on the battlefields, in the hospitals; to the scenes of disaster and catastrophe; in the presence of famine and pestilence; to the people of every nation wherever afflicted or distressed, comes One who draws her strength from the inexhaustible All, to save, to nurse back to health, to gladden and to cherishthe tender, merciful, all-enduring Mother of the World.

"The sweet calm sunshine of November, now Warms the low spots; upon its grassy mould The purple oak leaf falls; the birchen bough Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.

-William Cullen Bryant.

Winter Butterflies in California

By MARY D. BARBER



LY, Monarch butterflies, winter is nigh.
Fly! for the flowers of summer shall die.
Frost-fairies dance on the mountains tonight
Treading on carpets of crystalline white.
Linger not longer where cataracts roar.
Fly on swift wings to the balmy seashore;
Follow the path of the westering sun,
Rest not, bright wings, till your journey is done.

All in the haven where each one would be, Clinging like leaves to a sheltering tree, Rocked in green cradles when south winds blow

Lulled to sweet sleep by the song of the sea;—Dream, pretty butterflies, dream in the dew, Dream of wild lilac and violets blue, Honey-filled hyacinths blooming for you;—Dream it is springtime;—your dream shall come true.

Waken, brown butterflies! Blue-birds have come!

In the pink currant-blooms, humming-birds hum!

Wake! Tho' the year is but seven weeks old. Iris and poppy their petals unfold Out on the mesa, where meadow-larks sing "Sweet California! Winter is Spring!"

The Bed-Time Tree

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

were a very happy family; I don't believe that there was a quail, anywhere along the beach, or among the hills that regularly along the shore, handsomer or devoted to his family than our father our mother, too, although less noticeable er mate in appearance, was always attired eatly and tastefully, and spent almost ner time in attending to the wants and in after the training of those who were rienced and comparatively helpless.

were all great talkers, and compared as to everything we found and concerny moves we desired to make; in this r those of us who were younger learned things about out prospective future. ways very curious and, reasoning from was told or from what I saw, I sometimes to different conclusions than my parents I to do. This was particularly the case my mother, for I had respect that ted almost to reverence for my father; conscious of this attitude of mine and, ras the eldest of my brothers, he someconfided in me, treating me as if I were ual in intelligence. Once when we two ned to be a little apart from the others d to me: "Your little brown-clad : is very high strung and temperamental ture, and the position she has occupied us has accentuated her natural pecus. I want you always to remember that ld be your duty in case anything unexshould happen to me," (I was frightened, seemed to me that there was a far-away n his bright eyes then), "to treat your with the greatest consideration and unaffection, even if at times she should sharply to you, or seem to disagree with some of your views."

id occasion to recall this remark many thereafter, for I was soon obliged to put ractice the precepts he had taught me, it receiving his praise, or running the risk censure regarding my independent ac-

umities often befall those who are, as it least prepared to meet them, and yet, emergencies arise, they are almost always upon by some effective force, that sometimes seems to have been brought into existence for that especial purpose.

I am convinced that there never was a more contented and tranquil group of little birds than we were, on the morning that my father, in the full enjoyment of health and happiness, was suddenly taken away from us. My mother, with my several brothers, sisters and myself, was quietly feeding in a little open glade surrounded by the bushes that grew so plentifully upon the She had just found something that she wished the rest of us to enjoy with her, and was scratching diligently to uncover as much of it as possible for her hungry brood; her voice had a low, cooing sound, mingled with its staccato tones, as she called us to come to her at once. It is possible that my father, sharing lovingly our innocent glee, may have relaxed his vigilance for an instant. He had been on guard since dawn on the top of the tallest twig he could find, not too far away from the small family, over the safety of which he was watching; it may have been that he looked toward us, so that he did not see the danger that threatened. I was lagging behind the rest, going where my mother was waiting for us, thinking what a wonderful protector and careful provider my father was, when I was startled by a sharp, and yet, a whistling sound. Instinctively I ducked down under the nearest cover and peered out, looking toward my father, and intending, as I always did, to follow his direction implicitly.

I shall never forget the horrible sight that met my gaze. My father must have fainted, for he seemed to be unconscious and had lost control of himself entirely. He had left his post without giving us warning, something I had never known him to do before, unless he almost instantly appeared among us. At first I did not see him at all, but while I stared, spellbound, in the direction of the twig upon which he had only a very few seconds before, been proudly perched, a man came crashing through the underbrush, and, stooping down, picked up all that was left of the head of our family. I saw my father, limp and unresisting, held up in the air, the beautiful and distinguishing feather that he always wore on the top of his head hanging pitifully down; then his body was stuffed carelessly into the capacious pocket of a dust-colored coat that the man was wearing.

I knew then that from that time on I would be, in many ways, responsible for the well-being of those who would be, to a great extent, dependent upon me. Hurrying to my mother, I immediately, without making any explanation to her, took charge of the retreat that seemed to me to be necessary in order to secure her safety as well as that of my brothers and sisters. She knew from my appearance that I had some good reason for my actions, and did not, at the moment, question my authority; but, in low and anxious tones, kept saying to the others:

"Quick! Quick! Go on! Look out! Go on! Look out! Quick!"

I took my position at the head of the line of little brown birds and led them away from the scene of the tragedy which I had just witnessed, while my mother, according to her usual custom, brought up the rear, keeping a constant lookout for stragglers and bringing them back into regular formation. for we almost invariably march in single file. She was well aware, however, that this was an occasion for the exercise of cunning as well as haste, and she kept her trim little form very near to the ground as she ran, and whispered, rather than called:

"Come back here! Come back here! Look out! Come back here!"

When we had reached a place that seemed to me to be safe, I ha'ted and waited for my mother to come up. Then, as considerately as I could, I informed her what had befallen us. I suppose I made her understand my great sorrow and sense of bewildering bereavement, for, although she trembled and trew herself down upon the ground in an abanc'onment of grief, yet she looked at me with grave commiseration, perhaps on account of my youth and the fact that I had, so recently, been under her care and tution, for she bravely said:

"Don't give up! Don't give up! Don't give up!"

This epigrammatic sentence had been a favorite expression of a part of my father's philosophy of life; and I knew that she was trying to be as courageous as he had always been, while at the same time she was appealing to my primitive strength and ability to adjust the untoward conditions in which we found ourselves. I rose to the occasion as well as I could, and, looking back upon the strain of the strenuous hours and days that immediately followed it,

I think I did pretty well, considering my small amount of experience.

From that sad time I filled my father's place, so far as I was able to do so, with regard to my brothers and sisters, and denied myself many pastimes and pleasures in order to look after their needs. Many times, when I was acting as sentinel, I longed unutterably to leave my post and join the rest of the family as they scuttled back and forth among the bushes, finding, from time to time, delectable dainties; teaching each other little tricks, and playing at being grown up and responsible, instead of actually trying to take a place that was meant for an older being to fill. While my father had been with us my mother had occasionally relieved him, and stood guard while he refreshed himself. So, after I took charge of our little band, she sometimes called to me to come and rest, while I occupied the position of sentinel. I must confess that I was often very glad to hear this call, but I will give myself credit for never having urged my mother to take my place, although often my legs fairly ached to stretch themselves and be active, and my young voice ofttimes broke, it was so tired, when I would cry out, as lcudly as I could:

"All well! Don't fear! All well!"

Watching everything that came and went upon the hillside and within the canyon, I soon learned to observe closely what I had only glanced at during the time that my father shielded us from all harm; standing out in front, as it were. I tried to devise various ways and means for the continued security of those who had become dependent upon me for safety and happiness.

As time wore on, my mother became more and more accustomed to our changed manner of life, for I never forgot what my father had told me with regard to my treatment of her, and even when she argued with me, as she very often did, concerning something of which my own judgment heartily approved, I maintained an even and affectionate tone of voice when I answered her.

When I was almost fully matured, and resembled, so I fondly hoped, my father very much, a creature came into our neighborhood that was the cause of great anxiety and trepidation, not only to my own immediate family, but to other groups of quail. He was very large and strong, and went bounding over the tops of the shrubs that seemed so tall to me. With his nose to the ground, he would follow any trail, no matter how indeterminate it might be, with ease and manifest delight, crowding

through places that did not seem half large enough for his big body to get into; sometimes this creature came into the open, accompanied by a man, and then he seemed to be very circumspect in all of his movements, and, as it seemed to me from what glimpses I dared to catch of the performance, obeyed commands that the man gave utterance to. At these times we all kept away from both the man and the

as large as my whole person. I laid myself down in one of his footprints once, and I only had to kick around a little bit to make myself a comfortable bed there. During the daytime, those on guard over the various flocks of quail could feel reasonably safe from the onalaughts of the enemy they all stood in awe of, but, musing upon possibilities one day, watching him tearing around in the canyon below where we



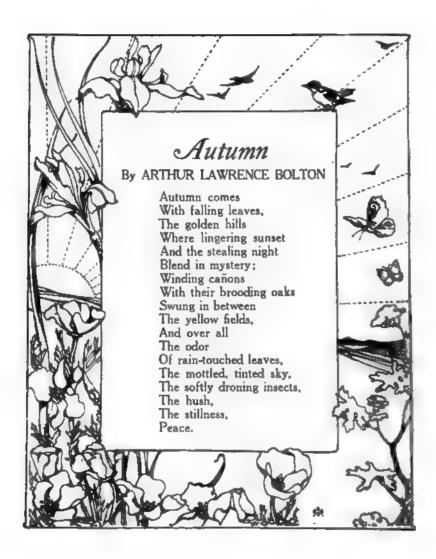
"While I occurred the poution of sent nel"

dog, for, at least in our family, we had had an example of the consequences of allowing Ruthless Hunter to get too near us. But very often the creature we all dreaded wandered at will and sent dashing around so rapidly that it would have been hard to keep track of him if it had not been that his color was white. For this reason even a little part of him was visible at some distance; if his tail waved it often showed above the bushes, and one of his enormeus feet, as it planted itself in the soft dirt, looked to me, from my post of observation,

were stationed, I began to imagine what would happen in case he should make an excursion into our territory at night.

Soon after this circumstance I discovered what seemed to me to be just the place for our little covey to sleep. I had often admired the noble tree, with its thick, dark green foliage, but had never been allowed to try to get up into it, as my mother insisted that it had always been the custom of her people to remain upon the earth, or, temporarily, to occupy low shrub-

(Continued on page 47)



Te Deums

Let not the smoke of incense blind your eyes;
Think not Te Deums are the all in all,
For they are only steps by which we rise
To service, and without which we would fall.

-Eugene Ammon.

Alaska's Great Future

By FRED LOCKLEY

Public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, he is not the author of the Sone Dry Law," though as Governor of laska he is doing his best to enforce it.

A good many years ago when he was a cub porter he learned to deliver the goods, and hen he was sent out on an assignment he ame back with a story. He is going to deliver the goods in Alaska.

Governor Bone for many years was editor if the Washington Post. Under his able mangement as editor of the Post-Intelligencer of eattle, it gained wide prestige.

The Portland-Alaska Club, composed of old-

thirty-eight bureaus, which is thirty-seven too many. It is going to be my endeavor to see that Alaska is not governed at long range. Alaska is a treasure house of riches and I am going to use my best endeavor to see that the country is opened for development. Today the Government at Washington is interested in President Harding wants to see Alaska. Alaska developed. The lure of Alaska is a very real thing. No one can visit that land of beauty, mystery and charm without wanting to return. The Government has spent fifty-six million dollars in the building of a railroad to help in the development of that great empire, and I hope to be able to do my part in secur-



Fall Round-Up of Reindeer at Kotzebue, Alaska

me sour-doughs in Portland, gave Governor one a reception on the occasion of his visit. Oregon. Among the speakers were Ben W. Rott, Governor of Oregon; George L. Baker. Layor of Portland; Edgar B. Piper, editor of the Oregonian, and Fred Lockley, a former resient of Nome, Alaska, but for many years past member of the editorial staff of the Oregon ournal.

Governor Bone in responding to the address f welcome, said: "Alaska is governed by

ing proper justice for Alaska Territory."

We have a newspaper man in the President's chair and we have a newspaper man in the gubernatorial chair at Juneau, the capital of Alaska Territory.

Alaska has been the stepchild of Uncle Sam too long. It is time it was admitted to the family of states as a full fledged sister.

One gets some idea of the vast extent of the country over which Governor Scott. C. Bone has charge, when it is realized that Alaska.



Higher's Traveling Kit when out after Rendeer

er area than the combined area Scotland, Ireland, Norway, Sweden

It is twelve times as large as New York. Easterners think of and of perpetual ice and snow, yet trawberries, cabbage and turnips are shipped to the Seattle market, farming and grazing land than is d in the State of Oregon.

Seward paid \$7,200,000 for the Alaska. We have already received tment more than \$500,000,000, ainly good interest.

horned sheep, mountain goats and deer. The hunter and trapper can find vast stretches in the interior where the foot of man has never yet trod, and where he can make rich catches of marten, ermine, mink and fox. Polar bear, seal and sea otter, all are to be found here.

Government reports show that more than one hundred million acres of timber are to be found in Alaska, the principal woods being Sitka spiuce, Alaska cedar, hemlock, birch and poplar. The day will come when we will have in Alaska huge paper and pulp mills to help reduce the cost of white paper.

Salmon, cod, whales, halibut, herring-all



Walrus Hunters

is 1500 miles north of New York climate is no more severe than York. The temperatures of Sitka noisco register about the same. Bone is right when he speaks of treasure house of the Union. It saits of coal, copper, tin, platinum, ypsum. Its oil fields have not yet it. It has vast coal fields easily fere sportsmen find a happy huntwith moose, caribou, bear, big

bring a large yearly revenue to the fishermen of Alaska.

One asset of Alaska that can never be depleted is its wonderful scenic resources. The Inland Passage to Alaska is as beautiful as the Inland Sea of Japan. Alaska's snow-clad mountain peaks, her glaciers, waterfalls, forested mountain slopes and her vast stretches of tundra on which thousands of reindeer roam will prove an ever-increasing attraction to toxicos.

(Continued on page 46)



By NINA MAY

November days are drear and grey,
And Winter's in the air,
October with her gorgeous tints,
Has fled the meadows fair;
Has fled the meadows fair, although,
Rare beauties still remain,
And jewel blades and leafless boughs,
With beads of silvery rain.

The flying clouds come drifting low,
Like sails on misty seas,
And drown the turquois of the skies,
Still glowing save for these;
Still glowing save for these, but lo!
The winds have stript the trees,
And not a single flower is left,
All flown are birds and bees.

November days are drear and grey.
Chill is the altered air,
But warm and bright the hearth fires burn.
And lights gleam everywhere;
And lights gleam everywhere, as falls
The night when wild winds roam.
No echo of their madness mars,
The cheer and warmth of home.



November in California

Vigil a la Mode

By CHARLES E. JESTINGS

was only three nights before commencement, and the students, with "Happy" Alfred Reed as leader had made things t Stanford. They serenaded unpopular rs of the faculty in terms anything but 1g. They built a large bonfire on the and indulged in the "shimmy," "cameland other forbidden dances.

ne midst of the uproar came the cry of iy! Faculty!" followed by an instant Students scattered in all directions, s fast as any—faster, indeed, when he himself closely pursued by one of the r and more active of the professors, who aught the spirit of the chase. "Happy" it impossible to shake him off. Was the torian of the graduating class to be thus ignominously?

now he was running through the streets distance from the university, when an asement window to a residence gave him iration. He sped past it; then, doubling leverly on his trailer, sprang through it ighed to hear the latter's footsteps grow in hot pursuit up the street.

airs Grace Kingsley was brushing out autifully brown hair preparatory to re-

On her daintily arranged toilet-table, oddly out of place, lay Brother Bert's r. A great many jokes had originated tat weapon. Her father and brother had ly installed Grace as man of the house their absence, Bert having reminded her exploits of brave Mrs. Carlisle and plucky starling, as recorded by the morning te." The first of these ladies had, alone tarmed, held a burglar captive until the arrived. The second had put to rout sperate villains who had accosted her on set with the introduction: "Your money r life!"

irace had demanded Bert's gun, declart she only longed for a chance to emulate eroism, and Bert had promised to watch pers for a similar mention of daring Miss sy. She smiled when her eyes fell on tol, for no opportunity for glory had as me to her, and Bert would be home

then her mother came into the room, ig, as she had fancied every night since parture of the men folk, that she "heard e, and would dear Grace, who was so s, mind going downstairs to investigate?"

Slipping her little bare feet into slippers, Grace threw on a wrapper and sallied forth, gun in hand.

Recalling that the dining room window had not been closed, the young girl made her noiseless way thither at once. Through it the moon shone, and she saw by its dim light a tall young man, roughly dressed.

Ill luck! Alfred, usually immaculate in his attire, had that night donned his poorest array. His hair was disordered, his clothes grimed with dust and soot, from which not even his face had escaped, was coolly examining the family silver. Shades of Mrs. Carlisle and Miss Starling—inspire her!

"Drop that, or I fire!"

Alfred turned with a start. What he saw was a pretty girl in a negligé, whose face and hands shook as she uttered this doughty threat, and in whose face a certain timid determination, a look of one frightened at her own daring, appealed to his sense of humor. But it would never do to laugh at her. Besides, that revolver in her uncertain, unfamiliar hand, was no joke. So he said with due humility:

"I surrender! But for heaven's sake put up that pistol! You are as likely to shoot yourself as me."

"Not at all," evidently irritated, "I am perfectly acquainted with fire arms."

Need it be said that this was a deliberate fib, uttered with the intent of striking terror to the very heart of the robber?

For the same purpose Grace continued to level the pistol and eye him with much outward severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that the house-breaker is not the bold desperado that he is painted. Still, keeping vigil over one is weary work. Alfred rapidly determined to see the adventure through. Time enough to escape should she call for help or should any fresh complications arise. He hoped she was not going to keep him standing all night. Presently he ventured to suggest that she could mount guard over him quite as well seated.

Grace assented gladly. Her burglar was quite a model, she thought. And why should she encumber herself longer with that unnecessary pistol, of which, she acknowledged to herself, she was much more afraid than was her prisoner!

Accordingly she carefully laid it down with-

in reach. Then, with what seemed to Alfred a most amazing underrating of his strength, she announced her intention of holding him until help should arrive.

To him the situation was not without its charm. It does not often happen that a pretty girl will insist on sitting next us and holding our hands-and that she was pretty, exceedingly pretty, "Happy" managed to satisfy himself in spite of the uncertain light.

Once or twice he addressed a remark to his fair captor, but she discouraged all attempts

at conversation.

And so they sat in silence, and the cold gray light of dawn crept into the room. Even this did not cause Grace to change her position. Looking cautiously at her the young man discovered that his stern guardian was asleep!

How long and dark were the lashes resting on the fair cheek, he thought, gazing down at the sweet, peaceful face framed in its wealth of nut-brown hair. Surely none of the young lady's best finery could set off her beauty as did that old blue wrapper. "Happy" was strongly tempted, in his character of robber, to steal a kiss, but there was a certain odd chivalry in his composition that kept him from taking advantage of her unconscious state. He withdrew his hands from hers without awakening her-such cold, little, soft hands! wonder—the chill breath of early morning made him shiver, warmly clothed though he was.

He might as well make her comfortable before he went. He groped his way into the hall and returned with a heavy shawl and an overcoat. These he wrapped around her as well as he could, then left through the still open window which he carefully drew down behind him.

If Miss Kingsley was not the belle at the commencement exercises of the university, it was because there were no belles. But, in the language of many present, she "received a very great deal of attention." And how she did enjoy the position she occupied.

With the evening about half gone, brother

Bert introduced his friend, Mr. Reed.

Grace's large eyes grew larger with

astonishment!

Mr. Reed composedly requested the pleasure of a dance and, before she could collect herself sufficiently to refuse, his arm encircled her and they were gliding over the polished floor in perfect time and measure.

"You have my step exactly," said Miss Kingsley, when the music ceased.

"Have I? Then it must be by direct inspiration, for I never was known to keep time with anvone before.

Now did ever man waltz to perfection without knowing it? Grace looked at him a little contemptuously. Her thought did him injustice. "Happy" was not affecting modesty, only making talk to keep off the question he expected.

'May I take you into the library? There is an anxious-looking youth I should like to avoid I suspect that I have stolen his dance."

This was just the opening she was waiting

for, and she quickly seized it.

"If you have, you are only pursuing your profession as a robber," said Miss Kingsley. What were you doing that night in my dining room?"

Then it all came out, and Alfred Reed, seated in an alcove of the great university library, satisfactorily cleared himself of all suspicion of being a house-breaker.

"How frightened you were when the pistol and I appeared on the scene!" said the young

lady, malicicusly.

"I was not!"—indignantly. "You turned very pale."

"Then we must have been a well-matched pair for courage. The pistol shook so in your hand that I was afraid it would go off accident-That was the worst feature of the case, for I do not believe that you would have been blood-thirsty enough to shoot me."

'I am sure I would not. I was immensely relieved to wake up and find my captive had

fled."

"What did you do then?"

"Inventoried the silverware and went to bed."

"The silverware was all right. There was but one thing stolen that night.

"Mercy! What was that?"

"Only the robber's heart"—sentimentally. Grace looked at him and began to laughsuch a delicious little laugh it was. Then she

said: "You might advertise for it as people do

for stolen articles. And you might say, 'Of no value to anyone but the owner.

"Thank you, but I am not so sure that I want it returned," said "Happy" also laughing. but letting his eyes rest upon her face until the warm color surged up beneath the gaze.

Grace was a little glad as well as a good deal sorry that her ill-used partner at this moment appeared in the doorway.

(Continued on page 46)

At Trail's End

By ARCHIE JOSCELYN

AD the factor at Post MacKinzie been asked, he, knowing the land where he dwelt and the people thereof, would said, and he would have spoken the truth, there were no better friends in all the pland than were Pierre DuNort and Nardolens, who had found each other two years re, the former being at the point of death. ens had nursed the slighter man back to h, and together then they had built their er cabins and trapped. So it had been for years, and better friends than they could be found in the area of snow.

it this was before the days of the winter

mine, which came to the North with the

tlessness of fury of storm over the land. nid-December the game had disappeared the country, and the desolation of the h was over all the land; it was early in month that the storehouses of Post Macie were consumed by fire, a fire which : in the night and was gone again, leavhe white death to follow in its trail. So is that, when Nardol Stevens appeared at post on the day before Christmas, having : from his camp ninety miles to the Northvard, and brought with him as a present, id of caribou meat on the dog sleds, that as received with rejoicing. And when he red that, by hunting steadily, he and e could furnish such a load of meat, once r two weeks if it were necessary, that the act was speedily signed, and Stevens d back again, while the factor calculated with the meat, were the loads as regular

ation for the dependents of the fort. erre DuNort listened to the tale of his I on his return, and then together the next they went the long journey over the trap springing each trap in turn, and on the following they hunted. For six days, so was the grip of the winter of death, were compelled to hunt, far to the Northward eir camp, before game was sighted, and with his load of meat which meant life people of Post MacKinzie, Pierre started, Stevens returned to the hunt.

romised, and what his own hunters might

the winter would pass by without actual

ring the two weeks following came the to a depth which had never before been in that country, with the storms raging santly, and when, on the twelfth day, returned. Stevens had but gained the

camp with another load of meat, and he told a tale of weary days of following upon the trail of game, to find two of a herd of three caribou slaughtered by wolves and the third at bay; while Pierre, in his turn, with eyes alight, told of his journey as a hardship to be borne and passed quickly over, but more did he speak of the joys of seeing his fellow-men at the Post MacKinzie, and especially, with a new hushed reverence in his voice, did he speak of a woman, and of the light her presence had lent to the fort.

So on the next day Pierre again followed the trails, and Stevens made his journey to the post, returning after many days with face parched and burnt by the cold of storm; and Pierre, who awaited him with meat, told of the weary days of the hunt, of the famine of game in the land, and how finally, on the point of despair, he had seen the film of steam rising from a narrow hole woven through the snowdrifts, and of how, digging down through it, and crawling into the darkened cave below, he had found and slain a bear that slept. So again on the day following he followed the trail to the post, and as he went he remembered his friend's words concerning Mary, the girl with the hair of the tint of the frost-'red leaves in autumn and the laugh like the tinkling of brooks at a waterfall, even as he had spoken. And on that long trail there was only love in his heart for his big friend, who with him was helping to save the people of the post from the great white death of the North.

On each recurring trip, and meeting for one night at the little cabin, each had his tale in turn of the hunt, the despair, and the final triumph, and each one, on his return from the post would speak of the girl. But on Pierre's second turn, though his praise was the warmer, it was more quickly given and followed by longer intervals of silence, and so did it become with each of them as the trips increased. Though Pierre would sit in silence when he had ceased speaking, if it were Stevens the little cabin would ring merry laughter as he spoke lightheartedly on some other theme.

By the end of February, winter still held the land with unslacking grip, but now it was that Pierre spoke more and more seldom on that one night at the cabin, and with but brief mention of the girl. Though Stevens would still speak in high praise of her, while his laugh sounded out over the silent snows, unconscious that at the heart of his friend was gnawing a new feeling of jealousy, a feeling against which the hot-tempered but loyal Pierre strove to fight. But in the long days of silence, unending days when thinking is all that keeps the world from utter bleakness, one must think, and mayhap brood somewhat, and the mind of the smaller man could not but think of the times when Stevens now too, said little.

So, as the winter passed, the feeling grew, and gaining ascendency, drove from the mind of Pierre all wish to fight against it, and he told himself fiercely and with truth that his love for the girl was the consuming feeling of his being, and that his hate and jealousy of the man who was his partner and seemed his greatest rival, was as great as his passion. While the great laugh of Stevens, who guessed nothing of the thoughts in his friend's mind, was but fuel to the fire.

"This," he said, as he stood ready to take the trail to the post, "will be the last trip we will have to make, Pierre. The grip of winter is broken, and you will but have to take the traps up, and not follow the hunt longer. When I return the ice will go out, and this winter with its story will be ended. 'Tis hard on you," he finished with a grin, and words which he could not guess the sting of, "for I know you had thought to have another chance to say words of farewell to Mary. But doubtless I shall be able to do that for you, as well or better. I doubt not."

He had gone his way blithely, roaring out the words of a song so that Pierre could hear it for a distance of miles, had gone lighthearted and with the song of the spring in his blood, little knowing that the echoes of his voice added to the smouldering fire of Pierre's heart, a fire which grew to flame during the following week, a week of sudden storm and bitter cold, during which Pierre suffered more than in all the winter, and, brooding, the last conscious thread of friendship was snapped, and he could think only of revenge, a thought which had lurked in his mind but had been repressed for weeks, and now, loosened, was the more fierce and bitter as he pictured with the brush of a fatalist that his rival was winning.

"He shall win—from Pierre DuNort?" he cried fiercely, at night, and the cry awoke him. For a moment he lay shivering, then silently arose, speaking no further word, for in his mind had formed a plan. As clearly as if Stevens had spoken to him he sensed his rival's plans—to bring his bride back to the cabin on

his return, and equally as clear was the plan for vengeance, and then victory, in Pierre's mind. "For she loves me as much as him, I know it," he cried fiercely to the stars, "and —after him, then I shall have the victory."

Exultantly he pressed the trail, coming the next forenoon to the deserted cabin. And there, pausing for a few minute's brief work just within the doorway, a smile not common to the face of Pierre DuNort played over it. When all was finished he turned again and struck out, straight into the North.

For all of that day and night and far into the next day he traveled, his mind burning fiercely, fed with the thought of the vengeance that should be his. And after those three days of restless travel, he stopped and slept again, utterly exhausted. As before, it was while he slept that the change came. Starting up again in the night, he saw his friend and the girl enter the clearing—heard Stevens' ringing laugh, heard him shout a greeting for him, Pierre, then, when no reply came, press onward and push open the door, saw him fall, with a look, the trembling emotions, of which unbelieving incredulity was the greatest, spreading over his face—saw him fall forward, and pictured the stain which spread over the trampled snow. And in the background of the picture he was aware of the girl, running forward to Stevens, knew likewise the play of emotions over her face, and that she would be there alone with death; yet greatest of all he saw still the look on the face of his friend, the look that denoted that Stevens, in death, would still not believe that he, Pierre, his friend of the trails, would have murdered him. 4

So again Pierre plunged forward on the trail, but now he was running Southward, a sob in his throat, and ever before him was the dying look of his friend, and ever he ran onward with the hope and prayer which his lips scarce could frame, that he might not be too late.

"I would never have been—I never have been worthy of her," he cried, and his voice awoke the echoes of the night. "Not I and I would have killed her lover-husband and my friend. For me, a murderer, there remains only the hope of atonement. For death I am not fit, but to live I am unworthy."

It was the next evening at dusk, stumbing with utter weariness, that he approached the clearing. Somewhere a tree snapped loud with the frost, and to his distorted fancy came the recurring vision, the little scene of tragedy was enacted before his eyes, and with a great sob in his throat that he had been too late, he ran

d, unseeing, stumbling now to fall, but g his feet to press onward, while the ss settled the deeper. So finally his caught at the door and wrenched at it, nen Pierre sank down beside the door, crimson pool slowly formed in the white trampled snow.

dawn was at hand when he numbly sat id the events of the night passed slowly in his mind. A fresh, gentle snow was and the blood was covered, though aked blood over the wound was still. There was no feeling to it as he stiffly and went within the cabin, and there ed the rifle from its fastenings. Some cooked meat remained, and that he ate, acked a little that was left. Then, still ing of his wound, with his rifle like a log upon his shoulder, he closed the stood for a moment silently, then wearily, DuNort began his weary journey into orth.

Il he realized that his state was far gone. him it was just that it should be so. d planned the great crime, and now, in nation, he must pay the price of his ery, and the price could only be death. s death must be far away from the cabin, they, returning in happiness, could never im, to mar their life. From it he must way, and well he knew the spot that he hosen. It was there that he and Stevens st met-three days' journey to the Northalong a narrow shelving bluff, which jutut over a valley, and, ending suddenly recipitate slope, dropped sheer to jagged a thousand feet below. There, from ing a deer which had leaped from the Pierre had slipped and broken a leg. he had been doomed, in a slow slide the slope, to death, and there Stevens had him, and at risk of swift death had dragim back to safety. So there it was but that he should pay the final atonement.

 heed, for no thought but of his coming death and of remorse and his great sin were in his mind. After the third day he lost count of time, for he knew that he should have been at the point by then, but still it seemed far distant into the North. Yet he struggled on, and now the nights were scarce darker than the days.

And finally the point of land was just before him, but when he would have stepped calmly down to the broken outline of snow in the valley far below, instead he pitched forward on his face, and lay silently in the snow. There, for the first time in many days, his sleep was untroubled and filled with a great peace, so that he knew he had atoned, and the ending was as it should be. Finally he awoke, and the face bending over him, there at the far edge of the precipice, was framed with hair of the tint of the summer sun in setting, and the eyes were very tender. Yet Pierre could not believe, and when his eyes encountered, a short way back, Nardol Stevens who was his friend, and a woman who stood beside him, he closed his eyes with the feeling that it was the end, but a good end.

In the end he believed, and his tired brain scarce marveled at the story, as Stevens explained it to him, days later, within the cabin. They are two sisters, Mary and Marie, and the way you said Marie I thought it Mary, and the way I said Mary you believed it to be Marie," he explained, "and you never saw but Marie, I never but Mary. At a little cabin a day's journey below the post, they lived and cared for their father, and one came to the post for food every two weeks, each in turn, even as we did. And with the spring, their father, who was an aged man, died, and the two of them came to the fort together. Then I understood, and, with Mary as my wife, we three came North to you. And further to the North, at the beginning of Friendship, we found you, and you, too, shall live."

"I am not worthy," said Pierre. "If you knew the story—I would have killed you—would have murdered my friend—"

"I read the sign of the blood by the door. Pierre, and I knew all—the madness which made you not yourself, and of how you, my friend, had returned, willing then to give your life in the saving of mine. And now the past is past, and a brighter friendship lies ahead."

Sonnet To Nature

By CLARA CONKLIN BARKER

Thy artistry is infinite and grand;
Thy mysteries surround the bare brown earth
That nourishes the seed and prompts the birth
Of lovely flowers; and at thy command
New life abounds and beautifies the land.
Exquisite taste prevails throughout the earth,
From cragged hills to giants summits, worth
Aeons to build. Could we but understand
Thy inner force, that builds these forms of
thine:

We only know that from minutest cells
To vast and complex forms of mighty force
The essence of thy power is Divine;
And, permeating all creation, dwells
His absolute, inexplicable force.

Bitter-Sweet

By R. R. GREENWOOD

Where the wild rose nods by the pasture bars And the twilight shadows come, I heard the song that you sang last eve, And its beauty struck me dumb.

The passing day bent low to hear,
And the west with gold and rose
Flamed like the heart of the marigold
That down by the river blows.

Your voice was like a fiery flute
That pipes a distant tune
By the woodland bank of some drowsy stream
In a silvery night of June.

And all of the pain of the world was there.

And the joy, that passed so fleet
In the dreams that are gone and the loves that
are lost,
And the hours that were bitter-sweet.

Have We No Natural Rights?

By JAMES HAVELOCK CAMPBELL

ICANS generally have believed from y childhood that the basic assertions our famous Declaration in defense of ary action were incontestable and inely outside of the sphere of serious y, but there has arisen in recent times of skeptics who spurn the idea that has any natural right whatever, and at the claim that it is a self-evident truth at all, that man is endowed by r with certain inalienable rights, is baseless and without any rational in its favor.

sand years before the Mosaic Era, and years before Christ, the great lammurabi was promulgated in Baby-King at the outset boasted that he ed law and justice in the land and happy the human race." At the end de he calls himself repeatedly "The Righteousness," and just above the of it a graven figure is shown hand-the code to mankind from on high. very ancient recognition of the fundoctrine of the Declaration.

ack upon the idea of natural right is in the history of the world, that we go back very far to establish our Then Greece was in the zenith of her of her philosophers clearly proclaimed of natural right. Among these solons illenic days were Zenophanes, Parmeraclitus and Zeno. All of these philas well as Socrates, Plato and Arisans though they were, asserted the of natural rights. They believed that ghts were natural rights or inevitable s of natural rights. Aristotle was the e of that age, and justice was his rule There was no codified system. views furnished the foundation for ificent superstructure of the Roman ence which, because of its shining and g merit, has ever since maintained a asp on the world. "The principles of ight," said Aristotle, "are observed mong all people, and, being estaba certain divine providence, remain m and immutable." The Roman law v concentrated under the rule of Justhe Code, the Digest, the Institutes Novellae, and this admirable body of Ily referred to as the Civil Law, became the common law of continental Europe on the disintegration of the Roman Empire. The irresistible persuasion of the Civil Law, as Maine assures us (Ancient Law 54), came from the Roman adoption of the theory of natural rights. Even the common law of England was constantly and strongly affected and modified by the principles of the Civil Law. It was adopted whenever it seemed to supply a rational and just rule of decision. The common law declares directly for the law of nature: Bracton. lib. 1. c. 5; Doctor and Student, c. 5; Calvin's Case, 7 Coke 12. "Upon the law of nature and revelation depend all human laws, that is, no human law should be suffered to contradict them." Blackstone's Comm., vol. 1, 42. "The common law now called is founded on the law of nature and reason." Miller v. Taylor, 4 Burk 2343. The common law of England is also the common law of California, and thereby as well as by express provisions of our code we have adopted the doctrine of natural right and endorsed the verity of the Declaration of Independence.

The folly of trying to do justice among men upon any other theory than the existence of natural right seems evident. If that be the rule of action, no obstacle can stand in the way of justice, and no lack of precedent will thwart the redress of wrong. Otherwise every suitor will fail where there is no precedent or where the precedents conflict with each other, or where they are hostile; and yet the cause may be eminently just in every such instance. The total rejection of the doctrine of natural right would prevent any man from getting justice unless his claim was based upon a statute, for, on that view, no judge would make the first precedent in support of natural right, and there being no possibility of a precedent under such circumstances, the plaintiff could never succeed. There would be precedents, but they would be all against natural right, because of inability to produce a precedent in its favor. There are, unfortunately, many judges so constituted mentally that they can render no decision in favor of the right, although persuaded that justice requires it, unless some other judge has blazed the trail in a case precisely similar: when that form of mania takes a firm grasp on the mind, the similarity must be equivalent to identity or the precedent will be futile. absurdity of the requirement appears conspicuously when one sits in a court room for a day listening to exhaustive arguments of able counsel. The table may be piled high with reports of cases, and yet the visitor may find to his surprise that not one case cited is quite like the one before the court. In the kaleidoscopic and almost infinite variety of human affairs and actions there are not enough cases to supply even one perfect parallel for every new suit. It was in the recognition of the impossibility of always having a precedent that English judges long ago said: "Private justice, moral fitness and public convenience, when applied to a new subject, make common law without a precedent." And again: "The law of England would be an absurd science were it founded upon precedent only." By the express provisions of the Political Code of California, the common law of England is adopted as the rule of decision, except as modified by statute, and this adoption includes the common law endorsement of natural right. Moreover, natural right receives a direct recognition in Section 1866 of our Code of Civil Procedure, which requires that in a case of doubtful construction of contract, that construction shall be given which conforms to natural right. Consequently, in California, as in the code states generally, not only does the statute not deny the existence of natural right, but admits and defends it. The remaining states are either common law states or civil law states, and from what has preceded we may know, therefore, that in both classes of states the aim is that justice and right shall triumph. In California we have a further recognition of our cause, for the great body of the law is the unwritten law, and we are told that this is not to be gathered from the decisions alone, but also, and apparently equally, from the treatises of learned men, and such treatises set forth the right according to the common law and the law of nature.

The Supreme Court of the United States says: "Jurists and commentators who by years of labor, research and experience have made themselves peculiarly well acquainted with the subjects of which they treat, are resorted to by the courts for trustworthy evidence of what the law really is."

The law reports of the various states show that the treatises of eminent law writers are being constantly cited by the courts as correctly pointing out the law.

The respect which the courts feel for elementary treatises of acknowledged authority, it may be said, exceeds that paid to any judicial opinions except their own. See Penn. Co.

v. Roy, 102 U. S. 451; The Majestic, 102 U. S. 375.

From the very nature and scope of lawsuits, the decisions never cover any branch of the law or the minutest subdivision of any branch of the law, and it naturally follows that the lawyer who seeks exhaustive, symmetrical and logically developed presentation of any legal topic, will never find it in any decision.

The scientific treatise writer, devoting years to the same subject, will present a complete, beautifully constructed and artistically harmonious edifice, faultless and beyond criticism in every detail. The full and orderly treatment, perfect symmetry and logical proportions and sequences of such a work, make a deep impression on the mind, and cases thereafter on the same subject have not the same significance. Some cases will seem so incongruous in themselves that their acceptance is impracticable, while others will be seen at once to fit into the general understanding of the topic already acquired with absolute nicety. An adequate treatise will embrace the whole field of natural right on the subject dealt with, and will negative the soundness of any decision which is not in perfect consonance with its exposition of the law to the utmost degree of precision.

Such a dissertation fills the mind with confidence in adopting as irresistible sequences, many conclusions on which the author has expressed no opinion.

The views of the Greek philosophers adopted by their Roman disciples and implanted by them in the Civil Law, maintained the supremacy of natural right throughout continental Europe and the British Isles, one might say almost up to the present time. Bacon has been accused of being one of the originators of the rebellion against the doctrine of natural right. and one of the father of the case, or inductive system in fixing legal rights. But these notions are without foundation, for Bacon was opposed to the materialistic view, and even to the use of cases at all, as a means of instruction. He strongly favored treatises, and he wrote one himself called "The Elements of the Common Law," which was used as a text book until the end of the following century. On this subject he says: "Youths and novices are to be prepared for receiving and imbibing more deeply and conveniently the knowledge and the difficulties of jurisprudence by institutes" (that is, by treatises). In his treatise, he troubles himself very little with even the citation of cases, for which course he contends: judged it a matter undue and preposterous to

rules and maxims wherein I had the exof Mr. Littleton and Mr. Fitzherbert, writings are the institutions of the laws gland; whereof the one forbeareth to any authority altogether; the other never a book but when he thinketh the case s, the principle) so weak in credit itself eedeth surety."

on was strongly against the idea of exg conflicts and disputes as cases do, and ng students to understand that law is a all science. He was of the opinion that s should be so presented as to tend to quieting than exciting questions and versies as to what the law really is."

real culprit, the actual father of the which rejects the divine dogma of nattht. was Jeremy Bentham. Bentham was ractical lawyer. He was never admitted bar, and so of course never had any nce with courts or cases, but he studied glish law and wrote several books of a ature, namely: "A Treatise on Civil and Legislation," "A Theory of Punishments ewards," and other works. He is best for his "Rationale of Judicial Evidence." m was born in London in 1748, and died n 1832. He may be said to be the first ion of the inductive method of seeking v. and the forerunner of our Professor II. He believed that there was no law right except what men have created and shed for themselves, and that the law be ascertained from individual cases by ocess of induction. The theory of in-1 is of much practical value in exact s, but it can have no proper applicathe law. Every decision rests upon one e pre-existing principles. A principle is awn from a decision by way of inducon the contrary, every decision is drawn y of deduction from a principle which tes it. To suppose that a principle is to ig out" from a case by induction when iole basis of the case is that very prinis a merry "ring-around-a-rosy" indeed. ke a snake swallowing its own tail, for this style of reasoning, the principle is ie origin of the decision and the product decision: it is at the same moment both and effect.

whole matter resolves itself into the view of right and the relation of right to the ne religious in the broadest sense; the religious, materialistic, atheistic. Theolessentially and of necessity deductive, a doctrine of right is merely an incident

or phase of theology. Even religious pagans espoused the deductive method. The notion of those who ignore the claim of natural right is, as Mr. Smith puts it, that "the law is merely an expression of the will of the state and men's rights mere creatures of legislation, a theory which," as he forcibly says, "stands opposed not only to the most deeply seated conviction of mankind generally, but also to the views of jurists and philosophers of all ages and countries outside of English jurisprudence and outside of that also prior to the advent of Ben-Those who deny the existence of natural right seem to confuse the consciousness of a right with the existence of it, but a right may surely exist and yet its possessor may be unaware of it. Without going still farther back, we cannot imagine our ancestors of one hundred thousand years ago, according to the anthropologists, having a very keen perception of their rights. But they had rights beyond any doubt to their lives, to their children and their mates, to the skins in which they were clad and to the rude implements which they fashioned, regardless of the fact that there was no government, no court, no legislature, nothing which could be called an organized society, and probably even the most unsatisfactory and defective means of communication with each other. Neither their environment nor the sad condition of their lives, but little advanced above the grade of brutes, could curtail or rob them of these natural rights.

The emancipation of the slaves of the South did not spring from any protest or initiative of their own, but from influences entirely outside of them, on the part of the people who felt that the right of the negro to be free did not at all depend upon his own capacity to realize his condition and his rights.

Accordingly, the slowness of savage people to perceive and to assert their rights does not disprove the existence of the rights. The evolution of the consciousness of natural rights is no evidence of evolution in the rights themselves. This distinction does not appear to be observed by the antagonists of the principle.

We conclude that the authors of the Declaration of Independence acted wisely and well, in proclaiming the divine emanence of natural right. The more universally that view is sustained in the practical conduct of human affairs, the more completely shall justice triumph in the world.

In the stern resolution to subjugate the world it was the repudiation of the doctrine of natural right that brought the terrible struggle of the World War. The only compensation has been the friendship and hopeful unity which has sprung up among the nations who leagued together to uphold the cause of civilization and of natural right. At present the world is in a chaotic condition, for the reason that nations which are powerful in material strength, like Russia and Turkey, are far down in the scale of spiritual growth, and reject absolutely the idea that mankind has any natural rights.

The general assent of civilized humanity for so many thousands of years to the existence of natural rights, made any advocacy of the doctrine needless, and, as a consequence, those who at last found courage to attack the accepted view found a clear field and no adversaries in sight. The result was, that many materialistic works appeared before the necessity of refutation became apparent. books have spread about a very pernicious propaganda. The authors build upon a false They reason from a wholly irrelefoundation. vant consideration, namely: the undoubted but immaterial fact that in the earliest and most degraded stage of the history of any people, no claim is made to natural rights. The great fact

of history which undermines all their claims is, that while beyond doubt all nations in their earliest and most degraded state have shown no proper perception of their natural rights, yet in every instance as soon as a nation was fairly started on the road of advancement and civilization, its recognition of natural rights began and kept pace with the progress of society constantly.

From the practically universal acceptance of the dogma of natural rights for so many thousands of years, there seemed to be no incentive to produce works in its defense. As a result to be expected, when a foe arose who was bold enough to attack it, he found a clear field and no opponent in sight ready to combat his views. The example being set and the victory seeming so easy, many similar works appeared before the necessity of refutation aroused the friends of the cause to action. Once set in motion. however, the diligence has been praiseworthy. and many counter treatises of excellent ment have appeared within recent years, pointing out the fallacies of the foes of natural right. Very good examples of these will be found in Mr. Smith's "Right and the Law" and Mr. Abbott's 'Justice and the Modern Law."

Paintings—By A Master

By ALBERTA WING COLWELL

Framed in a cloudless azure sky,
Rise mountains rugged, gaunt and brown,
Their rock-cleft sides and wooded slopes,
Capped with rose-tinted snowy crown.

Valleys soft shaded, green and grey, A water-fall of rainbow glint, A foaming rush of silver white; Clustered sheep, just a distant hint.

Trails dipping through the misty haze, To join the sun-flecked dusty hills, Tall fir trees, maple, oak and ash, Bending low where the water spills.

Paintings of Nature's fairy land,
Swung down from some unvisioned rod,
A myst'ry drawn with master strokes,
On the magic out-doors of God.

The Wireless Girl

By ERALD A. SCHIVO

DRED DURANT, as she felt the rise nd fall of the steam-yacht and heard he assiduous pulsations of its powerful knew that she was passing through len Gate Strait, away from the beautiful San Francisco and the one man she Herbert Forde. What indefinable arand unlimited resourcefulness the young ather had shown when she was being lly kidnapped. A feeling of self-pity ssession of her, but she drove back the at were striving to gush from her eyes. she stared angrily at the locked door stateroom and waited, contemplating the ow she should act toward the millionaire on she loved.

world seemed hard to such girls as she. because of indiscretions on the part of motion picture people, the cinema held a questionable place in the eyes general public; yet there were many ich as she, who deserved to be set in a t category. It was unjust, illogical, and andalmongers dared say anything about

dden sparkle seemed to flash from the es of the prisoner. Soon a smile brighte young face which grew brighter as a thought took shape in her mind. Had a chance to show Mr. Forde, the mil, and owner of the "Speedster," that s like many other girls who practiced rofession? She was even of a rather disposition; fairly beautiful and intelasuitable wife for any man, but all rry concerning Mr. Forde and what he of her was unnecessary, as she was be candidly told.

became cognizant of the fact that some s knocking at her door. A key turned lock and a man's voice asked: "May in, Miss Durant?"

ne could mistake Mr. Forde's voice after earing it. The tone was that of a gen—of a person who would rather agree statement than argue about it. Yet, lealing with men, Mr. Forde could use ce to advantage, though, sad to state, tals could not be intimidated by him. In's shortness of stature offset any other rities. His employees, of course, were it in a different class. They would jump every word, but while away from him

they would tell others how easily it would be to smash him.

"Yes, come in, Mr. Forde," answered the girl as pleasantly as was possible under the circumstances.

Forde was too surprised to open the door immediately. The soft, delightful voice of the girl sharply contrasted with her angry exclamations on being told that she was a prisoner on board the "Speedster." He had expected another angry outburst—anything but the kindly tone that came from Mildred Durant, the cinema actress and the girl his son loved. After a talk with his son he did not believe, like Mrs. Forde, that it was only a passing fascination.

"Well?" came from within the stateroom after a few minutes had passed.

Mr. Forde thrust open the door and stepped somewhat hesitatingly into the room. He beheld the smiling face of Miss Durant and wondered why she was not crying or doing something equally foolish.

"I wish to make an apology," said the sharp voice of the little gray-haired millionaire as he helped himself to a chair. There was only one person who heard Mr. Forde speak, and gave attention or not as she pleased. Mrs. Forde had the honor.

"It's about time," volunteered the young girl, as a hint of temper crept into her words. Mr. Forde was now positive that he had found another person who could not be intimidated. When told that she was a prisoner and was then forcibly confined to her stateroom until the yacht sailed, he had hoped that she would not make much trouble, for he liked her and did not wish to use harsh treatment.

Though Mildred did not like the commanding tone of Mr. Forde, which he had used since she was first made a prisoner, she realized that she could love the little gentleman, no matter if he had tricked her aboard the vessel.

"No, no, it's not that I'm sorry I kidnapped you, Miss Durant," he explained, altering his voice to suit his speech. "My wife made me do that."

Mr. Forde must obey his wife even if his every word was quickly obeyed by one of his employees. Just why Mrs. Forde held the upper hand was incomprehensible to him. It might be that all women frightened him.

"What I wanted to say," he continued, "is

this: your friends might feel alarmed at your absence for a longer time than is usual. I intended to send a wireless message ashore soon after we left the city, but we now find that our wireless operator is not with us."

Not by a flash of an eyelash did the young prisoner betray her thoughts. An idea had come to her as she thought of the radio man being away from the ship. As for any one's being alarmed about her the possibility was small. Her only near relative, her brother, was at sea as a radio operator, and was thousands of miles away from her. Mr. Forde had taken care that her contract with the Pacific Coast Moving Picture Corporation was not renewed when it had expired a few days past. By pretending to be a motion picture producer Forde had inveigled her aboard his yacht. The Pacific Corporation would not miss her, neither would Herbert Forde who had undoubtedly been prepared for her absence by the far-seeing Mr. Forde. Nevertheless the girl smiled and turned to the little millionaire.

"So you intend to turn back, Mr. Forde?" she asked.

"No, Miss Durant, though I wish I could," groaned the owner of the yacht, shaking his head sorrowfully. "I don't like to travel the seas without an operator, but turning back is out of the question; I must obey my wife."

"Your wife!" said the girl disdainfully. "I always thought a man could do as he pleased."

"Not I," whispered the little man. "Don't you know she almost killed me once because I refused to go with her to the Mardi Gras? Oh, my! People think I am a different man when she is not with me. My employees jump at every command I see fit to make. Size is nothing to them. They know I have money, and money means power. My voice carries fear in strong men's hearts, but my wife, oh, my!"

"Why is your wife opposed to me?" flashed the actress.

"Gossip," responded the old man. "But I'm sure if she knew you, she would change her mind. I told her so already, but what can I do? Even my son is powerless. I must do as my wife says and he must do as I say or lose his allowance.

"I have seen you at the theatre. My wife always refuses to accompany me. I know a girl's character by her actions even by seeing her at the movies. Also my son has spoken to me about you. I am helpless in this matter. I told the poor boy to elope and try to make out for himself, but he doesn't like to go against his mother's wishes."

"I see, Mr. Forde," said the girl sincerely, "but why did you kidnap me?"

"Oh, that's my wife's idea. She thinks by keeping you away from Herbert a few months that he will soon forget you. I know she is all wrong, though."

"Um," the young lady seemed pensive. "I thought as much. Are any women aboard beside myself?"

"Certainly," came the quick reply, "your maid is also with us. Shall I call her? She has been giving us not a little trouble."

"Yes, call Betty," said the girl more cheerfully. "I'm tired and need rest; it must be getting late."

Mr. Forde left the stateroom. He, also, felt more cheerful. To think that his wife was opposed to such a nice girl because of the scandal that might arise if Herbert married the actress, was ridiculous; especially was this true as his wife had not even seen her. Nevertheless Mr. Forde's eyes twinkled, for he knew that eventually his son would marry Miss Durant.

He gave orders regarding the maid and then proceeded to his own stateroom. There, he rapidly undressed, slipped beneath the covers, and tried to think why his wife was so foolish. His brain refused to work. Soon he was dozing off into restful slumber when a loud rap sounded upon his door.

"Let me sleep, Bill, don't want any breakfast," mumbled Mr. Forde, now only half asleep.

"I'm not your valet," cried the captain of the "Speedster." The door of the stateroom was unlocked and he stepped in without hesitation. "Come, wake up, Mr. Forde!"

"Get out, Bill," muttered that gentleman.
"I'm sleepy yet."

"Sleepy, nothing!" yelled the captain. "The girl you brought on board is in the wireless cabin, and what she is sending out the deuce only knows."

"What!" cried Mr. Forde, as he leaped to the floor, realization flashing through his mind. "Every operator that happens to be listening in can get what she says. You fool, why don't you cut off her power?"

"I can't," groaned the captain, "she has it with her, and the wild maid she has with her dares any one to come near the cabin. She has a pistol a mile long!"

"Using the storage batteries, eh," grunted the millionaire. Then as a new series of ideas

"You poor idiot, quick, shoot, to him: reak, do anything to get the aerial down!' ried everything you said," explained the "That is, all except shoot it down. me could hit the side of a cabin on this t, saying nothing about cutting wires with ts. When I sent a man to the mast to lown the aerial, a real chunk of lead sang his ear. That maid knows how to shoot. I you. I don't dare send another man, one might be killed!"

r. Forde was now dressing himself with peed of an excited man. He could hear aint crackling of the spark as it came from radio cabin. The sound made the pertion pour from him, and he wondered what airl could be transmitting. She might be ng an SOS or perhaps calling the San cisco police to come to her rescue. There

innumerable possibilities that could be ful to him. When he was ready to see could be done about it he was on the of desperation.

Vireless for Mr. Forde," cried a voice from out the cabin.

low did you get it?" cried Forde, snatchthe radiogram from the young man who

he called for some one to get it, sir," he "then slipped it through the ined. ow."

see," said Forde, ripping open the enme. He read:

OME BACK AT ONCE YOU REPRO-MRS. FORDE."

ord," groaned the millionaire, "what can girl be saying about me?"

unv answer?" asked the young man who politely waited.

'ell that girl," commanded Mr. Forde, "to sending messages about me to my wife." 'es sir," came the reply, and the boy was

'an't anything be done, Captain?" asked ittle man nervously.

re captain seemed amused. As long as the was not sending false SOS signals he need vorry. If she wished to communicate with Forde, very well and good. It would do captain little harm. If he tried drastic is to interfere with her, something detrial to himself might happen.

'm sorry, Mr. Forde," apologized the cap-"but I know of nothing that can be done. seem to have the upper hand. Did I hear you say something about turning back? We are not many miles from San Francisco, you know."

"No." raged Mr. Forde. "My wife told me to go to Japan with the girl and now that I have gone through all this trouble I intend to go there. The girl—who would ever suspect that she understood the radio apparatus?—is telling awful things about me. But I'll have her on my side very soon."

"What do you intend to do?" asked the

"Just watch me!" cried Mr. Forde. "You haven't sense enough to use diplomacy with her. Keep your eyes on a man with brains."

Mr. Forde left the cabin, and the commander shrugged as one who does not care what may happen. If the millionaire brought trouble upon himself no one else would be held responsible.

It required but ten seconds for Forde to come within ten feet of the radio cabin.

"Halt!" cried a woman's voice, "or I'll fire!"

Mr. Forde refused to obey the command and continued on his way.

"Bang!" came an explosion from the cabin. and a bullet sang past Forde's head.

Needless to say, the gentleman made a quick stop. Then there came to him the crash of the wireless spark.

"Great Scott," he groaned, "what is the girl up to?"

The crash of the spark stopped and Mildred Durant made her appearance at the window.

"Hello there, Mr. Forde," she called.

"Hello there, yourself," cried back the millionaire. "What's the meaning of all this?"

"You'll very soon find out," replied the girl. "Here's a message for you. Promise not to cause any trouble and you may come and get it."

Mr. Forde was only too well aware of the formidable Betty, the maid who threatened him with a meaning too unpleasant to relate.

"I promise," he said with exasperation.
"Here's the message." Miss Durant handed it to him as he came up. "Now, Mr. Forde," she said, "we mean business. Please go to your stateroom, also give orders that no one is to bother us further. I'm a licensed wirelessed operator and quite capable of operating this set. I'll do nothing that might cost you money, unless I'm interfered with. Do you understand?"

"Um," muttered Mr. Forde, "wait a moment.

I might have an answer to this message." He read:

"YOU VILLAIN. TURN BACK. WILL HIRE SEAPLANE AND FOLLOW YOU IF ORDER IS NOT OBEYED IMMEDIATELY. MRS. FORDE."

"Oh Lord," cried the distressed gentleman.
"Tell my wife I'm giving the orders to turn back now. Oh-h, what are you saying about me, Miss Durant?"

The girl only laughed and seated herself before the wireless instruments. She was exultant, everything was going her way. Her heart beat with excitement as she manipulated the apparatus. Many times in the past she had done so, but never under such circumstances as these. She thrust in the aerial switch with a vigor characteristic of an old hand at the game, and when she heard the generator respond waxing to a windy roar, she called the San Francisco station.

The alert operator immediately answered and instructed her to send any messages she had. With a happy laugh she transmitted a message which she had previously written; a second message followed. How she wished her brother might see her operating such a magnificent set of instruments. It was he who had taught her wireless telegraphy. Never until now had she thought of what use the knowledge would mean to her.

The San Francisco station acknowledged the messages, and the young girl thought how well she had transmitted them. She must now wait for the answers, as she had instructed the operator to telephone each message to its destination, and to receive the answer to each also by telephone.

"Any more hostilities, Betty?" she asked the young woman who was keeping a sharp

lookout.

"No, Miss Durant," laughed the maid. "They don't dare try cutting that aerial down again. Lucky I came from Arizona and know how to use this pistol we found in here. Girls in Arizona know how to shoot."

"I'm glad they kidnapped you too, Betty," said the young wireless operator sincerely. "I don't know what I would have done without you. I never touched a firearm in my life. The moon is serving us to good purpose now and the position of this cabin is all we could wish for. Listen, San Francisco is calling me."

Again the girl operator thrust in the aerial switch, this time to answer the call. Soon the roar of the spark flashed signals into the great

spaces. She signified that she was ready to receive.

A smile came to her face upon copying the first message that came to her. The smile broadened to a laugh when she had concluded with the second. Things were happening just as she expected they would. She acknowledged the messages, then called to Betty.

"Put up the artillery, Betty; our work is finished." She placed the messages where no one would be able to see them, and a peculiar twinkle shone in her eyes.

Eight hours later when the yacht anchored in San Francisco Bay. Mildred Durant was on deck with the little millionaire. They were now on excellent terms with each other. Mr. Forde had been worrying about the messages he had received.

Soon a motor-boat was seen approaching the "Speedster." Forde who had been looking at the boat for at least five minutes exclaimed:

"By George, if it isn't my wife and son. Another passenger is in the boat too, but I can't make out who it is."

He had not long to wait. The launch swiftly approached and was alongside the "Speedster" within a few minutes.

The millionaire thought for a moment that he was dreaming. First his wife and son stepped on board. Then there came a minister! Mildred Durant was standing near the little gentleman smiling happily.

"What—what!" gasped Mr. Forde as his wife confronted him.

"Never mind the explanation now," ordered Mrs. Forde with a stern look. "The ceremony must commence at once. Is that Miss Durant?" The eyes of the older woman surveyed the younger lady from head to foot. The harsh expression on Mrs. Forde's face seemed to lessen. She now looked with keen appreciation at Miss Durant, wondering how such a girl could—

"Yes, this is Miss Durant," muttered Mr. Forde. "Miss Durant, meet my wife."

Mildred was about to go up to the older woman when—"Come, we have no time to waste. Are you ready?" asked Mrs. Forde of the minister.

"Quite," answered that gentleman.

All made their way to the main cabin. Herbert Forde smiled serenely while waiting for the marriage ceremony to commence. Mildred Durant, catching that young man's eyes. could not repress a muffled giggle. Mr. Forde was the picture of amazement, while Mrs.

e seemed to know exactly what she was

a few minutes there was no longer a red Durant aboard the yacht. It takes little time for a girl's name to change times.

low, Mr. Forde," rasped Mrs. Forde after minister had gone on deck, "explain self."

Vhat do you mean?" he cried desperately, ave little idea what this is all about. You in such a hurry I had no chance to say ng."

Non't know what it is all about!" almost ted Mrs. Forde. "Didn't you send me this age?" She handed a radiogram to her and.

r. Forde read quickly: "WILL ARRIVE CITY AT ABOUT EIGHT-THIRTY TO-ROW MORNING. HAVE MINISTER ARD WITH HERBERT TO MARRY 3 DURANT IF SCANDAL IS TO BE IDED. HARRY FORDE."

didn't send it," cried the millionaire. "I don't know anything about it." He looked at his son pleadingly.

"I'll explain." said Herbert, coming to his

"I'll explain," said Herbert, coming to his father's rescue. "It is this way: Mildred wished to have a romantic marriage. For the last two weeks I have carried a marriage license with me, intending to elope and thus have the sort of exciting marriage she wished Not an ordinary church marriage, you understand. Well, I had just determined upon a plan when you interfered by having father kidnap my-my wife. Nevertheless things could not have worked out better. I don't know how Mildred accomplished her part but I got this message: 'IF YOU LOVE ME AS YOU SAY, COME WITH YOUR MOTHER TOMORROW MORNING AND WE WILL BE MARRIED. SAY NOTHING ABOUT THIS RADIOGRAM. MILDRED.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Forde smiling, "I do hate scandal but seeing that there is none now, and never will be, I am glad that it was I who made this marriage possible. I guess everybody can thank me. Come, Mildred, kiss your mother-in-law."

"The Year At Her Best"

By LEONARD S. BROWN

When summer goes a-slippin' by;
An' autumn rolls around,
When grapes and nuts are ripenin'
An' leaves are turnin' brown;
When wings are beatin' southward,
To the land o' warmth and rest;
Then's a fine time to be livin',
For the year is at her best.

When you look up in the heavens
Some old October night;
An' you hear the wild geese callin'
'Way up there out of sight;
An' the moon hangs like a diamond
Away down in the sky,
My! It's good to be a-livin'
An' to hear the wild geese cry!

Then's the time to hunt the bottoms,
Where the hickory trees are thick;
Where they stand in stately columns,
Red an' yellow 'long the "crick."
When you hear the nuts a-fallin',
Rattlin' down onto the ground;
Then's a fine time to be livin',
For old Autumn's rolled around.

Remarkable Invention of a Cure for Diseased Oriental Pearls*

Prof. Arnaldo Barsanti Gives a Successful

Demonstration of the Experiments in the

Presence of Experts

Contributed by ROMEO R. RONCONI

VER since those remote days when Cleopatra, the charming queen of Egypt won the victorious Caeser, amused herself with wooing Anthony, and vainly tried to ensnare Octavian, the future emperor, scientists in all parts of the world have studied the problem of how to restore the original lustre to pearls which through some mysterious influence have lost it. But all these endeavors have been unsuccessful.

Finally it fell to the luck and genius of a well known Argentinian writer and inventor to unveil nature's secret and to evolve a method of curing diseased oriental pearls. Señor Arnaldo Barsanti who six weeks ago came to this country from Buenos Aires has given a series of demonstrations in the presence of experts of the highest authority whose results surprised all those who had the opportunity of seeing the precious jewels prior to and after the electro-chemical treatment, to which the patients had been subjected by the inventor. Señor Barsanti's discovery knocks the bottom out of the age-old error that in those wonderful ballshaped secretions of the oyster we are confronted with a dead mineral whose constitution can be revealed to the last atom by a chemical analysis.

Nothing of the kind, says the discoverer. After many years of studious application and experimenting Señor Barsanti arrived at the conclusion that we have to look upon oriental pearls as animated and perfectly organic beings and that those which have lost their color and lustre and which for this reason are classified as dead pearls, are nothing but diseased pearls.

It is this discovery upon which Señor Barsanti built up his method of restoring dead pearls to life and which indeed constitutes a perfectly novel departure.

In the course of his explanations which

developed into an actual scientific exposition of the various classes, colors, shapes, defects and diseases of the much coveted jewels, Prof. Barsanti said: Oriental pearls are easily infected by contagion with any of the human diseases, and those most dangerous to the pearls are the diseases of a specific character.

Mercury is the greatest enemy of the pearl A string of pearls the wearers of which have been subjected to a mercury treatment, whether external or internal, is certain to be infected to a point where its color will turn a dark dull shade similar to that of lead. It will perhaps surprise our readers to lean that even a lack of light and air will have a saddening effect upon pearls and cause then to lose their color. However, if such is the reason of their change, they can be restored to life by being worn by a perfectly healthy person. It does not matter whether such person belongs to the male or the female sex. In this connection the gallant Senor Barsanti considers it his duty to apologize to those of our fair readers who claim to be in possession of necks particularly apt to cure those precious organisms, for discarding their unjustified assumption.

There is a well known story, recorded by the ancient historians and at which people have wondered for the last two thousand years, that Cleopatra on the occasion of one of those opulent repasts of which she was the hostess frequently, placed a cup before every one of her guests in which an oriental pear was dissolved in vinegar or wine. Naturally this is only one of those legends spun around the life of heroes and heroines which excited the imigination of mankind from obscure antiquity until the present day. It deserves no credit whatever, unless those oriental pears were made of sugar.

The oriental pearl not only resists the action

*Oriental Pearls not minerals, but live organisms.

nd vinegar but even that of nitric latter, though it will kill the pearl cannot modify its form in the least. larsanti furthermore asserts that a ary effect can be produced upon se aspect indicates the beginning of separating the infected pearl from and treating it with a soft cloth chemically pure alcohol. The first procedure tends to avoid an infectother pearls, and the purpose of the to destroy the infectious germ, proas not penetrated further than the the pearl.

able are the diseases which may atearl. Some of them penetrate the
or centre of the pearl, and if such
, it will have to be diagnosed as a
nced stage. Others, after having
luced through the pores and having
few layers of the superfical matter,
opped in their devastating course
e resistance of the globules of the
ap of the pearls. For according to
santi's theory, the pearl, being an
entity, contains a mysterious sap
bules, similarly to those of the
od, take up a fight to the last ditch
y bacteria finding their way into its

Thus sometimes they succeed in the obnoxious virus, and, though may have become lifeless, the inpearl may remain intact, just as is with those roots which continue to usands of years under the earth, full livitality, after the trees themselves off

been able," continues the inventor e, "to classify all the diseases to pearls are subject, according to

he first to the fifth degree which ose infirmities which have affected 1 a more or less superficial manner. rill be radical, that is to say, comthe case of other degrees, where has penetrated to the 'heart' an nt will be accomplished, except in nced stages where the putrefaction which necessarily excludes a cure. arls must then be considered dead. subjecting the pearls to the treatcertain the degree of their disease elp of my apparatus and according lting classification I am in a position with perfect safety and certainty of adapt the cure to the degree to

which the disease is found to belong and thus avoid the necessity as I have demonstrated in many instances, of having to take recourse to the ancient and dangerous method of polishing the pearls or of scraping off a few layers, a method which not only reduces them in weight and hence in value but may result in depriving them of what value is still left. As the disease spreads and advances through the pores of the pearl, the sap or 'blood' which counteracts the attack of the disease withdraws into the interior of the pearl, the pores of the affected layers close themselves and remain devoid of that precious liquid. Once the microbe is dead, the evil effect is neutralized inasmuch as it is deprived of the power to inundate the outer layers with a new flood of the ruinous

"Now then, the first in the series of processes constituting the cure of a pearl whose disease is one of the first to the fifth degree, consists in inducing the organism of the pearl to open its pores to the circulation of the sap or 'blood' of the pearl until all the layers attacked by the disease are again impregnated by it, as in its natural condition."

To attain this end the inventor makes use of an electric apparatus of his invention by which he can grade the stimulus exercised to suit the resistance offered by the pearl.

After this treatment which results in leaving the pearl with a somewhat velvety touch, it is placed in a bowl containing a compound purifying it and curing within two hours the irritation caused to its pores by the foregoing treatment.

After giving it a rest of eight hours the pearl is subjected to another treatment which consists in taking it consecutively through a number of containers of graded chemical substances. The following day then the cure is terminated with a light electro-chemical massage and shows the perfect results exhibited by all the demonstrations of the inventor.

To be more explicit, to furnish more details, would mean that the inventor would give away the secret of his invention which is not patented and for which he does not intend to take out patents. The time required for this cure is two, sometimes three days.

In cases where the disease has advanced to stage No. 6 the process results very often in a radical cure, although it may take as long as two months. At any rate, however, as has been explained previously, a notable improvement will be the outcome. The process is a purely scientific one, does not take away an

(Continued on page 41)



On an Extreme Northern Dome Touching the "Sty-Line"

Land of My Desire

By VELMA HITCHCOCK

Prairie, prairie, vast and wide, Lonely and content, How you mock our beautiful countryside With its color and pride and scent.

Over our walls gay flowers nod, And our lawns are smug and trim. I wonder which is the land of God, Or if both are dear to Him.

For me, I long for the sands again, And the things that creep in the sun. For the dry white heat of the silent plain, And peace when the day is done.

Prairie, prairie, vast and wide, Lonely and content, How you mock our beautiful countryside With its color and pride and scent.





Book Review and Commentary



RED CROSS IN BELGIUM

JOHN VAN SCHAICK, JR., Tells of "The

EADERS everywhere are again turning to the best of war books. best, we think, are the volumes of the Red Cross Series issued by the Macmillan Co., such as Bakewell's "Red Cross in Italy," Hungerford's "With the Doughboys in France," Files' "The Passing Legions," and now the story of the work done in Belgium. It is a big, well-written, very human piece of work, and it brings out much which is new about such leaders as Cardinal Mercier, Brand Whitlock, and the King and Queen of Belgium. The story is told in thirty-three chapters, with an appendix and eight illustrations.

The most enduring chapters in the volume are those which describe the courage and patience of the refugees, the work done to take care of the babies and the children, and the way the Quakers of England and America took hold. But it is a book that will be read as it comes, from the first page to the last one, without skipping a line; it will also send readers to Dr. Vernon Kellogg's story of Hoover's earlier work in Belgium, and to Mrs. Kellogg's book on Mercier.

Our Red Cross Commission to Europe went over in June, 1917, under Major Murphy of General Pershing's staff. The job was to get there as soon as possible to "help lift the bur-den of war misery" and "keep up morale." Said Major Murphy once: "If a Red Cross man is high and mighty with a single hotel waiter, he will hurt the whole Red Cross.

German-occupied Belgium had its seven and a half millions of people shut in by a wall of steel. "Free Belgium" consisted of 250,000 Belgian refugees in France, 180.000 in England, 30.000 in Switzerland, 80.000 in Holland, all united by the Belgian Civil Government, which had been given an asylum at Le Havre, and it focussed with the King and Queen and the little army on the Yser.

Glimpses of some of the noble women workers who helped the Red Cross are among the best pages of the book. We are told of the young Countess Helene Goblet, whose chief work was with the British Y. M. C. A. Madame Henry Carton de Wiari, wife of the Belgian Minister of Justice, had just been released from a year in a German prison, where she had passed the weary months translating Brand Whitlock's "Forty Years of It" into French. We are elsewhere told that she always makes a strong impression on Americans. She is the woman who introduced the Juvenile Court into Belgium; she takes the Survey Magazine; and is a member of the American Prison Association. One of her two sons became a veteran of the World War "while still in his teens." Her four lovely daughters are named Ghislaine, Georgette, Gudule and Guillemette. If the reader will take up Brand Whitlock's famous book on Belgium, he will find the bright tale of this heroic woman's battle of wit and will-force against the German invaders.

It does one's heart good to learn that is spite of all the ravages of war "Belgium saved more of her children" than did any of the other fighting countries. This matter is fully described in the fifteenth chapter, "The Children's Colonies," each of which, we learn, usually contained from eighty to one hundred children. All told, the Red Cross spent nearly \$1,200,000 upon work for the children of Belgium. The pages which tell the stories of individual children are among the most sorrowful in the book, but the Red Cross workers helped all of them beyond words. These stories all the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters.

The full story of the work of the Quakers over in Belgium has been told by Rufus M. Jones, a professor of Harvard College, in a book called "A Service of Love in War Time." The American Red Cross gave over \$821,000 to help their work. They had 600 Quakers in their unit in the Jura region. Our author calls all of them "gloriously illogical," and adds, "It was magnificent, but it was war" —the work these Quakers did in action at the front. Macmillan Co., publishers.

8 8 8

"Whom can we send to the zoo to write up that bear story?" "Why not send one of the cub reporters?"—Baltimore American.

1 Thursday, September 21, Enos A. Mills, or and naturalist, died suddenly at his home ong's Peak, Colorado.

rerwork and the results of an injury conted largely to his sudden and untimely

veral of his books have been reviewed in pages, and personal mention made of Mr. 'efforts in behalf of national parks.

s last book, "Wild Animal Homesteads," on to be published by Doubleday, Page & pany—the manuscript having been sent to ublishers a short time before his death.

している。 で で で は INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA

SUN YAT SEN, President of the Present Republic of China.

is is an epochal book. And if the author d become President of all China, as foreby the dispatches of a few weeks ago, his rs need not be surprised.

e learned author proposes "that the vast rees of China be developed internationally he wood of the world, and the Chinese rticular." So broad and comprehensive is lan, yet so clear and seemingly practical any of the details, that even the casual r will find many points of interest in this

om all who are interested in the Orient, ially Japanese, Britons and Americans, 'at-Sen's views and suggestions merit very ul consideration.

teen maps in the text and one at the end ing) are very useful, though the latter is r crowded, especially with red lines, and to might be a bit confusing.

P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$4.50.

SMYRNA, THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

lyrna during the World War is the setting he latter part of William McFee's new, "Command," which Doubleday, Page & sany has just published. Ismir, the Turks lit. The beauty of the water front which lies in ashes is woven into the fabric of story as distinctly as its delights were n into the day dreams of the vivid young ne, Evanthia. This is the picture that the nate of the Kalkis saw, as he looked down e great fair city rising from the sea: he city formed a vast crescent upon the s of Mount Pagos. On either hand the

curves of the water-front sprang outward

melted into the confused colours of the

distant shore. They could see the boats sailing rapidly across the harbour from Cordelio in the afternoon breeze, and beyond, bathing the whole panorama in a strong blaze of colour, the sun, soon to set in the purple distances beyond the blue domes of the islands."

を す す て CONCERNING CRITICISM

Reflections Upon the Views of Stevenson and Others

NE of the most suggestive of recent experiments is that undertaken by Scribner's Magazine. Professor William Lyle

Phelps of Yale has begun a new department of reflections upon contemporary life and literature. He calls it "As I Like It." Everyone will enjoy this well loved veteran's remarks.

As for ourselves, we have just reread with delight the ten critical essays written years ago by Robert Louis Stevenson for "The New Quarterly," Macmillan's and the Cornhill. Two were on old John Knox, one on Robert Burns, another on Victor Hugo's romances. Walt Whitman and Henry David Thoreau were the subjects of two of the best of these essays, called by their author "Familiar Studies," and to be found in his collected works,

As one reads these essays their humor and sanity no less than their remarkable fitness to the difficulties of the present hour make a lasting impression. Would that this great Scotchman were still with us to discuss in the spirit of these essays the books that are now being published about conditions in Europe and America.

What Stevenson asks of an author is life and light, love and truth, courage and the greater realities. What he utterly despises in an author is puling and wailing sentimentality. He tells us in discussing Walt Whitman, that the overrefinement of many gentlemen makes them "practically unfit for the jostling and ugliness of life," and so "they record their unfitness at considerable length." This literature of woe is for him a "most humiliating and sickly phenomenon." Young persons, he declares, "look down from a pinnacle of doleful experience on all the grown and hearty men and women who have dared to say a good word for life."

This doctrine is not mere optimism—it simply testifies to the livableness of life. In other words, Stevenson's doctrine is that we can cultivate a plain unfeverish temper; little things are big enough, big things are not portentous, the world can be cheerfully accepted as it is with the constant proviso that whenever and

wherever we can make it even better we shall do our level best toward that end.

Stevenson's humorous way of looking at the follies of thousands of patent-medicine people who stand on the street corners and out of their idleness lecture the toilers about how to steer the good ship Earth on her voyage, is being shown in one of his fables. It is headed "The Four Reformers," and it tells us that the four met under a bramble bush, and all agreed that everything was bad-very bad indeed.

"We must abolish property," said one.
"We must abolish marriage," said the second. "We must abolish God," said the third.

"I wish we could abolish work," said the

As they continued their revolt, they decided to abolish the laws, to reduce men to a common level, and in conclusion "to abolish mankind."

We cannot but wonder what Stevenson would say were he still on his Samoan hill-top if, opening the September Atlantic, he read what Madame Ponafidine, an American woman, says of Bolshevist Russia. She takes it as printed in Soviet newspapers, and she reports since October, 1917, 1,572,718 official executions in that much-suffering land. This is more than France lost during the World War; the French Revolution's reign of terror only took a toll of 17,000.

To sum up all this: Now, as in Stevenson's day, the critic must ask the author who comes with a book: "What gift of hope, courage and sanity do you bring to your fellow mortals? Or have you but whined out your half-baked sentimentalities? Or, worse than all else, are you one of the four reformers under a bramble bush?"

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"This is the stadium." "Fine. Now, take us through the curriculum. They say you have a good one here."—Louisville Courier lournal.

THE RENEWAL OF REILLEY By WILLIAM V. WALSH

HIS is the true story of the renewal of Reilley. Now, if Reilley himself had been consulted, he would have insisted on calling it the "renaissance." One must not essume from this, necessarily, that Reilley was French, for he wasn't; but he did dearly love to use foreign phrases generally, and French ones particularly. Why, Reilley never attended a social gathering in his life-from Telegraph Hill to Tar Flat—that it wasn't the most 'recherche" affair of the season, to hear him tell it; and, when he mingled with the belles of Drew's dancing school on Fourth street, or joined the more select coterie that affected Huddy's Hall on Market street, he would turn on a flow of airy persiflage so liberally decorated with "bon mots" and "jeus d'esprit" that he had all of his feminine hearers hypnotized, and his would-be rivals paralyzed.

His social sway was not limited to the circles named, however; for, to use his own boasts, he was "persona grata" at Sander's swell cotilions down on New Montgomery street, where the glide that characterized the waltzing of the patrons of Drew and Huddy was "tabu," as Reilley expressed it, the hall-mark of high society as delineated at Sander's being represented in the dances by a sort of hop and skip.

with a collar and elbow hold.

Indeed, as evidence of Reilley's skill as a mixer, it may be mentioned that the styles in dancing were not the only differences that marked the devotees of these "Temples of Terpsichore," as Reilley was fond of designating them. For instance, at the cotillions it was not considered "de riguer," said Reilley, for a gentleman to stow his coat under the seat and dance in his shirt-sleeves, when the evening waxed warm. Again, if one of the gilded youth—(Reilley said "jeunnesse doree")—at the Montgomery street academy wished to indulge in the wickedness of a brandy and soda. he would whisper: "Say, Reilley, old chap, I'm going out for a bracer, so please take charge of Miss Glady's programme till I get back, that's a dear boy;" and of course Reilley was the courteous cavalier that complied. At Fourth street, though, what a difference. No whispered request there. The approved formula was something like this, cried out openly and boldly across the hall: "Hey, Reilley; come shake me rag, while I gargle me t'roat." Reilley accordingly shook "the rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

Yet, small wonder at his popularity, for was

KABLE INVENTION OF A CURE DISEASED ORIENTAL PEARLS

(Continued from page 35)

weight of the pearls and is absolutely any danger of destroying them. It he original and perfectly natural lustre was all possibility of the pearls ever again. There are an enormous quantry valuable strings of pearls in examong them is the historic necklace eth, Empress of Austria, which is said e most valuable of all. The pearls tring are considered to be dead, but reant insists that the majority of them diseased.

ever Argentinian will remain in Amew weeks longer and give demonstration of charge to anybody who wishes to seed. Then, after having visited the ortant cities of the United States, he puring England, France and Germany ew of demonstrating the perfection of tion to the entire scientific world.

VESTIGATE

owe that much to yourself and family, you will certainly learn there is somenew under the sun in the State of S. Over five hundred new millionaires rom Oil discoveries in the past two years, and of people have made smaller fortunes of people have made smaller fortunes.

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THE RENEWAL OF REILLEY

not Reilley the premier floor-walker of the swellest dry goods establishment on Kearny street, and it was considered that there was not a store in all San Francisco, from Curtin's to Taaffe's, that would not be proud of his services.

Still, Reiliey was not altogether happy. Mortal man is never wholly satisfied. Great lawyers and doctors would like to be known as poets; successful pork merchants would joy to be regarded as art connoisseurs; and so, too, Reiliey had his longings; he wanted to be a cotillion leader—a social arbiter—and wind up naturally by marrying the millionaire's only daughter.

Alas, those were the dreams of his youth, dreamed in the halcyon days of the '70's, and as he awoke one gloomy morning in January 1914, and sat on the side of a narrow-gauge cot in the little hall bed room of a Tehama street flat, he glanced into the mirror on the opposite wall. There the all too-truthful glass threw back at him the reflection of a sickly-looking and time-worn old visage.

The once flashing eyes were dull and—yes—there were—deep pouches beneath them.

Haltingly these thoughts, and the acknowledgment of his rapidly diminishing health came to him.

Fear seized him, as he closely studied his reflection in the glass. He had rather prided himself on his clear skin, always slightly suffused with the color that came from his fine vigor and activity. Now—he buried his head in his arms. The clear skin was mottled; his appetite gone and his whole being seemed engulfed in a lassitude more deadly than the quick-sands, in which he had seen many a man and his mount, struggle for life and liberty.

It was indisputable—disease was upon him and was striking relentlessly.

The revelation staggered him. Was that tired and withered old face indeed his own? Was this, then, to be the end of his dreams? In his brain had teemed the joyous thoughts of youth. In his heart had throbbed the glorious lust of life. Through every vein had pulsed the hope of success, and love, and happiness yet to come. And now, instead, had come, the hideous awakening; the call, as it were, to prepare for the final leave-taking from the carnal joys of life. Yet, he should have been prepared. Slowly but steadily the waist line had distended into what even Reilley could find no milder term for than, "embonpoint," while his carelessly speaking friends were tree.

in designating it "a paunch." With the loss of his waist line had come a dropping forward of his shoulders, a sagging downward of his whole body, the old-time active movements giving way to a lagging walk as though Mother Earth were already calling him to her bosom. That his growing old had been noted by other eyes, was amply evidenced. He had long since been deposed from his proud estate as floorwalker, to give place to a younger man. Then he had gradually dropped in the scale of commercial importance until, at the great earthquake and fire, he was merely a handy man around an insignificant store in a little side street.

Since the fire things had gone from bad to worse, jobs getting further apart and of shorter duration, while the wages seemed to get lighter in an inverse ratio as the labor expected of him grew heavier. The outlook was a black one. He saw his finish. His race of life was practically run, and he was distanced.

Looking down the vista of the years that had fled he recalled many men who, without one-half of his ability, without a tithe of his opportunities were regarded by him with contempt as competitors; the "hoi polloi," he was wont to call them. Yet now, he realized, many of these had passed him in the race, winning place and fortune; leaving him in the ruck among the unhonored "also ran."

Black despair clutched his heart, while the squalid little room seemed veritably peopled with blue devils leering at him from every possible angle. Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a quick step in the hall outside, followed immediately by a loud and insistent thumping on his door.

"Who's there?" called Reilley.

" 'Tis me, Clancy."

"Entre vous," was Reilley's hearty response, and instantly the door was pushed open and in strode a handsome young man of apparently twenty-eight or thirty. Though slight of form, every move bespoke strength as well as grace, while his smooth and ruddy cheeks and brilliant eyes proclaimed him the possessor of perfect health.

"Excuse me, sir." and there was an unmistakable iciness in Reilley's tone, "thought it was my old friend, Jim Clancy."

"Why, I am Jim Clancy," laughed the

stranger.

"Again excuse me," said the puzzled Reilley; "but Jim Clancy and I were chums for thirty years, yet I never knew that he was married, much less that he had a strapping son like you.





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're his son, though, all right, for you're dead spit of your father, as he looked aty-five years ago, and you've got the tone is voice to the echo."

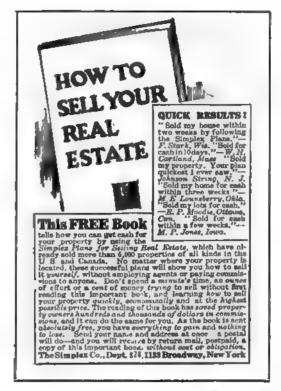
Ah, ring off, Reilley; ring off. It's small ne to you though, for not knowing me. In I wouldn't know myself if it was not for name in my hat-band; for six months ago as just as frowsy and fat looking an old as yourself," and the visitor ended with heary laugh that was convincing.

How did you do it, man?" cried Reilley i no attempt to hide his agitated excitement. Well, 'tisn't a long story," replied Clancy. ing himself comfortably on the corner of washstand. "Six months ago I found mysuffering so badly that, if our old friend my McGinn, the undertaker, was still alive, feel that I was wasting his time by any her postponement of my obsequies. Anir thing, the Archbishop had closed Calvary setery, and I'd always sworn that if I Idn't be buried in Calvary, I wouldn't be ed anywhere. So, as the next best thing, ent to a doctor. In his office I was stripped the buff, and after he had thumped me and till his arm was lame, he told me that could save about half of my stomach by ing it out and preserving it in alcohol; but

the other half would have to take its nees by being looped up with a Murphy on, and working only every other shift. To or me up however, he added that my sach was much better than my kidneys. In, he said that one of them was responsible that condition, and that the other one was r-sweetening my system with diabetes litus; while at the same time both of them e carrying on a very serious flirtation with ght's disease.

After a diagnosis like that I began to partly erstand why I always felt as if a loaded k had just run over me, and I might have may case to the doctor right then and e, and placed myself in his debt forever, my cousin Tim, who had just come down n Benicia, said: "Don't stay here to die. se home with me. Benicia is the place."

So I went home with Tim, and 'twas a cy day I did, for there I met a man from lejo who told me about a medicine that was bing the doctors and driving the underers to the poor house. So I bought a supply t and started in. For the first month I did notice any change, but toward the end of second month I suddenly remembered that





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Not a Good Second.—Timid Suitor—"I suppose when you recall what a handsome man your first husband was you wouldn't consider me for a minute?"

Pretty Widow—"Oh, yes, I would—but I wouldn't consider you for a second."—Boston Transcript.

I had not felt the aches for some time; and, almost simultaneously with this, I realized that I was eating everything that came my way, from soup to nuts and had completely forgotten all about that old fellow called "stomach."

"The next discovery I made was that the waist band of my trousers fitted me with the easy grace of a mother hubbard, while my coat and vest were falling around me like a Roman toga. Following shortly after this, I seemed to be surcharged with an energy greater than I ever knew before, and 'in the arrogance of strength,' to use one of your old pet figures of speech, I used to go over to the plow factory at noon time and wrestle with the blacksmith, and toss the anvil for a medicine ball."

"But what did it, man? What did it? The medicine, I mean," cried Reilley in excitement.

"Why here's the name of it on the label."

"Can I get it?"

"Faith you can. Barring your credit is bad at the druggist, he'll get it for you."

"Will I have to go to Benicia?"
"You'll not."

* * * *

The World's Fair of 1915 drew to San Francisco from all quarters of the globe the countless thousands of visitors intent on viewing the incomparable exposition and incidentally to reveal in the wondrous beauties of California. To bask in its health-giving sunshine; to enjoy the scent and beauty of its myriads of flowers; to partake of its luscious f.uits, and to marvel at the prodigality of Nature in her endowment of this magnificent empire on the shores of the great Pacific.

In that vast assembly of the human race each and every nation of the wide world had contributed its quota. There were congregated the best the world had to offer. Its painters, its poets, its philosophers and its sculptors. Its men of genius and its men of affairs. There, too, were the most beauteous and accomplished of womankind; many of them, indeed, were the rivals of California's far-famed native daughters. Gathered as was that great throng from the very ends of the earth, it contained two souls, strangers to each other, that Fate had destined for unity: drawing them together by some unseen yet all-powerful magnet. The girl, a veritable Hebe, was truly gifted with all the graces the gods had to offer. The daughter of one of New York's wealthiest and most noted of merchant princes, she was also a multi-million with the state of the state greater in-

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terest centered in the hero. Endowed with a youthful manliness and a brilliancy of conversation that made him the most popular of favorites with the younger social set, his shrewdness and wisdom in worldly and business matters won for him the friendship and confidence of the leaders in great enterprises. In short, he seemed to possess the physique and spirit of youth coupled with the mentality and clarity of thought that comes only with the years. It has been wittily and truthfully said of the role of "Juliet," that "No woman old enough to act the part, is young enough to look it," yet 'twas this rare coupling of youth and wisdom that marked our hero.

Among those leaders of men who most sought the youth's company and marveled at his acumen, was the father of our heroine; and it was at one of their meetings that the young man first suggested and then outlined a practical working plan for the merging of all of the great dry goods stores of New York City into one mammoth syndicate. The plan suggested was startling in its magnitude, but was so clearly shown to be feasible, that the merchant immediately called into consultation a number of his fellow financiers, and, before the conclusion of the conference, a syndicate was formed and the young man signed for a ten years' contract at \$100,000 a year, to put the plan into operation and direct the management thereof.

Momentous as were those arrangements to our hero they did not wholly absorb his time or thought, to the exclusion of the wiles of Cupid. Indeed, here was the most marked exception to the rule, their true love running with a smoothness that, in all human probability, was never before equaled.

* * * * *

Solemn and stately, yet sweetly beautiful, was the grand wedding ceremony at St. Mary's while the vast throng that filled the great Cathedral from vestibule to altar rail was representative of the social and financial centers not alone of California and the East, but also of Europe. The society reporters of the daily and weekly papers seemed to rival each other in elaborateness of detail, but all voiced the common opinion that the wedding of the dashing Sarsfield Reilley and his beauteous bride



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was the most notable ever celebrated in San Francisco.

Personal.—Mr. James P. Clancy, one of the feaders among the younger generation of San Francisco business men, will leave shortly for New York City, where he has accepted a responsible and lucrative position with a mammoth commercial enterprise now forming.—Morning paper.

In the greatness and glory of his overflowing cup of joy. Reilley has not forgotten Clancy.



VIGIL A LA MODE

(Continued from page 20)

"Before that chap comes can you promise me one more dance?" whispered young Reed.

"I am engaged for all but the last. I can give you that one if you are going to stay until the end."

How Miss Kingsley contrived to pacify the rightful claimant, and how partner succeeded partner until the end of the evening, need not be told. It is certain that she enjoyed no dance as she did the last one with Alfred.

As he relinquished her to her brother's care, "Happy" heaved a sign of exaggerated but true regret.

Then Grace extended an impulsive little hand and said demurely, "Mr. Robber, if you can conquer your fancy for entering people's windows enough to call in a more conventional manner, I shall be pleased to see you."

'Thank you," murmured her late partner, pressing the soft warm hand with quite un-

necessary ardor.

The acquaintance so oddly begun was prosecuted with warmth and vigor, and Christmas saw Alfred Reed and Grace Kingsley become pretners in the science of housekeeping—rather than housebreaking.

ALASKA'S GREAT FUTURE

(Continued from page 17)

Alaska is a young man's country. If Governor Bone can make good on this assignment as he has on the assignments he has covered in the past, he will be a public benefactor to

Alaska and to the country at large.

Washington, D. C.—Business in Alaska is looking up, according to Associate Forester E. A. Sherman, who has returned to Washington from a two-months' trip in the Territory. Exports of fish, for the past 10 or 12 years the great source of cash returns, will be surprisingly heavy, while a mining revival is in evidence and exports of high grade lumber, cut from the Tongass National Forest, show a promising beginning.

"By January 1," continued Mr. Sherman, "the Government railroad will be inshape to run cars direct from the wharves at Seward into Fairbanks, a distance of 467 miles—nearly equal to that from Washington to Boston. The completion of this road will greatly benefit the mining industry in the interior of Alaska."

This year more men are employed in the mines around Fairbanks than for a number of years, due partly to cheap fuel. Coal is as low as \$9 a ton, and the completion of the bridge across the Tanana will bring it down as low as \$4.50 per ton.

"The output of canned salmon from Alaska this year will be about the average of the past 10 or 12 years.—something over 4,000,000 cases. It looked last year as though the salmon industry was facing early destruction, but, greatly to the surprise of those familiar with the industry, the run this year was in some cases greater than ever before. The salmon industry in Alaska is the source of a steady and considerable demand for timber from the National Forests for box-boards, piling and timbers and supports a number of local sawmills.

"There is now greater activity in the herring fisheries. Last year Alaska shipped about 170,000 barrels of mild-cured herring, which was more than in any previous year, this industry being relatively new. A shipment of about 300,000 barrels is expected this year."

Mr. Sherman stated that as he came through Ketchikan he saw a five-masted schooner being loaded with lumber from the local sawmill and billed for Australia. The cargo consisted of 1,800.000 feet B. M. of spruce and is part of a 5,000,000 foot order.

During the summer the sawmill at Wrangell billed out 45,000 feet of clear spruce which

ipped to the London market and the aill also made a shipment of 450,000 spruce intended for the eastern market. time of visiting Wrangell, Mr. Sherman carload of shop lumber watiing at the hich was intended for shipment to the market.

above Government report just released ashington, D. C., is an interesting verifiof what Mr. Lockley points out in his for Alaska's future.

THE BED-TIME TREE

(Continued from page 13)

One day, however, while she was on I slipped down the hill to inspect this ore intimately than I had hitherto done. that it belonged to Tender Heart, for very near to the lawn where she made ome, by scattering grain for us, and not m the water-lily basin where we always fresh water to drink and bathe in; for ason I did not feel afraid to venture the public highway and over the curb rdered it, until I came beneath the shade black acacia tree When I looked up into ple protection that the inside, close to , smooth, round trunk, offered, I decided nd there that I had found the place of I had been wishing for. I went out into id, looking carefully up and down it, as er of course, then taking a few short, steps, made a little run for it, and stickfeet out in front of me, so as to land as y as possible, flew with great gusto into v midst of the thick foliage that formed n effectual screen all around the inside tree. I was so delighted with my sur-1gs that I immediately named my retreat; it seemed to me, the beautiful bit of must have been intended for defense-

rried up the hill then, and chattered away great satisfaction, for some little time, I realized, from my mother's disgusted sion, that she did not sympathize with my lasm at all; then she began to scoff at oposition I was so anxious to have her

ings to go to at bed-time.

ry," she said, "that tree is right on the Look out! Something awful would be happen to us! I wouldn't rest a bit!" often go under it," I argued, gauging ords carefully. "Nothing has ever hurt tree Tender Heart lives."

t we don't go there at night!" my mother d out, clicking her words off as if they

were live wires. "Look out!"

"I am afraid." I answered patiently, "that the big white creature we all fear may come up the hill in the darkness sometime, when we can't see him. I believe we could be safe in the bed-time tree."

"Well, I don't!" she screamed. "Look out! You're too young to understand! Look out!"

I could see that she was about to go into violent hysterics then, so I said no more at that time. But when it was nearing sunset, I quietly told her that I intended to try the new sleeping quarters that night. She was dreadfully wrought up over it, and, in trying to persuade me to change my mind, followed me down the hill with the rest of the family trailing along after her. It was not our habit to hunt for food at dusk, and as my brothers and sisters were all able to take care of themselves, we did not watch them quite as closely as we had formerly been obliged to do; but we were all very near together when we reached the edge of the public highway dividing us from the haven I longed for.

Suddenly, almost upon us, looking more formidable than ever in the dim light, the great white shape, that we had every reason to fear, appeared behind us, making long, graceful leaps as he came on; his wide mouth displaying rows of cruel, crunching teeth, his red tongue hanging out, while, as he caught sight of us, he gave utterance to resounding and most terrifying barks.

Urged to instant action, as if with one accord, we all went up into the friendly air, with a wild whirring of our several pairs of agile wings, I in advance of the others. They were used to following me, so that when I repeated the initial flight I had made earlier in that same day, I was accompanied by my entire family.

We all landed in safety, my mother at once beginning happily to fuss as to the disposition of each one of us in our place of refuge; while our defeated enemy gave vent to his futile rage by clawing at the lowest branches and staring up into the bed-time tree.

Since then there has been very little discussion among us as to what to do at nightfall; but when the sun sinks toward the west and is very near the surface of the sea, we gradually begin to leave unadorned Nature behind us, and approach the evidences of human handiwork. Last evening we heard Tender Heart saying:

"How wonderful it is that those dear little things are resting safely in a tree that my hands planted!" PUBLICATIONS, BOOKS, MISCELLANEOUS.
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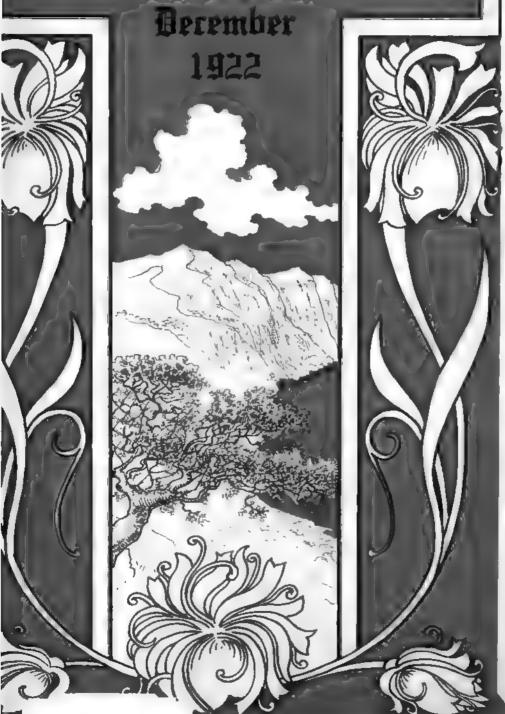
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VERLAND MONTHLY Becember





The Dollar

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Vol. LXXX



No. 6

Monthly Overland

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor,

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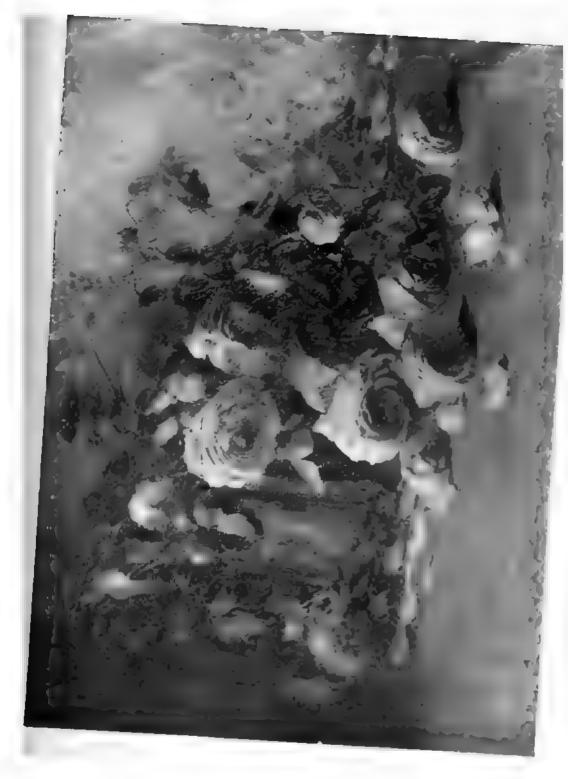
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"ROSES"



"On Thy Imperial Black Crest Is Worn-A Diadem"



Vol. LXXX DECEMBER, 1922 No. 6

Half Dome

By FAY JACKSON VAN NORDEN

Stark, frowning giantess, thy great scarred face Bears for us human moths eternal scorn;
On thy imperial black crest is worn
A diadem, which threads of starlight trace
Reaching with tender reverence through space
Until the golden fringes of the morn
Thy austere brow with limpid lights adorn,
And all the flashing gems of night replace.

Aeons have swept about thy tranquil head,
And to thy listening soul the winds disclose
The buried wisdom of the ancient dead;
Thou, who Infinitude's vast secret knows,
Tell us the truths thine ageless eyes have read,
Give us of thy great inner heart's repose.



Winter Sports in California's Sierra

Margot's Apple Sprig

By BECCA M. SAMSON

I certain provinces of France the young girls have an innocent and pretty cusmong themselves. Christmas Eve, on ng from midnight mass, each maiden a sprig of apple tree, which she places ial of water and hangs in her chamber. If by Easter the sprig bears a blosforetells the maiden's happy and speedy

stmas Eve, some fifty years ago, the ants of these simple provinces were refrom midnight mass. The elderly s, as they passed out of the church, cast towing glances at a party of merry and maidens—the servants of a neigh-chateau—who, as they tripped along the road, sang rousing choruses and filled with peals of ringing laughter. What they for the sharp night air and snowlhedges? The heavens were bright with ug stars, and their light feet danced e crisp snow.

e was Marie, the cook, and Pierre, the lan, as jolly a couple as ever you saw; them came a train of pretty maids with weethearts—bold, handsome lads and laughing lasses. Of all the gay comme was without a companion. It was argot, the poorest of them all—so poor e had not a pair of silver earrings to ler husband as a wedding dowry; so that she walked far behind the others,

starlight had been brighter, you would en how fair a face was hidden beneath d that covered Margot's drooping head: uld have seen, too, tears falling from vy, downcast eyes. Three months ago, got's sixteenth birthday, the good Curé en her from the asylum, where all her I been spent until then, and brought the chateau on the hillside. Margot's ace and gentle manners so pleased the dy of the castle that she decided to take han child under her protection. She ed Margot's heavy sabots for dainty, eled slippers, and placed on her beauad a cap of fine muslin and lace; she ve her gentle work to do-such as bechild of her tender years—and Margot henceforth an inmate of the chateau.

But the humble child was very lonely in her new home; she often sighed for the simple friends of her convent days; though she was fair in her fresh young beauty as a spring morning, no one had ever told her so. When the jealous maidservants refused to talk to her, or cast scornful glances at her from over their shoulder, she bowed her head and asked the good God to make her more worthy of the love and respect of her companions. Margot's heart ached for a little human love. To be sure, Baptiste, the butler, had always a word for her pretty face, and Jean, the footman, heaved eloquent sighs whenever she passed; but Margot's heart craved better love than that. She gave no answering smile to the sighs and glances of her would-be admirers, until, smarting under the neglect, they deserted her for lasses with more responsive hearts.

All during the holy mass Margot's thoughts had drifted to her lonely self, to dwell upon a secret buried deep down in her heart. It was the same sad thoughts that filled her eyes with tears and heaved her bosom with tremulous sighs, as she walked slowly behind the others

this peaceful Christmas Eve.

They were now close by the orchard of Pere Dubois; each laughing maiden as she passed plucked a sprig of the old apple tree, whose brown leafless branches hung far out over the roadside. Margot's heart gave a sudden throb when she too stood in the shadow of the great tree. Though she was so poor and humble, she was a woman after all; why should she not have an apple sprig also? She was far behind the others; no one would ever know.

Alas! alas! barely had Margot's trembling fingers snapped off the brittle twig, than the sharp ears of Angelé, my lady's black-eyed maid, caught the tell-tale sound, and she whispered to her companion, the grave, handsome Jacques, that the little beggar, Margot, had actually plucked a sprig of the apple tree. The idea of Margot daring to dream of a husband! The news was too good to keep; Angelé soon told it to the others, and by the time they reached the chateau, everybody was laughing over Margot's presumptuous act.

The innocent child, thinking her secret safely hidden under the long cloak, passed by, unheeding the scornful smiles that greeted her.

The unkind words she heard served but to hasten her steps towards the only refuge she possessed—her little bedchamber, perched high up as a bird's nest under the roof of the old stone tower. There, safe from prying eyes and sharp tongues, Margot brought forth her treasure; only a little brown apple sprig, as barren of leaves and blossoms as her own loveless life.

Margot felt like one committing a crime, as she put the branch in water and hung it in the lattice window, where the sun would kiss it all day long, and the fair moon bathe it in her silvery light. What right had such as she to dream of lovers or husbands?

When she had finished her preparations for bed, she knelt down before a statue of the Holy Mother to repeat her evening prayers. But it was hard to pray that night. A grave face, with tender blue eyes, would thrust itself between Margot and her prayers. But being a pious child, she begged forgiveness for such awful distractions, and, creeping into bed, she fell asleep with her blessed beads clasped close to her breast,

When Margot arose next morning, the first thing her eyes fell upon was the apple sprig swinging in the sunny window. But she had no time to lie dreaming; there was work for her to do. Her charge was to fill the urns and vases of the great drawing room with fresh flowers from the hothouses.

Margot must have dearly loved her work, for when she stood ready, basket in hand, at the door of the conservatory, her face was smiling and her beautiful eyes were soft with light.

Ah! foolish little Margot! Maidens' cheeks don't blush for flowers and their eyes don't glow at the sight of green leaves. Jacquesthe grave, handsome Jacques—was guardian of all the wealth of plants and flowers for which the chateau was famous. Jacques was far too grand for a simple child like Margot; he was tall, broad-shouldered and strong; his eyes were blue as forget-me-nots, and the hair that covered his sunburned cheeks was of the rich red-brown one sees in autumn leaves. Margot's eyes were deep as the purple pansies Jacques nursed with such tender care, and her hair was bright as their golden centers; she was lithe as a willow-wand and her pretty head reached no higher than Jacques' heart—that heart, alas! too far above Margot's own to hear its passionate beating.

Margot hid behind the broad leaves of a tropical plant, where she could watch unseen the form her soul loved. Jacques stood on a high ladder, cutting branches of purple grapes from the over-laden vines; his dark blue flannel cap was pushed back from his forehead, about which the crisp hair hung in tiny moist waves. Could any maiden ask for a nobler sight?

But, ah me! gazing at Jacques' handsome face did not fill Margot's basket; with a sigh she remembered her errand, and, striving to force back the treacherous blushes, she came forth from her hiding place and stood at the foot of the ladder upon which Jacques was at work.

Jacques had little time for bright eyes and soft cheeks; there was more serious work for a wise gardener to do. But when he saw the sweet face beneath him and looked into the depths of the beautiful eyes upturned to his, he thought of the picture of the Virgin in the painted window at church, and recalled with a mixture of angry wonder the jests of the night before. What need had she, with her gentle face, of silver earrings or gold beads to win a husband? It was well for the bold Angelé to talk of such things, thought the indignant young gardener, as he went about filling Margot's basket with roses and heliotrope from his fragrant store.

When the basket was heaped to overflowing, Jacques turned and broke off a cluster of half-open roses. "Give them to the Holy Mother for me," he said simply, laying them on top of the others in the basket.

Margot was too overpowered to speak, but Jacques must have been hard to please, indeed, if her happy, blushing face were not thanks enough. How could Margot speak when she could scarcely breathe for joy? It was so wonderful that Jacques should think of her. Was he not thinking of her, though he did say the flowers were for the Holy Mother? Margot, as soon as she was out of the hothouse. hid the precious flowers in her bosom, and when her work was done, she laid them warm and moist from her heart upon the altar. as Jacques had bade her do. And Jacques—the wise Jacques-mixed up pansies and soft eyes. and roses and bright cheeks in a dreadful way all that day. Would it be a wonder if the apple sprig should blossom after all?

From that day forth, the little white statue in Margot's room was never without an offering of fresh flowers; each morning, when Jacques had filled Margot's basket, he gave her a cluster of sweet roses, for which she learned to thank him—in the name of the Holy Mother—with a smile and a glance from her deep-fringed eyes.

One morning—it was two months now since Margot plucked the apple sprig—Jacques gathered a deep red rose, and placing it with a tiny spray of forget-me-not, he looked tenderly into Margot's eyes and said:

"Wilt thou take these flowers for thyself,

Margot?"

And Margot—happy, trembling, bewildered Margot—what could she do but clasp Jacques' offering to her heart and answer his questioning eyes with the sweet secret of her own.

Like one dazzled from a wondrous dream, she picked up her basket and left the hothouse to climb up the broad marble steps that led to the chateau. The warm blushes had not yet faded from her cheeks; the love light from Jacques' eyes still beamed in her own, as the sunlight beams on the bosom of a gentle lake.

"Bon jour, pretty Margot!" cried a sharp voice from the terrace above. "What dost

thou hide so slyly in thy bosom?"

Margot started to see looking down upon her the malicious black eyes of Angelé, the maid—Angelé, who made no secret of her love for the handsome gardener. She was too simple a child to speak falsely. "It is but a red rose Jacques has given me to lay on the altar of our Holy Mother," she answered, and passed quickly on.

"The little serpent!" hissed Angelé between her sharp white teeth. "With all her blushing face and downcast eyes, she knows how to make the silent Jacques give her choice roses. For the Holy Mother! Bash! One does not love roses for the sake of the Holy Mother. Ha, ha!—my lady Margot, somebody's heart shall ache today."

Jacques stood where Margot had left him, with his grave head full of foolish young dreams. Each leaf and flower, as it stirred in the soft air, seemed to whisper to him, "Mar-

got loves thee; Margot loves thee."

"Good day to you, Monsieur Jacques," called a soft voice, while a dark face peeped roguishly from between a mass of starry jasmine.

"Bon jour, Mademoiselle Angelé," Jacques answered, hastening to busy himself among the flowers. He was too civil not to return a lady's greeting, but he loved none too well the forward lady's maid, who sought his company and forced soft words from his unwilling lips.

"You never have roses to give me, Jacques," Angelé said, with the air of a spoilt child, coming beside him to throw a melting glance

into his face.

"I am not master here, mademoiselle,"

Jacques answered quietly, turning away from the bold eyes.

Only a bed of innocent pansies saw the look that flashed over Angelé's dark face. When she spoke again, it was with laughing lips.

"Well, well, Monsieur Jacques," she said gaily, "though you may not give me flowers, you can not refuse when my lady, the Countess, asks for a red rose to place in her hair. She has sent me to gather the richest and rarest

that grows."

Jacques immediately laid down his pruning knife and hastened to where a group of roses lifted their lovely heads. They were blossoms coaxed to bloom in a foreign land, for none other than the great lady of the castle. Jacques, with tender care, gathered a glorious flower, with petals like crimson velvet and leaves of a wondrous green. Angelé laughed merrily when he pierced his finger with a sharp thorn hidden beneath the treacherous leaves. She was thinking of a heart that would bleed deeper than Jacques' wounded finger.

Margot, with her flower safely hidden beneath her gray bodice, smiled and dreamed to herself all through the happy day. What cared she now for cruel words and sneering glances! So long as Jacques loved her, her heart was

satisfied.

It was customary when work for the day was over, for the servants of the chateau to gather around the blazing fire in the great hall and pass the evening in lively converse. Margot, always deserted, sat in a distant corner, knitting gray stockings and happy thoughts together; when she looked up from her work, it was to meet a pair of tender blue eyes looking into her eyes and to know that somebody's heart was beating in unison with hers. This night, Margot, tremulous with her new-born joy, took the flowers from her bosom and fastened them in the belt of her dress. Though the blossoms were faded and scentless, Jacques would not care, for he would understand their message.

Filled with these sweet thoughts, Margot crept to her little corner and timidly lifted her eyes to see—ah me! the withered flowers; ah me! the bleeding heart—Angelé smiling by Jacques' side with a red rose in her hair.

The blood rushed from Margot's heart to her face, as blood rushes from a sudden wound. The thorns of the red rose pierced sharp and deep. "See the rose in Angelé's hair," whispered a thoughtless companion in Margot's ear; "only Jacques can give such splendid flowers."

"Somebody's apple sprig will blossom this

year," said another, with a knowing glance.

Bowed under the awful shame, crushed by the cruel sorrow, Margot stole from the room. Up the long stairs she crept to her desolate chamber. There, throwing herself upon her knees, she begged to good God to let her die: for her life had become as withered as the flowers that drooped at her belt. The apple sprig in the window pierced Margot's heart anew with its sharp branches. No apple sprig would ever bloom for Margot now. Angelé was the chosen one. Had not Jacques proved it by giving her the rarest flower that grew?

Who was to blame if Margot had taken the flowers Jacques had given her in simple kindheartedness for the Holy Mother, and had woven them into a love wreath for herself? Who was to blame but Margot's own weak. vain heart? Too well she knew it. Alas! she was suffering now for her folly; she would always suffer for it, though she might learn to hide the wound and bear the pain in silence. Henceforth she would devote herself to the duties of her station, and would dream no more of earthly things. If Jacques still gave her flowers she would take them, because she had no right to refuse offerings to the Holy Mother: but she would wear them no more in her bosom; their perfume would never again be incense to a human heart. But the apple sprig would remain forever in the window to remind her of her folly.

Poor little Margot! her dream of love was short and sweet. Each day a red rose shone · in Angelé's hair; each day Margot's face grew whiter and sadder, and her eves were dim with tears. Angelé saw them, and her wicked soul danced for joy; Jacques saw them too, but Margot had no word or look for the young gardener now; and in the depth of his sorrowful heart, he said: "The gentle Margot cares naught for such a rough creature as I; the flowers I give her serve but to adorn the Holy Mother's altar; they speak no message to my little Margot's heart."

So the honest Jacques strove hard to hide his love: he gave Margot no more passionate roses or tender forget-me-nots, only simple, flowers, such as saints and angels love.

Foolish Jacques! you can see the tiniest leaf of a budding flower; why can you not see the red rose in Angelé's black hair?

The weeks came and passed; the apple trees in the orchard were covered with leaves, the apple trees in the hothouse were white with blossoms. Only the sprig in Margot's window hung barren as ever.

When Easter Sunday came with glad rejoicing. Margot arose with the early sun to deck the great urns and vases of the chateau, in readiness for the happy day. On her sorrowful way to the hothouse, whom should she meet coming toward her but Angelé, with a huge bunch of purple lilacs in her hand?

"Look!" she cried, waving the flowers triumphantly before Margot's eyes. "See what Jacques has given me; he has promised too that he will sit beside me at the feast tonight."

Oh, the cruel, false heart! Hidden among the lilacs was a spray of apple blossoms—coaxed from the unwilling gardener for some treacherous purpose of the wily maid.

Angelé passed on, leaving behind her a delicate fragrance of spring and an innocent heart, crushed by the weight of those purple flowers. Margot struggled to hide her grief from Jacques' inquiring eyes, but the quivering lips, the fast rising tears, betrayed her.

"Margot, Margot," Jacques cried tenderly, as he seized her little trembling hands in his own; "thou hast some grief upon thy heart; let me help thee to bear it."

But Margot snatched her hands away, and fled to hide her shame and sorrow in her lonely chamber. She could bear no more. Her love for Jacques was too deep and honest for frivolous pastime. Tomorrow she would go back to the asylum—to the kind sisters who had guarded her childhood; and she would become the simple-hearted little Margot of yore.

That night there was to be a grand feast in the servants' hall, but Margot had little heart for gaiety. What was mirth to others, was heavy grief to her. How could she bear to see the triumph of Angelé smiling into Jacques' dear face? Long she knelt on her knees to the good God, begging for strength to bear her trial; and when the hour came, she arose, and putting on her light blue skirt with its bodice of white muslin and black velvet girdle, she descended to the servants' hall.

"Margot," screamed a chorus of voices, as she entered the room, "thy apple sprig—why hast thou not brought thy apple sprig, as the rest of us have done?"

Margot, bewildered at the sudden attack. stood speechless in the middle of the floor.

'Quick, Margot, thy apple blossoms," came from a score of lips.

"I have no apple blossoms," Margot answered timidly.

"Menteuse!" screamed the shrill voice of Angelé from the doorway, where she suddenly appeared. "Thou speakest an untruth.

myself saw thee pluck an apple sprig last Christmas Eve.

"I have spoken the truth; the sprig has not

blossomed," Margot replied simply.

"What of that?" shrieked the heartless crowd. "Thou must fetch it all the same; art thou ashamed to confess there is to be no husband for thee this year?"

"Who knows, Margot," sneered the spiteful Angelé; "thou art so good and beautiful, who knows if the Holy Mother has not performed a miracle for thy sake? Go see if the sprig has not blossomed."

A deafening peal of laughter burst forth at these taunting words.

Thus pressed, Margot left the room on her

pitiful errand.

How could there be apple blossoms on her sprig? Had she not seen it but a moment ago, hanging withered and brown in her lattice window? It was cruel of them all to force on her this new shame? Was it not disgrace enough to have her folly known, without exposing her confusion before that mocking crowd downstairs? · Must she stand there and know Jacques' eyes were upon her, too? It was hard-very hard to bear.

Margot stood on the threshold of her little room. As she lifted her eyes to where the apple sprig hung in the window, a cry of wonder burst from her lips; the breath came quick and hard from her panting bosom. The humble brown twig, as it hung in the magic moonlight, looked as though covered with a wealth of fair blossoms. The more Margot gazed the more real they appeared to be, until it seemed to the unhappy child as though heaven itself had conspired to taunt her with a mocking vision. Awestruck by the thought, Margot crossed herself devoutly, and murmuring an Ave Maria under her breath, she advanced fearfully into the room.

Still under the influence of her superstitious fears, she raised her hand for the withered branch hanging above her head. Holy Mother! what lay in Margot's trembling fingers? Not a withered apple sprig; not a leafless twig; but a branch of apple blossoms, fair as the driven snow; fragrant as the breath of heaven.

Too bewildered for a moment to think, Margot could only stand in speechless contemplation—as dumbfounded as though a cluster of stars had dropped into her hand—then in a rush of sudden joy the truth burst upon her.

"A miracle! A miracle!" she cried, flying down the steep steps and into the crowded servants' hall. "The apple sprig has blossomed!"

A yell of mocking laughter greeted Margot's words; from every side arose cries of "O la stupide!"-"Un miracle!"-"O la folle Margot!"

Above them all rose a sharper, shriller voice, "Un miracle, mon Dieu! Ask the brave Jacques to explain the miracle of the apple blossoms," it shrieked.

Like a flower in a hail storm, Margot drooped beneath Angelé's cruel words. She understood all now; Jacques had betrayed her: his was the hand that had struck the mortal blow. She would never lift her head again.

Dazed and speechless, she stood with the white blossoms crushed against her breast; no words passed her quivering lips; no tears fell from the wide-open eyes. Little Margot's heart was broken.

Suddenly a voice, clear and deep as a church bell, rang out above the confusion of shrill laughter and chattering tongues.

"Cowards!" it cried, and the tall form of Jacques, the gardener, rose in the midst of the startled crowd.

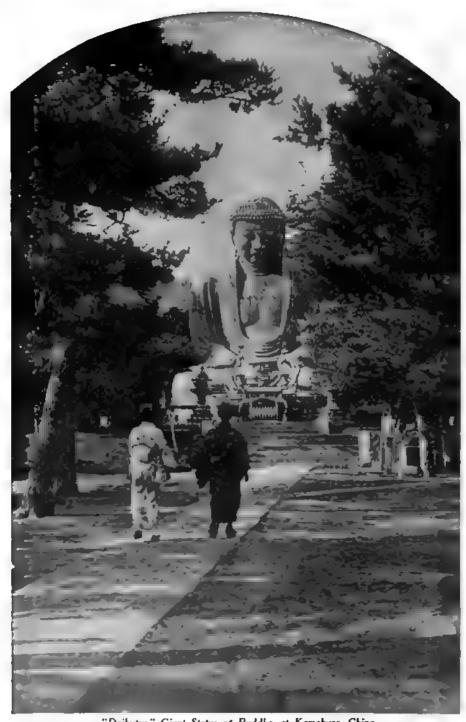
"Cowards!" he called, "how dare you torment this innocent child who, in her simplicity. is among you like an angel among fiends; and you, you," he cried, scornfully, turning his angry eyes upon the cowering Angelé, "go down on your knees before these people; show them your false heart; tell them you deceived me as well as that innocent child. Shame on your wicked soul; shame upon you all!'

With a movement of disgust, Jacques freed himself from the abashed people about him, and stood beside the trembling Margot.

"The apple sprig has spoken truly, Margot," he said tenderly. "If thou wilt have me for thy husband, it will not have bloomed in vain. What sayest thou, little one?"

With all her soul in her eyes, Margot looked up into Jacques' eager face. There was no doubting, no questioning now; all the love she saw there was her own. With a sob of joy, she laid her hands in Jacques' and with them, the sprig of apple blossom—the emblem of their tender love.

And while the orchards were still white with bloom, Jacques and Margot were married. Thus, speedily was verified the sweet promise of Margot's apple sprig.



"Daibutsu," Giant Statue of Buddha, at Kamahura, China —Courtesy of "Japan"

Staying With the Ship

The World's Golden Tour—From San Francisco to Hongkong and return, via Honolulu and pan—Seventy Glorious Days Afloat and Ashore, with Never a Dull Moment—A Narrative of elightful Personal Experiences.

By REV. WILLIAM CARTER, D. D. Ph. D

REAMS are the unfulfilled desires of the soul. Among them all there is always, btedly, one—vague, vast, romantic and —that we never hope to fulfill—a trip to rient.

why not? It is possible for us to make came come true if we are only thought-

sinite and decisive.

t June, as a minister tired out by a year reptionally hard work, I cast about for restful, quiet, easy way of spending my on, and some one said: "Why not take to the Far East and see our Mission in China, Japan, Manchuria, Korea and rilippines?"

hat?" I said. "A trip to the Far East summer? Why, there'll be nothing left

by the time I get back."

ignored my Irish "bull" and went on to at the sea voyage would be cool, comle and invigorating; that the heat in all untries I would visit would be no greater ve experience in the "dog days" of sumt home, and that after every fatiguing experience I would have the rest and ration of another sea voyage as we jourto the next port, and would be ready cceeding sightseeing trips.

solulu, "The Paradise of the Pacific."

rrive here in the morning and leave evening, so you have time enough to ut to Waikiki, only fifteen minutes from ck, go in swimming, lunch at the Moana, aside or Young's Hotel in the city, ride the Pali, or out to the different forts, se of the sugar plantations or pineapple ies, eat your dish of poi, see the Palace een Lil, the government offices, and many places connected with our American occuand feel as you reach the boat again, ted with the flowery "lei" or garland,

with which they speed the parting guest, that you would not have missed this romantic day for anything.

Honolulu is but a foretaste of every other port you touch. You leave the boat for a day's sightseeing, get thoroughly tired out by a strenuous day on shore, and then come back to your boat and cabin as though it were home.

In Yokohama you have three full days and, if you are lucky, as we were, and get in a day ahead, you have four full days. This gives you time enough to see Yokohama and Tokyo, just eighteen miles away by electric or steam train, which will take you there in fifty minutes. You can also go down to Kamakura, an hour away, and see the famous bronze Buddha, fifty feet high, with a shrine on the inside, or you can go down to Yokosuka and see the place where Commodore Perry landed in 1853 and the monument erected to his memory. And, above all, for these three days and more you can bask in the reflected glory of Fujiyama that dominates the landscape everywhere.

Then, too, in order to make you feel at home, and to extend the courtesies of the country to you, the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, or rather its President, Mr. S. Asano, does something that I have never known any other president of a steamship company to do, and I have sailed the seven seas: He gives a reception and garden party to the entire list of cabin passengers in his beautiful home in the suburbs of Tokyo, said to be one of the most beautiful homes in Japan.

The day we were there we had a "Ceremonial Tea," in one of the upper rooms in the home. We were then conducted to the drawing room, where a regular European "Afternoon Tea" was served, and after that a musical and Japanese conjuring program was given for the entertainment of the guests.

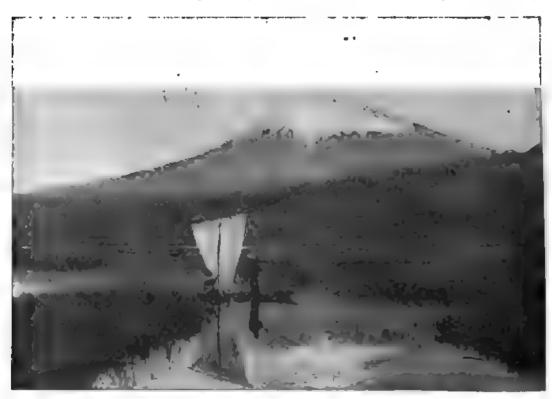
Editor's Note—Here is a fascinating story of the round voyage across the Pacific. It gives an curate account of the many things to be seen and done in a limited time, which will be a revelation many who have dreamed of the tour. Dr. Carter is an experienced and energetic traveler, who ows how to make each minute count, but he did nothing that others can not do if they so desire.

You may interchange your steamship ticket at Yokohama, without extra charge, for a ticket on the Imperial Japanese Railways from Yokohama to Kobe, the next boat stop, with stopovers at fascinating Kyoto, beautiful Nara and industrial Osaka, as requested.

If you are not coming back overland, you must by no means miss this trip. It will take you through some of the most beautiful scenery in Japan. It will show you Fujiyama—Japan's sacred mountain, the most symmetrical, the most photographed and painted mountain in the world—from a score of angles. Fuji is

boasts the largest daily circulation in the world. Its present guaranteed daily circulation is 1,750,000, a circulation larger than the population of the city in which it is printed.

One other thing about this paper is its remarkable social service program. It maintains an ambulance with three trained physicians attached that is at the call of the poorest in the city, night or day. The paper will not only transfer them to the hospital, but will pay all expenses while there if the patient is unable to pay. It also maintains a free bathing beach and seaside resort for the poor of the city,



Fujiyama Japan's Sacred Mountains -Courtesy Pacific Mail S. S. Co.

almost as elusive as our Shasta, as we view our Western wonder from the railroad going to or from Portland over the Siskiyou Range. Fuji, like Shasta, is first on one side and then on the other of the railroad train. The railroad turns and twists so much it makes you think the mountain must be some gigantic swivel, for, strange to say, it is the mountain that seems to move and not you. You almost get "wry neck" striving to follow its gyrations.

I might mention here something you won't get in the guide books, and that is that Osaka has a newspaper, "The Osaka Mainichi," that where they send the children and their fathers and mothers if they can get away for a week's outing in the summer.

You can go from Osaka to Kobe, just twesty miles away, by electric train that will take you through some beautiful country and give you one of the most thrilling rides in all Japan. It is a much better piece of engineering, to my mind, than the Yokohama or Tokyo line. The roadbed is better, the trains run faster and go through a much more picturesque country.

At Kobe you will find your boat waiting for you, and most restful will it prove after this

ut strenuous overland trip, especially ou have seen Kobe the largest port in an, that does more import and export than all the rest of the ports of Japan ether. On the hillside overlooking the they have carved out, from the great rest on the mountain, a gigantic anchor,

its side the coat of arms of the city e. These placed thus together seem to 'Kobe is well anchored and established prosperity, but it still uses the emblem gn of better things to come, for hope nchor to the soul, and we still are hopt the future will be better than the past, spect brighter than the retrospect."

ve been on the Golden Horn, the Bosthe Nile, the Mediterranean, the Hudd the Rhine, but nowhere have I seen ewilderingly beautiful landscapes as I een on this marvelous day trip across Inland Sea. Japan is said to have five half large islands and four thousand nes. All the four thousand seem to be jewels in the sapphire setting of this ul sea. You are scarcely ever out of f at least a dozen. Some of them are like beautiful Miyajima, with its famrii, rising out of the water, and "in the y of the sun," like a gateway of the gods. charm does not die with the sun. The m the Inland Sea is just as marvelous day. Because of its wonderful marine there is more phosphorescence visible an in any other sea, and far more brilits showing. It does not need the ship it up. You do not have to look over w to see it on either counter, but half or more away you can see these fairy this flashing on the wave crests or sudpursting from the depths of the ocean. seem incredible, but I have actually ese phosphorescent lights on the Inland etching away in regular rows for a time boulevard lights in a great city—and oing out in blackness.

course the most brilliant sight is immeunder the ship's counter. Here, where ut water" has just left the sapphire sea great furrows and set free innumerable f this marine electricity, the scene is so ringly brilliant that you are apt to lose it by trying to look in all directions at If nothing else had been seen on this us trip, I would have counted the time nt just to have seen the wonders and ties of Japan's Inland Sea.

'asaki vou are to get your last glimpse

of Japan until your homeward trip, but the last glimpse is even better than the first. Nagasaki is certainly beautiful for situation. It rises from the sea like Aphrodite in her beauty, and seems to have been born of the sea in the same way.

It was through Nagasaki that the first foreigners entered Japan in 1550. From 1641 to 1858, it was the only place in Japan where Dutch and Chinese, to the exclusion of all foreigners, were allowed to remain. Here they were confined to the little island of Deshima, then only 600 feet long by 240 broad, and only six feet above high tide. It was here that the Shogun's famous or infamous decree of 1630 was promulgated, after he had beheaded most of the embassy of Portuguese missionaries from Macao and excluded all but the Dutch and Chinese. The edict which the Shogun sent back by the few missionaries he spared and which so shocked the world, read thus: "Henceforth, any one who puts his foot on Japanese soil, be he the King of Portugal or even the God of the Christians, shall be put to death."

On one of the other islands stands "Hijiriyama," or "Saints' Hill," where scores of Christians were burned at the stake, beheaded and even crucified—showing that their enemies knew the Christian method of martyrdom.

It is remarkable how much you can do in a city at night, as well as through the day. I made a number of calls the first night I was in Shanghai, presented some of my letters, went out along the Nanking Road and saw the "Twin Stores" of Wing On and the Sincere Company on either side of this "Great White Way," which is the main business street of Shanghai.

Nanking Road also continues into "Bubbling Well Road," the exclusive residential section, the road to the race course, polo field, cricket field and every other kind of outdoor game. Don't fail to go on Nanking Road and Bubbling Well Road when you go to Shanghai. Don't fail, either, to go into the old Chinese city via the South Gate, or some of the other gates, and, with a competent and trustworthy guide, which you can get at the Palace, the Astor or the Kalee Hotels, you can secure the most beautiful mandarin coats and embroideries at the most ridiculous prices, literally six to ten times cheaper than you could secure them in America.

We had forty-eight hours at Manila—long enough to get a general view of the city and a very definite idea concerning it. I was tied

up for hours in a formal luncheon and formal dinner, with one speech and one sermon to deliver, and yet I saw Malacanang Palace, the Escolta, or main business street, the schools, churches, cathedrals, hospitals, colleges, forts, hotels—of which the Manila Hotel is one of the finest and most luxurious in the East—the Army and Navy Club, the Elks Club, in line in grandeur with their beautiful building in Honolulu, the Luneta, and the monuments of soldiers, diplomats and patriots. There is time enough for all and you will say, I feel sure, that Manila has made you prouder of America than ever before, because of what she is accomplishing there.

The next stop was Hongkong. Hongkong is more beautiful, for situation, than Nagasaki. It is the "Pearl of the Far East," as it has been justly called. So many go to Hongkong and say it is wonderful, but do not say why. I have read much, and especially on history and travel, but I never learned why it was that Hongkong was so beautiful until I really got there.

The fact is, Hongkong is all hills. They start from the water's edge. The Peak starts from the main business street, only one block removed from the waterfront. The city is built on the hills, the people, as many as possible, live on the sides of the Peak. The funicular or cable tramway is the main street car line of the town. One of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen was looking out of my cabin window in the early morning, as I heard the anchor go down, and seeing the terraced hills of Hongkong with business houses on the lower levels and beautiful residences rising to the summit of the Peak 1700 feet above. The cable tramway goes up 1500 feet and ends at the Peak Hotel, but there are residences above this.

Steamers stay here for at least a week, sometimes ten days, so you have ample time to see Southern China leisurely. You can go to quaint Macao, just four hours away by boat, and see where Christian Missions were first planted in China and the Far East by the Portuguese. Macao was used as the great base for Christian Missions throughout all these Eastern lands, and hard by are the graves of these first Portuguese Catholic Missionaries and of Robert Morrison and his noble wife, the first Protestant missionaries to China, who are buried there. You will find fan tan gambling hells and opium dens running wide open in modern Macao, that is now known as the "worst sink of iniquity this side of hell.'

Nevertheless, Macao is to me the quaintest place I have visited in the Far East, and the traveler will make a great mistake if he leaves it out of his itinerary, as it is perfectly safe, with good hotels and beautiful scenery all around.

Then you go to Canton, only ninety miles from Hongkong, and just a few hours by boat or train. Canton is the capital of the South China Republic, and doubtless the most important city in all China next to Peking, in political importance, wealth, learning and influence, in all China.

It is here the personal equation enters that must be solved by each individual according to his personal bias and preference. These days is quite enough for Hongkong, Canton and Macao, if you wish to hurry. You can see all the main sights in that time, or you can wait for your own boat and will employ each day you remain.

If you have a desire to see Nanking, Timtsin, Peking, the Great Wall of China, the Ming Tombs, the Forbidden City, with all its desire, and the great plains of Manchuria, with the hills and valleys of Korea, the "Hermit Nation," the overland journey is yours for the asking, and you still can leave your heavy baggage on the boat, as your temporary home, and travel overland very comfortably with just a hand bag.

You need to stop an extra day in Shanghai to finish up what you have not seen before. Then on to Nanking, with its towers and temples, its Ming Tombs, the original of all buik later in Peking, and its many other fascinating sights. Get an auto and you can go out to the Ming Tombs, seven miles away, and save yourself a longer journey and a whole day's time when you get to Peking. You can see all the sights of Nanking in one day this way, and then on to Tientsin.

Peking is your next stop. Peking the mysterious. Peking the magnificent. I never realized Milton's phrase to the full until I had seen Peking. "Where the gorgeous East pours out her King's barbaric pearl and gold." No one has really seen China until he has seen Peking. It is the great wonder city of the Orient—a city that makes you gasp at barbaric splendor and wanton opulence.

Never walk when you can ride, never take a chair when you can take a jinrickisha, never take a jinrickisha when you can take a motor—and always keep out of the sun. The latter is in the interest of health, and you must be sure to wear a pith helmet in the summer or

an umbrella and keep the covers of your e up. The former is in the interest of and health. It is always cheaper to take seedier vehicle when you are pressed for and it is easier on the nerves. The sedan is very romantic and you will want to once, but only once, if you can avoid it. nerve-racking, bone-wrenching, a deluand a snare. The jinrickisha was in-

your boat. Take one day off as a safety marcomfortable but not speedy, and therefore, if you would conserve time, take an automobile whenever you can.

Your boat will take nine days, including the stops in port, to reach, or rather to clear Yokohama, so you have eighteen days from Shanghai to Yokohama to make the five and a half days' journey, see all the sights and yet catch



Rice Growing in the Philippines
—Courtesy Pacific Mail S. S. Co.

I by an American missionary named in Japan, not longer ago than 1869. as an inventive genius, and his wife beck and needing the air, he rigged up the "baby carriage" and took her out in The Japanese thought it a wonderful and, improving on it, immediately adopted the the result that in a little over fifty it is the main mode of locomotion in country in the Far East. It literally a "man power vehicle," from "jin," a "riki," power, and "sha" vehicle. It is

gin, and make it seventeen. You have used one in Shanghai, one in Nanking, one in Tientsin and three in Peking, with one day and a half of actual railroad travel. You have now nine and a half days left, and four needed for actual travel. Five and a half days more for sightseeing. Spend one at Mukden, which you reach in twenty-four hours, passing through the Great Wall in daylight, if you leave Peking in the evening. You reach Mukden at 7:30 p.m. At the station there is a fine hotel, the Yamato.

(Continued on page 52)

Liberty By STANTON ELLIOTT

While circling on her errant way Upon a sunny yesterday A bumble-bee whirled through the gloom That circumscribed her in my room; And buzzing helter-skelter there In wid'ning frenzy of despair She surged, until she beat like rain In tempest 'gainst the window pane. Bewildered and in wild surprise She fought to break the magic ties; And like a kite against the sky She soared,—and dipped,—to further fly; Then soaring, poised,—as though it seemed In rain to reach the world that gleamed: For while there spread a tempting way Bewitchment forced a strange delay. What could it be that would divide The sunlight,—part on either side! What could it be that in her flight For liberty thus mocked her sight! Each corner of the maze she took By storm, assaulting ev'ry nook; Once more athwart the puzzle hummed, And humming, thumped,—and thumping, drummed,— 'Till angered by the senseless thing She charged the upper sash on wing; But neither strategy, nor wrath, Could guide her from her beaten path; Nor could her efforts circumvent A power so omnipotent To bar the freedom which the light While urging,—still would not requite;— When suddenly, a welcome breeze With fragrance from the orchard trees Brought hope that scattered all her foes,-For,—as it came, the buzzing rose, And singing through that open pass Above my door and transom-glass A happy, honey-hunting bee Flew back to boundless liberty.

"Righteousness Exalteth A Nation"

By SUZANNE McKELVY

MBER, quiet court room seems a trange place to find the heart story of pple, now separated by wide continents cans and by long lonely years. Fate strange game with human souls for and places them here and there and knows where the final moves will take what life holds in store.

de, the hills were drenched with a Defog and the wind was playing mad with anyone brave enough to face it. was going on the usual routine of a zation court. One by one the confused its passed the examination for Amerizenship conducted by a dignified judge keen, alert federal officer. With few ins they were admitted and walked he a firmer step, a trifle more erect conscious of the fact that they were rericans.

rd the end of a long line of applicants tost unusual figure for this group. A ung and handsome, whose face showed ge rich with the culture of a thousand He was so self-possessed, so assured in ner, knowing as he did, that the coming tion would be simple indeed to one education and mental development.

his name was called he promptly and took the chair which each applicant in turn. Then he answered perfectly, t the slightest foreign accent, the quest to him by the judge. There was not n the construction of his sentences, not rrect word could have been found in plies in the course of the entire tion.

judge, who was accustomed to making ins of very "raw material," smiled his and approval at finding so intelligent icant for citizenship. With not the least y, he was having him sign his name to er which would give him the right to iself an American.

at this instant the shrewd federal tepped forward. The court knew that had a positively uncanny way of learnsecrets of men's lives, so paused to With "Just a moment, your honor," he d to within a few feet of the group at the desk and addressed the suave young man who had just seen the coveted prize within his grasp.

"Where were you born?

"In Berlin, sir."

"Were you ever married?" A slight flush slowly spread over the aristocratic face. It was not, however, so slight as to escape the keen-eyed official who was watching every feature of the would-be American. For an almost imperceptible moment he hesitated and then, as if realizing that evasion would not suffice, he answered, with less confidence in his tone, "Yes, sir."

"How many years have you been married?"
There was real hesitancy in his speech now and a dark flush overspread his face. A kindling light of anger grew in his eyes as he answered: "About eight and one-half years ago."

The next question made the tiny flame in his eyes glow like the little light that burns on the altar of a darkened church. Nothing of the face seemed to show but the eyes. The aristocratic paleness was lost in the dark flush of intense feeling.

"Where are your wife and son now?"

Slowly he seemed to weigh his answer but
the merciless inquisitor knew it was a truthful
one.

"I do not know, sir."

"Then I can tell you," was the ready response of the officer. "Here are letters from Berlin and here are two more from Leipzig, where your wife and child went because they were starving in Berlin," and, turning to the judge, "Would your honor care to hear these letters read?"

At an affirmative nod from the surprised judge, the officer calmly selected the first one and then passed to each one in turn. They told the age-old, cruel story of a simple peasant girl's infatuation with a handsome young student. They told of the secret marriage which took place, then of the coldness which followed when he had tired of the toy which he had made of her—body and soul. Finally, the sun went out for her when she realized that she was a deserted wife. Then came the birth of a little son, bearing his father's passes.

whom the now cowering father had never seen and to whose support he had never contributed. And then the story of how she had searched Germany for him and found that he had gone to America just before war had been declared.

In those cruel years which followed she could do nothing but wait. Information could not reach her through flaming battle lines. And so she had worked and held close to a starved breast the fond little hope that sometime he would come back. Back to the fatherland and claim his wife and child, who, somehow, had held on to life amid war and hunger and fright. Then when the Armistice was signed she started her search for him in America by sending letters to the officials of the largest cities, and at last learned that he was living in San Francisco.

And now she believed that he would come back to her and little Karl because her faith in him was not quite dead, and she remembered only his manly side, "Even as you and I." The years sped on and no message came from the bright city she had pictured in her mind. She thought of it as a place where always a soft air was blowing and the sunlight turning to gold the sands on the beach. And now her life was made up of faded colors and broken dreams.

During the reading of these letters the dapper, well-groomed applicant for American citizenship sat with flaming eyes and shrunken, drooping shoulders, staring at the floor. The flush had left his handsome face, and it was now deadly white.

Slowly the officer folded the last letter and faced the judge, and both felt that they had been looking into the throbbing heart of life itself. For a moment the stillness was felt. Then the judge, clothed with the majesty and dignity of the law, said some scathing words to this man who had presumed to ask that we give him the name of American.

Sadly, and almost blindly, he stumbled from the courtroom feeling a veritable outcast. No home, no country, and, even though he seek the great outermost reaches of the universe, the scenes of today would still be a haunting memory.

On and on he walked. Maddened by the intensity of his feelings, seeking peace out on the hillsides, where now the sunlight was warmly lying. Still seeking peace on the sands by the restless sea where the shining waters make a glory of the scene and the clean winds bring life and joy to beautiful San Francisco. All the furies of hell were raging in his soul as he

madly rushed from the beach back to the hils again, trying to leave behind him memory and find respite, some place from the ghosts which clung persistantly to him. Then, as he stood far up on Twin Peaks, and looked at the distant hills across the bay, he seemed to remember the words of the Psalmist, "I turn mise eyes to the everlasting hills from whence cometh my help."

Then a long dormant conscience stirred within him, and, for almost the first time in the many successful years, he thought of the girl who had loved and trusted him. In fancy he could see the longing in her eyes as she waited The night had been so long and she had watched so anxiously for the morning to break And then he thought of this great, beautiful country which he had, almost unconsciously. learned to love. And now the genuine spirit of democracy, which had been quietly taking possession of him, asserted itself and he knew that there could be no other country for him. There was only one course to take that, in future years, he might once more raise his now bowed head and be a man. In that shadowy courtroom he had come face to face with the soul of America and the consciousness of it had awakened the better side of his character. He pride, his egotism, even his ambition was swept back into the silence and he stood abashed and repentant.

Should he return to the fatherland? No! Rather in this new, free country would he build his fortunes. Here, where loyalty counts, where life and character must show clean and white if one is to receive the heritage of American citizenship. Thought was busy now and the

hours had passed unnoticed. While he stood on the hill the lights began to twinkle in the windows of the city below and in the windows of the city above. As he looked one star seemed to be shining for him alone and in a flash it came to his mind that this night was Christmas eve. With the speed which is only given to thought, he was back at his former home, watching the happy faces on the streets, listening to the Christmas bells ring out the old, old song which the angels sang on that first Christmas which had dawned to bless a waiting world. "Glory to God in the highest," the angels sang that day and now he seemed to hear the Christmas hymn echoing from the hills about him. Then he looked back at the city where the lights were glowing along her busy thoroughfares, and gayly twinkling from the little clinging homes on the slopes of her many hills.

(Continued on page 53)

Adios

By HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER

Riding the crest of the purple hills,

Lost in a sea of sky,

When the call comes back from a world of men,

Thus shall we say goodbye.

Your hand in mine, and the bridle reins Slack in the old free way, With lips breath-near, let us ride—nor speak What neither of us can say.

Up to the rim of the world and back
Home, as we used to do,
With a hint of wind in our ponies' manes,
And love in the hearts of two.

For youth must live, though the moment pains, And grief is a transient guest In hearts that turn from the open air Back to a bidden quest.

Riding the crest of the purple hills,
Lost in a sea of sky,
When the call comes back from a world of men,
Thus shall we say goodbye.

My Vagabond Lover By IACK MARTIN

I watched the blaze of wild rose Along the western slope; To me it was merely fragrance To him a voice that spoke.

And all the while and everywhere
The birds kept calling him;
The vagabond light was in his eyes,
But mine with tears are dim.

Now always when the autumn winds Come singing soft and low, Beyond the outward hilltop road My restless feet would go.

For the I love our wild rose lanes,
Our simple valley homes,
My heart cries down those same far paths
My vagabond lover roams.

The Desert By LUCIAN M. LEWIS

Fare forth into the desert,
If its inmost life you'd know,
All alone, care-free, unhampered,
To the beckoning desert go:
Leave distracting thoughts behind you—
If you seek it as you should,
It will meet you, it will greet you,
Just as though it understood!

It may seem a little lonely
When you meet it face to face,
But did not the olden prophets
Seek God in such desert place?
You must kneel and feel the presence
Of a Master Artist's hand,
Hold and fold the desert to you,
If your soul would understand.

Take this lesson from the songster, From the desert mocking bird, Which at night pours out in rapture Sweetest music ever heard: Out of sight amid the shadows, Hidden in some cactus tree, Caring naught for human plaudits, Pours his soul in ecstacy.

It will doubtless mock and shock you, When the desert first you view, With its canyons, gaping, yawning At the never-ending blue,—With its mesas lined with boulders, Balanced as by magic slight, As though gods in sportive moments Here had piled them out of sight!

Then the discord will confound you, When you view the desert life—Bitter sagebrush, bristling cactus, All well armed for constant strife; But when'er you see the furies That the desert gods may send, You will love them for their hardships, You will greet them as a friend.

For they wage an endless combat,
Just a meager life to gain—
Winds that whip them, sands that rip them,
Scarce a drop of blessed rain,—
Blasts that burn them, storms that spurn them,
Blist'ring heat and biting cold—
Oh, instead of desert outcasts,
They are armored knights of old!

Tis a land forlorn to aliens,
From which God has turned His face,
But when once you know the rapture
It becomes a holy place;—
Canyon walls with lights fantastic,
Shading, fading in the blue,
Painted o'er with mystic symbols,
Spread in panoramic view;

Colors splendid, widely blended, Azure mountains tipped with white, How they leave you and deceive you In the drifting, shifting light! And the sunsets, grand, majestic, That defy the artist's pen, They will call you and enthrall you Till you heed that call again.

Oh! the desert may be lonely, If you seek it in that mood; It may thrill you, it may chill you With its brooding solitude; But when once you know the rapture That the desert-lovers share, It will hold you and enfold you With a loving mother's care!

The Shepherds watched their flocks by night And found the star.
So in the darkness there is light Where duties are.

-Belle Willey Gue.

The Land of William Tell

By JANE NEARLEIN

HE Swiss are a great people. Of that I think every one is convinced, and he who visits Switzerland for the first time can not fail to observe their matchless handicraft. They not only keep the best hotels in the world, and make the best cheese, clocks and watches, but they show themselves artists in the superiority of their wood carving and in the massive, but pleasing style of of their architecture. Frugal, plodding, progressive, industrious, honest, and ambitious, are adjectives that apply to the "Switzers," who occupy the picturesque Swiss cantons among the Alps.

While a great deal has already been written of Switzerland and its beautiful lakes and mountains, there is still a great deal more to be said, and I sigh that my pen is not a brush, for I could then, perhaps, give a series of pictures of the lovely country and its people, which would bring you in touch with the life, customs and surroundings of the fair-haired race who boast of a descent that dates back to the time of the fascinating and mysterious Lake Dwellers; to a sturdy, homely, ingenious people, keenly alive to this progressive age, to a brave, loyal race who now so thoroughly enjoy the peace and prosperity which the cantonal system affords them.

Switzerland is as rich in legend and folklore as it is in its unrivaled scenery, and every city, town, lake and mountain pass has associated with its history a fairylike legend, often startlingly improbable, but so interwoven with the surroundings, so naively told, as to be believed in toto, and always associated in memory's archives with some charming spot. In Switzerland the historian, painter, and writer can never lack for material, and the geologist must find plenty to occupy his time and attention in describing the character of the high and lofty rocks, the glaciers and the mountains.

From Milan to Lucerne by the great St. Gotthard line is a charming trip, and with one exception the most picturesque and varied line in Europe. From Milan to Chiasso, the frontier, the ride through the Italian lake section is ideal, for Como is seen in all of its loveliness. Then on to Lugano, and close at hand towers the lofty and impressive Generosi, the

Italian Rigi. In this locale are the vast wine districts of the country, and at Bellizona, another locomotive is taken on for the ascent of the snow-clad Alps. So much is there to see upon all sides that Airolo and the entrance to the great tunnel are all too quickly reached. Slowly the train has climbed up the rugged mountains, through the gorge of Dazio Grande, one of the most awe-inspiring of ravines, and through which the Ticino rushes down in a series of pretty Cascades.

Airolo, then presto! and you are in the tunnel for twenty minutes, coming out at Goschenen, having covered nine and a quarter miles, 6076 feet, below the Kastelhorn, under which it passes. All the world is familiar with this great feat of railway engineering, for at the opening, in 1882, the details of the work were heralded from pole to pole, and ten years of hard labor rewarded. So accurate was the plan that the boring, which took over seven years, and which was carried on simultaneously from either end, met to almost an inch at the finish. Most deplorable was it that the engineer, M. Louis Favre, could not have lived to witness this, the culminating triumph of his skill, but fate had decreed otherwise, and he died suddenly one day of apoplexy in the tunnel, just eight months before his gigantic undertaking was successfully terminated. And yet I am sure that had he been permitted to choose the place in which to bid goodbye to this world, he would have selected this same St. Gotthard tunnel as a fitting spot in which to lay aside all care and trouble for eternal rest.

From Goschenen to Erstfeldt the ride down the mountains by means of the many spiral tunnels is exciting and fascinating, and you are in a constant state of perplexity and doubt as to just where you came from and where you are going, for it is impossible to trace the way. Often you emerge from the tunnel directly below the spot where you entered it but a few moments before, and there is a wondrous multiplicity of turns and twists; on and on, each and every picture more lovely until the little village of Altorf is reached, and you are in the very heart of the Tell district, for Altorf is celebrated as the scene of the well-known story in the life of the hero, William

who, at the command of the tyrant Gesshot an apple from the head of his idolized

The spot where the lad stood is now ed by a handsome fountain, the tree ist which he leaned having been blown in 1567, while the spot where the father is marked by a colossal statue of the hero aster, erected by the riflemen of Zurich. It a mile from Altorf is Burglen, the birther and home of Tell. Here stands a quaint chapel, with frescoes of events in the life ell, and near the bridge over the Schachch is the spot where the hero lost his life g to save a child who was being swept the stream during a flood.

me twenty-five miles before Lucerne is ned is the little Lowerzer See, and on a l island, called Schwanau, is a ruined castle h tradition tells us was the home in 1508 wicked baron. To this castle he one day ght a beautiful peasant girl, whom he kept isoned in a tower. Her enraged relatives friends stormed the castle, burned it to the nd, and killed the baron. Every year since, said, on the anniversary of his death, a ic clap of thunder is heard among the , followed by shrieks in the old tower, which the ghost of the baron is seen flypursued by a maiden all in white, until a wild yell of terror he plunges into the and disappears.

acerne is one of the most attractive spots purists in all Switzerland, and the hotels always crowded the entire season. It is an ent walled city, taking its name from a r, in which in olden days a light was vs kept burning. It is built upon both of the River Reuss, and connected by ges, four in all. The two old ones, the ell Brucke and the Muhl Brucke, being t curious and interesting, the first one being 1 at the sides but covered with a quaint , to the beams of which are hung triangular ires, some one hundred and fifty in all, esenting scenes from the lives of St. Leger St. Maurice, and from Swiss history. The Il Brucke, also covered, is similarly decod with paintings depicting "The Dance of th."

rom Lucerne there are many delightful exions, the ascent of the Rigi, offering, as it i, a magnificent panorama of the Alps, e three hundred miles in circumference, be-especially attractive. The ascent is made 1 Vitznau on Lake Lucerne, or Arth-Goldau Lake Zug, the former being the most conent and popular route affording finer views.

The railway, run on the "rack and pinion" system, attains a maximum gradient of one in four and covers about four miles. The speed of running never exceeds this. Between the main rails there is a heavy notched rail which is gripped by powerful cog-wheels under the engine, and both engines and carriages have enormously powerful brakes which can instantaneously stop the train if required. The engine is placed behind the car as in the ascent of Mt. Washington, and the carriages are open upon the sides, so as not to in any way obstruct the view, a simple roofing protecting the heads of travelers from the hot sun. Leaving Vitznau the train creeps straight up the steep slope. and the view of the lake begins to open up, while far above is seen the Hotel Rigi-Kaltbad. Stops are made at several stations before Kaltbad is reached, some 4728 feet above the sea. Here many tourists stop over for a day, for it is a much frequented health resort, sheltered as it is from the winds. Here is a pretty chapel. St. Michaels, and close by it is a spring issuing from a solid rock called Schwesternborn, from the old legend that three handsome sisters were brought to the spot by an angel to find refuge from the disagreeable and unwelcome addresses of a rich old Austrian bailiff who lived in the time of Tell. The chapel is hung with votive offerings of quaint pictures. On the left wall the Dean of Westminster has placed a marble tablet in memory of his sister, Mary Stanley. On the summit Rigi-Kulm, the views are superb and unfold themselves in a series of never to be forgotten pictures. At Rigi-Kulm, the highest point, there is a large and comfortable hotel, and one should pass the night there if possible, for the sunrise, if seen in all of its beauty, is a sight that is inspiring. An alpine horn is blown half an hour before sunrise, and its warning notes should be heeded, despite the temptation to take another forty winks, for the first breaking of the dawn is not to be overlooked. Some are fortunate enough to see that curious phenomenon called the spectre of the Rigi, when the sun throws on the mist, rising up from the valley beneath, in clear and defined outline the shadows of the mountains, and those who may be on its summit, sometimes encircling them with a halo of prismatic colors. But whether this phenomenon is vouchsafed or not the panorama is beyond words, and must be seen if Switzerland is visited. As early as the beginning of the last century there have been hotels on the Rigi, for the accommodation of the pilgrims who flock there yearly to pray at the shrine of St. Marie zum SchneeSt. Mary of the Snow-erected in 1690, and supposed to have a miraculous healing power.

Another pleasant mountain trip is the ascent of Mt. Pilatus, which takes its name from a legend of Pontius Pilate, who, the story goes, being banished from Palestine, after wandering all over Gaul, took refuge here, and at last, in a fit of remorse, threw himself into the lake below. The views are finer than those from the Rigi, and the ascent now quite safe. The mountain is looked upon as a sort of huge barometer by the Lucerners, for if it is hid by clouds in the morning, they know that the weather will be fine, but if the summit stands out bold and clear, rain will most likely follow.

Brunnen, a fascinating village, with its old Rathaus and its curious frescoes, and the Kurhaus Axenstein perched high above the village on the Brandli; Gutsch, a hill behind the town with lovely lake views; Grutli, where one midnight in 1307 thirty Swiss patriots met from the three cantons and took a solemn oath to free their country from the oppression of the Austrians; Kussnacht and the Hohle Gasse, where Tell shot Gessler after his escape from Tell's chapel, and Immensee, are but a few of the

Zurich, with its fine situation on the lake of Zurich, is most modern and imposing. streets are regularly laid out, its buildings massive and handsome, and its shops quite like those found in Paris, London, or Milan. There is not very much to see, but the city in itself is attractive, the walks and drives delightful, and the environs picturesque. It is in this city that the traveler is more than ever impressed with the knowledge that the Swiss are as a class awkward and plain of face and figure. Soldiers, aristocrats, artisans and peasants lack grace and comeliness, and are strikingly out of harmony with the architecturally beautiful buildings, and prettily laid out parks and squares. Rich silks and brocades, made strictly a la mode, help the general appearance, but the fact that they are plain is undeniable, and though the eyes look out at you from under masses of soft, fluffy golden hair, and a skin that is peach-like, the features are inclined to be coarse and the carriage lacking in elegance. More honest faces there are not all Europe over.

They are blest with a sense of humor on occasions, as the following story will illustrate. It was in Zurich that I made the acquaintance of an exceedingly bright waiter. One day it rained heavily, and, kept in doors, I determined to spend the day writing home letters. I rang for the waiter on our floor, and requested pen,

ink, and paper. I gave the order in my best French, and sat down and waited. In about a quarter of an hour he came back with the ink and pen and one sheet of paper and one envelope. I wrote my letter and then rang and asked for more stationery. This time be brought me two sheets and two envelopes. My letters were long, and I was soon out of paper, but, not liking to ask again, I waited until after lunch and then rang and told him to bring me a dozen sheets and put them on my account. When he appeared he had three sheets of paper and no envelopes, though I did not discover the fact until he had disappeared, so that I was forced to ring again for envelopes. My patience was about exhausted, and I was sure that my French was wrong, when the gong sounded for supper, and I resolved to wait until the next day and then buy some stationery at one of the shops. I went to bed early and was soon asleep. It did not seem more than half an hour when I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door, and half asleep I crawled out of bed and stumbling around the room, for it was quite dark, found my bath robe and opened the door, expecting to find a cablegram recalling me to America. There stood the longsuffering waiter of the day before, and in his hand a sheet of paper and an envelope. "Did you ring for paper and envelopes?" he asked in French with a polite bow as he handed me the stationery, and I am sure that I detected a twinkle in his eye, as the candle-light flickered on his face. "Yes," I said, alive to the situation, and slamming the door I got back into bed just as the tower clock close by struck four.

Before going over to Berne I paid a visit to Einsideln to see the great annual Roman Catholic pilgrimage, and I saw one hundred thousand pilgrims congregated there. little village is often spoken of as "Notre Dame Des Ermites," and is made up almost entirely of inns for the sole accommodation of the pilgrims. The origin of this great gathering of people is, that during the reign of Charlemagne, a rich Count of Sulgen, named Meinrad, and a number of the renowned Hohenzollern family, becoming weary of the world and its vanities, left his palace on the Neckar, and came to Einsiedeln, then a wilderness, to spend the closing days of his life in fasting and prayer, and in the worship of a small image of the blessed Virgin, given him by St. Hildegrade, the lovely Abbess of the church of Notre Dame at Zurich. Two brigands, learning of his retreat, and thinking that gold and jewels might

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The Judge's Double Romance

By PERCY WALTON WHITAKER

E WELFORD read the mining page the "Journal" with great satisfaction brief recess. The Deep Shaft shares nded to the finding of the old lead thirty points in the market, which id easily fattened his bank account usand dollars. Such facts are potent ıman happiness, and he paid silent Schofield, chief engineer and manhe desert mine, who had been apthe directors on his own strong

disturbed from the pleasant conof increased prosperity, by the callnext case on the docket: Phyllis orge Rosely, for gross neglect. Ordidge Welford would have disqualified s incompetent to try the suit, for sely was his own niece, though their p had been kept a close secret. From ong motives of his own, he allowed to proceed to trial.

perfunctory announcement that the had not appeared in person or by ne plaintiff was placed on the stand, nenced the story of her wrongs in a t voice. She was young and help-Iford leaned forward to listen. He help thinking what an adorable little e would have made. "She loves and thought. Her lips curved wistfully: s were pretty pink and white, and ling blue eyes seemed to ask but the of happiness.

lge was deeply affected, for a reason cted with the case, or concerned with of law. A dormant chord in his memawakened vividly. The court room ad away. He saw a little homestead, d-fashioned gable house, and a duck the orchard; a lane shaded by lofty ees, and a boy and a girl who played e pond; the crows' nests in the elms y climbed, to peep in the nests at the sister Dora, who grew to womanhood ied after he had come to the great nd here was her daughter Phyllis, : wreck of her life in his own court. point in his thoughts the Judge comatempt of court, for he swore softly. and paid more attention to the evidence.

'And he seemed too indifferent to try and persuade me to abandon my suit for divorce," concluded Phyllis, crumpling back in her chair, a little crying heap of acute misery.

The spectators, disappointed by the lack of salacious testimony in the last case of the day, were leaving their seats. Judge Welford pondered for a moment, drumming thoughtfully upon his desk with a massive hand. Vane Calvert, the polished young attorney representing the plaintiff, leaned forward to catch a remark from old Reynolds, the court stenographer.

'His Honor's thinking it's a shame, and how nice it would be to have them kiss and make Bet you he takes the case under advisement." Calvert frowned at the unwelcome suggestion, and hastened to his client's side. He raised his hand in a deprecating gesture as Judge Welford's voice boomed through the room.

"The decree is denied temporarily, and the case taken under advisement. And I should like to speak privately with your client, Mr. Calvert." Stepping down from the bench, with a courteous gesture he ushered Phyllis into an anteroom, leaving her attorney fretting in angry impatience.

Upon entering the room Phyllis sat dejectedly in a chair which her uncle had placed near the open window. He began to talk of the gravity of the step she had taken, and the beauty of a possible reconciliation. His voice, low and deep, vibrated with strong, earnest

feeling, and she listened eagerly.

"If you had only consulted me, Phyllis, in time, I should have advised you not to come into court. Only last night I learned your case was down on my docket, and I immediately telephoned you not to let your lawyer or any one know of your relationship to me. I have a horror of newspaper notoriety.

"I suppose that I was in fault, too," she admitted reluctantly. "But uncle, do you suppose

that George still cares?"

"If he is still sane, my dear, he is probably meditating some painless form of suicide. That is, theoretically; I mean—in that state of mind," he added hastily, noting her look of alarm. "But where is your husband now?"

"In Mojave, when I last heard from him. You know he is a mining engineer, and was trying to get on at the desert mines there. George is really wonderfully clever, but has never had a chance." This tacit defense of the man she had sued brought a smile to the Judge's face.

"There might be a chance to do something for him; I am in mining, and the game has boomed since the war," remarked Welford, and he seemed inwardly pleased when Phyllis clasped his hands gratefully.

"I don't really want to lose him," she whispered confidingly.

"My dear child, you're not going to lose You're my niece, and there'll be no divorce if George is a reasonable human being, and I'll make him one if he isn't. But it must be kept quiet, for those horrible sensational yellow sheets would have crash headlines, if they nosed on the inside of this affair," and the Judge shuddered at the idea.

Calvert had been waiting all this time for his client's return. Though his fees had been paid in advance, in common decency he could not go away. He heard the murmur of voices through the closed door, and once a gay little laugh rang out. It was the only time he had heard his client laugh, since she came to Los Angeles. A minute later Phyllis walked into the court room, smiling radiantly. She shook hands with Calvert cordially.

"I find that I shall not require your services any longer, Mr. Calvert," she said happily, and walked out, leaving the astonished attorney alone.

Calvert related the details to Reynolds when

they dined together that evening.

"That little woman came here after a lover's quarrel that should have ended with a dozen kisses, but she doesn't know much of life. he concluded.

"Why didn't you advise her to make up?"

"I can't turn away bread and butter. My business is to get my clients whatever they want," retorted Calvert.

While Calvert and Reynolds talked over the Rosely case, Judge Welford made his first move, by sending a telegram to Schofield, manager of the Deep Shaft mine: "Find George Rosely, Mojave. Mining engineer. Try him out." The moaning wires carried the Judge's command over desert and mountain, to the mine, far back in the Tehachapi Range. After sending this message, satisfied that it would keep Rosely employed and out of the way until his plans worked out. Welford strolled home to his hotel.

During the next few weeks Phyllis lived quietly at her boarding house in Hollywood. She spent most of her time in quiet, healthful walks. Her suspense increased as the days drifted by, but Welford had insisted that George be given a chance to work himself into a safe financial position.

Schofield reported progress in the matter at the end of the month to Judge Welford, stating that he had found Rosely and placed him in charge of a shift at the mine. In a second report he described the engineer as "full of speed and already well worth his salary to the company," at which appraisement the Judge nodded his satisfaction as he read.

At the end of the second month Phyllis' impatience became acute, and early one moning she walked into the Judge's downtown

office.

"Uncle John, I want to go to my husband

now," she said firmly.

"I have a better plan than that, for he shall come to you," he replied, smiling kindly. "Il dictate the letter at once," and two days later Schofield received news that the company had acquired a property far back in the Sierra Madre Range. Rosely was ordered to go there and take charge at once, and it was explicitly stated that there would be no time to visit Los Angeles until later. The manager knew that the Madre property lay forty miles back of the orange country and that Rosely would pass through the city, so the latter part of the order puzzled him. He telegraphed at once: "Order received. Rosely on 12 tonight. Sorry to lose him."

Judge Welford called on his niece that night, and found her wistfully impatient for news. He resolved to carry out his plans at once.

"I want you to come out with me tonight, Phyllis, for I've something to show you.

"Very well, uncle, whatever you think is best," she answered and after putting on her wraps, she stepped into the car. As they sped down Sunset Boulevard, he told her of George's appointment as engineer of the Madre mine, which brought a flush of pleasure to her face. The car rolled rapidly through the downtown streets, and stopped at the door of a cafe famous for its colorful gaiety and entertainers.

Phyllis had always lived simply, but woman's natural love of luxury was gratified as they entered the beautiful dining room. Many of the guests wore evening dress, and her eyes were delighted with the rich crimson carpets and the

r plate mirrors which lined the room. The seemed almost Oriental in richness of furig, but the guests interested her most. his place caters to wealthy patrons who lived in the great cities of the world," ked the Judge when they had selected a

hey look the part. What do you suppose dainty little girl does; the one with the of an angel?" asked Phyllis admiringly. irl!" She's easily thirty-five, though erfully youthful. She's a well-known s, and is bringing her fourth action for ze. Her husband is putting up the y, for they are tired of each other."

shouldn't be allowed," said Phyllis,

f course not," answered the Judge, smil"That tall brunette," he resumed, "the
t the next table to angel-face, is the wife
millionaire's son. She married him for
y, and when his family refused to support
and stopped his allowance, she abanl the ship." Phyllis looked shocked and
ied, which seemed to please the Judge
y. "Some of the others are women whose
s are chronicled in the fashionable colof society papers. They were unfortuin their marriages probably, but in some
it was the man who wooed misfortune.
ig the rest are many women of broken
dedicated to the will-o'-the-wisp—pleas-

ome, uncle, let's go, for I have seen h; it's just awful to think of. You have so good to me," exclaimed the girl im-

ely.

ut, little lady! The Judge is good, but take him away, for he's my friend too," Phyllis felt her hand gently clasped. A iful woman of thirty stood by their table, g down at her with such friendliness, seemed nothing strange in speaking withstroductions.

rs. Filhaut, this is Mrs. Rosely, the young I spoke about at our last meeting," said

udge.

e's the best friend on earth, and has remy happiness," said Phyllis, warmly. e's had something to do with mine also," d Mrs. Filhaut, smiling. "And this hapgame is a good one to play; count me in at, if the Judge needs an assistant."

'elf, perhaps I shall need you, and the on is yours, Elenor. But mind you, no ; we must have nothing in the papers. know how sensitive I am to notoriety,"

replied Welford warningly, and his kind smile illuminated his face. Phyllis wondered at his using the lady's first name, and, true to the sex instinct for match making, thought what a nice pair they would make. Mrs. Filhaut's eyes were wonderful in depth and softness, and the younger woman looked at her admiringly. Her speculations were forgotten almost immediately, however, after the Judge's next remark.

"I shall take Mrs. Rosely out to the Madre mine tomorrow, and perhaps you would like

to come with us?"

"It would be delightful, but my dressmaker positively commands my appearance, and she is the most complete autocrat I have ever met. She has a waiting list of fashionables," answered Mrs. Filhaut, with regret. "It may be possible to follow in my own car later in the day, John," she added. This time Phyllis was positive that a look of understanding flashed between them.

"You've got a secret you're hiding from me; I believe you are engaged!" she cried mer-

rily.

"Positively, your guess is just a little out, Phyllis," said the Judge, teasingly, and they both laughed without embarrassment. Mrs. Filhaut rejoined her friends after this passage, and Judge Welford took his niece home.

He called for her promptly at ten the next morning, and Phyllis leaned happily back against the soft cushions of the car. They sped rapidly through Eastlake Park out on to the highway. In half an hour they glided along the Foothills Boulevard, flashing past miles of golden orange groves, and the girl's delight grew fast at the speeding miles. The Judge had said firmly that he had determined there would be a reconciliation that day, and that the avid sensational press would learn nothing of it—it would be a blank to them.

Beyond Glendora the car turned abruptly into a steep mountain road which climbed and crossed deep cañons. Up and ever up, for many miles. They passed the sweet smelling pines, and climbed the next range into the chaparral country. A sharp turn on the crest of the ridge brought them suddenly among the mine buildings. A man stepped out from the commissary and spoke respectfully to the Judge.

"Has Mr. Rosely arrived yet, Wilson?" asked Welford.

"Yes, Judge; he came late last night, and is over the bridge somewhere looking at the outcroppings. He ought to be back most any time, and you had better wait in the office."

The Judge helped Phyllis out of the car, and patted her hand reassuringly as they walked up the hill path. The engineer's office stood apart from the mine houses, nearly one hundred yards up the slope.

"Cheer up, little girl! I am determined that everything shall turn out well. I have prepared a wonderful little homily for that erring young man. And remember, I very seldom lose a case," said the Judge, cheerily and with

great firmness, as they entered the office.

The door of the inner room was closed, and Phyllis walked over to the window to hide her emotion. She wanted to watch the path for her husband. She gazed, awed by the wildness of the country to the north. Ridge after ridge of chaparral and cañons, and beyond, gaunt, jagged peaks raised to the skyline in endless

series of ranges.

"Now I'm all ready for him, Phyllis—just you leave it all to me," said the Judge, stepping to her side. Phyllis turned, smiling a little wistfully, for Judge Welford's nervousness exceeded her own. A faint scream startled him. The inner door had opened, and a darkeyed, broad-shouldered young man stood staring at them, plainly amazed. It was George Rosely, and he had been in the other room when they arrived. The Judge had ample time to gauge the young man, for Phyllis had rushed into his arms, and he held her tightly as they murmured together. He discarded his homily and all other words, finding a vocal vent by laughing happily.

"I'll just inspect the mine for a while, Rosely," he said, and opened the door, doubting whether they had heard him. But the sudden appearance of Mrs. Filhaut prevented him from leaving. Phyllis dragged her husband forward and presented him proudly, while

everybody talked and laughed.

"I guess that it's a little too late to help, but things have worked out very nicely without me. John, dear, we have troubles of our own. Have

you seen the papers today?"

"No, Elenor, we have kept everything secret, thank God; there'll be no sensation about this," the Judge answered.

"Look, John!" The Judge took the paper, and they all laughed merrily at his look of dismay. In one column appeared a glowing account of the Rosely reconciliation, with a warm tribute to Judge Welford for guiding his beautiful niece back to her husband and everlasting happiness.

"That's not all, John dear," said Mrs. Filhaut, laying a tender hand on his shoulder. On the front page, in glaring headlines, they read: "Secret Marriage of Judge Welford and Beautiful Tourist. Knot Tied in Bakersfield." Then followed a romantic account of a two hundred mile ride in a fast car after night, and how the Judge's identity had been hidden under the plain signature of John Welford. There were photographs and superlative descriptions of the bride's beauty; also a vivid picture of a jolly Justice roused from his sleep to perform the ceremony, and the whole illustrated with an amazing sketch entitled, "The Mad Speed Monster Dashing Through the Murk of Night with the Elopers."

"And we were married secretly to escape comment in the papers," sighed Mrs. Welford. The Judge's eyes twinkled; he laughed heartily.

"The reporters are omnipotent, and anything omnipotent justifies itself." he said judicially. "I'll resign from the bench and give some young lawyer a chance. Rosely, we're going on our honeymoon. If you want a week's vacation, take it; I leave everything in your charge."

They looked back as Mrs. Welford's car carried them away. Phyllis and her husband were standing by the window looking solemnly out at the wonderland of cañons and mountains.

"Together means a good deal," said the Judge to his beautiful wife.

"Everything worth having," she replied

gently.

Song By R. R. GREENWOOD

Out of the hush of the misty dawn,
Out of the vision of pearl and rose,
Over the dew-washed fields forlorn,
My song on its distant journey goes.
Threading the sea of the silver mist,
Winging the lanes of the deepening blue,
Far through the hours that the morning kissed,
Far to the twilight's dream—and you.

Chile the Bountiful

(Our Sister Republic)

· By CAPT. E. ARMITAGE McCANN

NTIONING Chile to most people conjures up a picture of a wild country, somenear the South Pole, inhabited by a of savage Indians and semi-civilized

or less correct picture, since the Spanish quest for gold were continually at war e untamable and occasionally cannibal nian and other Indian tribes, and even southermost parts are chiefly inhabited rely uncivilized Patagonians, Fuegians ters, who spend a miserable existence clothes or shelter, living on shellfish as easls; in times of particular distress off the old women rather than the dogs "Doggie catch otter, old woman no." ever since September 18, 1810, when leclared its independence from the Crown and became a republic under

Crown and became a republic under a Guberuativa," it has progressed by id bounds. The republicans adopted a policy instead of cruelty towards the so that they and the government with ish capitalists, who went to work the s, have lived in amity ever since. At the the population was estimated to be 00,000, whereas it is now over 4,000-enormous increase for 100 years.

wars have in this period disturbed to of the country, one civil war in 1891, ainst the Confederation of Peru and in 1836, and again with these countries 179 to 1881. In each case Chile was is, in the latter taking by storm Lima, ital of Peru. The echoes of this, which sundary war fomented by Spain, jealous progress of her lost territories, is still in Washington, where our government voring to arbitrate the boundary questoth Peru and Chile claim the port of at present Chilean by conquest) while desires it as an outlet to the sea.

is peculiar in that it has length almost breadth, being 2629 miles long with average width of 100 miles. So that, tends from 18 to 56 degrees south, it arge range of climate, practically all of it being on the western slope of the Andes Mountains and composed of land that has risen from the sea and is still doing so.

The northern parts, containing the valuable nitrate of soda beds, is torrid and waterless; the southern section is black and inhospitable, though mostly well wooded; but in the centre, in the neighborhood of Santiago, the capital, the climate is temperate with an abundance of rain and sunshine, so that Valparaiso, or the Vale of Paradise, is not an unsuitable name for the chief seaport.

It is considered by historians that the progress of this country is greater than that of any other, some even going so far as to declare that, in years to come, this will be described as the Chilean era, and there is no reason why this prosperity should not continue and increase indefinitely, as the land is rich in minerals, the most important of which is the nitrate of soda (used for fertilizer and explosive making) of which the annual export is some 2,000,000 tons annually, valued at \$35,000,000. Copper comes next with 42,000 tons; then there are rich deposits of silver, gold, coal, iron, iodine, borate, sulphur and guano.

Agriculture, the backbone industry of any country, is in a flourishing condition and enormous quantities of cattle, horses and sheep roam over the plains and hills, while all kinds of cereals are grown for home consumption and export.

Fruit growing is carried on on a large scale, many of the fruits, as are potatoes, being indigenous to the country. In this connection it is interesting to note that the seed stones which started the peach growing industry of California came from the garden of Mrs. Cutts in Valparaiso, and that now after all these years, Chile has commenced to export their choice dessert fruit to the New York market, this being made possible by the fast refrigerator ships now running there via Panama, and profitable—because, their autumn being our spring, these fruits arrive here "out of season."

The opening of the canal makes a great difference to Chile and Peru, as it obviates the

distressing and frequently hazardous voyage around Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan, so that one can now go from New York to Valparaiso in about eighteen days of, as a rule, continuously fine weather; from there the absorbingly interesting journey to Buenos Ayres can be taken by the Transandine Railway, which ascends precipitous mountains, climbs zigzag over apparently unsurmountable eminences, creeps along by the side of ravines, and enters tunnels which, in the savage scenery of the Andes, suggest the entrance to Hades. The trains appear to crawl like flies over the stupendous rocks, and passengers who gaze out grow sick and dizzy at the prospects of ravine and mountain which the journey affords.

At Cumbre, the highest point to which the railway goes, some 12,000 feet above sea level, stands a colossal statue of Christ, marking the frontier with Argentina. This statue, made from cannon captured during the Paraguayan wars, was placed there to commemorate the treaty of peace between the two republics, as a sign that never more should there be war between them.

From Buenos Ayres one can obtain a fast boat to Europe or back to this country.

Going Ashore at Valparaiso

One can not everywhere walk aboard or ashore from a ship as comfortably as in American ports. In Valparaiso, Chile, for instance, the ship lies to the buoys out in the bay and is met by a fleet of boats, rowing and motor, which for a fee take one ashore with one's baggage. These fleteros, as they are called, are very numerous. When a passenger ship arrives, the police boat keeps them back until the officials have cleared the ship, when on the blowing of its whistle, they make one mad rush for the gangway and swarm aboard like a howling mob of unkempt maniacs.

As there are no longitudinal railways, all coastal travel is done by ship, so these fleteros are useful, but they do need, for the credit of the country, more organizing and restraining. Loading Silver Ore to Make Silver Dollars

Bolivia, one of the tropical Andean republics, is among the world's chief producers of minerals, but has no seaboard, all of its imports and exports having to come through Peru and Chile. This is one of the principal

points at issue with the conferences between these countries now being held at Washington, with this country acting as arbitrator.

Time was when the natives made their own silver and goldware, and very beautiful it was, but these are countries of lost civilization and forgotten arts.

Corn in Chile

In this country we eat corn in more different ways than in most others. In Europe it is used only as corn flour (corn starch) and recently a little as sweet corn. There is not enough sun there to ripen it, and it is only in warm corners that one can grow green corn. In England it is called Indian corn, or maize. Corn there means wheat.

In South Africa, besides the imported conflour, it is only eaten coarsely ground as a porridge called mealie pap; this is the staple diet of the natives, and is all you get when you go to jail. This country both grows and imports it.

Australia grows and exports a great deal, but does not eat much.

In South America, however, it is an important item of consumption as well as export, and here, especially in Chile, they have a different way of preparing it, which is quite nice and well worth trying. They take the com and boil it with a little soda until it swells and opens out, then boil dried peaches, chop them and mix the two. Wheat is also treated the same way, and is quite as popular, if not more so. Street vendors have this on a tray or stool and serve a small basin of it for about one of our cents. It makes a sustaining snack, when one does not want, or can not afford, a full meal.

El Guasito a Caballo

The itinerant farm laborer in Chile carries on his horse his bed, board and family, as he wanders from farm to farm doing a little work here and less there, just so long as he can get enough to eat and drink for himself and wife, but he is a useful chap when he does get going, especially in handling cattle.

The town laborer, on the other hand, has to work hard for many hours a day, just because he has acquired the urban habit, with a house, and must have his movies, and his wife has to have a silk dress for Sundays.

These natives are of sturdy and intelligent Araucanian Indian strain; many of them have Spanish blood also.

"Show Day at Folsom Prison"

"When we get out, we fool around—till we get in again; When you think the matter over, we're a funny lot of men. But then we do a lot of good, as sure as we draw breath—If it wasn't for the likes of us—the cops would starve to death.

By WALTER J. NORTON

sang the convict comedian and one pusand prison inmates applauded his

ou think you are an actor?" rasps out stra leader—"Who ever told you that l act?"

re is a actor, boss—why, man, ain't ah I de 'Big Houses'—Joliet, Sing Sing, ntin and Folsom—Yes sah! Ah sure d 'em all!"

Day at Folsom Prison (California) is on which even the most serious minded mates put away their grouch and the young—guards and prisoners—enjoy is together.

ew auditorium was dedicated with a and vaudeville performance on July 4th, 1922.

roduction was managed and played 1 talent. J. "Happy" Gordon and Best did not only manage the affair ed important acts as is indicated by am. Gordon as interlocutor and Best if the premier endmen, can be seen istration below (Gordon, center; Best, left) while the writer had the honor ring the end chair on the extreme right. a great deal has been said and puboth for and against the prison show is held by some that motion pictures, or amusement of any kind, only enthe prisoner in wrong-doing, as it s stay in prison too pleasant. Those pinion claim that when a man is reat he is more apt to return to crime ws he has a pleasant place to return s caught again in the net. ninent district attorney once said to

prison should be four walls—and lifferent. We send men to jail to be and while there they should be conhinking of their misdeeds. They 'Big-House' is the convict slang for peni-This article is by a prisoner and is the "low-

a prison theatrical performance.

should have to face the grind—and then when they do get out they will be more careful about breaking laws and getting back in again."

I give this man's opinion only to illustrate what I've heard and read many times. Still there are other people who, fortunately for the confined man, think differently. To my knowledge there is not a prison in the country today where amusements for the inmates are not only permitted but encouraged. The fact that each state has in recent years made such things possible for its prisoners, should prove. I think, that the prison show idea is a success and is beneficial. The old idea of leaving a man alone with his remorse, his imaginary cause for revenge, his mental morbidness—the many conflicting emotions that are bound to be his if only permitted to brood and think—is wrong and is an ancient, as well as a decidedly short sighted view.

The best part of the prison show scheme is that it gives the prisoner, if he is a participant, something constructive rather than destructive to think about and do. If he is merely one of the audience it gives him something to look forward to, as do the local ball games and weekly picture shows. It also furnishes wholesome food for thought of something other than one's self.

A man should not think too much about himself or his past. We find here in prison that such thoughts endangers hopes for a better future. A brooding man (be he cowardly or brave) is dangerous. Teach your prisoners to smile and let them learn, if they will, that the genuine pleasures they get from wholesome amusements, while confined, are only the reflection in miniature of those that are possible for them to attain later-if they conduct themselves as they should when free. Let the the prisoner have a few of the little enjoyable things that he failed to appreciate or realize as enjoyable, during his busy misspent career, and he will probably deem the larger and better things worth trying for.

PROGROM RENDERED ON JULY 4TH, 1922. REPRESA MINSTREL AND VAUDEVILLE COMPANY State Prison at Folsom July 4th, 1922.

GRAND OPENING

MERRY MONARCHS OF MINSTRELSY: INTERLOCUTOR

J. "Happy" Gordon Liberty, Evans, Campbell, Wignall, Dixon, Fleming, Pettinger, Ryan, Norton, Guiear, Apau, Throckmorton, Price, Davis, Nesbitt, Kelly, Gordon, Jones, Jordon, Canton, Salinas, Brandt, Saunders, Wilson, Toth, Best.
"Tuck Me To Sleep In My Old 'Tucky Home"
"Who Discovered Dixie?"

"In Candy Land With You" Wignall "On The 'Gin 'Gin, 'Ginny Shore - - W
"Pick Me Up, and Lay Me Down in Dear Old Wilson

"Novelty Number" -- - Canton Gordon and Toth Special Number, "The Sheik"
Introducing Premier End Men Robertson Norton and Best "Battle Cry of Freedom" Introducing for the first time the ballad

"Star of Mine" - Words and Music by F. G. Forrest Liberty Norton

"She's Mine, All Mine" - "Who Discovered Dixie?"

OI IO

- Hammerlock Trio-Throckmorton, Schenk, Yorke.
- The Irish Chatter-box—"Doc" Shannon.
- 3. Billy Brown's Hawaiian Entertainers-Cartella, Fernandez, Apau, Wignall, McAlpin, Guiear. Hula "Girls"—Prieto, Ruis, Benurt, Brown.
- A Pair of Nuts-Wilson, (Red and Red) Brandt.
- Jones-Gordon & Co.
- Fifteen Minutes of Grand Opera-Salinas.
- Norton and Best-Norton and Best on a ranch out West, Where bard meets bard in an old barnyard.

INTERMISSION

"The Crusaders" Represa Concert Orchestra 8. Brown's Entertainers, Presenting Entertainment De Luxe—Kleen—Klever—Klassy. Cabaret Manager **Bost** Waiter Chester Entertainers—Wallace, "Miss" Wilson; Tillman, "Miss" Bennett; Richardson, "Miss" Billy Brown; Guest, "Miss" J. Brown; Johnson Offutt, "Miss"

Maxwell. Featuring "Madame" Wade. In the above program you will note that the names are pretty much the same as those you will find anywhere and my experience has taught me that men in prison (on the whole) are pretty much the same as the men I've met elsewhere in the world. Yes-just men. with all of the needs of men and with all of the faults of men; many weak, some more than others; but all decidedly human.

All men have certain lessons to learn. Some are more difficult to teach than others. The majority, the more apt pupils in the school of life, are fortunate enough to learn outside the pale; while others, like myself, have figured wrong and we are detained for a recount and must check up under a more strict system than the rest. But many of us will "get there" finally, if we are permitted to continue to smile; and we think that we shall be, in spite of a few of our "long haired" brethren who rave of "four walls and dark age methods."

But to return to our main theme—the prison entertainment:

The first night show is given for trusties and office men who cannot leave their work to see the day show. The show for the "main line" is on the following morning. This is the performance at which the local "hams" have to 'do their stuff," because nowhere in the world is criticism more exacting than behind prison walls. If a performer does not make good be gets a fine "panning" from the crowd.

These boys have been all over the world; have seen every kind of a show there is to see. They want to see a real show, and it's best not to disappoint them. Remember it's not like showing a one night stand, to move on the next day to another stop. The prison actor takes his place next day in the quant, or the shop, and he is going to hear for the next three hundred and sixty-five days just what kind of good he was —good or no good. The managers are "wise" to all of this beforehand and it follows that the very best of talest Consequently the show is far is selected. superior to the ordinary vaudeville performance outside, as we have a great deal of talent to pick from right at our door, and because the members of no other troupe in the world would subject themselves to such a hard grind of rehearsals as prison performers do.

The last night performance is known as "The Free Show." About eight hundred people attended our last one. This is another argument in favor of prison entertainment.

Not so many years ago it was considered unsafe to allow ladies to enter prison grounds as visitors while convicts were in the yard at work. If men had women visitors they had to see them in the reception room outside of the inner walls, and casual women visitors were only permitted after the general lock-up. This year not only ladies, but children—little tots of all ages—enjoyed our performance, and all were seemingly delighted.

Not one joke was used that one wouldn't be glad to have his own mother or his sister hear and enjoy. No one was insulted and it was gratifying to see a company of fifty-eight convicts capable of conducting themselves gentlemen-and doing it! I would like to ask

uch a thing were possible twenty-five years when entertainments in prison were rarely, t all, tolerated.

he prison show brings citizens into closer in with their less fortunate brothers, and s away with the idea that a man is necessly a ferocious beast simply because society s it best to confine him until he finds his er self.

he performance lasted three and one-half rs; the minstrel taking one hour. The gs" were mostly local, good, clean puns on officials and well known prisoners, with an usional fling at some judge, district attorney letective. All present were "good losers," big enough to take a joke as given, in good it

ome of the "boys" are old-time profesals and the leading music publishers of the ntry gave us "Artist Copy Courtesy" on the late songs and orchestrations. The ad—"Star of Mine"—was written by our testra leader, F. G. Forrest. Sooner or r this number will be published and judging the "hit" it made here the song is sure to a success.

'arodies on songs were made by the premier men to fit the occasion.

humber one in the Olio had to be canceled he last moment, as Yorke, one of our acro, broke his arm rehearsing a barrel-dive.
"Doc" Shannon as "The Irish Chatter"showed the same speed he did years ago Vaudeville and Concert "time." Brown's vaiians led as a musical feature, and "Red Red" are the "guys" that put the "Ire" Ireland.

nagine a dull, forgetful, English near-highw, of nonchalant mien, trying to get things ight in his new American surroundings, with aid but the advice of a lumbering, corn-fed ro of the "coal pile" type, and you have side-splitting skit of Jones, Gordon & Co., nutshell.

I was just on me bloomin' way for a gallop in suddenly I remembered I had forgotten tething, doncherno, and then, blime me, if I n't forget what I'd remembered I'd forgot" says Jones.

'Yo all say, yo was gwine for a gallop, and e forgot somethin', maybe you all done for yo hoss," suggests the helpful Gordon. Fordon featured the late song hit "She's a

sordon featured the late song hit "She's a an Job" and "put it over" in true Al Jolson e.

Salinas in "Fifteen Minutes from Aida" led variety to the "bill" and the young tenor

did himself proud.

If you were a rancher and found a tramp hiding in your hay stack just after reading the news that a convict had escaped the big prison nearby and you recognized the trespasser by his picture in the paper as the wanted man, perhaps your discovery would at least interest you. But if the tramp in turn recognized you as one of his former cellmates and prison cronies, I'll venture that the situation would become somewhat tense. It would also afford you a chance for a prolonged exchange of confidence as it did "Norton & Best, On a Ranch Out West."

The after-piece was presented by our talented colored brothers. This was a cabaret scene and true to life. Buck and Wing dancing, jazz songs and "hops" given as only darkies can give them. The "Misses" featured on the "bill" are not "mis-outs," "mistakes," or "misfits," but real "honest to goodness" female impersonators and by their work would make even the famous Eltinge "sit up and take notice." This act was indeed "Klean, Klever and Klassy"—a snappy finale to a very snappy show. From the first rehearsal to the last performance Warden J. J. Smith was behind the project whole-heartedly. He asked for the best we had in us and we tried to respond. That's the main idea—putting men on their mettle; testing out their self-reliance, and encouraging them in good fellowship it is bound to bring about good results!

Once, not so long ago, the play "Alias Jimmie Valentine" was given for the inmates of a certain prison. During the performance a little boy and a little girl sang. As these children stood there entertaining, I noticed tears trickling down the faces of more than one "old timer." Some of those long term inmates hadn't seen a child before that day for fifteen or twenty years, and years are long when there are no little children around. The music of their babbling baby voices brought blinding tears to the eyes of those caged men.

It doesn't matter how hardened a man may have become, if you can reach him through pathos or humor you have proved him human. Reformation for those who need it is more or less of a difficult climb. But many, who in spite of a rather hectic past, have still retained some few shreads of self-respect, would court, not charity, but a chance. In the meantime finding an occasional pleasant spot by the roadside, as we wend our way onward, inspires we to the attainment of better things.

"Well, kind friends, we're truly grateful That you like our little show, Our words are crude—but never hateful Understand before we go. "Life, they say is in our makin' Mirth was meant for you and I. So 'do your stuff' 'bring home the bacon' Each and Everyone—Good-bye."

Curtain.



Making It Pleasant for Aunt Lydia

By ISABEL F. BELLOWS

RE you sure, my dear, that you renember your Aunt Lydia perfectly?" young husband of his still younger months after their marriage, on the unt Lydia was expected to arrive.

iber her! Oh, yes—that is, it is a

y years since I have seen her, and te a little child at the time. I am ald know her anywhere, though. She id to my mother when she was sick or two at her house, and to me too. The felt as if I never could be grate. Mother had a sore throat, and I Aunt Lydia wrapped it up in an old ocking, and was so funny about it her remonstrated; and she let me bubbles in the kitchen.

that's all right," answered her hustut you are sure she'll like all these nts we are making for her? I am to get the symphony concert tickets, thing you want. But do you rehether she cares for music?"

ugh, you wouldn't care for a symmeter, after never hearing any music name? I am sure she'll like it and we do for her. Doesn't this room And the dear little bathroom right and the closet with the rod and it? Isn't it lovely? And it is so ve my dear old Aunt Lydia for our isitor. Of course, there were Jacob; and Will Burnham. Oh, and Polly: I don't count them."

lson broke into a laugh, very good "No," said he, "it wouldn't do to n, if you want to call your Aunt first visitor. But what were they,

ey are just friends," explained his o came to see us; not what you visitors. You know what I mean, lon't tease when it isn't necessary!" ughed again. "Oh, yes I know what dear; I almost always know what, no matter what you say. I only t as sure that I, or even you, knew Lydia. But here goes," pulling out morandum tablet. "The car to take

you to North Station at eleven o'clock; three tickets for the symphony concert Saturday night, and perhaps I had better get the theatre tickets, too."

"If you have time, Hugh dear, that will be

great! What did we decide to see?"

"Was it Arliss in 'Disraeli,' or Bernard Shaw's 'Doctor's Dilemma?'" said Hugh, meditatively.

"Oh, Hugh, Arliss, of course; I am sure Aunt Lydia wouldn't understand Bernard Shaw. She might think it wasn't moral, you know, or something like that."

"She might," said Hugh, "and it might be difficult to explain to her just what the moral was. I shouldn't wish to undertake the job myself, but 'Disraeli' is sure. Is it the fourth or fifth time we have seen it? Never mind! The charm of Mr. Arliss' acting grows every time we see him. I shall feel very comfortable taking Aunt Lydia to see him. Goodbye, dear. I'm off. I hope you'll know Aunt Lydia when you meet her at the station!"

"You silly thing!" replied his wife, "of course I'll know her. I can almost see her now!"

Hugh grinned a pleasant grin. "I hope you'll feel that way at the station," he remarked, and departed to earn his daily bread, an occupation in which he was rather successful.

At the North Station that morning there was the usual assortment of people emerging from the train just arrived from the Northeast, and among the waiting crowd near the gate was the expectant hostess of the morning. One traveler after another passed her and went his way, but not one among them recalled the Aunt Lydia of her remembrance, and the long line was thinning fast.

"What shall I do if I can't find her?" thought the young wife, anxiously, when only three persons were left approaching the gate. One was an old man, and one a boy, neither of whom could possibly pass for Aunt Lydia. But the third, a little old woman with her head done up in a muffler, and carrying with difficulty a large bag—literally a carpet bag—two bandboxes and a bundle, and talking with some agitation to othe conductor, who was striding rapidly along the platform, carrying his tin box and his cap. This person had not exactly a familiar speech, but one which gave the watcher pause.

"Oh, that can't be! that can't be!" she said to herself, when the shrill voice and nasal intonations reached her, as the pair approached the gate, near which she was waiting.

"I never see anything like it," said the penetrating voice; "I asked the brakeman to just go with me and carry some of my bundles till I found my niece. She's waitin' for me here somewhere. I expected to see her when I got off the car, and she'd 'a' helped me with 'em; but he said he couldn't leave. That was nonsense, with the train standin' stock still in the station, an' no brake for him to turn."

"Couldn't you find a porter, ma'am?" replied the conductor, preparing to take a short

cut across the tracks.

"You mean one of them darkies in a red cap?" screamed the old lady, now almost breathless from the weight and size of her burdens. There was no longer any doubt in her niece's mind as to her identity, and shesprang forward.

"Aunt Lydia!" she cried; "is it really you?"
"My grief, is that you, Elizabeth?" panted
the almost exhausted old lady. "Here, do help
me with some of these things. I never see
such helpless men as was on that train! The
only earthly thing they done for me was to
take my things when I got off the train, and
pile 'em up again on me as soon as I fell off
the last step."

"I'll help you, Aunt Lydia," said her niece, hastily, perceiving that they were beginning to interest some of the throng waiting at the next gate, and as no porter was in sight she seized the heavy carpet bag and set off with her aunt in the direction of the waiting automobile, followed by the interested and amused eyes of the crowd.

"Here we are," she cried, as the chauffeur sprang to the rescue. "Get in, Aunt 'Lydia, and make yourself comfortable. George will look after the baggage. Have you got a trunk?"

"No!" gasped Aunt Lydia, fairly falling into the car in the excitement and relief of her rescue; "I thought I wouldn't bring a trunk. I hate to have my things out of my sight in one of them baggage cars. And they do bang the things round so when they put 'em on and off, that I knew my old trunk wouldn't stand it. It's a good trunk, too. It was my father's

and made of the best cowhide, but I didn't think it would stand the way they handle 'em nowadays. So I put everything in these boxes and bags, and kept my eye on 'em all the way down. The hired man helped me on the train with 'em, so I didn't realize what a job it would be to get 'em off. I thought somebody'd be right here to help."

"I'm afraid it all has made you very tired, Aunt Lydia," said her niece, who had now recovered sufficiently to be sympathetic.

Aunt Lydia sighed: "I do feel clean tuckered out," she said. "You see it's thirty-five years since I've been away from Brackett's Corner, and then we went to Brattleboro to a convention. Your uncle was living then, and he took all the care, and we had a real good time. I never ate better riz biscuit in my life than they gave us for tea, there. Dear me! I never expect to have such a good time again! But I'm glad to see you, Elizabeth, now that I've got my breath to say so. You're lookin' real well, and I hope your husband's well, too. How's he gettin' on in his business? They say business is pretty poor now. But I suppose you must be tolerably comfortable or you wouldn't ask your old aunt to visit you. What's the fare up from the station? I ain't goin' to impose on you for that, because I suppose we'd have taken a horsecar, or one of them big electric things, I mean, if I hadn't had such a pile of bundles and bags. I'm not such a fool as not to see that! Are we near the house vet?" And the old lady began to fumble in her capacious pocket, which was equal to holding many things besides the old-fashioned leather pocketbook that was finally brought to the surface.

"Don't do that, Aunt Lydia," exclaimed her niece, "this is our car. Hugh bought it not very long after we were married. He can drive it himself, but I use it when he is down town; I have a chauffeur from the garage where it is taken care of."

"Oh!" murmured her aunt faintly, sinking back into her seat and looking dazed. "I didn't know it was like that. Why, you're real well off, Elizabeth, ain't you?"

The young wife laughed. "We call ourselves poor, Aunt Lydia," said she. "Most of our friends have so many more things. But here we are. George will put the bags and things in the elevator, and you'll be at home in a minute."

"What!" almost screamed the visitor, as she followed the laden George into the entrance. "You ain't livin' in a flat, are you? And do

you have to go up to it in one of them awful cages? I'm afraid as death of 'em. Goodness!" she continued, as they approached the elevator; "ain't there anybody here to manage it for you? Don't tell me we've got to go on all by ourselves."

"Why, it's nothing, Aunt Lydia, it's perfectly safe. We all run it ourselves. Step

right in!"

"Ain't there any stairs?" asked Aunt Lydia piteously, trembling on the brink of the perilous ascent.

"Why, yes, there are stairs," answered her niece desperately, "plenty of them. You don't want to walk up four flights. You have to

before you get to our apartment."

"Oh, my gracious!" almost sobbed the old lady. "I guess I can't get up the four flights. What a place to live! But I suppose I'll have to go up the way you do. There ain't any real danger, is there? I've read in the papers that sometimes these things fall into the cellar, and everybody's killed!"

"This one is carefully looked after, Aunt

Lydia. Do get in."

So the poor old lady, now visibly trembling, stepped in, and took the perilous trip, with eyes tightly shut, and clinging to her niece, who was obliged to support her out of the car when they reached their destination. For when she arrived there she was in about the condition in which the Queen of Sheba found herself when she saw Solomon—there was no spirit in her!

"Now you are all right, Aunt Lydia, dear," said her niece reassuringly, unlocking the door before them. "Come in and make yourself at home. I know you'll love the view of the river and Cambridge from your bedroom window."

Aunt Lydia sighed, and gave what might be called an evasive answer. "Is this your settin' room, my dear? It looks real comfortable, and handsome, too, if it was not for such a mess of books around. I think a table cluttered up with books never looks real tidy, but maybe you can't help it. Does your husband have to have them for his work?"

"Have to have them?" countered her niece, pausing a little to present a reason comprehensible to her aunt why books should occupy so objectionable a place in their home. "We like books, and they somehow seem to accumulate. Come this way into your bedroom, Aunt Lydia. I do hope you'll be comfortable in it. It isn't very large, but it's conveniently arranged. Here's the closet, and here's the

bathroom. Let me help you unpack your boxes and things."

"No, thank you," answered Aunt Lydia firmly. "I'll attend to that myself, soon's I get my breath. I don't like anybody fussin' round my things. But do you think it's healthy to have a bathroom openin' right out of a bedroom, Elizabeth? I always was told there was danger of sewer gas or somethin' from so many pipes."

"Oh, not with modern plumbing," replied her niece, faint, but yet pursuing. "And it's so convenient to have all the hot water you want right there. I'm sure you needn't be afraid

at all."

"I don't know," answered the old lady, quite unconvinced. "When your uncle had the bathroom put into our house, we was terrible afraid of it, and had it put just as far from our bedroom as we could get it. I guess if you don't mind I'll keep the door shut and locked, my dear, and stuff a little paper in the keyhole. I think it will be safer. You see, I never was one to open my window much at night. The night air is bad for my neuralgy, so I don't want to be shut up tight with this bathroom threatenin' dear knows what kinds of poison right next to me. You don't suppose I could have a little pitcher of water and a basin right in here, do you?"

"Why, if you want it, I'll try and manage it," answered her niece. "Only I'm afraid it will take up a good deal of room. But let's put some of the boxes into the closet."

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed her aunt, peering after her at the two cross rods with their row of hangers neatly suspended from them, "what in the world are them danglin' things that fill up the whole closet? Where's a body to hang up anything?"

"Right on the dangling things," laughed her niece. "Haven't you ever happened to use hangers? They keep your clothes in shape so

nicely, and take up so little room.'

"Strikes me they take up the whole closet, and are waitin' to put your eyes out besides," muttered Aunt Lydia, turning away in weary disgust. "Give me a big hook screwed in the wall. I don't know what to make of all these new-fangled things. But 'tain't your fault, my dear," she continued, relenting as she saw the disappointment her niece could not keep wholly out of her face. "I'm dreadful old-fashioned, I suspect, and ain't been about much. Maybe these things are more handy than they look."

Elizabeth took advantage of the melting mood to hang up and stow away most of the

contents of the bags and boxes, and even succeeded in moderating her aunt's view of the fatal bathroom before lunch—a meal of which the poor old lady partook but scantily, she was so bewildered and weary. Moreover, she thought she had taken cold in the train.

"But I'll wrap my throat up in flannel," she said, "and if you can give me an onion, I'll lay it on my chest, and I know that'll keep it

from amountin' to anything.'

"I'll see that you have the onion, Aunt Lydia, though I'm not sure that there is one in the house. Hugh hates the smell of them so, that I seldom get them, even for flavoring."

But one was found, and Elizabeth was finally able to leave the old lady tucked up, looking fairly comfortable on the sofa in her room, and showing distinct signs of being sleepy. She drew a long breath as she sank into a cushioned chair in her book-cluttered living room.

"What shall I say to Hugh?" she thought. "He'll laugh; but it is really no laughing matter! It's queer I didn't remember. Well, there's nothing to do now but just make the best of it. Poor old lady!" And she began to make the best of it by following the example of her equally exhausted guest, and falling asleep in the middle of a thrilling story from one of the magazines that helped disorder the

The afternoon passed quietly. The only time Elizabeth saw her aunt was when she went to her door, and, hearing the sound of what might by courtesy be called regular breathing, she opened it an inch and beheld her lying exactly as she had left her, on the sofa fast asleep. By the time Hugh appeared she had recovered her spirits sufficiently to bear with his amusement, if not wholly to share it; and when she tapped at her aunt's door to see what progress had been made towards a reappearance, her natural cheerfulness was restored.

"Mercy to goodness gracious!" exclaimed Aunt Lydia, in answer to the second knock. "Don't tell me I've been asleep! Why, it's dark. I believe I've had a little nap. You must excuse me, Elizabeth, my dear. I meant to have set with you this afternoon, and had a real good talk. What time is it?"

"It's six o'clock. Aunt Lydia, and dinner will soon be ready. How do you feel? Is your cold any better?"

"Well, I guess it will be as soon's I wake up enough to know anything," replied the Aunt, cheerfully. "There's nothin' like an onion to cure a cold, if you get it on in time. I'll get

right up and be ready before you can say Jack

"I should be very glad if I could help you," said Elizabeth, mildly, thinking partly of her aunt, and partly of overdone cutlets, and the cook's frame of mind.

"Well, you can't," snapped out Aunt Lydia. who also did not feel inclined to reveal all her thoughts; restraint of that sort always made her irritable. "You just get out, and you'll be surprised how quick I shall come walkin' after you. Has your husband got home?"

"Oh, yes, he is reading all the books in the living room. I'll go and talk to him till you come. He hates to be interrupted when he is reading, so you had better come quickly before he has time to get really cross." answered her niece, disappearing through the door.

Her light words had more effect than she intended upon her aunt, whose sense of humor was not her trump card. She hurried into her bright green Sunday gown with breakneck speed, took off her therapeutic throat wrapping, but at the last moment stood a moment thinking, before she opened the door. "I guess I'll be on the safe side," she murmured; "I'll throw my new knit scarf round my throat, and cover up the stockin'. It'll look real stylish!"

Putting her plan into execution, she bustled out. After opening first the kitchen and then the coat-closet door, she finally found the parlor where the couple were awaiting her before a fire of real logs that lent the last touch of home to the room. Hugh's warm welcome reassured the old lady, who had felt a little in awe of one who owned a motor car and read so many books at a time, though she would not have admitted this weakness even to herself. "It's spiritooal food I'm seekin' for," she would occasionally say to a friend who found a novel interesting, "and not worldly truck," and she would have scorned herself for being in the least impressed by the ownership of an automobile. But we are all mortal!

All went well till dinner was half over, though Hugh was seen to move uneasily in his chair several times, and once in a while to give a mild sniff in various directions. Finally he burst forth:

"What do you suppose Maggie is doing with onions now? This room is filled with them."

Poor Elizabeth, who knew Maggie's innocence in the matter only too well, stammered that one of the windows might be opened a little, which would make the odor less,

"Why, it's fearful!" insisted her husband,

looking about him wildly. "I never smelt anything like it. What in thunder does it mean?"

"Oh, my land!" shrieked Aunt Lydia, at last catching the idea, "it's my onion poultice. I had a sore throat I got on the train, and I forgot all about that you didn't like the smell. I'll go and take it right off!"

And, amid a shower of polite remonstrances, mostly uttered by Elizabeth, Aunt Lydia retired from the scene, to return less fragrant, though not without some lingering aroma, to her amused hosts.

"Wrap the scarf closely about your throat, Aunt Lydia, so you won't miss the bandage. I hope it won't be bad for you to be without it. You must excuse Hugh; he was born so, and of course he didn't know where the smell came from. If he had, he'd have died before he would have said anything, wouldn't you, Hugh?" and not daring to wait for a reply, as he looked like the poet Hafiz, who had nothing to do with penitence, she arose and wound the scarf carefully about the old lady's throat, talking cheerful nonsense all the time, until there was hope that the incident might be regarded, by author and victim alike, as closed.

The evening passed without disaster, and though a faint, unwonted fragrance lingered in the air, the only token Hugh gave of any knowledge of its presence was to smoke a few more cigarettes than usual. Even this resource had its limitations, as Aunt Lydia did not like the smell of tobacco, and did not approve of the smoking habit; so the smoker had to retire to the uttermost parts of the room, and breathe out his smoke thorough a partly opened window. However, by dividing the time judiciously between the claims of onion and tobacco, and the respect due to age from youth, they got through the evening as Sir Toby Belch thought would be the probable case with the duel he had promoted—without perdition of souls.

The next morning Aunt Lydia had quite recovered, thus proving the excellence of her favorite remedy; but she declined to accompany her niece on a round of domestic errands that were necessary, saying that she had some knitting that she brought with her to finish, and she thought it was a good time to work on it. So Elizabeth went forth alone, and as often happens, was kept longer than she expected at the over-crowded markets and shops. She returned a trifle breathless, and apologetic, and called out as she opened the door:

"I have been gone centuries, Aunt Lydia. I hope you have been a good girl all the time,

and haven't felt deserted;" when, to her dismay, she saw that her aunt was sitting in the middle of the parlor in tears, with her knitting bag lying useless in a chair, and unable to reply to her light words other than by a sniff, and the application of a very large handkerchief to her eyes.

"Why, Aunt Lydia!" she exclaimed. "What has happened? Have you been lonely or frightened or anything? Are you feeling ill? Do tell me!" Her aunt gave a sniff loud enough to rouse the whole neighborhood.

"I ain't sick," she said gloomily. "I don't suppose I'm sick; but I'm perishin' thirsty, and I can't get a drink of water anywhere."

"Why," said Elizabeth, "we drink the water from the faucets, after letting it run a while to empty the pipes, which aren't lead anyway."

"Well, I was just gettin' ready to risk my life by doin' that," answered Aunt Lydia, "but I've always been told that the water that comes out of city pipes is rank poison, no more nor less."

"But why didn't you speak to Maggie in the kitchen, Aunt Lydia? She would have given you some water."

"Well, I did peek into the kitchen," replied the aunt, plaintively, "and she wasn't there. I s'posed she'd take advantage of your goin' out to go herself. They tell me you can't trust hired girls nowadays out of your sight."

"I can trust Maggie, I know," exclaimed Elizabeth. "She probably was doing her room or something, but she will bring it to you now." And she touched the electric bell.

now." And she touched the electric bell.
"Oh," said her aunt, "is that little thing a bell? I did go out into the entry way, where that big thing you called the switch board is, and I looked at it, wondering if I dared try to raise anybody by pushin' one of the buttons. But I didn't know whether I'd raise the police, or the selectmen, or the fire company, if I tried one of them. I can't say that if I'd been sure which one of them was the fire company, I wouldn't have rung it, and taken a drink out of the hose," she continued, cheering up perceptibly as Maggie appeared bearing the water, "but I didn't darst to risk it."

"I'm awfully sorry," sympathized her niece, "but if you really feel better now, let's look at this book of old family photographs and daguerreotypes. I am sure you will find some of your relatives among them."

Aunt Lydia was delighted. "Why, there's your mother," she exclaimed rapturously, "when she was a little girl, dressed in low neck and short sleeves, the way they used to dress

'em then. I don't see why any of them lived to grow up, with their bare necks and arms. She was a sweet, pretty child, and brought up to have real good manners, I'll say that." The occupation proved so interesting that lunch time came with unlooked-for rapidity.

"Hugh is going to send the car this afternoon for us to take a little turn to see the sights, Aunt Lydia. Don't you want to take a little

rest before we go?"

"I'd better get at my knitting," was the reply. "I don't care much for sightseein'; it's awful tiresome, and gives me a crick in the neck. Why don't we jest sit here and talk?"

Elizabeth's heart went down. "Ca lovely day, Aunt Lydia," she said. sure you will like to see the State House, and the Shaw Monument, and the Public Library and then go across the bridge to Cambridge, and look at some of the Harvard College buildings. Or perhaps we might go to the Arboretum; it is pretty along the Fenway. I know

you will enjoy it."

"Well, jes' as you say," responded Aunt Lydia, resignedly. "But I ain't much for scenery. I went with your uncle to the White Mountains once, and there was a lot of people stretchin' their necks in all directions tryin' to see some particular mountain or other. sounded to me terrible foolish. I didn't care which hump I was lookin' at, an' I wished it wasn't there, so's I could get some sort of a view. Shall we be back in time for me to do a little knittin' before dinner?"

"We can be back any time," answered her niece patiently, "but we are going to the theatre tonight, Aunt Lydia, so you had better be taking a little rest, instead of thinking about work.'

"Tonight!" screamed her aunt. "Well, I don't see how you live, goin' on like this, jes' as soon as you get into the house goin' out of it again; traipsin' 'round from morning till night."

"Well, if you think it will tire you too much," answered Elizabeth gently, but dreading a whole afternoon's tete-a-tete with her aunt and her knitting needles, "we won't go to see any sights. We'll just ride about a little while on quiet roads; everything is so lovely out of doors now.".

'Jes' as you say," replied Aunt Lydia, grimly, "but this winder's good enough for me. There's such a lot of passin'! I've counted seven grocers' wagons since I sat down."

Three o'clock, however, found them in the car rolling along quiet suburban roads, glowing with the late foliage of autumn. Elizabeth could not at first resist calling her aunt's attention to any especially lovely or interesting point as they passed, but all of her efforts were received in such grim silence that she finally ceased, until they reached a spot where the waters of the bay spread out before them, sparkling in the sun.

"Aunt Lydia," she cried, "I don't know any other place from which the bay looks so lovely. Don't you want to lean forward a little, so you

can look out of this window?"

Aunt Lydia sat more rigidly than ever in her seat. "I wish I was hum to work," was her only remark, and they finished their pleasuring in almost unbroken silence.

It seemed questionable whether she could be induced to go to the theatre that night, but Hugh's genial persuasiveness won the day. Aunt Lydia, with an air almost of agreeable anticipation, and decorated with a venerable mantilla, so old as to give her a subtle air of distinction, sat near the stage. She was enchanted by the "Scene in Venice." depicted on the drop curtain.

"Ain't that handsome?" she said, not moderating her tones much for the occasion. think that's a real handsome building, and them queer-shaped boats in the water are sorter pretty, too. That ain't part of the play, is it?"

"No," answered Hugh, a little hurriedly, conscious of the amused looks of the audience in the immediate vicinity. "No, that's just the curtain. It's nearly time for it to go up. Ah, the music is beginning."

"Band and all!" murmured Aunt Lydia. "Band and all!" and she sank back into her seat a little overwhelmed by the completeness of the occasion. Many were the questions she asked in her shrill voice, made more so by excitement. She was not unintelligent in grasping the main points of the play, nor unappreciative of the inimitable impersonation that has held so many audiences spellbound. Indeed, she entered into the situations so ardently, whether she perfectly understood them or or not, that the little party became uncomfortably conspicuous as the play went on, until Elizabeth began to reflect in her inmost heart that it was perhaps safer to have Aunt Lydia bored than interested.

"You had better tell Aunt Lydia that it ends well," she murmured in her husband's ear, thinking what the effect might be of the suspense of the last scene upon her aunt's vocal possibilities. Hugh obeyed, but by that time the old lady was wrought up beyond the power of comprehension. She sat so still through the premier's controlled anxiety, however, in that scene, that her companions did not notice the workings of her face, as the tears ran down her cheeks and made splashes on the ancestral mantilla. At last the moment came when the supposedly dying wife suddenly entered, smiling and resplendent, and very much alive, and then Aunt Lydia uttered a cry that filled the theatre.

"There she is, herself," she sobbed, "she

ain't dead after all!"

Elizabeth turned crimson, and Hugh made a motion as if to fly; but there was nothing to do but to assume an expression of stern detachment and sit still. In a few moments the play was over, and they lost no time in throwing their wraps about them and seeking the comparative seclusion of the crowded lobby. They could not tell at first whether their aunt was conscious of her cry or not; she seemed rather exhausted, and was willing to support herself on Hugh's strong arm as they threaded their way through the crowd to where the starter outside was shouting the numbers of the waiting vehicles. She said hardly a word on the way home, but biscuit and grape juice revived her somewhat after their return. She nodded her head emphatically as they talked of the play, and of the power and charm of the clever actor who made it interesting. Finally Elizabeth made a direct appeal: "You are glad you went, Aunt Lydia," she said, "aren't you?"

Aunt Lydia nodded still more vigorously. "Yes," she said, "I'm glad I went, even though I did holler when I didn't know what I was doin', and I expect I was mortifyin' to you. But I never see anythin' like it in all my days, and never expect to again; for I've got to go

home tomorrow, Hugh and Elizabeth. I ain't fit for this life in any way. You've been real kind, both of you, and done more than everythin' to make me enjoy myself, but I have had as much excitement and goin' about in these two days as will last me a year, and I can't stand one thing comin' so quick after another. Why, at home when we go anywheres we plan it for a long time beforehand, and talk about it for weeks afterwards, and somehow keep chawin' on it till it's real nourishin'! I can't stand one thing after another like this. It makes me feel as if my stomach was out of order. Don't think I ain't grateful, Elizabeth and Hugh, but I've just got to take that mornin' train—not the very early one, but the next, so's I can pack up comfortable, and take everything with me in your automobile. It's certainly handy to have an automobile. I've learned that much anyway: besides a lot of other things. And now it's comin' Christmas, and goodness knows what hilarity you'll be gettin' into. I got my pies to make and apple sauce to put down afore that, and I've got to go home and settle down to 'em.'

And she did. Her niece put her on the train at the North Station the next morning with her bags and bundles piled up about her, and smilingly nodded a return to the energetic farewell waved throught the car window. But she sighed a little bit as she went about her accustomed occupations.

That evening Hugh suddenly fished from his pocket three purplish tickets. "Look here," he said. "These are for the symphony concert Saturday night." And they both laughed.

"Perhaps it is just as well," he added gently. And there is no doubt that Aunt Lydia would have agreed with him.

Memoriter By CHAS I. NORTH

Once Friendship weaves her silken band,
It cannot be by time or distance broken;
And severed friends are bound by Mem'ry's hand
More closely by some little simple token.
Then what more brightly lightens up the past
With many kindly gleams of by-gone pleasure,
Than old familiar names that still hold fast
The shadow of the hand that o'er them passed,
And twined forget-me-not and friendship into measure.

Treasure

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

When something in us delves
To unexpected depths of our own selves
And, under dust of things
That we have done, strikes precious hidden ore
Of what we dreamed before,
We give best, having dreamed, when others see
A thing that starts for them a treasury.

The Mountains

By GEORGE W. BARTON

I love to roam the mountains
'Mongst crags and cañons old,
Their Alpine forests where the streams
Run over beds of mould,
To seek some walled-in valley,
And tread the grassy sod,
For my soul goes forth enchanted,
For all, all speaks of God.

I love to roam the mountains
To hear their elfin play
Such music never human hand
Can imitate, or may;
To seek some cañon river
And beside it linger long,
Beside its ripples, shallows light
To catch its wonder song;
To watch some leaping waterfall,
Its brink perhaps ne'er trod;
Their songs in every strain repeat
The song, the song of God.

I love to roam the mountains
'Neath the pine trees' gentle sway,
And breathe the resin-laden air,
Like incense, pure each day;
To seek some vantage view-point,
And scan the vista broad,
For its majesty enthralls my heart;
It bears the face of God.

The Bay Rum Industry

By R. A. SELL

can start a old saying, "Anybody can start a ose stone rolling down a mountain, but can tell where it will hit," can be apmany things, but who of the framers prohibition law thought of destroying industry on the island of St. Thomas? ned out to be a reacting affair; when c drinks could be had, no one thought sing bay rum, but when alcoholic stimvere prohibited, the misuse of bay rum and the prohibition officials found it ry to make regulations that threatened truction of the business, the bankruptcy manufacturers and the throwing out of nent of several hundred people who o other trade, or any other means of a livelihood, and that at a time when s was at the lowest ebb and when work kind was not to be found.

word "St. Thomas" on bay rum is like g" on silverware. It stands for the the world. Bay rum was first manufactor. St. Thomas in 1858, and the superior-St. Thomas bay rum has been recogy foreign countries to such an extent t. Thomas" is an established trade name s, London and many of the other leadies of Europe. This superiority is due secial quality of the leaves of the bay (Pimenta acris), which grow on the of St. John and in no other part of the

This seems to be due to special climatic ons, for bay trees have been taken from in and transplanted on St. Thomas, and slands, but in every instance the special that has made St. Thomas famous, that quality, is lost whenever the tree is under different conditions.

re the war highly rectified alcohol (poirit) was imported from Germany, but the war the importation of white rum, roduct of the sugar industry, from Porto esulted in a better product than that obby the use of potato alcohol. In both es, bay oil from St. John was used in uble distillation process.

war is over, so far as actual killing is ned, but competition, the great strife ecides who shall enjoy the luxuries of life and who shall eat the crust and crumbs, or be reduced to actual starvation—that kind of warfare knows no armistice. No sooner had the restrictions been laid upon the bay rum industry, than vigilant competition began work. On the island of St. Lucia, an English possession, a bay rum factory was quickly established and for a time it had remarkable success, but owing to the fact that they were unable to get the St. John quality of bay oil, it has not been able to take over the entire trade that has been established by St. Thomas bay rum.

The following quotations from a scientific article by Mr. F. Hardy, chemist on the Staff of the Imperial Department of Agriculture, which appeared in "The Agricultural News" of Barbados, shows the attitude of competitors:

"The manufacturers of bay rum on a large scale in those British West Indian Islands where the bay tree flourishes, would appear to have come into the sphere of practical politics. The present trading difficulties that exist between the British Empire and the United States of America and its dependencies, furnish preeminent reason why increased attention should be given to the possibilities of developing the bay rum industry in the British West Indies. The supremacy of St. Thomas, as the chief producer of bay rum in the West Indies, might now be challenged and fought with more promise of success than heretofore.

"The restrictions that are enforced in connection with the importation into, and the consumption of alcohol-containing liquids in countries belonging to the United States of America, and the strict supervision that is exercised over American industries in which alcohol is used, are bound to act appreciably as deterrents to the full development of those industries.

"No such hindrance to progress exists, or need exist, in British colonies which know no alcohol prohibition."

But the writer of that article does not admit that the failure to make a real substitute is the only thing that has kept the St. Thomas bay rum industry from complete ruin, while making the announcement that "the position of the industry in St. Thomas is much more assailable nowadays than in the past." It requires 100 pounds of green bay leaves to make one pound (a pint) of bay oil. The leaves must be carefully gathered by hand to avoid injuring the trees; they are placed on vats with sea water and boiled so that the steam passes through a regular series of coils and it usually requires about twelve hours to run off a batch of oil.

There seems to be some trouble in distinguishing the lemon-scented bay tree Bois d'Inde Citronelle (pimenta acris, citrifolia) and Bois d'Inde Anise, from the true bay tree of commerce. Both of these are quite useless for the preparation of bay rum. On the island of St. John, the true bay tree has been treated as an orchard crop and it is extensively cultivated.

Bay rum consists essentially of a solution of bay oil in alcohol mixed with water, hence the origin of the "fifty-fifty" that really contained no bay oil. While formulas are more or less of trade secrets, the following gives an idea: Bay oil 33, orange oil 2.5, pimento oil 2, alcohol 2000, water 1500, calcined magnesia 30. But real bay rum can not be obtained by the simple process of mixing; it must be distilled, left to ripen and be redistilled.

The first attempt at solving the problem without destroying the bay rum industry was an act providing that bay rum could be made of denatured alcohol, or that it could be sold if it contained a certain percent of salicylic acid; but it was very soon found that foreign countries would not buy medicated rum from the dependencies of the United States when the unadulterated article could be obtained from other countries. This seems to be unfair discrimination, since it can hardly be regarded as contrary to the spirit of the prohibition law to export undenatured bay rum to foreign countries where there are no prohibition laws; for in such countries all liquors are obtainable without restriction and there is no incentive for any one to drink bay rum, especially when it must be sold at a price much higher than the regular articles of drink.

The stories that are prevalent that users of bay rum as a beverage were able to extract the bay oil by heating a spoon, putting it in a glass of bay rum and letting it cool; that it could be extracted with a hot nail, and also that it could be filtered out by raising the bay rum to a high temperature and filtering it slowly through calcium and magnesium—all of these are discredited by the manufacturers, who claim that in all such instances, it was not bay rum, but a plain mixture of alcohol and water, the so-called "fity-fifty," that led to so many arrests.

To sove this industry, which means so much to the people of this island, and yet avoid the violation of the prohibition law, has developed into a knotty problem that is not only taxing the ingenuity of the manufactories, the skill and expediency of the prohibition officials, the time and patience and energy of the Governor and his staff, but it is now before the President of the United States, and there is every reson to think that he will appeal either to the courts or to Congress—all this for bay rum!

The following statistics are furnished by the Collector of Customs, St. Thomas: Bay run exports for 1920 to U. S. ports, \$11,711.00; to foreign ports, \$76,772; total. \$88,463. Total value of all other exports, \$37,608.00. For 1921, to U. S. ports, \$6,857; to foreign ports, \$33,739.00. Total value of all other exports for 1920 as given on the same report is \$37,608.00, and the 1921 exports were only \$11,851.00. From January 1922 to May. alcohol imported by Bornn & Sons, \$19,273.00; by all other importers, \$108,426.00. Bay rum imported by Bornn & Son, 9456 gallons; by all other exporters, 19,905 gallons. Total alcohol imported, 127,699 gallons. Total bay rum exported, 29,361 gallons.

I can not say which one is the largest, but here are the four largest bay rum manufacturers in the world: D. O. Bornn & Sons. A. H. Rilse, Virgin Island Bay Rum Co., St. Thomas Bay Rum Co.



Christmas Shopping-Spain



Review and Comment



NE hears on all sides the expression of the belief that one Joseph C. Lincoln, novelist, is by way of being a national institution. As the reviews of his new story (that whole-heartedly humorous "Fair Harbor") appear, each one brings out the point that here is a novelist "whose name becomes a household word"-to use the words of the "Boston Transcript." For some years Mr. Lincoln has been waging a mirthful campaign to cheer up his readers, and it is curious to note the wide diversity of types of humanity that welcome each one of his books as one of the pleasures of life. They're up in his own New England, they're down where the cotton grows, they're out on the prairies, they're on the coast (East or West). There is a hearty spirit of fun, a sturdy upstandingness to such a novel as "Fair Harbor" as appeal to what are perhaps the most positively American qualities each one of us has. Hildegarde Hawthorne, in the title of her delightful essay on this author, contained in a booklet distributed by the publishers, happily expressed the thought that there is a "Joseph C. Lincoln's America." It is a sunny land, where mortals that are human clear through reside, where there is an undeniable division line between right and wrong, but where man and woman are seen in a kindly light that brings out the native humor resident in their characteristics and in their deeds.

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an. One more full day gone, and you have days and a half left, with only twenty-hours' ride between you and Yokohama.

will you spend it? Well, first be sure to at Miyajima on the Inland Sea and view giant Torii that guards its shrine. It was ted in the water itself, and is the one great it that is oftenest depicted in paintings and cards, as well as upon all sorts of souvenirs ughout Japan. Then give a day to Fujia, say at Gotemba, the starting point for nt.

hen your last day at beautiful Nikko, the e of shrines and temples, where more are ted in side by side than any other place in in. You won't see as many temples at to as at Kyoto, but you will see them more y and in much more beautiful surround-

Go right through on the night train from yo. Spend a day and a half to make your if you only used a day at Gotemba.

ne thing you will miss, but I venture it will with the greatest satisfaction and pleasure as will miss the storms you had expected. I weled for two months on the same boat, never once did we have the sea rough on Pacific. It is literally sailing through sumseas. You can sit out on deck without a without a wrap, in white summer clothes, never feel discomfort from either heat or

The Pacific usually lives up to its name, as pacific, as mild and gentle as a lamb. China Sea may break the monotony by the roughness, but one can practically t on every day being a pleasant, sunone as we follow "in the Pathway of the

"HTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION"

(Continued from page 22)

se one bright star was still shining steadily, beckoning to him, and, without a moment's ancy, he followed the star and the city's like the three wise men in the desert. I he came to the first telegraph office on rute he sent this message singing over the to far-away Germany: "I am cabling y for you and my son to join me in San isco, U. S. A."

Me-ow

want to tell you," said one of our little the other morning, "what a fright I got y wedding day."

ou needn't," said the envious girl, "I saw on the street with you yesterday."—





HOTEL MARTINIQUE

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The House of Taylor

- I One block from Pennsylvania Station.
- ¶ Equally Convenient for Ammements, Shopping or Business.
- ¶ 157 Pleasant Rooms, with Private Bath,
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The restaurant prices are most moderate

400 BATHS

600 ROOMS

THE LAND OF WILLIAM TELL

(Continued from page 28)

be concealed in his hut murdered him in this lonely spot in the year 861. They fled at once, and would have escaped undiscovered had not two pet ravens of the murdered Count followed and hovered over them, croaking most accusingly as far as Zurich, where the attention of the citizens was attracted to the unusual sight. and the villains were arrested and finally executed. This miracle invested the spot where the Saint had lived with such an odor of sanctity that a Benedictine abbey was founded on the site of his lonely hut. On the 14th of September, 948, when the abbey was about to be dedicated by the Bishop of Constance, a radiant vision of the Savior, surrounded by angels, is said to have appeared to him at midnight, and heavenly voices told him that the consecration had already been performed by Christ himself. Pope Leo VIII issued a bull accepting the miracle, and giving plenary indulgence to all who should thereafter make pilgrimages to the shrine of our "Lady of the Hermit." The offerings of the pilgrims made the abbey one of the richest in Switzerland, and the abbots were created Princes of the Empire by Rudolph of Hapsberg, which title they still bear in the Roman Catholic cantons. During the revolution of 1798 the invading French army carried away many of the most costly treasures to Paris, but the monks saved the sacred image of the Virgin which had been so devoutly worshiped by St. Meinrad. For several years they took refuge in the mountains of the Tyrol, returning to the abbey in 1803, and in 1861, the one thousandth anniversary of the death of the Saint was celebrated. The abbey has been partially destroyed by fire several times, but always restored.

The Chapel of the Virgin, protected by an iron railing, and illuminated by constantly burning lamps, is the shrine in which is kept the little figure of the Virgin that belonged to St. Meinrad. It is richly dressed in gold brocade, and fairly glitters with gold and rare, precious stones. Round the chapel walls are hung grotesque votive tablets depicting every conceivable ill that human flesh is heir to. Here on the 14th of September the pilgrims assemble, many of them of the poorer classes, who, for a fee, make the pilgrimage for their richer brethren. In front of the abbey is a fountain of black marble with fourteen jets, where, according to tradition, our Savior drank



May we send you our guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls?



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SAN DIEGO Cabrillo Theater Building

SACRAMENTO 422 K Street SANTA CRUZ 96 Pacific Avenue.

BAKERSFIELD 1923 1 Street



SAN FRANCISCO, 41 Grant Ave. LOS ANGELES, 636 S. Broadway OAKLAND, 408 Fourteenth St.

STOCKTON 531 East Main St. SAN JOSE 285 S. First St

VISALIA 104 West Main Street

SANTA ROSA 523 Fourth St. FRESNO 1228 J Street

Why do you like Coffee?

Some people say on account of its flavor, others for its appetizing aroma, many because of the zest it adds to any meal, but all will agree that coffee is liked because it is an enjoyable drink. To make it a perfect one care must be used in preparation and the coffee must be of the highest grade. If

Hills Bros. Red Can COFFEE

is used, the most critical will be pleased.

after appearing to the Bishop of Constance. Here all of the pilgrims drink in commemoration of the blessed consecration.

Dickens in Bronze

She is an old negro mammy and has been in the employ of Albert Kraemer, vice-president of the Fuerst and Kraemer Company for many years. Yesterday she was dusting and when she came to a bronze bust of Charles Dickens she stopped and inquired:

"Mistah Kraemer, who am dis here gem-

"That is Charles Dickens, aunty, the noted author," replied Mr. Kraemer.

"Am dat him?" Old aunty's eyes shone with delight. "I'se done hyear a lot about dat Dickens. 'Deed, Mistah Kraemer, I'se done hyear so much about him, I allus thought he was a white gemman."—New Orleans Times-Picayune.



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which has been given a thirty years' test. Your druggist will secure it for you from his wholesaler.

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"Curious affairs you hear of these days."
"Yes? For instance?"

"Well, elopements. I just heard of a horse running away with one of our village belles."

Not Necessary

She was a very pompous lady who, having inherited a fortune, had bought a country seat, where she delighted to play the hostess.

"What beautiful chickens!" exclaimed a guest who was being shown the poultry farm. "Yes, they're all prize fowl," was the lady's

"Oh, really; do they lay every day?"

"Oh, they could, of course," said the purseproud lady, "but for people in our position it is not necessary for them to do so."

Mother (in a railroad coach, to her eightyear-old) — Mary, don't you see the people looking at you? Stop stretching your gum out in a string; chew it like a lady.—Christian Register.

"You seem pretty proud since you gave twenty-five cents to the Red Cross fund." "Yassuh," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Talk about doin' yuh bit! I jes done my two bits."

Hold Was She?

A candidate for the position of the world's meanest man has appeared in the person of the editor of a small Missouri newspaper, who published the following item in his "Social Gossip" column:

"Miss—, a young lady of 20 summers, is now on a visit to her twin brother, age 30."—Selected.

For Would-Be Authors

Called "A Western Story Number," the April issue of Denver's monthly, "The Student and Writer," leads off with an article by William

MacLeod Raine about "The Future of Western Fiction." H. Bedford Jones, who wrote a book, "The Fiction Business," which is about the most practical thing of its kind, contributes a paper on "Easy Reading—Hard Writing."

Hewlett's Essays

The Oxford University Press recently published thirty-three short articles by Maurice Hewlett under the title of "Wiltshire Essays." They are urbane, delicate, and only at times satirical. When he is this last, however, as when he pokes fun at "the egregious Edward Bok of America," or demolishes a "chuckleheaded book reviewer," he makes mincemeat of his enemy in quite the old time manner of his festive youth.

We like him best in such essays as the ones on "Border Ballads," "Quakers," "Dante," and several from the honest values of the sturdy English peasant type of character. In this point of view it seems to us that Mr. Hewlett is entirely right. The true heart of England is still "on the land," in the hearts of her toiling yeomen.

Esther, A Tragedy

Many years ago the great Frenchman, Racine, wrote "Esther, a Tragedy"—not his best work by any means, for he failed to get the deeper feeling of the Bible narrative. John Masefield, one of the most fertile of modern narrative poets, recently decided to tell this story again, so we now have Masefield's "Esther, a Tragedy," frankly "adapted and partially translated from the French by Jean Racine." The result, as published by Heinemann of London, fills sixty-eight pages. It is far from being Masefield's best work, but he has put life into the character of King Ahasuerus. The second act of the play is much the best. Haman and Mordecai are better in the plain old Bible words, and so indeed is Queen Esther.

The Bookman in its "Foreign Notes and Comments," speaks of the recent death of that famous professor at Munich, the late Dr. Herman Paul, born in 1846, and author of innumerable massive volumes on language, literature, philology, etc. Now that the war is over thoughtful men are again able to admire the patient, tireless scholarship, and the monumental results of such lives as this.

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(Continued from page 19)

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THE LAND OF WILLIAM TELL

(Continued from page 28)

be concealed in his hut murdered him in this lonely spot in the year 861. They fled at once. and would have escaped undiscovered had not two pet ravens of the murdered Count followed and hovered over them, croaking most accusingly as far as Zurich, where the attention of the citizens was attracted to the unusual sight, and the villains were arrested and finally executed. This miracle invested the spot where the Saint had lived with such an odor of sanctity that a Benedictine abbey was founded on the site of his lonely hut. On the 14th of September, 948, when the abbey was about to be dedicated by the Bishop of Constance, a radiant vision of the Savior, surrounded by angels, is said to have appeared to him at midnight, and heavenly voices told him that the consecration had already been performed by Christ himself. Pope Leo VIII issued a bull accepting the miracle, and giving plenary indulgence to all who should thereafter make pilgrimages to the shrine of our "Lady of the Hermit." The offerings of the pilgrims made the abbey one of the richest in Switzerland, and the abbots were created Princes of the Empire by Rudolph of Hapsberg, which title they still bear in the Roman Catholic cantons. During the revolution of 1798 the invading French army carried away many of the most costly treasures to Paris, but the monks saved the sacred image of the Virgin which had been so devoutly worshiped by St. Meinrad. For several years they took refuge in the mountains of the Tyrol, returning to the abbey in 1803, and in 1861, the one thousandth anniversary of the death of the Saint was celebrated. The abbey has been partially destroyed by fire several times, but always restored.

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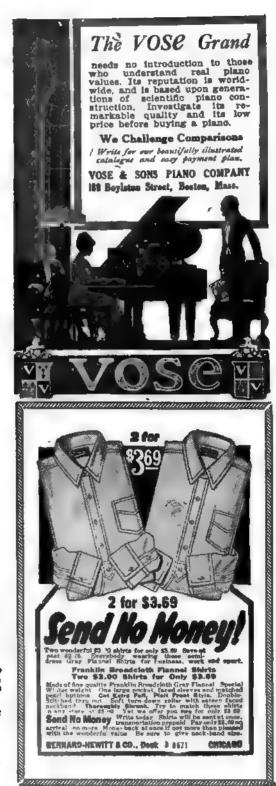


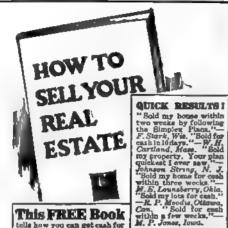
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Vol. LXXX

No. 7

Overland



Monthly

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

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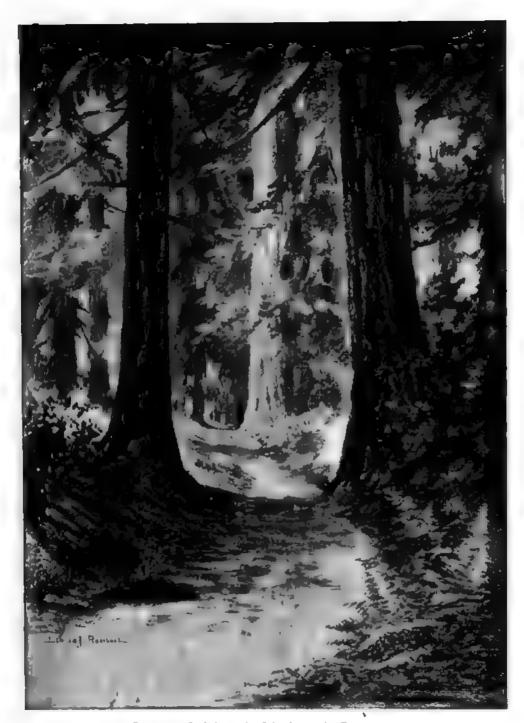
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Patches of Sunlight in the Solitudes of the Forest



Childhood



Vol. LXXX JANUARY, 1923

New Year Greetings

No. 7

By ALBERTA WING COLWELL

The New Year comes on dancing feet,
With greetings, joyous, bold,
We welcome him with outstretched arms,
And cast aside the old;
"The King is dead, long live the King!"
Twas said forev'r and aye,
The death of one, the other's birth,
The newborn New Year day.

Let us forget our broken dreams,
And start the year anew,
With hopes and resolutions brave,
And faith to carry through;
The infant year to us now brings,
A pure and shining scroll,
That we some great, some wonder deed,
Shall on its page enroll.

The scroll unreels from day to day,
With each exalted aim,
The crosses mark where we have failed,
To reach the sought-for fame;
"The King is dead, long live the King!"
The chant of warriors bold,
Let's take the New Year to our hearts,
And not regret the old.



Where Falling Water Is Perpetual Music to the Ear

An Ingenious Expedient

By FRANCES HANFORD DELANOY

OIS DINSMORE as though impelled by awith it. Everybody knows the rest of the story. whirlwind, dashed up the stairs and withormality, flung open a door, blew in, and ed it shut.

cis." came a plaintive and weak voice a young girl who lay on the bed, "I'm **llowed** to have visitors—just at present.

t Martha tell you?"

iddle-dee-dee. Broken bones aren't witals. You're not sick." Lois rushed window and jerked up the shade. "Goodsegra-cious, you look a fright." and into a rocker and heedless of a creakpard in the floor, began swaying. "Now, a broken heart you'd be an interesting d: of course Dr. Corwyn couldn't put a in splints.

is affected a girlish giggle, and then beserious, as she hitched her chair close to and shot a question: "How in the world tell me-did Lester Horning happen to be ekless? Suppose he was thinking of— Alberton? And because of her, was ntive to-was negligent?" she asked iningly: and then as though a thought had d into mind she assumed an air of solemand came to an abrupt pause as though y embarrassed.

ave you an idea—do you a single moment pect-oh, it's perfectly awful to believe. well-of course I've never heard that

• actually addicted-

sis Dinsmore," cried Vesta Minturn, iny on the defensive, "for mercy sake don't nvone that he—he was not—he never The i-de-a! His presence of mind at a I time was remarkable. Blame, if any, ith the other man who, taking chances, ing the right of way his, was speeding d a curve on the most dangerous part of ade high above Colfax. The reverberation is terrific, and neither he nor Lester was of an approaching car until on the point lision, and there was no time in which ik. Lester's car was the outer one: unless gged the extreme edge there was certain a crash. Intuitively, Lester swerved out. other car shot by without slacking speed, arth, under the weight of ours and the z of the one passing, caved and took us

Here I am, glad to be alive and no worse off. I'm sorry for Lester. He's all broken up because, while he miraculously escaped injury, I—the machine spilled us out and somersaulted down the slope. Lester fell against me and crushed me against the trunk of a tree.

Miss Dinsmore, with eyes fastened on Vesta's face, drank in every word. "H-m. That's what he says, of course," she said critically. Her tone implied disbelief. So far as Lester was concerned she was not to be disconcerted by any explanation, and holding to her point of resistance, she continued along her purposed plan. "I for one, don't take anything he says seriously.

"Where did you get those orchids?" she asked abruptly, a glint of jealousy in her narrowed eyes as her roving glance singled out a group of rare and costly blooms among an assortment of floral gifts. "Sylvia? must have come from the Alberton's orchid house. Perhaps Dr. Corwyn asked her forbut, pshaw; he seldom goes there now. know Lester didn't—he's too stingy; besides. he's too much taken up with Sylvia and—"

"Those orchids were sent to me by Lester's order, from Gray Brothers, florists," Vesta, asserted, betraying an intensity of feeling. "Under the circumstances it's not an affair for others to question." Vesta was shivering with apprehension but her eyes flashed an unmistakable warning, and Lois, to hide a wicked gleam of triumph that had leaped into her own,

looked down at the floor.

Vesta was excited and Lois pressed an advantage with pertinacity. "Do you know," said she mincingly and with intentional tact, "that ever since the accident Lester has about camped at the Albertons? Sylvia is infatuated -rather, I should say, he is madly in love with her. Her wiles? Mercy." Lois tilted her chin, rolled her eyes insinuatingly and glanced at the "Mere words are inadequate to ceiling. describe them. Such af-fec-tations.

"You're talking scandal. You know that Dr. Corwyn and Sylvia have been engaged—

"Have been? Yes. I know they were. I know a thing or two. I know that she'll never land the doctor. Yes: I know-a-thing-or-two. He'll throw her over too quick—he's not the man to marry a flirt. Tell me, does he come to see you? Lester Corning, I mean—since the accident?"

"Have I not told you, Lois, that I'm not allowed to see anyone until I'm able to leave my room? Lester's not stingy; he sends flowers every day."

"How could he consistently do less, goosey? But let me tell you, lady, Lester has acquired a reputation: 'A lady's man.' That fellow 'll be a cranky old bachelor; he'll never settle down—but there, I came purposely to tell you something. You mustn't breathe a word. It's secret. I wouldn't for the whole world have it go abroad as coming from me. I don't know that anybody else knows it—yet.

"You know that Sylvia gave a little dance on her birthday evening? Of course, even if you are laid up, you were invited. The doctor you know is always late to these affairs. Well, Sylvia and Lester, like two love birds, went into the conservatory. They were gone so long that I thought it would be fun to surprise them. I did. Yes, indeed; I did." Miss Dinsmore spoke in abbreviated sentences to impress her listener. "Yes; I did. And I was the one most surprised, believe me or not. The young man actually had an arm about her, her head on his shoulder and they were cooing like two turtle doves, and love messages flashed between their eyes. They were sitting in 'Lover's Retreat' back of the fountain and under a sheltering fern tree. There, now." Lois Dinsmore pursed her lips. "What do you think of that? Isn't some one far gone? The i-de-a of a young lady who wears a sparkler on her hand. given by another man—a man too, much too good for her-a grand man like Dr. Arthur Corwyn. Why, it's infamous. And she, posing as your friend, discussing you. 'Not a particle of taste in selecting her hats and things. Decidedly plain and old-fashioned,' she said. 'Obscures what little looks she has...' There. the cat's out of the bag. I wouldn't for the world hurt Sylvia's feelings or have her know that I ever repeat her unkind remarks. But I do think it's mean-

"Gracious; how you startled me, Arthur Corwyn. Why didn't you knock?"

Dr. Corwyn's face wore a scowl. "How's this, Miss Dinsmore?" he brusquely asked, as he followed the nurse into the room. "This'll never do." He turned to the nurse with a frown. "Did I not give express orders that no one was to be admitted? Who is to be

responsible for consequences? Excitement is
—the child is in a high fever now."

"But my dear Arthur, I, you know, am an old friend—like one of the family," interrupted Miss Dinsmore with inimitable effrontery. "Please, A'thur, don't scold Mrs. Brown; scold poor, intruding me. But just see how pink dear little Vesta's cheeks are—she was so pale and lonesome—so wan and dispirited when I came. I've chirked her up a bit; I know she's much better." Miss Lois Dinsmore stopped and touched her lips lightly to Vesta Minturn's forehead, and helping herself to a few orchids, with a "Ta-ta, sweetness," went breezily out.

"Yes Miss, Miss Sylvia is at home." The Alberton's maid had opened the door of their home to Miss Dinsmore who, breezing in, flew up the staircase and appeared before the open door of Sylvia Alberton's boudoir.

"Lois Dinsmore; you're actually cyclonic.
Did you blow down through a hole in the roof?
—Orchids?—Miltonia Phalaenopsis?" Miss
Sylvia suddenly drew back and stared. "Dr.
Corwyn brought me a group a few days ago.
We haven't one in our collection. Who gave
them to you? I don't mean to be impertinent
—but—is there a Prince Charming?"

"Did you not just now say that Dr. Corwyn brought you some? He knows where to get them." Miss Lois Dinsmore simpered, and nodded her head mysteriously, as though were she at all inclined she could spring a dozen surprises.

"I've just come from Vesta—ran in to sit a few minutes before coming here. She'll never look like—well, anything, again. A perfect fright; yellow as saffron, eyes as big as an owl's."

"I'm so glad she can see friends; I must so

"Not yet. Nobody but me, and of course Dr. Corwyn; he, himself, told me so. By the way, do you know that he goes twice a day—twice, professionally of course, each day. These orchids? I got them—but that's telling tales. Guess Arthur Corwyn can tell where they came from. No two or three blooms, either; a group of a dozen or more." Miss Lois threw herself on a chair and her tongue tripped on. "I have been wondering—did you, Sylvia, ever suspect that Lester Horning is a—drank before the dry—Vesta will always be crippled. She told me about the accident. Do you believe he uses—but then, Arthur, the doctor'll be able to take good care of her—

sodness; how thoughtless I am! Heeda better word. I promise not to tell and then—Well, who cares? When one keep one's own secrets, how can—." concealed cunning Miss Lois was designself-interrupting. "Sylvia, do you think

Mintern is at all pretty—attractive?" hot the question, and rattled on: "She I downright plain—actually ugly, this—" > me she is a sweet, lovable girl." Sylvia's was rising with her mental temperature; ter voice was tinged slightly with disaplof Miss Lois' indulgence in personalities. range, isn't it?" purred the strategist, ur Corwyn evidently is of your opinion." sonchalence was amazing. Aiming at a rable spot in Sylvia's armor, her meaning purposely obscure. But so far as she her shafts were misdirected. There was allenge in Miss Sylvia's answer, and a of defiance.

you have anything to say, say it; I deinuendoes."

thought that you and Dr. Corwyn had, at an understanding. I saw—I never saw iss or pet you; but never mind; it's not talking about."

Dr. Corwyn wants to kiss every girl he it's his personal affair, I presume—proof course, that she is willing. Did he kiss you?"

peculiar little smile meant to be coy, flitted Miss Lois' mouth and she patted the is significantly. "Dr. Corwyn is an imonable young man, you know. Just like "," she simpered. "Only a day or two told him I'd never marry any man until eve up flirting—flitting about with butter-giddy girls. 'All girls are giddy,' he rel, 'except you,'—me, he meant."

ss Sylvia's cheeks were burning and her flashing as she glared at her erstwhile "Indeed," she retorted, stiffly, "You include yourself among giddy girls? Cernot. What reply did he make?"

h, nothing—much. Said he wouldn't rany woman he could make jealous; said dn't fancy living with a cat.

wouldn't hurt Vesta's feelings for all the l; nor yours," Miss Lois declared, cunning-anging to another angle of her purpose, for goodness sake don't lisp a word I've you. It's a fact; all these months Arthur yn has been flirting with you—he's given a ring; but he's transferred his affection aracious. Noon already? Listen: the

clock is striking. I'm going to the Colby dance tonight and must take my beauty sleep. By, by, honey." And congratulating herself on her morning's work, Miss Lois Dinsmore skipped down stairs and let herself out. She had been gone less than a quarter of an hour when the Alberton's maid took a box of rare orchids from Dr. Corwyn to Miss Sylvia, who, smarting under the sting of Miss Dinsmore's tongue, knowing that there had once been a love affair between her and Dr. Corwyn, changed the card and directed the messenger to take the box to the doctor's office. Then throwing herself on a couch, she gave way to a deluge of tears.

"Just give me half a chance," she told herself, struggling to suppress emotion, "I'll flirt desperately with Lester, tonight. "I've supposed that he was devoted to Vesta Minturn. Guess men are all alike. I won't even glance at Arthur—and I won't wear his ring. But if I'm going to the Colby dance, I mustn't have red eyes and look like a forlorn hope."

Dr. Corwyn opened the box, and stared in amazement. He recognized Miss Sylvia's hand-writing on the card. A sudden dash of iced water seemed to trickle along his spine as he seized the phone and called for Sylvia.

"I do not care to talk to you, sir," came the answer, followed by click of receiver hung up. It was like the stab of an icicle, piercing his heart; and momentarily, he was aghast. Then resentment kindled and fires of indignation leaped high.

"I'll send these blooms to Lois Dinsmore," thought he as he collected his scattered wits. "It'd be a sin to let their beauty waste. After all, Lois seems to be the only young woman in this town who has a particle of stability. Fleeting beauty of face and form," he moralized, "attracts fools. Lasting beauty of heart and soul is overlooked, by fools. I'll go back to my first love; common sensible Lois whom others fail to appreciate."

He inclosed a note to Lois Dinsmore, in the box of orchids. He would find a great pleasure were he at liberty, in escorting her to the Colby dance, so he had written, but, were it not intruding on another's privilege, he would be on hand to see her safely home. And ten minutes after the box had gone he was gnashing his teeth and applying uncomplimentary names to himself on account of his impulsiveness. Why had he not waited for an explanation from Sylvia before displaying his asinine qualifications, he asked himself. And while he was raging a box of exquisite and expensive or-

chids went from Lester Horning to Vesta Minturn who promptly directed her nurse to summon a messenger and return them. Then Miss Vesta broke down completely; when her nurse went back to her room, the young lady was violently weeping.

Lester Horning was unnerved and bewildered when the box was delivered to him. He could not communicate with Miss Vesta, and under the stab that wounded his pride, and rankling resentment, with a formal note inclosed, he sent the box to Miss Lois Dinsmore. "She is less favored than the younger girls and will appreciate them," was his conviction.

"I am not dancing, tonight," Miss Sylvia told Lester when, meeting at the Colby's he asked her to dance.

"Then I'll sit with you and we'll watch the giddy throng; I'm not in dancing mood tonight."

"Quite satisfactory, Lester; I want to have a serious talk with you. Have you seen Vesta since—I suppose you know that she's been allowed to see—"

"Not to see visitors? Arthur Corwyn told me, not. I've not been allowed—none other has a better right—"

"Lois was admitted this morning—early, too. She came directly to me from her and it was not yet noon. Do you believe there is an attraction there for—a budding love affair between Vesta and—"

Lester knitted his brows in perplexity. "I don't quite understand." He was thinking of his orchids. "Let's go into the conservatory and find a place where we may talk without being overheard," he suggested as he rose.

"I'm still at sea," he admitted when they had found an obscure nook back of a palm and away from a glare of light. "It is now more than six weeks since that deplorable accident and I've not been allowed to see Vesta yet. Arthur Corwyn forbids—I've sent flowers every day, always accepted. But today, I sent a box of orchids from Gray's, and without a word of explanation they were immediately returned. It's incomprehensible."

"Ah," Miss Sylvia sighed, as she laid her hand on his arm, "then Lois did know. It's true—too true; and—" her voice trailed away in a quiver of pain.

"What does Lois know? What is true? I'm not good at riddles. Please explain."

Miss Sylvia sat staring straight ahead. Her tongue was hopelessly fettered. It seemed to

Lester that she was willfully withholding information vital to both.

"Have you and Arthur broken troth?" he suddenly blurted, straight to the point. Fear tugged at his heart and there was a queer thrill in his voice. He missed the ring from Miss Sylvia's hand.

"No-t- ex-actly," she faltered. Buf if—he—kisses—his patients—makes love to them before others it's time to—to—" Her voice snapped, with a choking sound; she covered her face with her hands. But her words, and her sudden vehemence, had struck Lester like a chilling blast. Miss Vesta had returned his floral gift.

"Tell me what Lois told you," he demanded, hoarsely. "I have every right to know. Less than an hour before the accident Vesta plighted troth with me. She is my beloved—"

"Hush. Look." Miss Sylvia had grasped his arm with a vice-like grip. "There is Arthur Corwyn with Lois hanging on his arm. See how she clings—looks at him—into his eyes. O-o-h." Her breath caught sharply with a sudden grip of heart-ache.

"Hush," cautioned Lester. "Listen to what

she is saying."

"It's common talk; everybody knows it," Miss Lois was saying. "You may not believe it but they were sitting together like wall-flowers—the longest time—so near you might have—I mean a sheet of paper couldn't have been put between them. I know; I was watching; interested because I am interested in—I thought of you—suddenly they went out. Lester didn't quite have his arm around her ach her head wasn't quite on his shoulder—Conventionality is—you know. Well, they'll make a fine couple. Lovers are always so interesting; don't you think?" Miss Lois simpered, as she tapped the doctor's arm with her fan.

"I suppose they've gone into the garden; it's moonlight," he quietly remarked; he was unaware of a note of wistfulness in his voice.

"Some one else sent me a box of orchids A'thur, just like yours—these I am wearing I'd not think of wearing another's. But isn' it horrid the way Lester has amused himsel with that sweet little Vesta. And all the time—Mer-cy. Men are such incomprehensible flirts."

"Unjust, Lois. Bees may flit from flower to flower, but even bees have favorite—Lois suppose you and I—"

"Dr. Corwyn." Mrs. Colby with anxiety (Continued on page 38)

Romance Enters In

By CHAS. E. JESTINGS

66 FILL, Ed, he won't take me for a nickel nurse. I lent him the money with the open mind of a friend. If he's honest, he'll return it, if not, he'll 'go south'-and what of that?"

"Nothing, nothing at all as far as the 'kale' goes. It's the principle of the thing," Ed replied with a smile. "Say, Al, I believe that Henry Ford would rather toss away gratis a thousand 'crashes' than to be beaten out of a thin, solitary dime. I know I would—it's all in the principle of the thing. Why, you've known this chap only a month.

"I can't be annoyed by that; I tell you I know people when I see them. Just one good glance shows me just about what a person is, and believe me, young Haines is twenty-two

karat integrity."

"I don't doubt that for a minute, but get me straight," exclaimed Ed in turn, "I don't mean to run the lad down or decry him in any way; all I mean is for you to be careful—you seem to accept friendships too readily, far too readily. Some day you might get sadly taken in."

"I can't be bothered. I know my stuff, and besides, I've never yet been scratched. You've got to allow that speaks pretty well for my

judgment. What do you say?"

"Pretty fair, all right," the other replied with a knowing smile which was, so to say,

wasted on the desert air.

At this the speakers became silent for a time. and Ed, after donning his coat and hat, stepped into the hall and took the elevator to the lower floor. He was intent that afternoon on seeing California and Stanford argue for supremacy on the gridiron.

Al was not a football fan, or, in fact, a fan of any sort save of the stage and screen. In a word, he was romantic in both thought and deed. He was athletic in neither.

Since he, Algernon Piper, had taken up his abode with Edward Cronin at the Tudor Arms apartments, things had been dull—that is, romantically dull. Algernon began to see the people all about him as social dullards. He was fresh from the East. He was not familiar with western ways. California's sons and daughters seemed distant to him-perhaps, mostly due to their formality. Algernon was an ex-Bostonian.

After Ed had departed for the football field, Al lolled in a great leather chair in his bachelor apartment. He perused the daily newspapers, and smoked another big cigar, not to appease any great hankering for the weed, but from mere force of habit. He played two games of solitaire, and became frankly bored.

At last he rose from the center table, strode over to the bay window, and idly watched the automobiles flit along the avenues below. While thus occupied, he noticed the wealthy widow, Mrs. Morgan, in her large grey car, roll up by the curb and stop, and he reflected that her life must be one always taken up with a deal of social endeavor and romance—always. He had seen her car parked at the entrance of the Tudor Arms many times before. He was certain, he told himself, that Mrs. Morgan was quite wealthy. The number of parties held at her apartment told him she was popular; and after all, riches and popularity are the keys to the gateway of romance. Algernon had money.

Thus engaged in reflection, he gazed out upon San Francisco's domes and towers, many of which lay below his position, but more of which jutted far, far above. He didn't see them. He was day-dreaming, and his reverie took his thoughts and unseeing eyes far away from the big grey car. It held no curiosity for him, for he had seen Mrs. Morgan's machine and its usual occupants many times since his arrival at the Tudor Arms.

Rap, rap. Rap-rap.

Algernon turned suddenly about. From his position at the window where he stood in idle reverie, he was roused by a series of gentle. hesitating little knocks on his door.

He had very few acquaintances, and surely none of them would be dropping in at this time in the afternoon. Certainly none of them used such faint little taps as those—for they conveyed both anxiety and indecision. He strode over to the door and opened it.

And what a sight he beheld! A girl's smile from under pretty dark lashes met him from outside the door. The girl herself was beautiful to see—light, very light complexion, carmine lips parted just a trifle, and teeth that shone in their very whiteness. A faint flush on her cheek was one that inspired confidence

as much as it conveyed modesty.

"Mr. Piper, I believe?"

"Yes, Miss, my name's Piper—Algernon Piper.

The girl spoke again and her smile beamed

all the more.

"I'm Mrs. Morgan's daughter. I suppose you know of Mrs. Harold Morgan living on the floor above. I don't like to ask-well, might I

inconvenience you a trifle?"

Algernon had come to himself and, in fact, was quite composed. He gave a little smile and bowed courteously. He appraised the girl with romantic eyes and sweeping approval. He noticed her expensive cloak, her fashionable, feather-trimmed hat, her stylish shoes, and the two diamond rings on her dainty fingers. He had heard nothing of Mrs. Morgan's daughter, but he was indeed very much interested in the lovely young lady before him, for life is sweet to most any soul when romance enters in. Algernon was absorbed when the little lady continued:

"Mother and I were going to Burlingame, and she remembered that she had left the keys inside the apartment when we came out. She's waiting in the car at the entrance while I get them and return. You see, we're both shut out. I would feel indebted," she paused doubtfully and her smile faded a bit, "if you'd allow me to go through your apartment. the keys by going up the fire-escape. The window up there isn't fastened, and it'll only take a minute."

Algernon's countenance was aglow. mance bade fair to enter into his recently dull life after all. He realized his opportunity even though his brain ran riot. At once he thought of the wealthy Mrs. Morgan above-stairs, and especially of the attractive little lady before him. Why, certainly he would help her.

"You can't get up there," he said in his gentle, bland tone, "Why, I can't allow you to attempt climbing up there under any

circumstance."

A shadow of anxiety, as it were, passed over the girl's face. She was plainly embarrassed.
"I've got to get in," she said, "I've just got

Why, we're shut on the outside, Mr. Piper."

"Let me go up there for you," he volunteered: and it seemed, to hear him speak, that her answer was for either success or ruin, "I can go up to open the door for you, and shall be glad to please you—delighted!"

The young lady hesitated. "I can go up," she ventured at length, "but if you would really be so kind—I—I would be grateful, very grateful, Mr. Piper, and I'm sure mother would too."

Algernon's pulse leapt all the while he went through the window and ascended the fireescape. Coming to the Morgan flat at last, he found, as the girl had said, that the window wasn't fastened. He readily opened it, and stepped within.

"Very silly of her mother to have left the window open," he reflected, "and absent-minded of her to run off and leave the keys behind too. Fortunate for me though," he muttered, almost

audibly, "the girl's a little queen."

Even though he knew Mrs. Morgan to be a wealthy woman, he was astonished at the luxurious appearance of her apartment. Her taste was apparent by her choice and tidy arrangement of things. Expensive portiers, costly paintings, priceless rugs and unique furniture made a sight very appealing to Algernon's appraising eye, and were, indeed, the paramount of luxury and choice selection. And now he, Algernon, was to become acquainted with the owner of this exquisitely furnished suite, and above all else—her charming daughter. Romance was his at last. He had been too pessimistic after all—even now romance promised to enter into his monotony and rescue him. She came right to his door, and if he didn't make the best of her visit, wellhe'd be slow. Algernon was luckier than most fellows, he mused, for it is very seldom, as anyone knows, that romance is compelled to venture so haphazardly abroad in chance apprehension of her own.

He went over to the door, opened it readily from the inside, and found the girl anxiously

awaiting him across the threshold.

"Oh! I'm so grateful to you, Mr. Piper," she beamed, "You have been very kind in rendering us such a timely service. I'm sure mother will be glad to thank you herself for being our benefactor. It was silly of us to forget the keys in the first place, but now-

'A mere trifle, Miss Morgan, a mere trifle." Algernon protested in an reassuring tone, "I am glad to have helped you. I am happy," he faltered, "because this mishap occurred—as it —it has given me the opportunity of meeting you, even though in this unconventional way."

The young lady's eyes dropped modestly. and then she looked him frankly in the face.

"I wish you to come up tomorrow evening to dine with—with just mother and me. She'll be glad to meet you, I know, and to express her thanks. You will be free to come?" she asked, a bit impatiently.

gernon's pulses took a bound.

have no appointment tomorrow evening," id smoothly enough, "and I accept your tion—with pleasure. Tomorrow at what Miss Morgan?"

t six," she replied, "and until that hour, voir—and, many thanks, Mr. Piper."

gernon descended by way of the stairs to wn apartment again on the floor below. corridor he met Bertram Haines, whose enance was aglow with the effect of exent. The friends greeted each other heartd entered the apartment.

sy, Al, I got over big," young Haines be-'sold the Hutchins Construction Company of the five-ton trucks, and I won't need an. Came to return it and tell the good

And say, Al, old Bramwell's tickled pink

gest single sale in five months.'

h, I knew you'd make it all right, Bert. e got the right twist on things—fine stock, line of salesmanship to go with it, and e of get-up-and-get. In the selling field, 've got the stuff, success lies in courage-lugging. I see a future for you, Bert, if eep on persevering. The world is in need ad young salesmen."

ing Haines counted out four hundred dolnd passed the roll of currency to Piper

a smile of exultation.

n glad I can do this," he said, "I can now that investment—won't be necessary for contract a debt, you know."

thanked his friend and the conversation two centered on the sales world, and ally on that portion of it where Haines utchins to pen his signature on the dotted

a half hour they thus busied themselves, hen Haines challenged his companion to ld man's game of checkers," as he put it. er had been victor when the two had I before, but today young Haines defeated omething ignominously. Was it due to tter's sale, or the former's meeting with nce? They played for two hours, and every maneuver was for Al's undoing.

he failed to reach the king-row, but ly his mind may not have been centered

igs. What of the little queen?

denly, and very abruptly. Ed Cronin into the room, his face radiant from the

effect of the invigorating air outside. He appeared excited.

"How'd the game come out?" asked young Haines.

"California won," he said breathlessly, "but that's not it. We've had crime in the Tudor Arms this very afternoon!" He thumped the palm of his left hand with his fist. "Crime, pure but difficult of explanation."

The two listeners' eyes popped out and their mouths partly opened. Cronin eloquently continued.

"The janitor caught a classy but bold little feminine burglar coming out of Mrs. Morgan's apartment about two hours ago. Can you feature that?"

"What?" exclaimed Piper.

"A girl burglar," Cronin repeated, "and what's more, a real one! Not the kind we read about, but one all class—modest, refined, fashionable. And say, boys, I gave her the double-O and feel real sorry for her."

"Did she have any loot on her?" asked

Haines.

"Well, I rather guess she did! They held her at the office until Mrs. Morgan returned a few minutes ago—didn't call the cops. They don't want notoriety, that is, of this special kind. She admitted she was caught all right, and returned from her person about twelve thousand dollars worth of diamonds."

"Will they prosecute her?" Piper asked, al-

most in a frenzy.

"I don't know for certain, Al. They think at the office that she had an accomplice. Mrs. Morgan says the door was locked—nobody could open it—almost impossible. The girl couldn't have got to the fire-escape, you know. She couldn't have climbed it anyway, if she did get to it. The interesting feature is this,—if she did have a confederate, she won't squeal. She's a sticker, and power to her!"

Algernon Piper fell limp in his chair, as one who, being dreadfully shocked, falls in a swoon; and for days afterward, he was critically ill.

Even now, Haines and Cronin wonder if their friend Al is afflicted with a weak heart. They break exciting news to him gently. Al has never enlightened them, but never since the visitation of the girl burglar at the Tudor Arms, has he read a person at a single glance.

[&]quot;And yet it has been said that some books are failures; and it will be asked why it is that publishers ntinue to advertise. There are many reasons why books fail, but only one that matters, and that is at nobody wants to read them."

—Frank Swinnerton.



A casiny day, a sittle storm, a wikily maddened sea— Alike the life that you should lead—the kind of life for me.

Sweet temper's aggravating when it's stretched a little far, And, dear, you make me wild to see how very calm you are. I am a little fidgety, but never say a word; We might have famous squabbles, and we might be so absurd.

I shouldn't so much mind it, dear, if you would only squeak, And I would be contented if we quarreled once a week—A great improvement it would be and tastefully suffice The stupid way in which we live—to add a little spice!

In Sunny California

By BLANCHE TAYLOR COONEY

When the cold winter wind is a-blowing
And the snow flakes dance in the air,
I hear a sweet voice calling:
Oh, come to a land more fair,—
And the breath of the old Pacific Ocean
In fancy I feel upon my brow,
And softly the words that are breathed are
these:
"Come to sunny California now."

When you walk neath that blue sky so cloudless

Prof. Puttle at Bear Creek

By PAUL ADAMS

R BUCK-

OU remember when you took that foreman's job down on the Rio Frio, I said would probably miss a lot by doing it. I never told no fairy story. Sence you away, more things has happened at Bear k ranch than in a coon's age before. In I ain't much of a arthur, but the boys I set down and write you about it, so goes (please pardon airers.)

te rukus starts with a letter from Sid In, who is working in the Old Man's furnistore down in San Antone. Sid writes:
terewith extends my deepest sympathy and
olements to you poor boys. We are shipyou tomorrow via the Sap No. 11, the
t, daintiest little person ever seen in these
. He's one of these here college conrs from somewheres east, and he answers
e name of Marcus Aurelius Puttle, r. s. v.
d. q., or some such initials. He is a
l of the Old Man's, and he is going to the
t o rest a spell.

ndle same with care. Don't put him on ild horses, don't let him get lost in the res and don't expose him to bad weather iss words. The Old Man will sure raise s if anything happens to little Percy while xas. You got a nice job for a while, Ed, I envy you a heap. Nursing must be a lating pastime. Best wishes to all the boys to long.

Sid.

ill, Buck, when I recovered from the shock, d to think. As long as I been foreman ar Creek ranch, the Old Man has never me as tough a job as that. I rounded up oys and told 'em a visitor was coming, a red eastern feller, and if anybody tried to my raw jokes, he might as well look for a job. Then I got out the flivver and hit reeze for Kerrville so as to meet the pro's train.

en him right off the bat as he came down teps, and I liked to have dropped dead. ood about five feet, two inches high, and one a sporty, light brown suit with short and fancy woolen socks rolled up nearly knees. He had on a cap, same color as it. His face was pink and smooth except funny little blondy mustache about the

size of a regular eyebrow. His eyes, which you could see behind the big, horn-rimmed specs, was blue and innocent-looking. And he had curly hair and polished finger nails and pretty little feet and (the Lord strike me dead if it ain't so) a gold wrist watch! Buck, I could have hollered for help.

"This is Professor Puttle, ain't it?" I asked, knowing well enough it was him but sticking out my hand and making a strenus effort to

look welcome.

We got interduced, crawled into the flivver and started for the ranch. Well, he wasn't such a bad sort, talking kinda pleasant-like and not asking too many fool questions. For a college professor, he had considerable sense.

At supper the boys was right decent. They didn't say much and acted as if they had once knew some manners, but I seen 'em stealing sly glances at the prof ever little while, and I realized it was only the quiet spell before the storm. You know old Red Collins. Red would rather play a joke on somebody than hold his job any time, and I could see he was almost ready to bust, he was so tickled.

But nothing happened until next morning. Right after breakfast we went out to the corrals to inspect some yearlings, and pretty soon the professor, all dressed up and fresh and pretty as a rosebud, come out, too. He was looking at the horses, and suddenly he brightens up and says:

"What a magnificent animal you have there!

Is he broke for riding?"

You remember Blazes. I reckon there ain't a meaner, wilder stallion in all of Kerr County than this here brute. He killed a Mexican cowpuncher two years ago, and last summer he threw Tom Crider so blamed hard that Tom broke his shoulder-blade and was laid up in bed for I don't know how long.

Red, who was standing near the prof, answers:

"Sure, Blazes is a fine riding hoss. You-all want to try him a round?"

Well, in a jiffy, before I could do a thing, that scoundrel Red was saddling Blazes for the prof. A shiver chased up and down my spine. If I objected, the prof might get insulted, and if he got on Blazes he would probably get killed. But some of the boys come to my rescue. They

mounted their ponies and gathered in close, ready to rush in and grab the stallion before he got too rough with Percy.

The prof he had Red shorten the stirrup straps, and he inspected the girths and the bit and acted like as if he knew something about riding. Then, light as a feather and almost before we knew it, he jumped into the saddle. Red let go the bridle. For a minute Blazes stood there still as a statue; then he jest plumb exploded like a torpedo. He went ever which way at once.

The boys dashed in, but the prof waved 'em off. He was cool as a cucumber. Buck, I reckon our eyes stood out a foot. Prof. Marcus Aurelius Puttle was sticking to that brute's back like a piece of court plaster. It made Blazes plumb wrathful and he went through some of his fanciest tricks, cutting all sorts of capers. But it wasn't no use. The prof was with him every jump. The scrap lasted quite a while, but finely Blazes sorta wore out and gave it up. The prof, smiling a little, slipped to the ground and handed the reins to Red.

"As a horseman, you're a regular aviater, professor," I said. "Where did you learn it?"

"I used to practice somewhat at a riding school," he answered sorta careless-like, and that was all he ever said about it.

Well, we was some surprised. The prof walked back to the house, and the boys begun to rawhide Red about his little joke which had went off so well. They laid it on good and thick, and old Red shut up tighter than a clam. You know, there's one thing a practical joker can't never stand a-tall, and that's a joke on himself. He'll laugh louder than anybody at the other feller, but when it comes to him being the target, he gets gloomy as a tombstone. Red looked mighty sorrowful, but the boys didn't let up none.

Two or three days passed, and nothing much happened. The prof went around cheerful and interested in things and no more bothersome than the average tenderfoot. Red was sure miserable. The boys didn't show no mercy whatever, and he was getting bluer and bluer. Of course none of this hurrah business went on before our guest.

One morning the prof seen a couple of jack-rabbits on the hillside, and he asks Red what they were. For a minute Red don't answer, but seems to sorta study hard, and then all of a sudden his face lights up as if he was inspired or something and he announces impressive-like:

"Prof, them creatures is Rooshian lambs."
"Is that possible?" says the prof, genuwinely surprised but chuck full of interest. "How did they happen to get here. Mr. Colling?"

they happen to get here, Mr. Collins?"
"That's a long story," Red answers kinda

sadly, "a long and pecooliar story."

"I'd like very much to hear it," responds the prof, "if you can spare the time to tell it." "Well, one day about five years ago," begins

Red slowly, as he rolls a cigarette, "a cowboy named Joe Zukovski come to Bear Creek ranch, a-looking for a job. It was the branding season, and the foreman hired him. He was a queer feller, a Rooshian, that was born and raised in Sibery, but at a early age he come to this country and learned cow-punching.

"Joe was a good hand, but he was subject to the worst spells of homesickness I ever seen. He jest couldn't get Rooshia out of his mind. He talked all the time about his old mother and his sisters and brother Leo. I reckon maybe so, too, he had had a sweetheart over there that had went back on him, though he never mentioned her. Sometimes he jes couldn't stand it no longer, and he would bend over and cry like a little child.

"His folks was all the time sending him presents to sorta cheer him up, and one day along come a crate containing two little animals. They were Rooshian lambs, shipped to Bear Creek ranch all the way from Sibery, Rooshia. Prof, you ought to seen Joe's face when he beheld them creatures. He tore open that crate and threw his arms around them lambs and kissed 'em again and again. He was plumb overjoyed and tickled to death.

"Well, the lambs was finely turned loose in the big pasture, and they begun to multiply faster than the multiplication tables. They kept it up, and now they're everwheres all over the ranch."

"Have these sheep any commercial possibilities?" asked Prof Puttle, considerable eager.

"I should reckon they have!" exclaimed Red enthusiastically, slapping the prof's shoulder. "Why, if a man was to corral a few of these here lambs and devote his time to raising em in a scientific manner, he would make a fortune in short order. It wouldn't be no trick a-tall."

"This is certainly worth investigation," says the prof. "I want to look into it further, and I shall probably trouble you for more information from time to time. Thank you very much, Mr. Collins."

That was all Red wanted. For two or three days, he wasn't worth shucks as a ranch hand.

ng most of his time alone in the big ... Then one afternoon late in the week, irns, wearing a triumfant expression and ng a chicken crate filled with jack-rabbits. vas a half dozen of the longest-legged, , wildest-eyed creatures I ever seen.

r supper Red got the prof and led him

to the chicken crate.

ving noticed your interest in them an lambs," Red explains, "I corraled a day so you-all could make a first-rate ation. Here is six of 'em. If you was to rese animals over to the little pasture, m out and herd 'em careful for a few you might get a insight into the possibilithe Rooshian sheep industry. Care and e is what is needed. As sure as shootin', a fortune in it."

Puttle's face lit all up, and he seemed rable excited over the prospects. He ery earnest in that soft, polite eastern

Collins, I believe I'll try to follow your ion. It sounds extremely interesting, have the time to spare. Will you tell w I ought to go about caring for the es?"

it's simple as fallin' off a log," Red an-"First thing, you gotta remember these absolutely requires milk onct a day. t it they jest pines away and dies. You to 'em in pans jest like you feed kit-Lharlie the cook can give you-all a large ul every morning.

t thing, after you let 'em graze all day, to herd 'em and get 'em back in the ore night. They frolic and frisk about rable, being young and lamb-like, but rou worry none about that. Jes be and stay with 'em until you get 'em

Patience is the word, prof, when it to sheep-raising. Don't never forget

I sure felt sorry for the prof. Red lying it mighty low down on him. It to me like carrying a joke too far, but is the way with Red. He's the smoothued liar in the Lone Star State—good for a first-class confidence man or mayven a lawyer.

morning Red put the crate in a wagon iled it over to the little pasture. Prof. got the can of milk from Charlie and

to try his hand at raising Rooshian rom Texas jack-rabbits.

noon come and Charlie blew the dinner prof didn't show up for grub. I was

fence-riding all afternoon, and I got back to the house kinda late, but there still wasn't no sign of our sheep-raising friend. Supper come and we ate without him. I got a little worried, but I lit my pipe, kept still and waited. Red was laughing and carrying on like he always does when he has pulled off a joke, and it made me pretty hot. At nine o'clock we went out to the corrals, saddled our ponies and headed for the little pasture.

It was near midnight when we found the prof over near the west fence as badly lost as that Chicago drummer who stayed out by his lonesome two nights in Littlefield's pasture last fall. We put him on the extra horse and hustled back home. When we got inside the house where we could see him good, he sure looked different from the Marcus Aurelius Put-

tle that had left us in the morning.

He didn't have on no cap, and his pretty curly hair was all messed up and full of leaves and brush. He had lost his specs, and his face and hands was scratched and bruised considerable. His sporty brown suit was torn in a half a dozen places. There was prickly pear thorns sticking out of the calf of his right leg, showing through the place where his fancy sock had been but wasn't no more. Altogether he looked like a rag doll the dog has jest played with.

Well, it's hard enough for a hound to catch a jack-rabbit, let alone a man doing it, and in that thick brush in the little pasture, it jest ain't possible for neither man nor dog. I reckon the prof must have had a awful time, plunging and leaping through the briars, trying to follow them wild creatures. You could see he had tried conscientiously to carry out Red's instructions. Every jump he made, he must have remembered what Red had told him about needing plenty of patience. He had wore himself plumb to a frazzle, trying to corral them frolicsome lambs. It was funny and pitiful at the same time, Buck.

I broke the news to him gentle as I could. It was a sorta delicate situation, telling him all this ruckus was jest a joke. But he took it like a sport and never batted an eye. He says:

"I must confess I was completely deceived. Hereafter I'll have to be on my guard."

With that he smiles a little, bids us goodnight and goes into his room. No sour grapes, nothing childish or peevish about him. Right then I begun to feel considerable admiration for Prof Puttle.

The next few days was uneventual, nothing much happening. I sent Red, Mex Gonzales,



The Belle of Isleia

schleicher and Sam Clark over to Rock s after some steers, and me and Charlie e prof held down the ranch. The prof sciable enough when he was around, wasn't much during the day. Right reakfast he would light out on foot for the pasture and maybe so he wouldn't up until night.

got to taking these trips every day reguclock work, and we begun wondering the was doing. One day he borrowed a e. and the next morning he asked for a

He never brought neither of them He got out several big books and begun a heap around the house. Seemed as if studying a lot about something. I looked is shoulder one day and seen the book reading was named A Treatise on Ores. time he come back from the little, his pockets stuck out big as if they ed with something heavy. One morning reakfast, when he had left, I stooped by his chair and picked up a small piece. In the middle of it was a bright yeleak. I handed it to Sam Clark. apin' Jerusalem!" cried Sam. "Do you now what this here is? I'll eat my hat

npin' Jerusalem!" cried Sam. "Do you now what this here is? I'll eat my hat in't gold ore. The genuwine article! d she come from?"

d him it musta fallen out of the prof's

ly smoke!" Sam shouts. That dude prohas been over in the little pasture prosfor gold, and he's found it, sure as born."

all gathered around Sam as excited as a women at a church festival. It seemed am knew something about prospecting, claimed this rock was the real goods. uspicioned something like this several go," he announces, "when I seen the ome in all dusty-like and his pockets out with rocks. It ain't strange that gold around here because it's in the books that them early Spanish explorct had a gold mine somewheres near le, though nobody ain't never found the spot. Now, fellers, are we a-going to wn here and watch that sporty college alk off with a gold mine? Ain't we hardg cow-punchers deserving of a little of :lves?"

xdy said nothing for a minute. You bet ted money. A thousand dollars was all d to make a first payment on the Crider nd go into the ranching business on my ok. Mex had a senorita down in Monterey ready to be his best half as soon as he rustled enough dinero to buy a home. Red had been waiting two or three centuries to marry old Jack Carson's purty daughter, Luella Ann, and all he needed was more cash. Sam was crazy to open a garage in San Antone, and Fritz he yearned to own Ad Weilbacher's blacksmith shop over in Fredericksburg. This here gold mine seemed to make all them things possible.

Well, we didn't waste no time. We saddled our ponies, jumped on board and made a beeline for the little pasture. In about a half an hour we found the prof, and when he seen us, he dropped his pickaxe and looked up, surprised and kinda sheepish.

Sam slipped off his pony and walked forward as spokesman.

"Congratulations, prof," he calls out, gay as a mocking bird. "It ain't every man that can capture a gold mine in these here hills single-handed like you done. We come over to make you-all a proposition. We have got a little money saved up, and we'd like to throw it in with you and develop this here mine."

It appears we can scrape up \$3000 among us—Mex, \$300; Fritz, \$200; Sam, \$800; Red, \$1000, and yours truly, \$700. Sam figures that to buy the little pasture and enough equipment to start the mine working will cost around \$10,000. He proposes that the prof sell us a one-third interest for our 3000 pesos. There is considerable discussion between Sam and the prof over this point, the prof contending that sence he discovered the mine and would have to put up two-thirds of the money besides, it wasn't right for us to get a whole third for our \$3000. Finely, however, Sam talks him into it, the deal is O. K. and we shakes hands all around. Everybody feels fine.

After examining the mine and finding plenty of ore, we got on the broncoes and galloped home. The prof made arrangements right away to go down to San Antone and buy the little pasture from the Old Man. We knew that would be dead easy because the land over there ain't hardly fit for goats, let alone cattle. We handed the prof our checks on the Schroeder Bank at Kerrville, and he gave us a neat little contract, describing our one-third interest. Buck, we boys was sure happy.

The prof lit out for San Antone, and everything was all right until the second day after he was gone. The Old Man called me up over long distance to ask about them yearlings he bought last spring from Dave Baldwin, and

after he got through, he says how is Professor Puttle? I told him the prof was in San Antone, but the Old Man says he ain't seen him. That's sure funny, I thought, and when I told the boys, they thought so, too. It kinda worried us.

Ten long days went by and not a word from the prof. We was sure worried now. I rung up Sid Ingram, but he didn't know a thing. Neither he nor the Old Man has seen or heard of Prof Puttle, he says. I corraled Sam alone and asked him:

"Are you dead sure the bright stuff in them rocks was gold?"

"I reckon it was gold," Sam answers. "Why not?"

"Because something's wrong. The prof ain't seen the Old Man and he ain't reported to us. If that was real gold, you know blamed well Puttle wouldn't skip off with our measly \$3000. Now we gotta find out for sure whether this stuff is bony fida ore or not. You hustle down to Kerrville and show a piece of the rock to old man King. He used to be an assayer and he'd know. Tell him a cousin in California sent you the speciman."

The minutes seemed like hours while Sam was gone. I felt uneasy, awful uneasy, but I couldn't believe the prof was crooked. He was jest too innocent and child-like.

Sam come dragging alone about sundown, and from the expression on his face, I knew the worst. He looked like he had jest been to his own hanging.

"Well, shoot," I says. "Get it over with

quick.'

"Ed," Sam replies, gulping hard, "us boys has got stung bad. That pretty yellow stuff ain't no more gold than I am. They call it fool's gold—piratees is the scintific name for it. It's worth considerable less than nothing."

Buck, I want to tell you that hearing them words was jest like falling twenty thousand feet. Three thousand dollars, all us Bear Creek boys had saved up in five years, gone to glory and not even a gambling chance! Fool's gold was right, I say. We sure had been fools to part with good money that easy. Some fools!

When we told the others, there was a dead silence for about one entire minute, and then the worst fuss broke out I ever heard. At first they blamed Sam the hardest, but finely they accused old Red of causing the real trouble. They said prof must have thirsted for revenge on all of us for that low-down Rooshian lamb joke. Red didn't say nothing, being plumb overcome

not only the heaviest loser, but he got most of the blame. The boys piled it on him good and hard.

We didn't sleep none that night, and the next morning nobody worked. We moped around the house and quarreled. We didn't have dinner because nobody wanted to eat anything, and the time sure dragged heavy. Finely I called the boys together to decide what to do.

If we told the Old Man about it, the thing might leak out somehow—though the Old Man wouldn't give us away intentionly—, and we would be the laughing stock of west Texas. Besides, we figured there wasn't much of a chance of catching the prof because a slick criminal like him, it being plain now that he was the worst kind of a criminal, would hide his trail too well. We concluded to take our medicine and keep still. And ever one of us decided to leave Bear Creek ranch for good so that if the prof's swindle ever got known in Kerr County we wouldn't be nowheres around to be laughed at. It would look suspicious if we all went at once, so we drew straws to see who would go first.

Red he got the short straw, and he started right away packing his stuff to hit the trail. I never seen him look so sad and dejected. Spite of all our quarreling, us Bear Creek boys, as you know, Buck, thought a good deal of each other, and it was pretty tough to have to bust up our happy home and scatter in every direction, but you know what human pride will do.

Late that afternoon we was shaking hands with old Red and telling him adios when Charlie come tearing down the road, waving a letter he had just taken from the mail box. He was plumb crazy with excitement. He hands the letter to me, and I tore it open and read this here:

Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 15, 1922.

Dear Boys:

It was my intention to write you sooner, but I have been ill, and this is my first opportunity. Will you try to forgive me?

I am sorry about the gold mine business, but I wanted to even our score after the clever way in which you fooled me regarding the Russian lambs. You were more easily deceived by me than I expected, though it is very natural to make the mistake of believing mere pyrites to be real gold. Please don't place all the blame on me because, as you no doubt well remember a (Continued on page 36)

Sailing Together

By HENRY MEADE BLAND To G. R. M.

A full white moon and a brimming tide; Oh the surge of the waters for me! For the winds are swift and the long waves lift, And I sing a song of the sea!

I sing a song of the wintery sea While the wind hums in the sail: We burst in glee from the quiet lee, And spin in the freshening gale.

We sail and we sail till the storm is loud;
But never a thought have we
But to hold the keel with a steady wheel
And master the surging sea!

—From "Sierram Pan and other Poems"



A luster as of burnished copper from the dying rays as the sun sinks into the sea

Deep In the Heart

By CHARLOTTE CORNISH

ROM the steps of the halted "cannon-ball," a petite traveler in a big furry coat descended to the station of a river-threaded New England city and started eagerly through the mid-February dusk toward the street where the tide of traffic murmured. In evident bewilderment, she halted at the curb and her gray eyes followed the train a bit wistfully as it puffed past on its business of bearing other

journeyers to their destinations.

In the west-spent years that had brought her from girlhood to woman's stature and estate, often had she dreamed of some day returning to stroll again the old home streets; of finding once again that contentment she had known when, in pinafore and ribboned pigtails, she had dallied in ecstatic indecision outside confectioners' windows, or rushed to investments of which experience had taught her the exact measure of derivable bliss. Now, with her dream come to the hour of realization, something unfamiliar, strange-like in the old hill square with its plot of stone-bound green wrought confusion in her brain and panic in her heart. Suddenly this later-day quest of the elixir of youth at the fount of past joys seemed a reckless risk of disappointment; a senseless venture at repetition of life's lovelier hours which no more than kaleidescopic figures can be restored. Mother, Uncle Mark, Aunt Cynthia, John—were they still near, she could not seek them in the little time between trains.

To her crowd-accustomed eyes the street seemed scarcely peopled, and only the bridge invited with the old-time lure as she crossed the tracks to its rail-shielded foot-path. Already the sky was deepening to a glow of amber with one topaz shaft reflected in the river and gilding the sides of the long brick mill on the opposite bank. With gaze riveted on the shadowy scene, musingly she loitered till aroused by the approach of a pedestrian.

At the end of the bridge was the jeweler's window against which, in by-gone days, she had often flattened her straight little nose in the intensity of her yearning toward some jeweled ring, or shining yellow watch that tantalized with the splendors of grown-ups. As of old the window glittered with its array of valuables, but a mist in her eyes dulled their luster.

The old tinware store that had provide Fourth-of-July combustibles and terrifying falfaces she found filled with ferns and flower the window beyond, where once stationery as shoes had amiably hobnobbed, given over display of winter millinery. Devoid of attration was River street corner with no little star of roasting peanuts diffusing an aroma the seemed existent to one renewing her childhoo

On the city-hall slant the changes in tracesigns were many and bewildering. An inposing business block occupied the site of once beautiful homestead, and from the oktime municipal hive the big, bronze eagle—awinspiring cynosure of her fanciful infancywas missing.

Another beautiful home there had been, it the dear, unforgotten days, beyond the quaistone church of her christening, and sudden her pace quickened in the fear that assaile that it too had vanished with the raveling an weaving of the years.

When across the broad, now level, thorough fare there appeared a square stone mansion of the plain but solid architecture of a generation gone, she sighed with the hard breath of racer touching goal. Something loved, we changed, was hers at last, and the hour at har all too short for sight of its familiar angle and granite surfaces. She was weary frow long journeying, and hungry, she was reminded by sight of the hotel café, so would rest little and while satisfying nature's demand, feather soul on wondrous memories.

At a table near the door she seated hersel. The attendant who appeared for the order of a early patron touched a modern, magic butto and instantly the room was flooded with brightness that made the world without recomin deepening twilight.

A trim, graceful figure, with blue-black of hair banded by a gray velvet turban, he coat thrown wide, she waited the serving of her repast with dusk-peering, wistful gaze—passers-by a vision of strange, appealing womanhood. With gloves slipped off she stretched a hand to the water-glass and wallfting it to her parted lips when her night dark eyes leveled in startled wonder upon



On the Polo Field at Del Monte

man perceptible for a fleeting moment in the window vista. The water spilled as she set down the glass with shaking hand. Though a moment earlier she had invoked the past, she now stared with the tranced gaze of one who beholds a specter. That this reminder of someone loved in the past came by a trick of the imagination—an imagination made morbid by the dusting of old pigeon-holes of memory, she instantly decided, but for the moment the air grew stifling and objects vague about her.

John Leveridge was miles away, she had every reason to believe; a dweller in Canada many years, he had presumably become a highly regarded physician, husband, father—while she who had known him so well, herself so slightly, was now scarcely better than a

stranger.

Essaying a smile at her own weakness, she turned to the food the waiter was placing before her. But hunger had vanished, and after a few moments of pretended dining, she found herself again out of doors where night had fallen and the street-lights gleamed.

At the crossing a few yards away, she turned, then crossed to the other side of the street and stood, after seventeen years, before the old stone dwelling. It was unlighted within but in mental imagery she could pass through every loved room beyond the old gray walls. Emboldened by its untenanted appearance and the light traffic of the street, she pressed her cheek against the iron guard-rails that remained, despite the modern fashion of unfenced houseplots, and stared upon its homely facade with

yearning, dream-glazed eyes.

By the fierce light of inner vision she discerned a little girl with eyes the color of her own and over serious for their years, flitting about the cheery rooms, playing "house" or sewing patchwork on all day visits with her doll; felt again the tender, pitying embrace of Cynthia Leveridge,—Aunt Cynthia, she had called her when her own dear mother had gone to live in the land beyond the sunset and the deep blue sky. She saw again the hazel eyes smiling down upon her as capable woman hands patted little hands encouragingly. Frequently, on these occasions, Aunt Cynthia's pearl ring-Uncle Mark's betrothal pledgeadorned the first finger of the child's right hand to give stimulus to housewifely effort. Once, she recalled, when John had hurried her away for a game of ball behind the house, it had slipped from her finger and they had found it only after hours of searching. Now Aunt Cynthia, too, had passed on into the distant

land,—she had learned when her letters remained unanswered.

The peal of a city clock reminding that her time was short, she turned reluctantly to retrace her steps to the railway station. Had she looked backward, she might have seen a man enter through the iron gateway and pass up the marble walk to the apparently deserted house, a light shine for a moment in an upper room, then a sharp return of the dark and loneliness that shrouded the place.

The changes of the street did not arouse the interest of a half hour earlier and she walked swiftly like one thinking only of her destination. She had fifty miles farther to go and the stopover would make her later of arrival than she had intended. She had telegraphed to Marcia of the delay; there was relief from the desolation that weighed her spirits in the thought that somewhere a welcome waited.

It was the cheery light of the little shop by the bridge opposite the jeweler's window that stayed her speeding steps. In the old days no trade-place had charmed like this, where beaming, wig-capped Jethro Nebbits marketed such wares as cinnamon and sassafras lozenges; sugar-coated soldiers of a peculiar and enting flavor; chocolate-hued mice with sinuous tails and affrighting pink eyes; and penny dolls so diminutive they could be supplied with ravishing toilettes from the tiniest bits of silk and lace.

With yearning gaze she bent her head to a confusing display of saccharine small articles conscious only that she was an uprooted woman of five and thirty grown wofully simple minded in the pursuit of childish things, when a sense of someone's nearness caused her eyes to lift with startled roundness. A voice that seemed attuned to some old cradle song was asking:

"Which shall we get—Virginia?"

Like a heart-weary child the woman looked into hazel eyes that were as Cynthia Leveridge's own in their tender, humorous directness, though smiling down from the face of her son, and, for an instant, the gap of years was as the time since yesterday; the starshine of the wintry night transcendent, and youth and memory an empty dream beside the pulsing joy that age may bring. The tall, broad-shouldered man gazing into the window beside her earnestly questioned:

"Which would you rather have; three mice and two peppermints,—five butter-scotches, four gum-drops and a rooster,—or.—"

"Oh, John, anything—the gum-drops w

:e," answered the woman a bit wildly.
at'll be six cents," considered the man
', searching his pocket, "but I've got it!"
hantly extracting the coins. "Come on!"
in the tiny store, a stranger received
equest for infantile commodities with an
3 somewhat varied from the purchaser's
of his requirements and a faint lift of
as he greeted with a mild "Good-evenGrown-ups did sometimes carry home
sweets for the children, but John
lge—"

ide, the latter passed the paper-bag to man, admonishing: "Don't get your icky," then, as they reached the siden a changed voice demanded:—

at does it mean?"

that I—am getting candy again?" stam-Virginia as they stepped onto the bridge.
" laughed the man mirthlessly, "that is years you are wandering the old home but not seeking old friends."

w do you-"

llowed—from the station. I had watched train for what glimpses of your features I get, to make sure that fancy wasn't; me—that Fate could be so kind as our paths cross again. I found it was a, but that she would pass by without the old playmate, lov—"

n!" The cry was a gasping protest.

ght you miles away. I am only loitering trains on my way north. I have seen iends—in visions—tonight, and only

he came."

now that you have found one in the ne time is mine?"

a few minutes," assented his hearer

ridge drew his watch in the light of an scent, computing: "Twenty-three, five, twenty-seven minutes,—after nearnteen years!—It's cold out here; we'll side."

unted to climb the hill first and look back e on the town," demurred his companion ly as they crossed the tracks and came

the station arch.

s do it then," acceded the man indulleading to the strip of pavement that d upward through the center of the iill square; "the fate of Jack and Jill worry us, for we'll take only ourselves." hing in sudden joyousness the woman ahead, setting a sharp pace till she had the radiance streaming from the winthe new library, where she whirled about to gaze off upon the dim roof-tops and shadowy spires of the wide, descending street arched by the purple, star-strewn heavens. For awhile she stared in silence, charmed by night-wrought fantasies; then, with a full, sighing breath of passionate appreciation, softly apostrophized:

"Dear little city of my heart, how beautiful you are! It hasn't changed much, John, for

all the years."

"It jogs its placid routine under the stigma of 'unprogressive,' I'm forced to admit," re-

sponded Leveridge humorously.

"It's well not everything is changing at the modern giddy pace. I'm glad that the old church clock that wouldn't keep time and the bridge with the same big cracks where my pennies would roll through are left," rejoined the woman ecstatically.

"Hm-m, the clock, I think, still has lapses but I couldn't vouch for the cracks," murmured the man whimsically; but the reminiscent

had veered to plaintiveness.

"I remember my little dog that tumbled off one day; how you plunged into the river to save him, and how wet we were going home you and the dog so water-soaked and me dissolved in tears."

"His name was Mustapha, and his tail curled funnily over his round little back." added

Leveridge gravely.

"And, oh, what do you think the lights bring back," cried Virginia unsteadily, "but an old campaign parade? I wanted to follow, too, but was told little girls could not. 'Co'se girls can go!' you scoffed with masculine magnanimity, and so I did, as always, tagging, tagging at your heels, poor boy."

"Lucky boy, you mean," amended her hearer

tersely.

"We don't always find that spirit in boys grown tall," mused the woman dreamily. "You let me carry a torch, I remember, and I tore my dress and burned my finger, but the thrill of that emancipation is in my veins tonight. Oh, I don't want to look any more,"—her hand was before her eyes, out-spread, as though to bar distressing phantoms,—"old happenings came back in such a rush; and it is almost train time."

Silently the two made their way to the station, where, in the quiet waiting-room, they found a seat by a window looking on the square. Then Leveridge, with the old quizzical smile about his eyes, urged seriously:

"Now tell me of the years between. You are so like the girl who went away, thou

your cheeks are not so round, for the same deep dusk is in your hair, the same black smudges round your eyes,—look up, little stranger,—yes, the same wilful curve about your mouth. Are you like Venus' child, Jinny, who'll never grow up."

"Oh, I am old, John; old and very much grown up," replied Virginia with a shrug, "with little to tell of years that have been most humdrum. Tell me first of yourself—and the others. I supposed you were in Montreal with

Gilbert."

"I was there till a crushing blow fell,—father's death in a railway accident. Then, when mother's frail strength yielded to the strain, I came home—seeking peace which the world cannot give, after sorrow. I have been here since except the fourteen months with the medical corps in France."

"But not alone, John, not alone?" questioned

his hearer with tear-wet eyes.

"Gilbert remained; his interests were there."

It was not his brother's comforting companionship Virginia had meant, but she did not voice her thought.

"You were there when father and I went to

Michigan to live near Anna."

"I returned once, after Gilbert was able to do without me; when I found you gone and wrote you what that going meant to me—and you called me 'big brother' when you answered," recounted Leveridge grimly, smiling into a burning face and evading eyes.

"I was only a callow girl then, John, and sadly unoriginal," retorted his hearer with a wan smile; "at eighteen we are not women to know

men's worth.

"You were one to choose with the heart, Virginia. I was older and understood my dream was vain. But all the past had been mine and I could not fight loneliness without you. Though I met women, some charming—and one—"

"Who gave you love that repaid the waiting; I understood. Tell me about her." Virginia's

eyes lifted with inscrutable frankness.

"A woman of wealth and position—she showed me her desire; but while I delayed mother's illness came, and a hallucination which followed her last days,—that Virginia would come back,—numbed my purpose. I have not married."

Virginia's eyes dropped suddenly and the warm glow in her face ebbed. As she turned from the knot of people about the ticket window, her voice, struggling at evenness, proposed:

"Let's wait outside the last few minutes; the room is close." As she led the way to the outer air, Leveridge followed with the close, firm step of a soldier guarding a rare hostage. Facing the promenade, where few loitered, they met the wintry chill that rouses desire for the warmth and snugness of home and hearth-fire.

"Cold is a sedative for jaded nerves and jangled heart-strings," the feminine pacer was murmuring. "I was tired of car-riding, and tonight, John, it seemed I saw—your mother. We were sewing together, on the old balcony; she was bending to my hands, and her ring—"

"Go on," urged Leveridge tensely.
"—was on my finger," related his companion

raptly.

"It was her gift! 'My ring is for Jinny, if ever she comes back,' she charged. 'Some day she may, like the little girl with things deep in the heart who used to climb into my arms long after wrong doing to tell me she was sorry. At last you have come back, though I dared not hope you would, and cold reasoning tells me tonight it is not as Virginia Framley. But husband or children could not grudge the moment of joy your face has brought to one who loved you long ago."

"Oh, John, mine will be chary," reassured

Virginia half mirthfully.

"You have not told me of them—how the years have passed with you," reminded the man earnestly.

There was a pause before the woman answered slowly, as one who gave thought to curious matters. "They have passed much the same as with yourself—in mingled gloom and brightness. Money losses have been father's portion, mine the duty of labor in his service."

"But there were lovers—"

"A few, John, to make me realize that a girl may lose her own happiness through blundering. I grew a woman when they spoke—too late. Then a man of power came when I was weary in body and spirit; the temptation of wealth was strong; I—"

"You were married?" questioned Leveridge

sharply.

"No-no, I couldn't love him—not the tiniest bit, though again and again I resolved I would," murmured Virginia in the toneless voice of one who confesses unreservedly; indifferently. "I stayed a schoolma'm, and at the present hour am en route to an old schoolmate's—Marcia Gifford's. With her help, I will find a school east this spring that I may follow the doctor's advice by getting a year of my native air."

Leveridge had come to an abrupt halt be-

his companion. "Does it mean," he dended in a voice that carried above the roar the oncoming train whose headlight flooded ir surroundings, "that you are free?"

Tim a tired, wandering faded old maid," ed his hearer as though uncertain of his aning or her answer.

'Is it because you were 'sorry?' "

'No," eluded the catechized one with a nervlaugh," that does not describe it."

"Did you think of the old days?" The insity of the questioner implied a decision of or death.

'I thought of them and dreamed of them, I hated'—again Virginia laughed, but with setraying quiver.

The ring! The ring! Be quick," pleaded reridge as he drew a small hand from its ltering pocket toward a shining circlet; raise heaven for old maids! I can put it the finger I choose!"

The woman from the fairyland of youth drew urer the train on which Leveridge's glance ned fearfully.

'Don't go, Virginia, don't go," he besought perately; "let's be married tonight,—or to-rrow—the very first minute we can! I

aldn't lose you now."
"Big boy!" derided the departer with panic a; "staid maiden ladies must not be flur-L—and Marcia will be waiting."

Then leave me something—anything—that

I'll not doubt this miracle when you are gone!" A glove was pressed into his grasping hands. "And write—write,—every day!" At a fluttering touch upon his arm, he pursued tyrannically:—

"I shall start a letter tonight and in a very little while shall come for you. You may as well begin getting ready at once." At this juncture an impatient trainman turned glowering eyes upon two flagrant offenders but failed to impress even his existence upon the guiltier one who was joyously declaring:

"We'll have the old house refitted-if you'd

like it?"
"Would I like a heavenly mansion?" Starry
and glistening were the eyes lifted to Leveridge,
but in sudden, dark worriment he questioned:

"Whom was it you hated?"

"The other-woman," confessed Virginia faintly.

"A myth!" cried her hearer exultingly, as he bent to the sweetness of her curved lips. With reluctant hands he released her and backed heavily onto the feet of an irate train official whose "All aboard!" burst wrathfully over the rigid, empty shell of a man—a man standing with head uncovered and rapt gaze fixed upon a gliding car window that enframed a woman's face.

Virginia Framley, gazing out into old love's shining eyes, smiled as might a drifting mariner glimpsing lights of undreamed shores.



An Icy Pool from the Glacier Snows



Review and Comment



"Rimrock Trail"

We travel now to the realm of Colorado. Our companion, J. Allan Dunn, author of "A Man to His Mate," is one of the bright particular stars in the Bobbs-Merrill constellation. This new book of his contains the old cowboy spirit with many a modern twist. "Three Star Ranch," and its three owners-Sandy Bourke, Soda-Water Sam, and Mormon Peters. The story travels fast, goes far, develops the orphaned child of an old prospector into a fine freehearted heroine, Molly Casey, shows us a mining camp rush, makes various sorts of villains manifest, and gives the ardent reader full value received in about every chapter. Jim Plimpsoll, for instance, is a simply phenomenal wildass of the desert thief and scaliwag. The chapter headed "Pay Dirt," in which Sandy rescues Westlake, the young assayer from Russell, the camp bully, and shouts between each of the uplifted fingers of the latter (as shown in an illustration by Modest Stein), is far beyond the average of Wild West novels. Also, the chapter "Dehorned," which tells us how the plain honest cattlemen of the tale round up and render harmless the too-slick mine promoter, Keith, and make him refund, is a gem of a most amusing story. "Dehorning" exactly fits it.

"Self-Development"

A number of books published by Funk & Wagnalls discuss the principles of educating mind and body to their best use, and one in particular we have now studied. It is by Mr. H. Addington Bruce, the well known newspaper man and writer of some twenty books, chiefly educational. He was born in Canada, educated at Toronto and Harvard, published his first book, "The Riddle of Personality," nineteen years ago.

The present volume, "Self-Development," is based upon a true conception of what real success in life is, and clearly opposes insistent modern materialism. We are plainly told that high social place, millions in money, and all the rest of the visible gains are worse than useless if

one has no comprehension of the higher thing of life. The healthy philosophy of life rest upon the fullest development of all one's latent capacities for usefulness and happiness. This means ceaseless "character-training."

As our author tells us: "Face the unpleasant... Endure present pain that you may have future peace... every day do something that you do not really have to do, but that you appreciate, you ought to do." In other words, keep fit in body, mind and soul, to meet the unexpected demands and emergencies of a fearless life.

"The supreme purpose in life." we are told throughout this volume, is simply to serve—to be a useful part of the social order. With great skill Mr. Bruce applies this principle to all of us—to business men and women, to members of the professions, etc., and he rightly declares that a man "cannot have peace of mind unless he possesses the consciousness of coatributing to the common good." Some of the best results of modern physiological and psychological science have evidently gone to the making of this highly practical book, one of whose uses, we think, will be found as a gift to a bright, ambitious graduate.

"The Isle of Seven Moone"

Robert Gordon Anderson writes this dreamland pirate-treasure story that is more than all else a long-expected revelation of the appearance of a new master of romance. The book is not an imitation of Stevenson or anyone else—it is as timidly and modestly a new voice as anything America has seen for a lifetime. He calls it "a romance of uncharted seas and untrodden shores"; he dedicates it to his wife. Marion, as a "good sailor in fair weather and foul, in shallow water and deep." One thinks, on reading the book, of how many, many times this ardent young writer has told stories to his children with his wife listening.

If you, dear reader, wish to begin "just right," read Mr. Anderson's "The Little Chap" and his "Seven O'clock Stories," before you settle down



The flower-carpeted slopes where land meets sea.

to this Frank Stockton tale of the "Isle of Seven Moons."

Here is a glimpse of the way this author made one reader feel. It is from a letter he truly received, we are told. This letter said: "I started 'The Isle of Seven Moons' Saturday night-you remember it-cold, bleak, stormy and depressing. The author who could entertain me that night had to have 'the goods.' Remember the story they tell of Belasco, who was nursing a full grown grouch, when an actor came in looking for a job. He said he was a comedian. 'Well,' growled Belasco, 'make me laugh.' That's precisely the way I felt. You made me forget everything, and, before I realized it. I was in Salthaven, rooting like a lunatic for Sally to fling her floating island pudding straight at old Cap'n Bluster's blithering head. Wasn't he the old bear! . . . Spanish Dick was charming. He made me laugh, and his yarns were splendid. I felt rather sorry for Linda. But both she and Larone were typical of their race, and it was perfectly natural that he should realize her worth, after he cleared his brain of that gold mania."

The publishers of this book are G. P. Putnam's Sons.

8 8 8

"The Conquest"

Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, of Oregon City, has won a place all her own among the small group who can write a vivid and yet reliable popular account of historical events and people who were once alive. It is a rare gift, combining in truth something of the historian's fact-sense, of the biographer's hunger for little details, and of the novelist's creative imagination. qualities were shown in her book about "Mc-Donald of Oregon" and McLoughlin, the fine old Hudson Bay Company's representative in old Oregon, but are nowhere shown better than in "The Conquest," first published in Chicago twenty years ago but now "taken over" by Doubleday, Page and Company and issued in a new and most attractive edition.

The sub-title of "The Conquest" is "The True Story of Lewis and Clark," and it begins with a scene in Governor Dunmore's "old brick palace" in colonial Williamsburg, Virginia. The whole story, as Mrs. Dye tells it, is one that should be just as precious to Californians as to Oregonians. She truly tells us in her "Foreword" that "clear and clearer as the years go by, under the dim forest shadows we catch glimpses of a primitive people, mighty in stature,

courage and resources, battling like gods and demons for the future United States. Other lands record the drama of kings; ours is the drama of a people. A Homeric song, the epis of a nation, clusters around the names of Lewis and Clark and the border heroes of their times their story is the Ilaid of the West."

In the closing words of this epical narrative Mrs. Dye shows once more, as indeed the whole book shows, the completeness of her absorption in the Western march of the American pioneers She has caught their spirit and has told their story. Thus she sums up this inspiring volume "Where rolls the Columbia and where the snow peaks of Hood, Adams, Jefferson, Rainier, and St. Helens look down, a metropolis has arise in the very Multnomah where Clark took hi last soundings. Northward, Seattle sits on he Puget sea, southward San Francisco smiles from her Golden Gate, Spanish no more. Over the route where Lewis and Clark toiled slowly a hundred years ago, lo! in three days the travel ler sits beside the sunset. Five transcontinental lines bear the rushing armies westward, ever westward into the sea. Bewildered a moment they pause, then turn—to the Conquest of the Poles and the Tropics. The frontiersman? He is building Nome City under the Arctic: he is hewing the forests of the Philippines."

Such a book as "The Conquest" belongs in every school library, is a book to read aloud to the children, and will send students to a host of weightier historical society volumes, and government documents. Let all of us read up on the days of Jefferson, the Louisiana Purchase, and the march of frontiersmen to the Pacific Coast.

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"The Cook's Wedding"

In this neat volume are no less than twenty-five of the short stories of Anton Chekhov, translated of course by Constance Garnett and equally of course published by MacMillan. It is, we add, the twelfth volume of "The Tales of Chekhov," and gives the reader a genuine surprise because most of them portray the joys, sorrows, and adventures of children such as Grisha, aged two, with her limited outlook on life, and Vanya, who fails in his Greek test. Others are Pashka, the runaway, and Vanka, the shoemaker's apprentice. In "Who Was to Blame?" we have the story of the mouse that nibbled a Latin grammar. "An Incident" deals with a boxful of kittens, and "Kashtanka" is the tale of a dog and a gray gander.

But nothing in the whole book is more moving than the second story, "Sleepy," which tells us of little Varka, the baby's nurse, a child of thirteen, scolded, punished, driven to hate the always-crying baby, until this terrible thing happens—she kills it. and peacefully goes to sleep. There, and in "The Swedish Match," we find Chekhov's grim logic and satire. There is seldom very much of hope or joy, or the "happy ending" in Russian literature. Study the land, the people, the history of Russia, and ask yourself how we could expect to find such qualities in any of this realism. But Chekhov has strength, courage, and the power of telling things exactly as he sees them.

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Selma Lagerlof's "Outcast"

Our readers will remember such works of literary genius as "Adventures of Nils," "The Story of Gosta Berling," "Jerusalem," and "The Outcast." Most of us have often wished to know more of the personality of Miss Selma Lagerlof, their author. Did her election as the only woman among the eighteen literary "immortals" of the Swedish Academy and the honor of being the only woman who has received one of the Nobel \$40,000 prizes put her on any sort of a pedestal, and somehow apart from her fellow mortals? Not in the least. She is what she always was, one of the most busy, most real, most unselfish and most loved of all the world's daughters.

A charming account of Miss Lagerlof's home life has been sent out by her American publishers, Doubleday, Page & Company. It tells us that in the pleasant daily activities of Marbacka Manor, the happy little farmstead where she was born and spent her childhood, Miss Lagerlof lives as her ancestors did before her. It is only in the country where she can see the woods and fields, the farmers digging in the potato fields, or the apple orchards white with bloom, that she can do her best work.

Miss Lagerlof studied in Stockholm; then, for ten years she was a teacher in a girl's high school. When her writings made her independent she bought back her old homestead, Marbacka Manor, that had passed into the hands of strangers, reinstated the old servants of her father, and there she has lived ever since. Everything is kept as it was in her childhood, more than sixty years ago. There she continues to read, think, study, write, oversee the farm, and care for the group of aged servants. Is not this a beautiful picture of a healthy and happy life?

Here is a woman who has never had the slightest desire for the shams, frivolities, dissipations, and parasitical things which ruin so many people. She has traveled much, in Europe, Egypt, and Palestine; she went to Upsala University and was created "Doctor of Literature"; she was banqueted by the King of Sweden in 1909; her books have been translated into about a dozen languages—and she stays just the same vigorous, free-hearted, work-loving outdoor genius of a Selma Lagerlof!

May she long continue to be the mistress of Marbacka Manor, and to write books for all the world to read. May her friend and biographer, Velma Swanson Howard of New York, also a daughter of Sweden, translate every one of them into English, for no one else is able to do it half so well. Lastly, let all who have so far missed "The Outcast," read that story of the young Swedish explorer, and of the way in which he won back his place in everyday life.

8 8 8

Famous Mystery Stories

Here we have the fourth volume of short stories chosen by Mr. J. Walker McSpadden, who edited "Famous" Psychic Stories, Ghost Stories, and Detective Stories. issued, like the present group by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company of New York. These stories have been chosen with a care and skill that illustrate the trained literary judgment of this well known editor, and we think the four volumes deserve place in the best book shelves.

In this introduction Mr. McSpadden tells us that it "is interesting to note the different methods of approach to your true mystery story. Every such tale conceals a definite problem which may or may not be solved; and when tested in the crucible of widely divergent minds, the result is of value from more than one

aspect."

The book contains the following ten stories: "The Spectre of Tappington," by Richard Harris Barham; "The Mysterious Sketch," by Erckmann-Chatrian; "The Deserted House," by Ernest .T. W. Hoffman: "The Adelantade of the Seven Cities," by Washington Irving; "The Pipe," anonymous; "The Upper Berth," by h. Marion Crawford; "The Diamond Lens," by Fitz-James O'Brien; "The Horla," by Guy de Maupassant; "The Mummy's Foot," by Theophile Gautier; "The Thief," by Anna Katherine Green.

These ten stories are admirably adapted to while away the idle hour. They range from grave to gay, from comic to tragic, but each

has a flavor and lasting charm peculiarly its own. For a book to while away the idle hour this can be unreservedly commended.

The best of them seems to us "The Diamond Lens," which has never been surpassed by any modern writer.

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Monuments of Learning

The great Oxford dictionary nears completion. Nine of the ten volumes are now published and the rest is almost ready for the press. When finished it will contain 500,000 printed words, or over 15,000 pages. It defines more than 391,000 words, and contains 1,704,318 quotations. Truly this enterprise is one of the most gigantic of human-language records ever undertaken.

A new revised and enlarged edition of Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent's "Manual of the Trees of North America," has just been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Born in 1841 this great botanist, head of the Arnold Arboretum, has been all over the world studying and writing about forest trees.

8 8 8

"Scott Burton and the Florida Timber Thieves"

Professor E. G. Cheyney, Director of the Forestry Department of Minnesota University, has written and the Appletons have published several popular stories which one may call the Scott Burton group. A lot of information about forest problems is in these books, although they do not meet California conditions. Scott, the young hero, more nearly suits the very exceptional pioneer conditions when foresters were slowly discovering how to get along with their communities. There is plenty of room for modern forest service novels of 1922, and if Professor Chevney will spend a summer in the Sierras he can find ample material for much more than a boy's detective story of the Floridian swamps, which is the gist of the volume now in hand-"Scott Burton and the Timber Thieves."

The story is full of inventive genius, and the most tense little situations imaginable. Its knowledge of the region seems perfect; the originality of its villains, at last "rounded up" by the forest people, is a constant surprise. We should be glad to know where and when big logs of timber were ever stolen from an American forest after the Qualey-Roberts methods. Perhaps some Southern lumbermen can discuss this. There is also room for an all around

comparison between the work of Supervisor Graham and jolly Ranger Murphy down in the Okalatchee Forest of Florida, and that of air larly situated workers in, let us say. Trinion Lassen.

The ambitious youth, fresh from coilege, enters the Forest Service with hopes of being a second Scott Burton, Deputy Supervior of another Okalatchee, will not find sue place on the Pacific Coast. He may onearer to finding a Cormorant Forest of tozona, where Patrolman Scott won his spuncteaning up a difficulty with sheepmen—as in a previous volume. But in these mointimes, cattlemen, lumbermen, campers, sum tourists, and forest people are, as a rule, on best of terms.

Some one will reply: "All that does not me a story." It certainly does, if the deeper hum relations and consequences are brought of One Gifford Pinchot or Henry S. Grave worth more as a basis of permanent forest ature than all of the sensational episodes is sible to the invention of a writer. Direct Cheyney should take possession of the landfield that lies before him.

A handsome book of 321 pages, "Pages of 1921," contains the results of the "O. Henry Memorial Award," which is ansarely given by the "Society of Arts and Sciences." The following sixteen stories appear in the volume: The Heart of Little Shikara; The Mas Who Cursed the Lilies; The Urge; Minamery; The Victim of His Vision; Martin Gerrity Gas Even; Stranger Things; Comet: Fifty-Two Weeks for Florette; Wild Earth; The Tribute; The Get-Away; "Aurore"; Mr. Downey Six Down; The Marriage in Kairwan; Grit.

The first of these sixteen is by Edison Marshall of Oregon, one of whose books was recently reviewed on this page; the third is by Mrs. Maryland Allen of Portland, Oregon. Het husband, E. T. Allen, trained in the Forest Service, was the first State Forester of California, and went from Sacramento to Portland where he has become one of the best known and useful of leaders in private forestry.

Mrs. Allen knows California from end to end, published her first story in the Sunse Magazine, has traveled over the South Seas and elsewhere, and is a busy, happy, whole-hearted American author with her best work still to be done.

Her story, "The Urge," was first printed in Everybody's. It begins with: "She is now a (Continued on page 37)



Enjoying the out-of-doors by motor on a fanuary day in one of California's Coast Counties

PROF. PUTTLE AT BEAR CREEK

(Continued from page 22)

it was Sam Clark who proposed the partnership arrangement and suggested all the details.

I am deeply indebted to Red Collins for having taught me so much about the jack-rabbit, which I must confess, I did not know was a godent of the genus Leous. Concerning this interesting creature, I am preparing a special article for one of the scientific journals.

I want to visit Bear Creek ranch again next year, and I hope that I shall be admitted then into your genial fellowship if, in your opinion, I have graduated from the tenderfoot stage and am entitled to promotion.

Have no fear about the \$3000 you gave The money remains undisturbed in the Schroeder Bank. Shortly after getting on the train at Kerrville. I carefully tore up your checks and tossed the bits out of the window.

With very best wishes to all of you: I am.

Sincerely yours.

M. A. Puttle.

Well, Buck, you ought to seen them boys when I read that letter aloud. They went plumb wild. They threw up their hats and hooped and yelled and went through a war dance. They was the happiest outfit I ever seen, me included. After the racket sorta subsided, they makes me set down and write a telegram, they was so thankful for finding their money safe. They said a letter wouldn't travel fast enough. So. I indicted the following:

> Ingram, Texas. December 21, 1922.

Prof. M. A. Puttle. Harvard University. Cambridge, Mass.

Our hats are off to you prof cowboys aint financers nohow you will be as welcome as the floers in may any old time at bear creek ranch you are a sport so long and good luck.

The Bear Creek Boys.

Well, Buck old pardner, when Prof Puttle comes back to Bear Creek next year, he will get a different kind of a reception. He ain't a tenderfoot no more.

This here experience jest proves that the tenderfoot don't always come from the city. I leave it to you which was the biggest tenderfoot in this here case, the prof or us. I reckon

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Detroit, Misi

you will say us, and if you do, it's my guest

you ain't far wrong.

Now, Buck, I reckon it ain't necessary to request you not to publish this here account in any of them Rio Frio newspapers or, what would be a blamed sight worse, to tell your wife about it. I feel confident you ain't wishing to be lynched.

Well, tell the Missus and Buck junior howdy for me and write soon. All the boys sends

regards.

Your friend,

Ed Hope.

A glance at the news stands proves the rapid increase of interest in "all-fiction" magazines, which as a rule pay one cent a word for the lively, saucy, sensational stories that suit their readers.

REVIEW AND COMMENT

(Continued from page 34) woman ageless because she is famous": it takes us back at once to the dreadful childhood of this woman who had been born "in the poorest tenement in the worst slum in Chicago. Huddled in smelly rags by a hastily summoned neighbor from the floor above, the newcomer raised her untried voice in a frail, reedy cry. Perhaps she did not like the smell that oozed in around the tightly closed window to combat the foul odors of the airless room. Whatever it was, this protest availed her nothing, for the neighbor hurriedly departed, having been unwilling from the first, and the mother turned away and lay close against the stained, discolored wall, too apathetic, too utterly resigned to the fate life had meted out to her to accord this most unwelcome baby further attention."

To this forlorn child all food "looked superlatively good," her first word was cake, and so everyone called her Cake. But she has an urge—a soul-hunger, and when the drunken derelict of an actor comes into the story we begin to see possibilities ahead. He calls her "Alley-cat," and "Gutter-snipe," but he does give her new thoughts—and Shakespeare. But (and right here is the genius of the whole story) although he does it for hate of a certain manager—only for hate—from that blossomed a splendor of wonderful yet infinitely pathetic achievement. Because of this "The Urge" is the best of the sixteen stories in the volume.

Doubleday, Page & Company are the publishers of these "Prize Stories of 1921."





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- ¶ 157 Pleasant Rooms, with Private Bath,
- ¶ 257 Excellent Rooms, with Private Bath, facing street, southern exposure,

The restaurant prices are most moderate

400 BATHS

EMOOR DOO

AN INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT

(Continued from page 12)

on her face went quickly to him. "A phone call for you—urgent. From Minturn's. Vesta is wildly delirious."

"Oh, the poor little dear. I'll excuse you, A'thur dear, and wait for you." Lois tapped the doctor's arm with her fan and beamed on him with subtle suggestion. Lester Horning stepped out from the shadows, as she kissed her fingertips to the doctor, and linked his arm in his and he cast her a sweeping glance of disdain. "I'll go with you." he told him, "and come back to take Miss Dinsmore home."

Lester stepped into the doctor's machine and closed the door as it rolled away. "You and I, Arthur, are in the devil of a predicament; you, old chum, a little deeper in the mud than I. We both are up against cunning duplicity of a woman. Lois is angling for you—the schemer. Vesta is my fianceé. Lois has attempted to sacrifice her by using me as a wedge between you and Sylvia who, as you are aware I know, became her rival. Don't let yourself be on with the old again, before you're off with the new. You were saved by a telephone call. A second later you'd have been in the net."

"Good Lord bless Mrs. Colby. She was in time to save me from—those orchids."

"Here we are. Speak a good word for me to Vesta when she is able to listen. Tell her to avoid Lois Dinsmore as she would a viper. I'll be back for you with your car. Going to take Miss Dinsmore home. And shall straighten out the tangles between you and Sylvia."

Lois was aware of her companion's thought as she went home in the doctor's car. Neither she nor Lester spoke during the short ride. Without a thank you, or a good night, Lois bolted into the house as soon as the machine

stopped at her door.

A fortnight later, she went east so unexpectedly that she had not time to bid good-bye to the two young couples whose troubles had disappeared. Later she became a Red Cross nurse. Later still, she married a returned soldier who must spend his life in an invalid's chair. His bank accounts offset his physical disability, and during a rapid courtship, he supplied Lois with rare orchid blooms. The hometown papers announced the marriage of Miss Dinsmore, a former belle, to the son of an eastern millionaire.

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Corwyn and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Horning received no cards.



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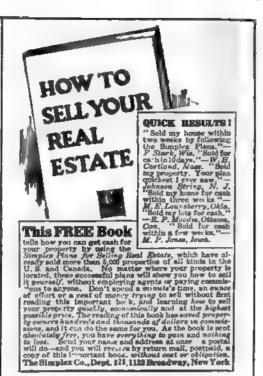
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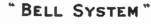
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Overland



No. 8

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

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Vol. LXXX FEBRUARY, 1923 No. 8

By the Side of the Road

By ALLA M. FOSTER

Jake" was a little weak in the upper —he was always full of jokes and he ind on walking on the sunny side of the t. But no board of charities found him hough with unspoken pangs of regret they meed him and his jokes to the County a. After the bitterness had worn off, Uncle 's immost self came to the top. The old the revived and the deep set eyes looked cheerfully again and the mouth found its ard curve. His friends used to call it the a that wouldn't be downed.

is friends? The twinkle vanished for a cent and the mouth straightened in a hard. Where were they when he so sorely ed them? Then Uncle Jake's spine became again and the almost-despairing twinkle e out. "Oh, that's all right," he said to dog curled at his feet. "Everybody's got body and something. My! I'm glad to ble to get around. And this whole outs belongs to me too. This ain't the Poor 1 at all—this here is just my country home! eh. Buster?"

te dog agreed with a fiercely wagging tail, e always did. Then Uncle Jake's spirit clear on top again and he rose up straight tall, solider that he was. "Well, Buster, t my thoroughbreds all rubbed down and my Jerseys all milked—s'posin' we take a walk. Nothin' like takin' life easy in your old age," and he patted the brown head as they started down the road.

He went a new way and found much to interest him. His keen eyes still saw the wonderful in nature and his old heart responded to all that was beautiful. "Let me live in a house by the side of the road funny how that popped in my mind. But it wouldn't be a bad job to 'be a friend to man' for an old duffer like me. I might feel I was some 'count then. I jes' think I'd like the job," he said, as he sat down for a little rest. His eyes wandered over the distant hill tops to the fleecy white cloud beyond. "Mother," he began tremulously, I guess you are lookin' down, ain't you? I know you hated to leave me alone. But I'm so glad you send down your cheery spirit to help-oh, it's all right, mother, I kin wait, and he choked back the lump in his throat. "The good Lord must'a' had something fur me to do yet-that's why I stay on. But I wisht I knew what it was. Seems I'm no count. But -come on, Buster, let's go on.

On and on they went with new scenes before them. As they came to a nice shady yard with a little white house nestled in the green, Uncle Jake stopped. "I'd sorter like a drink from that well," he said, as he walked in at the gate. A little child at play, looked up wonderingly. "Hello, girlie, could a tired old

man have a drink?" he asked. The child ran in the house and soon returned with a shiny "Thank you—thank you," said the man as he drank long and deep from the clear water. "Doggie, too," said the child, as she filled a pan for Buster.

"Won't you come up and rest a little?" came from a woman's voice. "I—oh, no—why yes, I'd be glad to, ma'am," came from the astonished old man. As he reached the small porch, a comfortable rocker was pushed toward him. "Walked far?" the woman asked. Uncle Jake sat down heavily. He was a bit tired.

"Right smart ways," he replied with a smile, "but we are used to walks—me and Buster." The woman slipped inside and presently returned with a big glass of buttermilk.

"S'pose you have plenty of this, but it does rest one," she said as she handed him the glass. Used to it! Uncle Jake's eyes twinkled a little as he thought of the Jerseys—that were not.

"But it's always great, ma'am. And it does rest a fellow." Buster curled up for a real nap and Uncle Jake stretched out two weary legs. "Nice little home you have here," he said. A shadow crossed the face of the woman. "Yes, I—we are very comfortable," she said slowly. Uncle Jake's eyes wandered past the woman, into the house. Then he sat up very straight and his eyes turned quickly to the woman's face. Her eyes had followed his, and now met them suddenly. "Yes-my husband's picture," she said in a low voice. "He sleeps in France, and all I have is a gold star-and memory." Uncle Jake was indignant because of the way his eyes and voice behaved. He a big, hard old man! But the eyes of the woman were tearless. Where were all those happy, comforting phrases of his?

"I—I, well I envy you ma'am, for such a memory;" he was getting on top again. "And you are a brave wife of a brave soldier. What more sacred memory could the little one have? I'm sure he looks down on you with great love." And then, without knowing why he did it, he told his feeling about Mother. "I je' can feel her a lookin' at me," he said tenderly. "When I'm lonely, she jes' cheers me up, and when I look up her way I kin almost see her. It's a most blessed feelin', ma'am." The woman swallowed hard.

"Oh, I never thought of looking at it that way! To me he has been far, far away. I have lost touch—oh, do you really believe their spirits are near?" Uncle Jake's fine eyes became pools of feeling.

he said earnestly. "An' the more I think i the more real it grows. Why—why how ca love be lost? Love is immortal. All other things disappear. Hope grows into fruition and faith becomes sight. But love—why is love always!" The old man wasn't sure th idiom was all his own, but anyway the beliin it was his own.

A new look came to the eyes of the woman "That is the most comforting thing I've heard she said tremulously. "I-oh, I'm going try to believe it. I don't want to grieve ar grieve. For Betty's sake, I want to be stron Oh, I thank you for this comfort! And yo now-where do you live?"

Uncle Jake moved restlessly. "I—oh, yes-I live quite a ways back. I got a good—hom Very comfortable. But I must be goin'. Fir little girl you got." The woman and chi

followed to the gate.

"Do come again some time," urged the woman. "Goodbye." Refreshed in body as mind, the man and dog continued down the unknown road. "A glorious old day and grand old world, Buster! I dunno as I' sorry I'm here," and he began on a chee whistle. The whistle was the only sound f quite a distance. His next "adventure," as called it, was the sight of a man ploughing Not being in a hurry, the man came over the fence.

"Pretty hot, ain't it?" he said. "Seems li the weather always has it in for a fellow," a he mopped his neck and face. Uncle Ja

laughed heartily. 'Rather nice day, I thought—but 'cour I'm a man of leisure. Jes' the same, y couldn't do much if it rained, could you The man grunted. "Needn't be so tarnati hot, though. A fellow's legs get mighty tire too, on this trip. I wisht I didn't have work, anyway. Guess I'll run away to Poor Farm and take it easy," and the m laughed harshly. Uncle Jake choked a lit but—"These broad fields look mighty fine." said. "Lots of worse things than work 'Pears to me I'd like it. It's a heap m interesting than-well, loafin'. If I didn't h this here old crick, blest if I wouldn't to plough again!" The man laughed.

"Well, I'd like to loaf awhile. Always we with no money to show for it. The old wor and the kids use it all up. I never see

money—all goes for them.

Something pricked Uncle Jake and he to calm himself before he could speak. "V "I jes' couldn't live if I didn't believe it," I must be agoin' on," he said; "but jes' and remember it's nice to have the wife and kids around. And that's your job. S' lonely without them in this world—goodbye."

The farmer stood looking after the old man as he went down the road. "Maybe he is some right—I dunno. I s'pose this is my job—gid-

dap, Jenny."

The old man and the dog tramped along. "Be so nice to be 'count to somebody," he murmured. "I uster think I was some good. Now, mother—she would 'a' been helping somebody all the time. Good wimmen are like that—but old men are jes' no 'count at all. After all my busy years, now to be dumped in the—Poor Farm. Can't do nothin' for nobody;" and a few tears coursed slowly down the

and off the man went to the water. Soaking his one clean handkerchief with water, he hurried back. "Now let Uncle Doctor fix you up," he said as he carefully washed off the blood. "Now you're a hurted soldier, you know, and I'll bind up this poor little foot."

It was soon done, though Uncle Jake was minus part of his shirt. The boy was smiling

now. What a funny man!"

"Where do you live, young feller?" asked the man. Then the blue eyes filled up again.

"Oh—'way up that long hill and I can't walk—oh dear, oh dear!" But Uncle Jake shut the tears off instanter. "Why don't you know how they do in the war? Buddies who aren't hurt always take the wounded soldiers



wrinkled cheeks. He walked on in silence for some time. Somehow the bright day had grown cloudy with these reflections. "Why, I am't—why, for the land's sake! S'matter, bub?" This to a tousled-headed little young-ster sitting on the bank of a little stream.

The child stopped crying a minute, as the man and dog came near. Then he started in again. "I—oh—oo, I cut my foot!" he wailed, holding up the bleeding member.

"Lemme see, sonny," and the man sat down by the little fellow, while the dog licked the bare foot sympathetically.

"Well, that sure does look like blood, but I kin fix it good and proper. Wait a minute,"

on their backs. Now right about face, and mount!" and the old man stooped for his burden. With a merry laugh the boy climbed up, with chubby arms around the old man's neck. Off they went, with the bounding dog close by. It was rather a steep hill and the old man grew pretty short of breath. "Oughter be good for the crick," he said, as he shifted his load from the lame side.

Finally the trio reached the top of the hill and came to a comfortable little farmhouse. As they reached the porch a woman came out hurriedly. Deep wrinkles and heavy eyes spoiled a pretty face, and each movement bespoke impatience.

"What's the matter—what's he been up to now?" she asked, as she took the boy from the man's back.

"Never done nothin'," came from the child in the same impatient tone. "Oh, just a cut foot this time," said Uncle Jake. "'S all right now and he's some soldier, too." The old man staggered a little.

"Oh! of course you're tired a-carryin' him —come sit down," the woman said, with belated

hospitality.

"Do feel a mite winded," the man said as he sat down heavily. The woman looked at him kindly and the deep wrinkles smoothed out quickly. "I do 'preciate your kindness, sir. Up that long hill too—I'm sorry."

"Oh, that's all right. Got to help a fellow up a hill sometimes. Nice little chap that," answered the man. The frown returned.

"Oh, yes—but I got four, and there's always something. I never get through—the children wear me plumb out," and the wrinkles came in a hurry to the woman's face.

Uncle Jake looked off to the fleecy clouds. What was Mother thinking about it? Once they had four too, but one by one they had slipped away. But they had never thought them troubles.

"I—oh 'scuse me, madam—I guess I was a-thinkin'. But I think children are great inventions. Keep us from growing sour and self-ish. Wisht I had a dozen," the man said gently. The woman caught her breath sharply. "Have you—any children?" she asked. The man kept his eyes on the fleecy clouds and cleared his throat.

"Oh, yes, four. And Mother. But you see they ain't here no more. But God knows best. And memory is a sweet possession sometimes." A sob escaped the woman. "Oh, I'm so sorry. And are you alone?" she asked.

"Alone? Oh, bless you—no. Ain't I got the whole world of folks? And when I can't do nothin' more, He will bring me home to my family. And Mother helps me so much. Got time to look after the children over there—and me here. It's so nice to think about!" and the old man's eyes shone through the tears. "Well, I must jog along. Hope the little foot will be all right. Love 'em all hard, ma'am—they be rare treasures. Goodbye." And off he started with the dog trotting close by his side.

The woman looked after him silently. "And mine are all here," she said softly. "Oh! I must try to remember what he said—'love 'em hard!'"

"Well, jes' how far do you think we be from home, Buster? I know my old legs are sorter weary, anyway," and the old man walked unsteadily. Always a believer in Divine Providence, Uncle Jake wasn't at all surprised when a man leaned from a passing car with an invitation to ride. He climbed in wearily.

"Somebody jes' sent you along, ne chuckled; "I'm about tuckered out." They talked about the weather and the crops, and had a pleasant visit. "But I tell you," the driver said, "something is about to happen. We're on the very brink of a volcano. Business is rotten, industry paralyzed and I look for a panic within six months."

"You do!" exclaimed Uncle Jake. "Pshaw! I never look for anything I don't want. Don't

pay."

"Oh, that's very well in theory. But anyone who studies conditions agrees with me," went on the driver.

"Oh, I dunno. I may be an old man, but I try to keep read up. An' I been through a lot of hard times in my life, but I notice I always pulled through. There always seems to be a way out. Worryin' only weakens a fellow. Why, man—the quickest way to bring on a panic is to talk like you're a-talkin' now! That's always what starts runs on banks. Now s'posin' everybody would talk prosperity and hopeful signs—don't you think it would make things better?"

The driver looked out over the adjoining country and then back to the kindly old face beside him. "Well, I s'pose so. But it's sort of hard when everything looks dead wrong."

The old man smiled. "Jes' happen to think

The old man smiled. "Jes' happen to think of a poem I got at home about a man who did things when 'everything was dead wrong,' in spite of all who said it couldn't be done. One learns a heap, if he grows old with his ears and eyes open."

"Well, you're dead right—you really are. I should be philosopher enough to not fall in line with the general run of talk," the driver said "I don't know but what it might be a good idea to start a different line of argument

Thanks to you—I believe I will!"

The old man looked over happily. "I tel you, son, it would do a lot of good. First brighten up your insides and then reflect or other folks. Oh, we can do a whole lot by jes' thinkin' right and talkin' right. I jes' tel you, I envy you young fellers for the chance you get nowadays. Don't let it go by. Worl things out right for us old fellows who ain'

(Continued on page 36)

Old Valentines

By ALBERTA WING COLWELL

My love sent me some Valentines,
A sheaf of roses white,
A heart shaped box of candied sweets,
But I'm not happy, quite.

I'd rather have the Valentines, Like Grandma used to get, Old Valentines of silver lace, My Grandma has them yet.

Old Valentines of silver lace, And Cupids with their darts, Long wreathes of quaintest flowers twined, With strings of blood red hearts.

Old Valentines of silver lace, With painted church inside, And underneath, in faded ink "Will you, love, be my bride?"



El Rito de los Frijoles

By MARJORIE G. BONIFACE

HERE are few national monuments in America as little known as the Rito de los Frijoles, and few can compare with it in history and charm. It is the Bandelier National Monument, so named for Adolph F. Bandelier, the man who explored these ancient ruins of the tribal cliff dwellers and in whose memory the School of American Archeology has caused them to be set apart as a national mon-

ument bearing his name.

To reach Frijoles, for so the place is called all over New Mexico, leave the train at the ancient city of Santa Fe, where one can profitably spend several days rambling around the adobe-lined streets, and can easily fancy himself in the heart of old Spain. Busses bearing the name Rito de los Frijoles go twice daily to the monument. If you leave Santa Fe in the early morning you arrive at the ranch house in the canon about twelve o'clock and time to eat. The thirty-mile trip from Santa Fe takes several hours, as it has many hairpin curves going down into and climbing out of canons, and too, the road is narrow and looks straight down from some places into the valley below, a sheer drop of several hundred feet, but a look at the driver reassures you as he views the whole scene with the utmost complacency and boredom.

Arriving at the edge of the canon, the car stops and you are told to get out and walk the rest of the way; glancing down into the canon you understand why; no car could possibly go down that precipitous path. You walk several miles in going this distance of not more than a quarter mile down to the bottom, as the trail runs in nearly horizontal lines only a few feet apart with the curves occurring wherever possible down the face of that cliff. Pausing on this trail you look down upon the rito and corral and finally, among the trees, the ranch house with a fleet of white-winged tents spread over the little rise at the back of the house, permitting the sightseer to sleep indoors or out.

This cañon, from its wide beginning to its narrowed walls at the end, is not more than six miles long, nor more than a quarter mile wide at any place, and contains just eighteen

hundred acres in all.

Its southern side is a steep slope, at the top of which lies a wooded mesa. Along the flat bottom of this canon, past the ranch and on

through the willows, runs the little brook, rito, not large but permanent! It gallant furnishes water for every living thing in th cañon, and how it gurgles over the stones You can hear it like a lullaby from your ter at night until it sings you to sleep.

The chief interest of the monument is i northern cliff. This rises to a height of sev eral hundred feet, irregular, with here and the a pinnacle and a rugged crag and then a sho level, but in no place is it less than 200 fe high. This wall is in most places a sheer dro and inaccessible except upon ladders and the only for a short way, as no ladder could read the mesa above.

It is this cliff that was peopled by a rac of men hundreds of years ago, no one ca say how long, but when the Spaniards cam over in sixteen hundred it had already bee abandoned. Viewed at a little distance it re sembles a huge honeycomb. The soft rock of the cliff is a yellowish color, and the who face is pitted here and there with small dar openings—holes in the wall.

You can ascend these ladders which have been placed to numerous openings by the Ard eological Society and you will marvel that me could have lived in quarters so small, but a your head clears the top rung of the ladder yo are looking into a room, not a small hole the rock, as it appears from below, but a roo in which after crawling through the doorwa you stand up and walk around.

Some of these cave rooms are connected with others by small openings, making in son cases an entire suit. Some are as large as medium-size bedroom, others quite small. one room you find the stone metata and sla for crushing corn and in others you are ab to comprehend the nature of their heating sy tem; their fireplace was a spot on the floo and above it had been made an opening through which the smoke could find its way out through the face of the cliff.

This pigeon-holed cliff extends for sever hundred yards, past the Eagle clan and t Turquoise clan, when there is a break in t formation and the cliff becomes less steep a is slightly wooded. It is here that the tr along which you enter the cañon winds way. Further on past this slope the cliff aga rears itself to a nearly perpendicular heig e you come upon the homes of the lan. Here the cliff is more attractive caves just examined. It is crudely there being several tiers of dwellings le little vestibules and colonnades. The ere are larger, with larger openings, light and airy. A member of our party an excellent picture of the communal in the little canon below from one of enings.

take you several hours to explore the

irprising new retreats clear down to the de. In this group you come suddenly gap in the wall, a mere crevice. Enand you are confronted with a ladder ascend to a jagged crack in the wall, 1 mount another ladder and still antil you come upon a large room with ls and a dirt floor, the crevice through ou have ascended being the only openne walls. Then you have the sky for How beautiful it is! There are few perfect as that of New Mexico—every the year. You hear no sound, for : most talkative member of your party till for a while. I cannot explain this on one: there is nothing ghostly about ely spot, but it is unquestionably navn, and too, you look straight up into pths of blue that you know are far ou, yet you feel them near, just out ommunal dwelling ruins are in the vale rito: all about are many sand spurs. veeds and cholla cacti. This communal was built of adobe, as are hundreds n pueblos scattered over the southwest The building has long since crumbled is, but the groundwork or foundation leaving a clear plan of the entire The walls rise in places to a height of three feet, and you are able to pass out through the doorways. This was ense house, containing several hundred nd built around an open court. What tribe must have peopled this communal . for a family of Indians in their adobe occupy little space and seem always

Makers." The story is of his own but based upon geographical facts, researches and knowledge of Indian gleaned from living and studying hem for many years. It was cloaked all garb to make it more acceptable to lic, but contains a wealth of scientific

learning and is a very fascinating story. Here in the communal dwellings you imagine you can pick out the home of Say Koitza, and fancy you stand in the door of the house and watch with her the antics of the Delight Makers as they sport about the court.

About all these ruins you see many pieces of broken pottery, arrow heads and pieces of obsidian, and if you are diligent and untiring in your efforts you may be rewarded by a

piece of turquoise.

Up the rito nearly a mile, and quite removed from the cliff dwellings, is the Ceremonial Cave, like the aerie of an eagle, high up in the cliff above the tree tops. The cliff here is not vertical, but nearly so, there being three distinct jags in the wall. There are three ladders leading to the cave, each one reaching to a base of rock made by a jag, and the last portion of the way you scramble on hands and knees. You climb until you are out of breath and, looking down from the second table ledge, you may see some of your party seated at the foot of the ladder, too dizzy to scale to the top.

Reaching the cave, you step upon sound footing, a rock floor. This is a room scooped out of solid rock in crescent shape and nearly thirty feet wide in its widest place, with the cliff hanging about ten feet overhead for a roof. This was the old ceremonial cave of this ancient people, for here near the edge of the cave is their kiva, in which the wise men held their councils. It rises about two feet higher than the floor of the cave, a circular wall, tub shaped. You may walk upon it and descend a ladder the end of which sticks up through a square opening just large enough to permit your passage down. You find a round room, high enough to stand in comfortably and about nine feet in diameter. It is rather dark, the only opening being the hole through which you descended. I can promise you that in this kiva you will be assailed by every hair-raising story that has ever been told you of Indian ceremony, involving peace pipe or war paint.

Coming out of the kiva and standing in the cave, you are high above everything and you look down upon the tops of trees that grow along the sito and you look upon the opposite cliff and note its coloring and are finally fascinated by what seems a mere line passing along in zigzag, but presently you may see a party of horses and riders moving carefully along in single file and you know that you are seeing the trail across the canon. From this observatory the view alone is worth the climb.

Descending and pausing on the ledge at the foot of the first ladder, you will notice a strange freak of nature or men: a huge boulder of rock is resting on a sharp, sudden rise from the slant of the cliff beneath. Resting on a little knoll. it looks as though one good strong puff of wind would send it crashing down the cliff to dam the waters of the rito. This great stone lies directly in the path up the rocks, a path traceable by the holes dug into the rock for foot and hand holds centuries ago, but distinct after all these years. That the ancients did scale these heights is a face beyond dispute, inaccessible as the trail looks to us from our ladders, the cave itself with its kiva are mute testifiers to the fact that it once knew a hardy race who walked up the face of stony cliffs. The guide ventures the theory that this stone was placed here as a means of defending their ceremonial cave from hostile tribes. Once dislocated, the boulder would crush to atoms anything in its path. Yet, how could they, without marvelous engineering apparatus, have hoisted that boulder to such a precarious position as to make shoving it down hill by manforce possible, and yet stable enough to defy the elements for we know not how many hundred years? You may or may not accept this theory.

An interesting side trip can be made horseback from Frijoles to the stone lions a painted caves. You ride out of the can across the mesa, through the beautiful Alai Cañon, and on over a rocky, narrow path, I the saddle horses from the ranch know way. The lions are presumably a freak nature; two stones resembling couchant lic lying side by side in a little open plot, of miles from any habitation. The painted cavare a few miles farther on. They are rich coloring and rude drawings. This trip tal one whole day.

Of the thirty-three national monuments the United States, eight are in Arizona and in New Mexico. Of all these the Grand Can is undoubtedly the grandest, but the Bandel National Monument has a different atmosphe and you come away from it, not with the fe ing that you have looked upon the grand work of nature, but that you have viewed thandiwork and heard the voices of people will lived ages before the United States was both It can be briefly examined in two days, be a new discovery awaits the prowler in the peaceful retreat every day of his stay, no me ter how prolonged.

Mc Cloud

By JEAN CAMPBELL MacMILLAN

I have walked in the woods' cathedral aisles,
Between the towering pillars of the pine,
Where sunlight sifts through crimson dogwood leaves
As stained glass windows framed in eglantine.
Tall maple tops aflame as censers swung
With fragrance of the earth up to His Throne
And color molten in its melody
Made music of the silence without tone.

And I have opened up my heart to these And bade them enter into its abode, As quiet caravans that seek at eve, Surcease from travel and from precious load; But I have seen them stand amazed, appalled, Before the portals as they swung apart—Dumb at the beauty upon which they gazed, Of love, and you at home within my heart.



Heritage of the Wild

By AMATA ABIAH DUNNING

N with the dance. From the Indian tomtom to its six-piece orchestra of today, the little town of Neepomah never stopped tripping its light fantastic. It began ages ago with scalp dances around a campfire when naked savages rent the air with discordant sound and fagged themselves almost to death to demonstrate the joy overflowing barbarian hearts. And then the passing years brought along the pleasure-loving Spaniard with his light-hearted fandango timed to the soft musical strain of the troubadour's guitar. And then followed on the wings of progress and agreeable emotions the jitney jazz of Pezzoni's pleasure palace of today.

Neepomah danced every night, month in and month out. Pezzoni never closed his doors. There were jitney dances six nights running, and every Saturday night a Happy Hooligan, a night in Chinatown, or some other worked-up

special to drag the public in.

To the east and south stretched big cattle ranches, inhabited by cowpunchers and range riders; from the north the timbered sections contributed woodsmen, and the town proper had a dancing population of clerks, business men, politicians, loafers whatnots. All classes had feminine friends and all came to Pezzoni's on Saturday nights.

Close upon the Chinatown special, Pezzoni clipped a bit of half-century-old merriment and put on a Spanish fiesta, an imitation of an oldtime roustabout of señors, señoritas, Indian, bandit and buccaneer characters. He urged the sountryside to come in the spirit and cos-

tume of vanished days.

No one entered into the occasion with keener zest than the beautiful Anita Yori. Black-haired, white-skinned, with the eyes of a savage and a heart of flame, the fair señorita attracted all men who came to that fiesta. The mesmeric smile of her sensuous lips, the tilt of her voluptuous body, and the glint of her passionate eyes kept a jealous rage smoldering in the hearts of her admirers. The dancers lived again in the old spirit of daring and rage when men cut down their brothers to win a kiss from a passing fancy.

"Who is she?" a newcomer, calling himself

Smith, asked Pezzoni.

"A part-Indian girl who raises hell aroun

here."

"Doesn't look it—face too refined." Smith eyes followed the girl who drew masculin glances as a magnet draws iron. The bodic of her Spanish costume hung loosely from rounded white shoulder, exposing a bosom fu and beautiful, which moved slightly from the pulsing of hot blood in her veins. When dancing she swayed lightly like a beautiful flowe in the gentle wind.

"There's a black heart beneath that whit skin. Knives have clashed because of her. Pezzoni's face gloated over the things that he

knew.

"How so?" the stranger asked, eagerly.

"Many lovers whom she loved madly, an vet refuses to marry. Just watch her now. Have a cigar?" The men withdrew to a sea near the wall, puffed smoke silently and followed the maneuvers of the girl, who seemed to charm men as a snake does a toad. The hovered about, hanging greedily upon he words. Her voice, inclined to be heavy, with brated with a magnetic cadence that dreshearers to her side as a vacuum pulls in dusting the statement of the side as a vacuum pulls in dusting the statement of the side as a vacuum pulls in dusting the statement of the side as a vacuum pulls in dusting the statement of the side as a vacuum pulls in dusting the statement of the side as a vacuum pulls in dusting the statement of the side as a vacuum pulls in dusting the statement of the side as a vacuum pulls in dusting the statement of the side as a vacuum pulls in dusting the

A tall, tallow-haired stranger pushed hi way into the circle of admirers and asked the girl for the dance then starting. There were no words of greeting, the man was unknown to the community, but every one present kneed that somewhere, sometime, the couple had me and loved. His stern, rugged features, his deep set eyes, his manner of speech proclaimed the

fact as the girl took his arm.

The couple swung gaily out to the first measure of the music and then the girl slipper from his arms with a sinuous, serpentine movement and whirled into the arms of another dancing with the grace of a nymph. A laugh of peculiar sweetness, heard by all, broke from her lips, followed by a boisterous uproar from others. The man left standing alone in mid floor cursed loudly and stood aside, rage quiver ing in every limb.

"Who is he?" whispered Smith.

"Dunno—but that she-devil must have his number."

"Why do you have her here?"

"She is a good drawing card and a wonder ful dancer. This is what you might call a raw it is in the making. The money comes ie men. I please them and don't give ieed to the women."

igh stuff," contemptuously.

sure, but joints like this won't last onger. They are passing like the Indian buffalo. I'm making hay while the sun

has wonderful hair." Smith's eyes to the girl's heavy jet braids piled high d in place by an old Spanish dagger.

t dagger hairpin has a little history of , as well as the maid who wears it."

as a blade of perfect steel and a sureoint. The girl's mother, a high-strung, d half-squaw, killed her husband with man, Anita's father, came home drunk, arreled and fought, he drew his bowie but the woman was too quick for him. irl has inherited the primitive passions mother and the grace and cunning of iss father."

k—they are at it again." The stranger ip, startled by the movements of the ragain approaching the girl. She saw d at once glided off into a solo dance. In twirled his sombrero into midair and l it to fall over the girl's head. It sank to her ears.

at the—oh, yes," Pezzoni chuckled. I Spanish custom. The man thus asks ita to favor him for the balance of the. He asks to be her exclusive gallant." girl tore the hat from her head, tramunder foot, and flung it back, hitting the I face. A roar of laughter seconded her assion and hilarity raged rampant. Both d women had been drinking and it rithem for excitement. Bad blood and grasped the reins of entertainment.

face of the tall Saxon whitened to match: and then flamed a livid purple. He d his hands, knotted with strength, and up close to the girl.

'll dance with me now?" His hot breath her cheek.

nk you—no," she tossed her head ly.

will!" He glared as though touched nity. "You will or you die. I'll tear eart out with these hands of mine and t to the dogs."

hreat brought a smile to the red lips, ering from the onlookers. Pezzoni's palace was serving full measure.

"Answer me!" The room hushed to hear the reply.

"Ah, sir," the brave Anita faced him fearlessly, "step aside—I'll see you in hell first."

The man lunged forward with maniacal fingers and seized the girl in a mad embrace. He forced her lips to his and then shook her violently as though she were a rat in the teeth of a dog.

A half dozen men closed in on the couple to free her from his grasp. Knives clashed, no one knew just what was doing and then the pair fell apart. The man slipped to the floor, a trickle of blood straining his shirt front.

"God! The man's been stabbed."

"Stabbed! Who did it?" cried several voices aghast.

"Silence!" the wounded man raised his voice into a rasping whisper. "Never mind who—I deserved it."

And then, to the surprise of the gaping crowd, the girl burst into a frenzy of tears and bent over the wounded man.

"You must not die! oh, live, live, darling, for my sake!" She kissed him repeatedly, passionately.

"You little devil—I love you," the man mumbled and swooned.

Pezzoni sent for a doctor and closed his doors for the night. It was long past midnight; the crowd was loath to go, but he pushed them out, permitting Smith only to remain.

The wounded man stirred occasionally, roused by the entreaties of the woman, who stroked back his hair and kissed him again and again.

Pezzoni motioned Smith to one side.

"I've been putting two and two together nd they make four."

and they make four."
"Well?" Smith asked, with a twisted smile.
"I'm catching step with the blood-stained West—go on."

"The story goes of a trapper across the divide who loved a young girl. The day before the wedding she confessed to him that she was part Indian, and without a word of farewell he cast her off and went back to his traps. She followed him—a hundred miles on foot—camped with him for months in a remote mountain cañon, served him with the devotion of an all-Indian woman, and then he whipped her with a rawhide, forcing her to leave him."

"And you think?"

"This is the couple. She and her mother came here a year ago, like Arabs in the night, and—here comes the doctor."

(Continued on page 39)

Grandeur

By GEORGIA S. COUCH

A mountain gorge with rugged granite walls, Gigantic boulders scattered everywhere, Clear pools fed by some icy crystal falls That laugh and tumble down their rocky stair.

Vast crevices across the solid rock,
Filled in by sands of centuries drifted down,
Where trees take root so deep they stand the
shock
Of tempest's blinding blast and darkest frown.

These are the things that fill my soul with awe, I bow my head in reverence to the dust; I gaze upon this grandeur and I draw Unto myself unbounded strength and trust.

The Sounding Sea

By EMMA CARBUTT RICHEY

I love the throbbing ocean, The wise old sighing sea; For always it is singing Of wonderful things to me.

It sings of jewelled sunbeams
That dance on the foam and spray,
It warns the ships of menace
As it roars in the rocks of the bay.

It sings of mighty icebergs, And boasts of deep caves so grand, It moans of warring countries, It croons of our own fair land.

I love the grand old ocean, The beautiful, sounding sea; The music of its booming Is God's lullaby to me.

Breakfast—and Cream

By VIRGINIA LEE

ARRIED life was an exaggerated profundity of courtship with the Houghtons. a Houghton had, long before she met Houghton, graduated from the name id adopted her second name as a reality; n Reene came to live "in our back yard," bara expressed it, and for which Reene rever explaining: "I live just in back , a house on the side street," Eva had successfully been forgotten or tucked in the attic store-room for some favorite to bring forth some day to make fur-:omplications. Before their marriage, a was kept busy-almost exhausted-Reene from the fireside lest in some way uld become acquainted with the horrible 'Eva." Barbara hated it sincerely—desy. In fact, she hated it so that the mere it sent her into a rebellious mood for with a secret cursing for that person who rittingly gave her, in her infancy, such a of care in her teens. Of course Reene irs, and families are hard to educate to ly-acquired name—but with his ears also had an intution and while he obeyed stinct things went on very nicely, but a an't be expected always to be subservient voice within. The discovery of the away name was the cause of a squabble ended in almost forever and forever-R. But it didn't. Barbara's quarrels t that way. She was like a cat with a ; let it get so far and then pull it back ure a little more. Reene undoubtedly e mouse, at least he thought so, many before Barbara saw fit to change her I name of Craig to Houghton, and lly Barbara thought she was the one who ways giving in. GIVING IN she deigned ind him so often that he thought perhe was, and loved her all the more for l, as every one does, suddenly and with Reene woke one morning after a "conon" as he called it, which added further ways to Barbara's wrath, that even if a did give in, it was always Barbara arted it in the first place. the time Barbara had prepared break-

the time Barbara had prepared breakr two, Reene had, like a tea-kettle, come oil. Every difference in their courtship had added other coals to the already glowing fire and Barbara's smile only irritated him the more.

"Are you going to tell me why Mr. Crane is coming here at ten o'clock while I'm away? Reene started his barrage with the most abrupt question possible.

"I told you I was not, last night. Do be

sensible!"

"I am sensible. It is you who is not. You

are not reasonable!"

"Don't you dare tell me I'm not reasonable again. That is all I have ever heard from you and I've always melted before that word like honey in the sun, but I'm not going to any more. I'm just as sensible as you are or ever were. Just because I was always taking everything from you, making up when you were angry; always making the advance to soothe you before we were married is no sign I'm going to do it forever. Sometimes things get monotonous." Barbara held up her head, pouted her lips as she seated herself and drew her napkin over her lap. This not producing the desired effect she picked up the newspaper. which Reene had for once left untouched, reminded him at the same time that this was the first morning she had had a chance to take a glimpse and she really liked it.

"There you go about that paper again."
Reene's eyes narrowed in a frown.. "You
know the only time I have to read the paper is

in the morning.

"You weren't reading it this morning. No. when I want some attention; when I want to be assured that you still love me, you haven't time to tell me. The paper is far more important than your wife. But just let you want to be assured, then you haven't time for the paper. You're selfish, just like all men. You've always been that way. When things went your way everything was fine. I was always the willing horse. Even before we were married, when you should have been ever so considerate, I was the fool, the one who was always waiting your beck and call. When you didn't have anything else to do, you took me out, then politely told me that evening that you had to write letters or something the next night. Yes, it was all very nice for me, when you chose to stay away, that was fine, because the next night Barbara Craig would be waiting for your phone call and crazy to go out with you.

"Barbara!"

"Just keep still, I'm not through. of always hearing 'be sensible; don't be so kiddish; be reasonable!' It's just about time you're doing the same!"

"Now, listen here, I don't want all this conversation. I asked you a civil question and

I want an answer."

"I don't intend to answer such a foolish question! Before we were married, you went out and out and out. You had your friends you didn't care to have me meet—they were a little rough for me-but they weren't for you. You had crowds, night after night, over at your house, yelling, drinking and goodness knows what all, and when I even had a thought of asking a question, and I didn't even ask the question, you said, 'You must believe in me; I told you about it all, that they were coming; Be reasonable.' That's what you said. I told you just as much. I told you he was coming and I'm not asking you to believe in me because I don't care. I never did believe in you anyway."

'Barbara!'

"No, I didn't, and don't say 'Barbara' that way to me either. And the next thing you'll want to know is why. Well, I'll tell you why, because you are selfish and have such a slick way of making people believe they are in the wrong, and then you get a thrill out of an apology—the making-up. I never will get over the time I ran out the back door to call you back and you walked on. Oh, it makes me so angry when I think of it!" Barbara crumpled the paper in her hands, and after three vigorous pounds on the table continued, "That was always the way with you. If you wanted to kiss me good-night, you did. If you didn't feel so inclined, you never took me into consideration until you thought I was getting angry—you offered. Why wouldn't I resent the of course, if you want it so badly, I guess I'll have to kiss you' attitude. Then you would go away as if you were the one who had his feelings hurt; make me feel mean all over, and then when I would humble myself enough to run after you-you-you-you walked right on, and then I ran after you-clear over to your house to make up. That's the way I have always done and just because you were so clever in turning things around and making it the other person's fault. Oh-ooooo, it makes me so mad to think of it, I—I—I—

"Now Barbara, you know just the reason I didn't, and you know the only reason you insisted was because you wanted to oppose me. Anyway, that is in the past; let's forget it!'

"Forget it, yes, that is all you ever ask me to do. FORGET IT. I've forgotten more than I ever though I'd know, and all about youbut I can't help remembering even forgotten things."

"Now, listen, honey-girl, I've got to go. I have some extra work to do today, and I haven't

even read the paper—

"There you go about the old paper. You'd rather spend your time holding an old paper than with your wife, and when you do have a moment without that old paper, you spend it quarreling instead of being nice!

"You know differently, Barbara. You have to be considerate. I should know why Crane is coming to your-our-apartment. Shouldn't

15,

"There is no reason why you should. Why shouldn't I ask him to come when he is kind enough to dance with Mrs. Houghton when her husband is around the hall hunting up some one who was an acquaintance of long ago?"

"So, that's what's the matter with you! Jealous again!" Reene laughed, but Bar-

bara's face turned stony white.

"No, I'm not jealous. How many times do I have to tell you that? But I do like attention when others can see me. I don't care how indifferently you treat me when we're alone, but when we're among people, I want you to treat me differently. It makes me so angry to have you say I'm jealous. That's what you always thought about that time your people had that party, and Mrs. Jack supplied you so kindly with a girl. It wasn't because I was jealous It was because I didn't want to think you cared so little for me that you'd be willing to have another girl for the evening, and then to think you'd drink, dance and goodness knows what else with that girl, and that wasn't the only time she did that either. I suppose that gir you chased all over the dance hall last nigh for a dance was one of those girls."

"Now, dear, don't you know that unless you forget such silly things that there will have

to be a break sometime?"

"Oh, so that's what you want, do you That's why you asked me why Mr. Crane wa coming up? Well, if that's what you want muchly-married,-I should say, many-time married man, you didn't need to bring that up I'm tired of being neglected all the time any way. I don't blame your other wives-"

"Now, Barbara I don't want to hear that kind of talk. You know that is a sensitive spot with me. It is not like you to talk that way."

way."
"You knew me long enough before we were married. Of course I grant you wouldn't have known me that long if it hadn't have been

that you had to-"

"Barbara," Reene rose and drew her out of the chair, shaking her rather forecfully, "I've go to go and before I go, I want you to tell me what business Mr. Crane has here with you when I'm away?"

"I'm not going to tell you." Barbara forced her shoulders from Reene's hands and faced him squarely with a defiant look in her dark

eyes.

"If my wife can't tell me such things as that, if she has to keep things from me—well, it's all off."

"That's just what I've been waiting for you

to say."

"Well, that's just what I've been going to say all through this wrangling. Life is too short to spoil it with such silliness and when—well, when a wife refuses to tell her husband why another man is coming to call on her, well, it's time to be through. You can have the car—everything. I'll send an expressman for my trunk. You can lay my clothes out if you will."

"I'll not touch them. If you want them,

you'll have to pack them yourself."

"Very well, I'll go without them. I haven't so many anyway that it will break me up or embarrass me financially!" Reene reached for his overcoat, took his hat, pulled it over his head, and walked without hesitation to the door. Barbara stood, rather stupified, glaring at his back, too proud and obstinate to call him back. She was through calling him back. She had told him, and this time she was not going to be the clinging-vine type. She had done

without him perfectly satisfactorily before he came to live in "our back yard" and she certainly could get along without him now. Reene's hand was upon the knob. He did not turn back. Barbara's eyes were moistening but she did not stretch out her arms and say, "Reene, I'm so sorry," as she always had before. He turned the knob. The knob had already been turned from the other side, the door opened from the outside and a cheery-faced girl laughed her way in, lifting the lid from a large box of candy, "Here, have some candy," then, pausing a moment, "Why, Reene, I thought today was your day off! Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Just down town to get some cream before I go to the office." Reene turned to Barbara, "Is that all you wanted, darling?"

"Yes Sweetie, but you haven't the bottle."
"That's one thing I never can remember—a bottle." Reene returned to the kitchen for the bottle, Barbara stared rather blankly at him, and as he passed her again on his way out, he kissed her gently—"Is that all now, honey?"

"Yes, dear, but you'll be home for lunch?"

"Of course I will."

"Well, Reene," Barbara took hold of his arm and walked to the door as Gerda, her friend, seated herself on the Chesterfield, sampling the box of newly-acquired chocolates, "Mr. Crane is coming to have me introduce him to the landlady of the Barinoor Apartments. He's going to get married and is hunting an apartment."

Barbara bowed her head a trifle and Reene raised it with his hand, kissed her, tucked the cream bottle in his coat, closed the door, and as Barbara heard his whistle down the steps and out the walk, she heaved a sigh, smiled and then seated herself by the side of Gerda, and with a rather breathless hug, "Don't you think my Reene is the sweetest thing in the world?

Oh, my, how I love him!"



Romance on the Wing

By LEE VINCENT

HE thin, lazy column of smoke first called the attention of Arthur E. Hill to the fact that others besides himself were in the neighborhood of the Topaz Canyon. But under vastly different circumstances, a matter of about three thousand feet, for Art, as he was called by his friends, was a pilot of a mail plane and just at present was speeding eastward to Reno from the station near Oakland and the smoke he was watching was far below in the Topaz Canyon close to the California-Nevada line.

Something about the smoke seemed hospitable. Perhaps because it was noon, an hour when such a whiff of smoke could but likely mean one thing—meal time. It plainly seemed to suggest thick, juicy slices of ham and a great heap of rich brown, fried potatoes; in fact, it simply must be coming from some friendly fire, thought Art.

Making these calculations, he decided to investigate and plunged the great plane eastward in a graceful swoop. Lower and lower he came until he could see clearly a neat little cabin

set in a group of pines.

"That's been there a long time by its looks," mused Art, "but I never knew it was there. Folks must have just moved in lately. Wonder what they expect to do in this good-for-nothing canyon?" Then he nosed the plane closer.

He had no intention to make a landing, for while he possibly could do so in the small clearing in front of the cabin and pine grove, it would have been impossible to get out again on account of the thick standing pines there.

However, by now he had begun swinging in an easy circle, but because the canyon was narrow at this point he could come no closer than eight hundred feet to the source of the smoke. He was about to wing away when he saw her. She may have been there all the time but he had not seen her. At first he thought she was a little girl for her hair was bobbed, it seemed. Still, he could not be certain at such a height whether she was a full-grown woman with bobbed hair or a small girl. Suddenly she raised her hand and began to wave. There was something in the motion that made it seem more like that of an adult

than that of a child. Art signaled a greetin and a good-bye and pointed the nose of hi plane eastward.

While Hill had been making this maneuver there had been another witness of his flight whom he had not observed. This was the

girl's father, T. M. Carr.

"Well, Millie," said he as the girl returne to the cabin from her vantage point after the plane had passed on, "I suppose that chap is wondering what kind of idiots expect to home stead a ranch in this narrow canyon."

"Also what we are going to have for lunch, laughed Millie, "and it is all ready, Dad," sh added as she placed the food on the rusti

table.

"Got another guess coming about us, hasn'he, Millie, my dear," said T. M. as he pulle

up his chair.

Both father and daughter were dressed in out-of-door clothing. Millie, however, wore big gingham apron over her outfit which was a riding skirt, a mannish shirt of flannel, and high-top boots. She looked very pretty as shoused herself about the meal. She seemed to be about twenty and her speech and action showed that she had not grown up in successive surroundings as were now hers. Nor her father for that matter, as his personal mannerisms is dicated he was no ordinary mountaineer. He hardware and had he seen the people as they really were, he would have been a great deal more mystified.

Art, six feet in height, handsome and e ceedingly healthy, was again making a treastward when he remembered the new in habitants in the Topaz Canyon. His westwat trip two days previous had been a hard one of he had fought a storm most of the way to to California station. This was one reason when had forgotten all about the canyon the trip. Another was that, as a rule, the maplanes were supposed to follow the America River to the north and make it a point to create the canyon.

Thus he was again speeding eastward on fine day early in May when the idea of pays the Topaz Canyon another visit came. T thought of sending some kind of message to t girl also entered his head. Thereupon he to

out his note-book and began to write, or rather scrawl, his greeting. He pushed the big plane farther south and soon he could see the mountains that formed the canyon far in the distance as though they were sitting on the edge of the earth. When he had finished his message he tore the pages out and taking a small nut from the pocket of his flying jacket he carefully wrapped the paper around this weight. Then he settled down to await the time to cast it below.

It was not long until he reached the rim of the canyon and the same welcome puff of smoke. It was noonday. Remembering his lessons as a flyer in the Air Service during the Great War, he began circling the opening in the pines and to make doubly sure of his mark he nosed the machine down, down, down.

Millie and her father were watching the big plane which seemed like some fabled monster seeking its prey. Millie was in the clearing and her father was in front of the cabin. Suddenly the pilot leaned out of the cockpit and with a wave of his hand which seemed to say "watch" cast his harmless missile to the girl on the ground.

His aim was perfect and Millie had only to move a few paces to pick up the communication. Then with another wave to those on the ground (this time Art saw the father) he sped on his journey and soon disappeared beyond the rim of the hills.

Millie unfolded the paper and read: "Dear Folks of Ye Old Homestead:

Topaz Canyon,

"Guess the little girl who looks like a doll does not live all alone in that little cabin so I am addressing this to all, but I am going to say 'hello' first to the lady as she is the only person I have seen about

your place.

"Really I don't know if you are a little girl or a charming young lady because I think your hair is bobbed and you look so small from 'way up here, just a wee speck. You see if I knew you were a little girl I would know whether to bring along a rag doll for you to play with or if you were a young lady I suppose a bunch of flowers would be in order. I surmise, however, that you are the latter. So won't you assure me that my surmise is correct? It will be easy to do this. Simply wave a towel at me next time and that will mean, 'past rag doll stage.' Not that I am a real fresh guy but rather I am

in a good position to help the lonely days along.

"I will be along here next Friday in the late afternoon and I'll look for your signal. "Good-bye until then.

Arthur E. Hill, U. S. Air Mail Service."

Millie read the letter several times and once to her father. Then she took a seat on a pine log and for a long time she sat quiet looking as though she were trying to see the hole in the sky through which the plane had swept.

Finally she said aloud, "I wonder, I wonder—" and then suddenly went into the cabin and laid the meal on the table, having almost

forgotten it.

It was two days later and Friday when Millie heard the faint but throbbing purr of the distant mail plane. She had been washing the dishes from the evening meal and as her father saw her pick up a towel, he said, "Millie, I do not know that you should pay any attention to that fellow up there."

"But Pop," she replied, "what harm can there be in this? You know he cannot possibly land anywhere within miles of here on account of the timber."

"Well, that is so," said Carr, "Sure, what do I care?"

Millie ran from the cabin for the open space, towel waving up and down, as she watched the plane hover overhead.

As before a hand reached over the side of the cockpit of the aeroplane and a little wad of paper sped towards the earth. It lit at her feet. She picked it up and read:

"Please stand in a safe place while I drop a package."

Millie retreated to the safety of a pine tree, at the same time noticing her father standing in the doorway of the cabin watching the

proceedings.

Whereupon with rare skill the man in the machine heaved a sack over the side of his seat. The aim was wonderful, for the package hit the ground with a thud, where the note had fallen. Suddenly the aeroplane shot along the path the package had taken, the engine ceasing its roar. At two hundred feet Art shouted, "Hello there!" Then with a deafening roar the engine caught again and the mail plane sped away.

The sack was not heavy and Millie carried it to the shack where she and her father in-

spected its contents.

"Thoughtful chap," said Carr, as he dis-

covered a package of late papers.

"You said it, Dad," cried Millie as she found two new novels and a five-pound box of "Pacific Chocolates" carefully wrapped in a bat of cotton.

Pop Carr was already buried in his paper when suddenly Millie gave a little cry and said, "Why, here is a letter from him; it was in this book." She turned to her father and read the following missive:

"Respected Folks,

Ye Old Homestead,

Topaz Canyon.

"I feel sure you are willing to accept this little attention from one who gets a lot of pleasure out of it. Must be lonely to live with nobody for miles about. am going to help cheer you along and I feel sure you will not resent it. Sometimes this job of pushing this plane through the air gets monotonous and if I have something to look forward to, it helps a whale of a lot too.

"Right now I am going to tell the lady who looks like a doll how she can speak to me-and then we will have fun. There are several ways. She is going to learn how to reflect the sun up my way making short and long flashes. A hand mirror will do. She will have to learn the code. Also she can learn to wig-wag. It is all explained on another piece of paper.

"No chance to land and get acquainted; besides it is against the rules of the service.

"Good-bye and good luck.

The Pilot."

"So, so," said T. M. Carr, as he picked up the paper. He was reading the financial page. Several weeks passed. Each trip Art observed the progress of his pupil who being naturally quick to learn soon mastered the code and means of sending her messages. Though she sent slowly and somewhat carelessly, Art began to get a great deal of fun out of his proposition. He learned her name was "Millie" but beyond that she said little about her father or herself or what they were doing in the lonely Topaz Canyon.

He himself could always write out his messages and shoot them with precision to the "little girl who looked like a doll." He had a little way of making his plane jump which came

to mean, "I understand."

Sometimes she wig-wagged; other times she reflected the sunlight by means of a hand mir-

He had provided himself with glass which were a great aid to him in making out the

Every trip Art dropped his latest new papers. Sometimes there were books and can and one time he dropped a big bouquet of rose bearing the tag of a florist in San Francisc But the greatest surprise awaited them about the last week in June, for on that occasion Art cast forth a small parachute to which w attached a bundle that turned out to be Scotch collie pup about six weeks old. Mil had said they had horses, and nothing abo a dog so he had decided to see that she a

It was the last and a beautiful day in Jun Art Hill was on his eastward trip. He w zooming along, lost in the hum of his powerf motor. He had almost forgotten where he w when from out of the mountains there can a welcome flash of reflected sunlight.

"Y-o-u m-i-s-s-e-d y-o-u-r m-a-r-k l-a-s t-r-i-p," it came, "a-n-d a-l-m-o-s-t h-i-t P-o

o-n t-h-e h-e-a-d w-i-t-h p-a-p-e-r-s."

Arthur laughed to himself and dropped dow to one thousand feet so as not to repeat h performance of last trip. Flying in a circle l scrawled out the following note:

'Millie,

Now you have got the 'hang' of our system what shall we do about it? If there was only some place I could land with this air bus I would, because I sure would like to see you as a regular human being.

Art."

This note he dropped with the papers. Millie stood gazing until the aeroplane h crossed the canyon where it became lost in bank of clouds. She gave a gay little lau and ran into the cabin where her father h preceded her with the morning papers from San Francisco.

Several weeks passed. On the westward t Art surprised the Carr family with the nouncement that he was going to land n "The place will be three miles do the canyon on that clear mountain ridge," had said. Millie had flashed back, "Pop a I will be there and with a nice lunch, too."

Consequently, the next Friday morning for Millie and her father in their saddles, each w a basket. One was a lunch for three; the ot carried by the girl contained the cunning Sco

collie pup.

They followed a small stream which gurg down the ravine. When opposite the propos

landing field they forced their horses to climb the bushy slope that arose between.

"He can land here, I think," said Carr as he surveyed the field, "but it certainly is no place for a 'take-off' as I understand it."

"Where there is a will there is a way, Dad,"

returned the daughter.

An hour later the distant roar of his engine was heard. Then as a tiny speck the flying machine appeared. Soon the aviator was over the field. The two horses gave their riders some trouble. The pilot cut out the motor and with bird-like ease made the landing.

T. M. Carr and his pretty daughter cantered their horses up to the spot where the

machine had taxied.

"Glad to see you here," shouted Art as he began to climb from his seat. Suddenly, as he got a fair view of the girl, he felt he had been too bold. Up in the air it had seemed a jolly thing, but now as he beheld the charming beauty of the girl he felt he might have

gone too far.

"Oh, Mr. Hill," said Millie, "We are so glad you called." She continued, "Is this not a funny situation, we have known each other for so long, but in such a queer way. course you know this is Dad, and just lookhere is Meteor," she said turning the puppy loose on the ground upon which they all had alighted and shaken hands. "You know," she said, "I call him Meteor because that is the way he came to me—just dropped out of the sky. Here is a dandy place for our picnic," she laughed as she pointed to a green spot over-looking the deep canyon. "Dad will tie up the horses and your mount will not need any attention, will it?"

"You are not homesteaders — what is the mystery?" asked Hill, as he threw himself on

the soft grass.

Millie switched the conversation to his chance of getting in the air again from the field. He said he had been in far worse places than that in which he was now.

T. M. Carr came up then. Millie laid out the lunch while they conversed about many

subjects.

It was after the lunch. Art was smoking. Suddenly his eyes widened and making a sweeping motion with his hand towards the canyon he cried, "I know it—I know it! In that gulch lies the greatest opportunity possible to build a great reservoir to irrigate Sandy Plains over in Nevada. The American River turned into it . . tunnel . . dam . . why man, it can be done.'

"Hill, you talk like an engineer," said Carr.
"Well, I am," he replied slowly. "Yale '15. After the war I went to San Francisco looking

for a job.

"Was going to take a place on a project for the Drake and Carr interests (no relation to you, I bet). But Old Man Carr sent out word he didn't want a kid to dig his ditches so I got a nasty turn-down. Never saw the fellow Carr but if I am a kid, he is a goat. After that I met a friend who was flying in the U. S. A. M. Service and I went in for it. I would like to do this little job before us," he concluded.

"I have heard about the Drake and Carr interests of San Francisco, I think," replied the man. "Heard the old man Carr would give his right leg to know how to get water on

Sandy Plains."

"Well, got to get on," finally said Hill. "Not supposed to make any landings, you know, unless forced and that is how I am going to report this one," he smiled, looking at Millie who colored.

He blocked the wheels and showed Carr how to remove them at the proper time. Then grasping the blade he shouted, "Good-bye, Mr. Carr and Miss Carr! When the engine catches, can't

talk any more."

The motor caught the first time with a mighty roar; a great cloud of dust sprang up. Art climbed into his seat and with a wave of his hand was off down the field. For just a second it appeared he could not clear the trees in front of him, however, the next moment he shot clear of them and was in the air again.

"Nice chap," said Carr.
"Yale too," replied the girl as they resumed their saddles, now that the visitor had disappeared.

They returned to their camp.

"Got the newspapers he left, haven't you, Millie? asked the father as they entered.

"No, Pop, I thought you had them, "she replied. "I saw him give them to you."

"Left them below," he returned, "I'll go down and get them tomorrow."

Next morning he came back storming.

"Millie, we've got to get out of here." Then he showed her an item in the Examiner. Followed whispers and several chuckles from Carr.

Friday evening came and found two horses saddled, upon one of which sat T. M. Carr. Millie was at her station, flags for wig-wagging in her hands.

The young man in the airship was surprised at the message she sent. It said:

field.

"F-a-t-h-e-r h-a-s g-o-t t-o h-a-v-e a-n o-p-e-r-a-t-i-o-n. G-o-t t-o g-e-t t-o S-a-n F-r-a-n-c-i-s-c-o b-e-f-o-r-e i-t i-s t-o-o l-a-t-e. C-a-n y-o-u t-a-k-e u-s w-i-t-h y-o-u?"

For this reply Art jumped the plane and went into a long spin for the field where he had previously landed. There he made a landing and waited for his friends to come up which they did in a hurry. Even that took an hour.

"Appendicitis? he queried as they came with-

in speaking range. No answer.

"We would like to go along with you," said Millie. "Do you think you can carry us?"

"As luck will have it," he replied, "I have just a small load of mail. Sure, I can take the two of you, and Meteor. But the horses

will have to stay here," he laughed.

The saddles they hung in a tree while the horses were turned loose to roam as they pleased. Carr took the front seat. He was wearing a big mackinaw, in one pocket of which reposed Meteor. Carr did not look very ill.

From some place Carr pulled a flying jacket for Millie which she donned together with a head-piece that went with such an outfit. She took a seat in the pilot's compartment. Art throttled the spark down and the plane was moving slowly as he sprang into his seat beside Millie after he had started the engine by turning it over by means of the propeller.

"All ready!" he called.

Whereupon the aeroplane roared down the field. Millie glanced ahead and saw a group of trees exactly in front. She gave a little gasp and covered her face with her hands. Nothing happened. She took away her hands and looked about her. Below she could see the earth which appeared to be dropping, dropping. . away from them. Then she looked at her companion. He was gazing into her eyes and smiling.

"Oh, Mr. Hill," she tried to shout, then saw she could not make herself heard. Again he smiled and reaching over gave her hand a re-

assuring pat.

Once on the flight he cut out the motor and

shouted, "Oakland field at dusk!"

Millie fell to watching the mountains give way to hills and these in turn to queer checkered fields. Sometimes, there was a river to be followed and now and then a little village passed below.

It was while she sat beside him watching these things that Arthur Hill knew he loved her. "Could she be his?" he asked himself. "Yes, yes," he told himself, "she must, she must."

At the right time he would ask her, he though Now it was growing dusk. They passed hig over what appeared to be a large city, th lights of which were making their first appear

ance for the night. Beyond that, more light: Suddenly the motor ceased its powerful hum Millie saw the earth appear to arise up to mee them. With easy bounces they landed in

"Here we are," cried Art, jumping out. The to the men who were coming up. "Emergency boys, brought a sick man out of the country Jim, you take these people to the ferry."

Then to Millie, "Here is my telephone num ber. Won't you please keep in touch with m

about the operation?"

"Certainly, Mr. Hill. We owe you much You shall hear how Dad comes out with his operation." Hill did not see T. M. hold bad to chuckle. The automobile that had picket them up leaped on its way.

At seven o'clock next morning Arthur Hill was still slumbering when his telephone rang

He answered it.

"Mr. Hill?" came a voice.
"Yes, yes," returned he.

"Mr. Hill, it is important that you come to Number 201, Canal Building. Can you mak an appointment for nine this morning?" This from over the wire.

Art blinked and answered, "I'll be there a

nine."

He then dressed and crossed the bay, goin to a cafe for breakfast. Once he telephone the barracks to see if Millie had called. Sh had not.

Nine o'clock found him entering the Cana Building. It was not until he had reached No 201 and saw the name DRAKE & CARR, IN VESTMENTS, that he remembered he had been there before. He entered.

"Mr. Hill?" asked the young lady who rose then, "This way, please," and led him to a

office marked, PRIVATE.

As she threw open the door he walked in.
"Why . . why . . Mr. Carr .
operation . . and so you are the great I
M.," blurted the astonished young Hill as h
beheld the smiling countenance of Millie

father who was sitting at a great mahogan desk smoking a cigar.

"Surprises are the spice of life," said T. M. "Sit down... sit down, young fellow. O yes, we did have the operation. Got throug about two A. M. But it did not hurt me in the least, and was absolutely bloodless. You see

(Continued on page 38)

The Return

By NAN ROADS HAMILTON

Moonlight and calm on the prairie, And away in the distance is heard, The call of a coyote, the answer, And then the peep of a bird.

Lamplight and peace in the cabin, Then a stir in a tiny nest, A low cry of fright and of longing, Breaking the mother's rest.

Shadows and light on the landscape, And the sound of a dull footfall, A dog's low growl of approval, And an answering coyote's call.

A familiar sound of a latchkey, A glow where the hearthfire burns, The whole prairie echoes with gladness, A song as the father returns.

Desert Sunrise

By EMILY STOWE

O wondrous morn upon the desert waste!

I wake from slumber's fold

To breathlessly behold

Thy dazzling light triumphantly arise

And splash in tints of peach the wakening skies,

Mellow and glow and then in sudden haste

Fade into glory, by the sun effaced.

O wondrous dawn! When breaks the rushing sea Of warm and throbbing light Through mist of passing night Within the desert kingdom mountain-walled, I stand in awe and wonder, soul-enthralled, To catch one momentary glimpse of thee And hold it fast throughout eternity.

With His Boots On

By STEELE LINDSAY

MONG the sturdy, old Western pioneers, good and bad, there was an approved way of dying. If a big strapping, two-fisted male died in bed of disease, whatever the variety—not so good. But the tenderfoot or outlaw, trailsman or tin horn gambler, who died with his boots on, as the saying went—gun in hand and face turned towards the enemy—as Cassius said of Brutus, the murderer of Julius Caesar, "there was a man!" It was a useful tradition, one that often disclosed a real thoroughbred in an outward-looking cull as he cashed in. And not the least of these was Mallory. . . .

Joe Roberts and I went west in '52 over the Southern overland trail. Before we reached the end of the railroad we heard talk of marauding Indians. Scores of untamed redskins, we were told, outlawed even by their own people, who had signed peace treaties with the United States, roamed in little, compact bands, fleet of foot and skilled in murder, the ranges and uncouth forests of the Southern Rockies, preying upon paleface and Indian alike, scorning the one as an invader and the other as a traitor. These Apaches of the Western world as successfully eluded the government troopers and Indian agents as many fanatic criminals who today confound an argus-eyed, scientific police.

Did they want blood—or trinkets? Who knows? Sometimes they were satisfied with a handful of scalps. Often they looted only the freight, piled high on the stage coaches.

Fiendish fancy is a fickle thing.

At Kansas City we transferred to the stage express. Our coach carried 1400 pounds of mail and several crates of valuable merchandise besides its human freight, guarded solely by a little, wiry trailsman, who rode high up on the front seat with the driver. However, every man carried his own gun and a goodly round of ammunition.

Mallory was the only other passenger. Before we were a day out we knew all about him,
—a simple-hearted man, old when most fellows are middle-aged, about sixty, I judged. Like his father before him, he had farmed all his

life in the Alleganies, and had seldom bee beyond his native village.

What took him West so late in life? Honly son. The boy had contracted the go fever two years before and struck out over the same trail for California. Two letters had confrom him the first year. Since then, non So the father sold his farm and started We in search of the wanderer, confident of finding him. Such was the simple faith of the man

Strapped around his middle, supporting shin cartridges and a dull, unoiled pistol, was rawhide holster, still smelling of new leather the kind one might have bought in Kansas City one that blatantly stamped its owner as tenderfoot. I doubt if Mallory had even handled a small arms gun before. How course we have known that native Western course was stored up in an innocent, rickety old malike that?

Came Friday night. All that and the preceding day we had been climbing, edging of winding way skyward through a pine sat scented atmosphere toward the cloud-cappeaks in the distance, now jolting through rocky gully, now fording a bridgeless, coppe ish mountain stream, now clinging perilous to the side of an undulating mountain, as a few to a wall. Good old Colorado mules we pulling us over that stretch of the trail, unmarked save for isolated, lonesome mule stations at long intervals.

There had been blood-red sunset earlier the evening. "A cloudburst somewhere ahead observed Joe. "We'll probably catch the tax

end of the storm before morning.

It struck us about midnight. Seemed his all was serene until we turned the corner some foothill and ran smack into the for running gale. Soon after the rain fell sheets. But despite the lurching and flounding of the coach in the new mud and the spraing of rain through cracks in the walls, curl up in a blanket, I went to sleep.

I was wakened by a petrifying shriek, whis skidded along my spinal cord like a high-voltar electric current and twirled my shocked be onto the floor of the drunken coach. In the

hazy moment came a blinding volley of

about us in the dead dark arose the ching of, it seemed, a hundred devils. oberts, gun in hand, burst open the coach ind called to the driver, who was lashing enzied mules, striving to guide them to through the pitchy night and the sticky

paches!" came the reply.

ther a feather of their war raiment nor elves could we see; only hear their savungry screaming! Another fusillade spat nvisible muskets and swept our guard off each top, like a hungry wave taking its om the bridge of a storm-swept sea craft. then the snorting and plunging mules a greasy turn in the road. The coach ed; topped dizzily for a moment; finalashed heavily on its side. We three gers were scrambled up inside and in the gling struggle that followed, Joe's gun off, giving me a flesh wound in the calf. th little did I heed it at the time for ts and Mallory had kicked a hole through re free side of the coach and, calling to follow, were clambering out. Not a cry the struggling and moaning of the thrown ounded mules, and the fiendish yells of the n, indicated what had become of our

lory was the first to find how the land or, rising suddenly, he struck his head y against a shelving stone. In a moment he seing touch of a blind man he had and explored back of us a rock wall n overhanging shelf. What more natural, gnable fortification? In front of us, the rned coach; behind and half over us, stone.

seless, obscure shadows crept through the larkness, one at a time, toward our strong-And each we repulsed with a volley of ots, escaping the answering lead by flat-ourselves behind our barricade. We safe as long as our cartridges held out. In interminable hours of this guerrillate, the morning sun tumbled lazily out of it showed us our driver, crushed and pintider the coach seat. The mules, too were

the Apaches—no sign, except three of number, lifeless, dumped on their heads knee-high grass in front of our fort, mute ce of the accuracy of our accidental manship. There was no way of telling nany were in their murderous band; for,

like coyotes, fellow outlaws of the animal world, half a dozen howling, savage redskins make noise worthy of a whole pack. They had withdrawn, to whence we did not know, until Jim Roberts stood up to reconnoitre and only dropped down again after two bullets had missed him. So there they were, laving for us in that wood opposite, as a bank cat might post himself before the safety vault door, knowing that the starving mouse which he had chased inside, while safe so long as it stayed within. was at the same time trapped! It was a silent challenge to a siege! Did they want our scalps or just the bolts of merchandise spilled about the wrecked coach? If we could have known, it would have simplified matters; but, as guerrilla Indians did not understand the white flag of truce, a parley under that banner to discuss objectives was out of the question. Ours but to accept the challenge and to hope that we could hold out for two more days and nights, when the next coach would be due!

All day long we sat huddled beneath the jutting rocks, out of range of a scorching sun which dried and even withered the vegetation, rain-soaked the night before. And we had neither food nor water, before long our thirst became intolerable. The fat gully in which we were exiled, more of a pass than a ravine, paralleled the path of the sun, thereby sentencing us to even the last, sweltering ray of its heat.

Mallory scanned the wooded slope opposite. "There's a stream over there," he said. "Can't you see the line where the trees turn dark green?"

He was as calm at though at home on his farm. He talked about his son—the boy whom he was certain of finding somewhere in that wide, wide West—told us how he learned to shoot and how he won his first sweetheart. Joe talked a bit of his wife. Having no one dear to me, I made up a sweetheart and gave her red-gold hair and bright black eyes—it helped to stave off a feeling of loneliness.

Meanwhile Mallory bound up my wound as best he could with scraps of a torn handkerchief and no water with which to cleanse the clotted sore. The leg was fast becoming set and stiff.

It seemed we were safe from another attack until that night. Every now and then a skulking Apache leered at us for an instant from behind some tree on this side of the stream; then vanished.

"Spies only," assured Joe. "They'll not venture an attack in broad daylight, for their numbers are probably fewer than we imagine."

"Watching to see that we don't escape, and

waiting----?" suggested Mallory.

Roberts guessed that the band itself was probably camped somewhere deep up that wooded slope, even then sleeping, resting up for the night's work.

Perhaps they knew that want of water and food would drive us out. Imitating their suspected strategy, we tried to sleep, turn about, but the torture of thirst forbade. A cloudless sky, storm-swept only the night before, and the absence of even the slightest breeze, dispelled any promise of relief from our sufferings. At last, even the effort of speech became painful.

"I can't stand this heat any longer," muttered Joe. "We'll all be mad with the fever by the

time that coach comes along."

"If we could only get to that stream over there!" I wished. Damn, but it was torture to know that water was there, rippling and tumbling along as unconcerned as a humming child, sustaining and refreshing the wilted trees and flowers and weeds along its banks,—yes, even the dirty redskins themselves!

"We couldn't make it! We'd be killed,

every one of us," Joe said truthfully.

Mallory pawed through the hole in the coach into his baggage and brought out an old canteen.

"I won't hear of your going, sir," immediately announced Joe, perceiving the old man's intentions.

"I'm strong and scare sixty and I know a thing of woodcraft that you don't," was the reply.

"Can't help it! I'll not let you."

"Let me make a dash for it," I cried. "I'm the only one of us who's free. I lied to you about my sweetheart; I haven't any. You've got a wife and you've got a son. I'm the one to go!"

Joe laughed in my face. "With that leg?" he asked. "Why you couldn't make it on crutches! In this little game, Bill. you're worth nothing to us, except as a sharpshooter behind this barricade. No, I'm the one to go."

"But how about your wife?" I insisted.

"I'll not give her cause to be ashamed of me," said Joe. "I've got my boots on!"

Mallory interrupted. "You want your wife to be proud of you. Well, my boy has as good a right to be made proud of his dad!" For the briefest moment there was a flash of an unsuspected, stubborn fire in his eyes.

Joe caught it and, uneasily, shrugged his shoulders. "See here, this is no time for the three of us to be arguing," he said. "I'll tell

you what we'll do. We'll play for it." He took a pack of cards from his pocket.

"Swear that you'll bide by the lot," d

manded Mallory.

"And you!" Joe returned.

We three took the oath.

Mallory won the right to deal. My har held a pair of jacks. Joe was a trifle pale the discarded three. Mallory kept four card

I drew a third jack and flung down my has Joe caught another pair and put the two dow Mallory drew last. "It's all right," he sai getting up and laying his cards face dow "I drew for a flush and didn't fall."

We sat silent for several minutes. "I'll sta just about dusk," Mallory said finally.

"Joe," I cried. "It isn't fair for we to young 'uns to let him go." Then we to pleaded with him, but he held us to our out

"At dusk," Mallory continued, "if I'm mistaken, the spies will still be hidden a litt this side of the stream, while the rest of the pack will not have stirred from their camp. I can just circle those spies and slip in between

At twilight he slipped out and started do the road, crossing into and soon being lost the shadow. We listened for endless minutes breathless silence.

Suddenly a shot rang out.

Another followed it quickly. Joe and were on our feet in an instant and over t side of the coach into the road, guns levelled Out of the darkness from the direction of t road, blood streaming from a wound in forehead, Mallory came stumbling, dogget covering the distance necessary to deliver in my hands the canteen, filled with icy, silve brook water.

In the excitement we did not note that trallying Indian war-whoops, resumed af those two shots, had ceased mysteriously, similar taneously with the thud of horse hoofs on of flank.

"I got 'im, the damnable murderer," yell Mallory into our faces triumphantly, before slumped forward in Joe's arms.

"Yes, and I'm afraid he got you too," s Joe grimly.

"He thought he was going to scalp me alive jeered the old man, as we carried him are behind the coach.

Up to that shelter within the next min galloped a sheriff and his posse, dispatched the next station when it had become alarm

(Continued on page 40)



Review and Comment



"DEBATING FOR BOYS"

As William Horton Foster says in the admirable preface of his jolly and useful book, "Boys like to debate; debating will do them good." We call upon all of the old members of the almost forgotten "Philo-Mathean Debating Society" of the "Oakland College School" to answer as they did once when John Goss called the roll: "Here!"

This little manual is the "best ever" for aid of the boy "in home, club, school, church"—it will also aid all his friends and advisers. It is a new, revised, up-to-date edition of the most successful book as yet published in this field, and comes from the Macmillan Company, who publish none but safe and sound books for the boys of America.

THE SECRETS OF SVENGALI By J. H. DUVAL

A Text Book. Unique instruction for the teacher, beginner and artist in training the voice and the art of singing. It could be studied by everyone profitably, as it teaches the fundamentals for cultivating the speaking voice as well.

James T. White & Co., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. Price; \$2.00.

WE ARE HERE—WHY?

By EDNA WADSWORTH MOODY

This book shows years devoted to intensive study. It brings out understandingly the law of being and leads to optimistic philosophy and inspiration.

Marshall Jones Company, Publishers, 212 Summer Street, Boston. Price, \$2.00.

AUCTION BRIDGE

By HERBERT M. FEDERHEN

This handbook for playing the game of Auction Bridge has two hundred pages; fifty pages describing the game; seventy-five pages on bidding and from twenty-five to one hundred illustrated hands in actual play. Interpretation of the complicated plays at Auction has been the aim of the author. Its principles have been tried and not found wanting. Auction has

become a splendid standard game, and with this comprehensive text book one could become a scientific, right-to-the-minute Bridge player with little effort, as games are actually played, illustrating clearly defined principles and explaining the mathematics of chance.

Eugene W. Hildreth, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

LOG CABIN PHILOSOPHY

This large and well-printed volume of poems is by a cheerful Illinoisian, Mr. E. F. Hayward, and is printed by W. F. Zimmerman at Winneta in the same state.

The title we use is secondary; the name by which one asks for the book is "Poems from the North Woods," and as is right, the author dedicates the volume to his "beloved wife."

But the reader asks "What are the poems like?" All of them are gentle, musical verses which have given much pleasure to the author and his wife; none of them are great or very original. Their virtue is that they do not pretend to be more than they are. The frontispiece shows us "The Author's Log Cabin on his Haymeadow Farm at Conover, Wisconsin." It is vastly different from the pole and shake cabin of a Sierra forest ranger, and yet they are at one in some of the greater possibilities of the outdoor life.

Every true cabin-dweller will agree with Mr. Hayward when he writes.

"When at Home with those who love me, Sitting round the old fireside,

I'm at peace with God above me, With my lot I'm satisfied."

One of the most graphic of the poems in the book describes some "Failures" in life,—the lazy ones:

"They sit in the shade while others work, And only plan their duty to shirk; Living by sweat of another's brow, Winning by wit, for awhile, somehow." Here is a glimpse of the faithful Nurse:

"From cot to cot she gently goes, Alert to answer faintest call, No partiality she shows— A little 'Mother' to them all."



MISS NANCY BUCKLEY

"Wings of Youth"

A review of Miss Nancy Buckley's second book of verses.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

ERE in the second volume that this gifted San Francisco girl has given to the public, are indeed the wings of youth, with their joyous upward sweeping, and their steady flight into the sun. The volume is an unpretentious one, but it is easy to predict for it the success of Miss Buckley's first collected verses, "Laughter and Longing."

Nancy Buckley's muse is simplicity's self, touched with a genuine spirituality, and full of the gypsy note so characteristic of the younger American poets. Among the more than fifty songs here assembled are more than a score whose natural lilt will surely prove a temptation to musicians. These four lines from "Life's Garden," for example, almost sing themselves:

Ah, what is a lovely garden,
If my heart has not repose?
And what are all splendid flowers
If I cannot reach my rose?
Especially good, in its soberer meter, is "The
Interpreter," and the twelve lines of "Home-

sick" express with a charming pathos the plai of a country-bred heart in city streets. I "My Little Window" the poet has captured the whole philosophy of the solitary when

". . . tender dreams, of life so sweet a par Pass through my little window to my heart

Surely none of our California poets has evpacked more beauty into the four lines the we find in the quatumin "Nostalgia," which give complete:

"A silver mist above a summer sea,
The daffodils ablow upon the lea,
The march of stars across the moon
dome,

Bring poignant longings for the hills home."

Nancy Buckley's short stories and lyrics has already given her a place among California men and women of letters. "Wings of Yout will go far to establish her there.

"THROUGH THE SHADOWS"

A First-rate English-Comedy Novel

We have that joyous thing, an advance, unbound copy from Macmillan, of Cyril Alington's new story—"Through the Shadows" very positive ones for some of its characters, but not so for any reader. The author we understand is Reverend Cyril A. Alington, the Headmaster of Eton College, and also author of "Shrewsbury Fables" and "A Schoolmaster's Apology." He dedicates this latest triumph of his pen to "the trio which became a quartette:" his never-another-like-it preface of ten lines quotes from "The Wrong Box," and "Alice Through the Looking Glass." Every reader will think of "Bab Ballads," of "Ingoldsby Legends," of impish Puck and Arabian Nights transformations; we must ourselves quote "Mad as March hares.'

The festive young Baronet of the tale gives a house party whose exigencies require him to ask some of his friends to be other people, with the most absurd and paralyzing results which at times alarm the most reasoned novel-reader lest none of the Siamese Twins of characters can ever be separated again. The reader's heart is touched by poor old Captain England, who has had to be the mystical thought-reader, Professor Lapski, and must forever "talk spiritualism" with Mrs. Branson—the rich Chicago widow, whose beautiful daughter, Diana, admired by the Baronet, was really the unconscious beginning of the whole exuberant Drama of Substitution!

Absolutely new in present-day literature are those "Heavenly Twins," Peter and Paul Ranby, and suffering "Uncle Bob," the English brewer who has agreed to become a retired Anglo-Indian officer and invents for the occasion, that unheard-of nature drink, "Bang." Worse—much worse—he kills off his two sons (in a literary sense) for artistic reasons, and suddenly discovers that the Baronet has invited them to join the house party!

These glimpses of this more than a comedy of errors must suffice; readers will miss it if they fail to look for this book, which will soon be out. That is, we say in conclusion, readers who have good working imagination and enjoyment of uproarious humour will want this book. None of the absolutely matter-of-fact people can endure the first chapter—or any of the fifteen.

SOME WOMEN OF FRANCE By C. L. FITCH

Is an outgrowth of work at the American Expeditionary Force University, at Beaune, Cote o'Or, and at Allerey. Saone-et-Loire. The author was a member of the Educational Corps of the army and was stationed at Allerey. He was given the task of studying and interpreting to the faculty and students of this big school, French life, commerce and agriculture, as illustrated in the vicinity. Excursions were run to the points and things of special interest; and they were discussed on the spot. This work grew until at its height the writer had the entire time for it of ten people;—two clerks, an interpreter, two lieutenants as investigators, four photographers and himself.

Many of the copper engravings and the designs were prepared in Paris.

While the book is not published for profit, we hope it will pay for itself. The costs are mounting dangerouly near the possible income from the first edition. As it has been our idea that about two dollars was as much as the book should cost, and as it has proven impossible to get binding done without months of delay, therefore we have put the value into the utmost number of pictures—some two hundred and five in all—which is less than one cent each. Should there be a second edition, we hope to be able to give the book the permanent and beautiful binding we would like to have for it.

The right to reproduce herein the pictures of Joan of Arc has been purchased from Braun and Cie., 18 rue Louis-le-Grand, Paris, from whom full sets of engravings of the Domremey and other pictures may be secured for home adornment.

Much of the copy was prepared in France and in October at sea. Some things in the book will be better understood, if it be said that the author is an agricultural specialist. As defined for him by a Young Women's Christian Association executive in Paris, his "chief interests seem to be vegetables and people."

The Allery Press, Ames, Iowa, Publishers.

THE ENCHANTED PAST By JEANETTE RECTOR HODGDON

Since the beginning the human family has traveled far,—so far that the earliest footprints are now scarcely discernible. Much, however, has survived of the old cultures, of their arts and their literatures. Upon this rich herit-

age from the past the author of "The Enchanted Past" has drawn heavily in tracing for her young readers the story of upward human progress from its dawn to the time of the Roman Empire.

As a young and progressive nation it is good for America to be on guard against self-satisfaction and intolerance. It is good for young America to recognize and appreciate its indebtedness to the ancient civilizations of India, Egypt, China, Phœnicia, Babylonia, Persia, Palestine, Greece, and Rome. "The Enchanted Past," written as supplementary reading for the upper grammar grades, will be all the more effective in achieving these aims because it is a fascinating story of those ancient peoples. The author, let it be understood, knows the teaching power of a good story. She has wisely been content to tell her stories well and let them preach their own morals.

The selections from the folk literature have been judiciously made, and it is a rare tribute to the author's delightfully clear and effective English that from the reading of it one goes easily on to the reading of classic Chinese and Hindu proverbs without conscious break of thought. For the story that they tell is the one which the author has sought to make the central thought of her book,—one of tolerance and of appreciation of beauty and high ideals, of noble thoughts and deeds whenever and wherever they are found,

Ginn & Company, San Francisco, Publishers. Price. 88c.

"OUR DEBT TO GREECE AND ROME"

The Marshall Jones Company, publishers of the series "Our Debt to Greece and Rome," announce that orders have been received for more than 35,000 individual volumes. series is to contain 52 volumes, each contributed by a distinguished American British authority. Its purpose is to reveal those factors which, having had their origin in the Greek and Roman world, have persisted to the present day, and are felt to have left their impress on the civilization of the Twentieth Cen-Interpretative biographs of Seneca, Horace, and Virgil, and a volume on "Greek Biology and Medicine" have already made their appearance. Three books are now in press: "Mathematics", by David Eugene Smith of Teachers' College, "Roman Politics", by Frank Frost Abbott of Princeton, and "Warfare O Land and Sea", by Eugene S. McCartney of Northwestern University.

"FAGOTS"

Springtide Thoughts from our California Fores By CHARLES H. SHINN

U. S. Forest Service

Some twenty years ago one of the leading foresters of Austria spent a week in a Sient forest with its supervisor and its ranger. It was a charming man, and is now doing his be to save what is left of Austria's forests. It said two things about our California work that the years have since emphasized: "Fires at man-made; you can prevent every one, or sto them at five acres," and "Learn to use all the fagots."

Perhaps it is needful to explain that a "fagot in the speech of peasants and others means bundle of small sticks, dead branches, or every twigs gathered up in the forest and carrie home, usually on one's back, but sometimes a small cart drawn by dogs, or slung on the back of a donkey. In the denuded forests new Vienna children with bare feet and half-nake bodies were gathering such fuel as this all law inter, in snow and sleet. They often walke five miles to reach a place where the fago could be secured. If the reader is interested in following up the subject, let him study Soli

Solano's illustrated article in the National Ge

on last summer a careless American, driving his car through a National Forest and across a very bad example of wasteful lumbering of adjacent private lands, was heard to rejoin openly: "I like to see all this brush and slate—good for game-cover!" The fire danger, the young trees, the larger values of the forest as treasure houses of stored-up wealth we pointed out to him and the words of the Autrian "Oberfoerster" in 1902 were quoted.

After a little the big-hearted Californian sai

After a little the big-hearted Californian sai "That's new to me! 'Fagots'—twigs for thome fires—everything gathered up from the forest floor—gathered up and used. Those popeople of poor old Europe!"

He drew a long breath: "Why, their forekeep them alive! Shall we ever come to the in America?"

"Undoubtedly," he was told, "unless we ste man-made fires."

BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

(Continued from page 10)

worth a shekel any more." And Uncle Jake

sighed a little.

The driver slapped the old man's knee. "I know a score of fellows who are not worth your little finger," he said, warmly. "And I want you to know you have started a new line of thoughts in my insides. It's cowardly to drift along with the crowd when you might help turn them right. Our brains were supposed to be used, I suspect." The two had a hearty laugh over this and then the young man said, "I'm mighty glad to have met you, Mr.—why, I haven't asked your name?"

"Everybody calls me Uncle Jake—and that is good enough. I like to be uncle to every-

body," the old man answered.

"Well, Uncle Jake, I hope to meet you again some day. And now where shall I drop you?" The old man moved uneasily and looked across the fields.

"Why-er-oh, I got a friend at the Poor Farm. Guess I'll stop off and see him," he

said thickly.

"My—you gave me a shock. It's all right to visit some one there—but I'm glad you don't have to live there," said the driver. "Well, here we are. Goodbye, here's my card. If you come to the city, look me up." And he was gone in a whirl of dust. Uncle Jake walked wearily in the house. The wonderful day was over and then—this. It was a bit hard

to drop back.

The crick in his back, aided by a touch of pneumonia, laid Uncle Jake low, and for weeks he lay suffering—silently. This was a new stunt, and not at all to his liking. His active mind had been a prop to his body. But in the days of convalescence the old spirit revived and Uncle Jake helped himself, by jollying the other sick folks along. Gotta have all that's a-comin'," he philosophized. "Smallpox could be worse." Then he repeated the verses and paragraphs that had been memorized—probably for such a time as this. "Glad my old head holds something." he said. "I sure do get a pile of comfort out of them."

The nurse called him "soothing syrup," and Uncle Jake didn't mind the name a bit. "Helps me most," he said. Then there came a proud day, when, swathed in blankets and peaked of face, he sat on the sun porch. "My! never did see the sun shine so bright!" he said, with

shining eyes.

"Aw g'wan—you old optimist. Same old sun that hurts everybody's eyes. Same old Poor

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Farm and everything," camé from his companion in blankets.

"Well., that sun never gets old. And this Poor Farm could be worse. Sittin' on the curbstone might be cold and lonesome mebbe—I ain't got no kick comin'."

Towards evening, he found himself alone on the porch. The sun was dropping behind the distant hills in a wave of red an gold glory. Something warm filled the old man's heart and something warm dropped from his eyes.

"You're lookin' down, ain't you, Mother? I felt your hand when the pain was so bad. Always such a comforter, Mother—I jes' couldn't live without you. Wisht all these felters had a helper like you. I feel sorry for them, Mother. The good Lord should 'a' taken a good-fur-nothin' like me and—left you down here. But I'll be good, yes I will, Mother. I'll be a-comin' one of these days," and the tears fell unchecked.

The weeks flew by and Uncle Jake was almost himself again. One day he walked rather unsteadily out to the gate. "What a grand old world!" he said with uplifted face. "I'm glad to be a part of it. Even though I ain't no 'count." So deep in thought was he, that he did not notice a car stop in the road.

"Why—why, oh, is it really you?" came in a woman's voice. He looked out in surprise. "Who was it and what did they want?" And then he saw! It was the little wife of the brave soldier, the woman who had given him the foaming buttermilk. She jumped out and came over to him.

"Why—oh, you have been sick!" she said in distress. "And you—oh, you don't live here, do you?" Uncle Jake wished he had formed the habit of lying. But he couldn't begin, with those deep blue eyes on him.

"Why, yes—I believe I do. Nice place—jes' fine for old codgers. I—why, what are you crying for? I ain't," and a queer little smile came to his pale face. The little woman choked back the tears.

"Why, I've been looking and inquiring everywhere for you. If I had only known you were here! I'll tell you what I want. But first—will you help me out?"

The smile deepened on the old man's face.
"Help you out?—why, if I could help a livin' soul, I'd be the happiest feller that ever had a crick in his back!" he exclaimed boyishly.

"Now I've got you," smiled the woman.
"Listen! When you stopped that day I had
my dear old father with me. He had been





HOTEL MARTINIQUE

BROADWAY, 32D STREET, NEW YORK



The House of Taylor

- ¶ One block from Pennsylvania Station.
- ¶ Equally Convenient for Amusements, Shopping o
 Business.
- ¶ 157 Pleasant Rooms, with Private Bath,
- § 257 Excellent Rooms, with Private Bath, facing street, southern exposure,

The restaurant prices are most moderate

400 BATHS

600 ROOMS

there since—since—my husband went away. He was such a comfort—but he has gone too, and Betty and I are really alone. I have hunted for you and now—well, you are coming to live with us."

They wanted him! Did he hear aright? "Yes, but——" he began. "Oh, you promised, you know," said the woman with a laugh.

Uncle Jake had to sit down—something was the matter with his legs. Betty climbed in his lap and put two chubby arms tight around his neck. "My nice gram'pa," she said. The man never had such a fight with tears, but he held the child tight and choked them back.

"I should say you was a-helpin' me," he finally got out. "I sure don't see how I can help you—I'm so no 'count. But if there's any way I can pay you for all your kindness—well, I'm your man."

His eyes filled, but through the tears he looked up to the smiling blue skies above. A little smile shone through the misty eyes.

little smile shone through the misty eyes.

"I'm just sure Mother sent you," he said tremulously. "She does so hate to have me lonely. Everything is so good in this world and then—Mother and the babies waiting over in the other. If—if only she could come down a minute. But I wish I was some 'count. Could help somebody—by the Side of the Road."

ROMANCE ON THE WING

(Continued from page 27)
son, there are operations and operations. The
one we had was one of the financial sort.
Ha—ha—ha. That is a good one on you.
Appendicitis!" he exploded. "Ha—ha—ha—ha—
ha—. It was this way, young fellow. That
Examiner you gave me out there in the mountains had a little item about our competitors,
Struss, King & Post, turning bear in the market
and beating down our holdings. Thought I was
safe out of the way, they did. Drake is East.
This took quick action and I rise to shake
your hand for supplying that element."

"But what were you and your daughter doing in the Topaz Canyon?" queried Art.

"And there we come to another matter," said Carr." Why, boy, I was looking for water for Sandy Plains. Wanted to go over the ground myself. Millie went for the outing. And, man, you are right. I was a goat, ha—ha—ha. Those hard-headed engineers of mine couldn't see that tunnel your smart eyes showed me. Mr. Arthur E. Hill, that is going to be your particular job. Placing option on the canyon today we are. Start work next week. Send in your resignation to the Postal

)@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

May we send you our guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls!



Public Sales

We have purchased 122,000 pair U. S. Army Munson last shoes,

Sizes 5½ to 12, which was the entire surplus stock of one of the largest U. S.
Government shoe contractors.

This shoe is guaranteed One Hundred Percent Solid Leather.

Color, dark tan, bellows tongue, dirt and waterproof. The actual value of this shoe is \$6.00. Owing to this tremendous buy we can offer same to the public at \$2.96.

Send correct size Pay postman on delivery, or send money order. If shoes are not as represented we will cheerfully refund your money promptly upon request.

National Bay State Shoe Company

296 Brondway, New York, N. Y.

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Department before you leave your office. Here it is over here," he added as he led Hill to it where that young man was greatly surprised to see ARTHUR E. HILL, PRIVATE, in freshly painted letters.

"Mr. Carr. how can I ever thank . .

"Tut-tut, not a word," broke in that gentleman. "By the way, Millie wants you to lunch with her today," he added. He handed Art the address of a house on Jackson Street.

Thus it happened that this Jackson Street home was favored with frequent visits by one Arthur E. Hill, resident engineer, Drake & Carr Interests.

Several weeks passed. Millie was playing the pipe organ that night. She wore a gown of sheeny, white material; she was a lovely picture as she moved her hands over the keys. Art was standing near watching her fondly. He was in evening clothes. Millie finished and smiled up at him saying:

"Like that one, Arthur?"

"Yes," he said, "but you are the only one,

Millie dear. Will you marry me?"

For answer she keyed the opening chords of a wedding march. Arthur bent down and folded her in his arms.

RESULTAGE OF THE WILD

(Continued from page 16)

Pezzoni nodded to the medical man and pointed to the place where the stranger lay,

with the girl sobbing on his breast.

The doctor lifted the girl aside. Her face was white and drawn, the flame and luster gone from her eyes, but no tears softened the savage hardness. The man was dead and the girl knew it.

The doctor examined the wound; the thrust had pierced the heart, and then he drew from inside the man's clothing, the Spanish dagger stained with blood.

Pezzoni gasped; surprise seldom caught him. He glanced at the girl quickly; her braids were hanging loose.

"Anita—you?"

The girl looked up to meet the accusing eyes

of each man in turn.

Do you realize what you have done?" The old doctor turned to her, holding the weapon lightly in his hand.

"Yes," the girl answered, snatching the dagger from him, "and my blood shall follow his!"

The fateful dagger of tragedy ended another

life before the three men realized the girl's mad

Milliams Cours

25 Years' Experience in European Travel Sallings April to September, 1923

"Absolutely First Class at Reasonable Rates" We specialize on small, congenial parties—the ablest tour managers—and the best of information, with a good time. Tours cover all of Western Europe, including the World War battlefields, Write for booklet.

THE EGERTON R. WILLIAMS CO.

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Boston, Mas





Pennsylvania Avenue, H and Eighteenth Sto., H. W.



owner the Hotel Powheten

ir Booklet and Mas E. C. OWEN, N intent. Beautiful Anita Yori fell with her head across the body of the man whom she had loved so well.

Another heart stilled. The heart of a woman, a half-wild creature who inherited little else save the passion of two races flaming into a heart of fire.

WITH HIS BOOTS ON

(Continued from page 31)

at our delay. Only then were we aware that the redskins had fled.

"Too late,——for one of us," said Joe to the sheriff sadly, as he dissipated the dearly-purchased water on the hot brow of the old man, soothing his last fever.

Mallory never spoke again, not even to mention his son's name, dying very quietly in about a half hour. "There's a thoroughbred tenderfoot for you, Sheriff," I boasted, to relieve my feelings. "He's cashed in with his boots every bit on."

By a lantern light Joe and I then began silently to salvage our belongings from the wreck. Leaning over, Joe started to collect his cards, which had laid where we had finished with them.

"Why, damn me, Bill; look at this," he exclaimed suddenly, pointing to Mallory's poker hand, which unconsciously he had spread out before him.

I looked. It was a flush! He had not shown his hand, because he had filled!



PHONE MAIN 1634-W

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JACK ROBERTS, Prop.

Special Italian Dinner

Every Day

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home every day Os usarlast 30 years—used by millions.
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white for particulars. Sample wolf? FRIE.

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as is comparable I one—the one quality shows all others which makes a real piano. The exquisite tone of the Voce Grand distinguishes it from all other

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Wite for our beautifully illustrated ustaog and floor patters of the Yose Grand,
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Veso & Sone Piene Company Borley at treet. Botley Mass

vose

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Instant Bunion Relief Prove It At My Expense



Don't send me one cont.—Itset let me grow to you as I have done for ILES others is the last air months. I claim to have the mest seem of utraned of for bonders or made and it was to the send of the

FOOT REMEDY CO. West 20th Street, Chicago, B

Book on Destroying Han

New Book by Frof. Rayse, A. M. M. D. lake of Women's fixed and College. Chicago of Phacemery, etc., Tellin gauss and euro of superfluous half and facility dissiparaments. Non-included, George Frields and Sanda dissiparaments. Death Lake Lake MERCE FUELISHING CO. Ricognition, S. L.

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If you have just started jearning he typewriter or shout to tablem his lateracting, paying profusion rodes one of these practice toy-courds at once. It is a business rounce in these facts be made at come, and teaches keybourd keyout be same as \$100 machine.

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The Powder for the Feet

This Antiseptic, Healing powder takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

Makes tight or new shoes feel easy.
At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle
ALLEN'S FOOT-FASE in the foot-bath

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.
Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.



Rests the Feet







Neme



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17 Oliver Bidg., Phil. Ps.

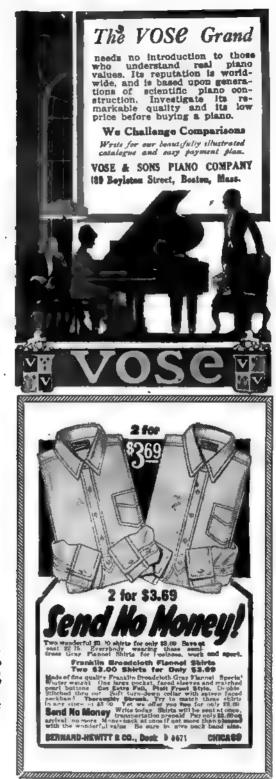
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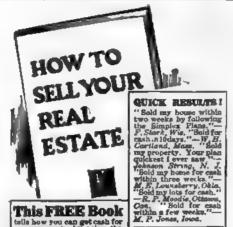
Central Bidg., Los Angeles

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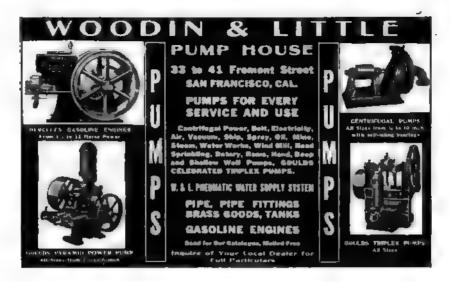
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Send for as many of the "Clean Story" records as you need—mothers may want to use these records at home.

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O CO ENTR	CAMPOT POLITORY POLITORY	# stan	am enclosing . aps, money ord p defray cost.	
A BBOX	ATTEN TO	Your name		4 2 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4
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OF CALIFORNIA

Results for 1922-Fifty-Fifth Year

New Life Insurance Issued (Paid for Basis)	34,304,328,00
Total Life Insurance in Force, December 31, 1922	483,715,680.00
Gain in Life Insurance in Force	
Total Cash Income	23,820,555.70
Gain in Cash Income	2,839,638.74
Total Paid Policyholders	8,633,724,23
Grand Total Paid Policyholders since Organization	84,838,753.54
Surplus, Assigned and Unassigned (Exclusive of Capital)	7,039,799.68
Gain in Surplus	000,209.96
Gain In Admitted Assets	8,187,567,32
Gain in Reserves	4,800,554.42
Premium Income, Accident Department	4,186,077.57
Gain in Accident Premium Income	086,275.97
Average Rate of Interest Earned	8.84%
Death Rate, Actual to Expected	48.0%
	- to

Balance Sheet-December 31, 1922

ASSETS

LIABILITIES

Loans on real estate\$31,586,699.58 Amount of Loan does not exceed the statutory percentage of ap-	Reserves on Claims in P
Praised value. Loans on Approved Collateral 4,044,008.26 Loans to Policyholders 12,403,313.34	Premiums a Advance .
In no case does amount of Loan exceed the reserve held by the	Reserved for
Company.	All Other I
Bonds Owned	Including Agents' C dent Depa
Interest Due and Accrued 1,028,502.35 Outstanding and Deferred Premiums—	dent Depa
Life Department 1,673,779.68	
Accident Department	Capital Stoci
Cash on Hand	Surplus Set Dividends
posits drawing Interest. Other Assets	Surplus Uns

FINDIGITIES.	
Reservas on Policies	ĺ
Claims in Process of Adjustment	1
Premiums and Interest Peld In Advance	
Reserved for Taxes Payable 1928	
Ail Other Liablities	
	۷

	Total Liabilities	WEST7,01840
Capital Stock		\$ 1;ji00,000.00
	Aside for Future	
Dividends to	Policyholdera	(E.F) 1,492.70
Surplus Unass	igned	302.90

TOTAL ADMITTED

.... , \$73,356,818.48

TOTAL ...

THE RICHARD

0,715.00

		TEN	YEARS' GI	ROWTH		*
Year	Cash Income	Admitted Assets	*Total Surplus	†Life Insurance	Accident Premiums	Paid Policy Holders
1912	\$ 8,199,097	\$26,243,006	\$2,915,116	\$133,309,014	81,789,892	11,005,293
1914	9,506,116	32,604,612	3,989,846	154,526,447	1,070,070	3.890,792
1916	10,403,191	38,827,197	4,932,025	171,913,518	2,012,257	4.344,645
1918 .	12,149,531	45,432,696	5,039,329	208,647,520	2,042,122	E.183.203
1920	18,840,800	58,294,497	6,958,112	350,408,951	3,326,492	1.358.054
1921	20,980,927	65,199,251	7,639,590	390,156,043	3,809,802	7,612,662
1922	23,820,566	73,356,818	8,539,800	433,715,680	4,196,078	6,683,724

*Includes Surplus Assigned and Unassigned and Capital Stock. †Paid Beating

San Francisco Branch Office

155 Muni

Street

ARTHUR C. PARSONS, Manager

Please Mention Overland Monthly When Writing Advertisers

Werland Mounth



Why they stick

On the ground floor of the telephone building a man worked at the test board. It was night; flood had come upon the city; death and disaster threatened the inhabitants. Outside the telephone building people had long since sought refuge; the water mounted higher and higher; fire broke out in nearby buildings. But still the man at the test board stuck to his post; keeping up the lines of communication; forgetful of self; thinking only of the needs of the emergency.

On a higher floor of the same building a corps of telephone operators worked all through the night, knowing that buildings around them were being washed from their foundations, that fire drew near, that there might be no escape.

It was the spirit of service that kept them at their work—a spirit beyond thought of advancement or reward—the spirit that animates men and women everywhere who know that others depend upon them. By the nature of telephone service this is the every-day spirit of the Bell System.

The world hears of it only in times of emergency and disaster, but it is present all the time behind the scenes. It has its most picturesque expression in those who serve at the switchboard, but it animates every man and woman in the service.

Some work in quiet laboratories or at desks; others out on the "highways of speech." Some grapple with problems of management or science; some with maintenance of lines and equipment; others with office details. But all know, better than any one else, how the safe and orderly life of the people depends on the System—and all know that the System depends on them.

"BELL SYSTEM"



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPAI AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

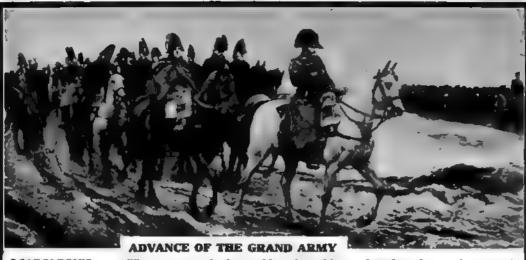
One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Ser

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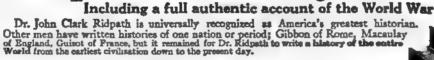


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Endorsed by Thousands
RIDPATH is endorsed by Presidents of the
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presidents, and by a quarter of a million Americans who
own and love it. Don't you think it would be worth
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R IDPATH pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriers to at in the Roman Senate, too march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers, to suit the southern seas with Drake, to circumous vigate the globe with bingellan. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability.

THE RIDPATH HISTORICAL SOCIETY = CINCINNATI, O. =

COUPOR THE RIDEATH SOCIETY Cincinnati, O. e mail, without on

to me, as much pages of Ridgeth'a History of the World, containing photogratures of The Surrender at Sedan. Napoleon, and other great characters in history. Also write me full particulars of your special offers to OVERLAND MONTHLY readers.

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"thermics"

A new science for the Promotion of Health

Not concerned with medicaments, movements, massages or electric rays

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Similarly, the underlying principle of thermics is as old as the world, yet very new in its unfoldment of human blessings. The science of thermics devotes its action to the assistance of the cells of the body-structure in normalizing themselves to health.

The science of thermics does not provide a cure-all—yet within its reasoning it contemplates much of human ills. In the application of the science of thermics, the underlying natural force is embodied in specific appliances, many in number, some internal, some external, yet each specifically adapted to the purpose in view.

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Overland



The Illustrated Magazine of the West

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Conahan Sees it Through

By PERCY E. NAYLOR

AMES CONAHAN was a trifle under six feet in height; fair of complexion and blue of eye. His reddish-brown hair was always well brushed and his person betrayed signs of painstaking care; rather remarkable of one whose position in life was the cleaner of stills. His years were twenty-five; therefore he had not had time to fill out, as yet. But in spite of his slenderness he gave the impression of great physical strength and endurance. And one had only to look into his confident eyes to know that he would be brave under any circumstance.

Conahan's antiquated little car came to a grinding stop and he admired the view. plant of the Scandia Oil Company at Richmond, California, nestled in the protection of large, warm, brown hills that were bisected with long lines of black snaky-looking pipe. Snowy-white tanks were perched here and there on the hillside and stored the finished product of the refinery. Towering red brick stacks penetrated the blue of the sky and vomited forth huge volumes of gaseous smoke that violated the purity of the fresh morning air. Just then the sun thrust his cheery self from behind the piled up clouds of smoke and smiled upon the pure white tanks and they in turn reflected the greeting. The scene always beckoned to the artistic in the soul of James Conahan much to the amusement of his fellow workers, who wondered what there was to see in a view of the place where they worked for the best part of the day, amidst conditions that were not calculated to arouse the artistic in one's nature.

"Come out of it, come out of it, boss! Don't you know that it's nearly time for the call of

the whistle?"

The man in the car whirled on his seat; and looked into the dark face of Henry Hooker, his leading man in the "black squad" as the still-cleaners were dubbed—by the refinery wags.

The foreman of the still-cleaners smiled.
"Good morning, Hooker, hop into the car
and I'll give you a lift. Or, perhaps you'd
rather walk?" he suggested with a merry little

twinkle in his eye.

"What! Me walk when I can ride? I should say not," exclaimed Hooker laughingly as he scrambled into the car and deposited his bulk along-side of Conahan.

With a jerk the car started and bowled re-

finery-wards.

"What do you do with yourself nights?" inquired James Conahan of his companion.

"Oh, nothing much. You see I'm not in the social swim like you. I've been trying to get acquainted. But for some reason the girls in this town don't seem to take to me. By the way, Mr. Conahan, not intending to be personal, but who were the two striking young ladies that I saw with you last night?"

While asking this rather pointed question Hooker watched his companion styly, with his

ape-like brown eyes, tugging nervously at the small black mustache, that he cultivated purposely to hide his mouth.

To Hooker's relief James Conahan took no offense at this question, for he replied easily:

"The young ladies were the Misses Yost. They're both remarkably fine girls."

"Lucky youngster," remarked the other man enviously, "fine friends, good job, what more could a man want?"

"Glad you think so," answered Conahan absently.

Henry Hooker's remarks had set James Conahan thinking, as it was intended that they should, when Hooker commenced his effective inquiries. For after playing courtier to the two sisters Loretta and Nettie for the best part of a year, he had finally decided, that he preferred Loretta to anyone else in the world. Therefore he determined to demonstrate his worthiness until the girl was of the same opinion as he.

The next time when calling on the sisters James Conahan remarked about the loneliness of his leading man, saying it was evident that he was anxious to make entrance into nice society and from all appearances he was suitable to be introduced into their little circle.

"What do you know about this Mr. Hooker?" inquired Loretta cautiously.

"That's really the reason I didn't bring him here with me tonight. No one knows anything of him.

"He volunteers no information about himself, and if you question him—he's evasive."

"What do you think of him?" asked Nettie.
"Naturally I think that he's all right or I wouldn't allow him to mention your name, much less be introduced to you girls."

"If that's the case bring the gentleman around the next time you call," drawled Nettie. "I've been watching you and sis for some time and I've noticed that three's a full house."

Lately it became a habit for Conahan to pick up Hooker every morning on his way to work. The men, being opposites, were attracted to one another as is generally the case when extremes meet. This morning proved no exception and as usual Conahan was surprised by Hooker, while he was feasting on the scene of the refinery cradled in the russet-brown arm of the hills. When Conahan's passenger had settled comfortably and the little car was bouncing on its way to the refinery, Conahan broke the news.

"Got anything on for the night, old man?" inquired Conahan of Hooker.

"Not a thing. Why?"

"That's fine. I've made an engagement for you."

"With whom?"

"I'm going to introduce you to the Yost sisters tonight, to Nettie in particular, as Loretta is my girl. Understand?"

"Perfectly."

And then the two men shook hands in understanding.

So it happened that a congenial little party of four were often seen at places of amusement and promenading the main thoroughfares of town. And they made a passable little group. The sisters were of an age and looked almost enough alike to be taken for twins. Their greatest dissimilarity was in their eyes. Loretta had brown and Nettie blue eyes. Conahan was tall and fair of skin and Hooker was even taller than his comrade and burly and older.

The refinery had been very busy. And there had been overtime aplenty and the still-cleaners were drawing down big checks that month. On account of his prosperity (and he seemed to have nothing to do with his money except spend it) Henry Hooker announced to the others of the little group that he'd hired a big touring car for the following Sunday, and that they'd pack their lunch-hampers and go somewhere on a day's drive and sightseeing.

Sunday came.

"Let's go to San Francisco and visit the Aviary in Golden Gate Park. I understand that they've some new species of birds there and I'd like to study them," said Conahan with shining eyes.

"No, no," shrilled the girls in unison, "let's motor to Santa Rosa; it's heavenly there at

this time of year.

"Why not go to Golden Gate Park and then down the peninsular to San Jose?" suggested Conahan.

Hooker, who had been listening to the arguments goodhumoredly, suggested going to Sacramento, saying, "I'd like to see Sutter's Fort and this is my chance."

Since Hooker was standing the expense of the car it was agreed that they'd go to Sacramento and view the old fort, and surrounding landmarks.

Now that it was settled where the outing was to be there was a humorous argument as to

whom the honor would fall of piloting the car. All of the party were drivers. It was finally decided to draw straws. After great hilarity it was decreed that Conahan should drive the car to Sacramento. And at Sacramento they would decide who would have the honor of driving home.

Conahan would not have minded this arrangement if Hooker hadn't insisted that the two sisters ride in the rear seat with him, leaving Conahan alone to his driving. While driving to Sacramento many were the glances he directed to the rear of the car in admiration of the two girls. They had chosen for the trip their favorite dresses, (the sisters always dressed alike) which were full cut, long waisted blue serge frocks, that seemed to accentuate their firm young shoulders and rounded arms. And with their soft young faces, bobbed hair. and eyes set rather far apart, they looked like a pair of chubby high-school girls; and poor Conahan was driving with all this loveliness in the rear set. To Conahan this was maddening. for he was beginning to distrust, slightly, this mysterious loud-mannered friend of his, suspecting that much of his actions were just plain acting, to conceal other motives!

Sacramento was reached and all points of interest, including Sutter's Fort were viewed by the holiday makers. It was a joyous time with a little dissenting thought, now and then coming from Hooker.

When it was time to take the road there was another hilarious selection and it fell upon Hooker to pilot the car homeward.

Conahan smiled. Now he would revel in the car's rear seat with the sisters. But as it happened he was disappointed, though happily, for Nettie insisted on riding with the driver. This left him alone with the adorable Loretta.

Henry Hooker and Nettie, as is often the case, instead of attending seriously to the business of driving, flirted and skylarked. At first the couple in the tonneau of the car paid scant attention to the erratic behavior of the car as they were submerged in their own affairs. However the car suddenly sped up and careened dangerously around a curve in the road and Conahan remonstrated with Hooker.

"Say, old man, don't be so flighty, and 'tend to your driving. We don't want to spill in the road."

The driver of the car scowled and snarled, much to the surprise of his companions:

"Mind your own affairs; nobody's getting hurt. I didn't interfere with your driving when

you had the wheel. Anyhow it was I who rented the car for the day!" And with that he clamped his foot viciously on the accelerator and the car raced over the smooth highway.

The couple in the tonneau exchanged inquiring glances as the car lurched drunkenly. Loretta paled. While her sister in the front seat laughed hysterically. Crying: "Step on it, Henry; step on it. We'll show those two 'fraid cats back of us what speed is!"

As a matter of fact Hooker was diminishing his speed, for he did not want to risk his precious skin. However at the insistence of his companion for speed and still more speed, in a spirit of bravado once again he pressed hard on the accelerator and the car leaped like a live thing and swooped over the road. Another curve, and the car skidded wildly throwing one of its tires. The machine rocked and careened madly, hurled itself across the road, straddling the opposite line of traffic. The girls screamed. Hooker turned a sickly green, while Conahan strove to calm the party. Suddenly there was a throaty bray of a frantically warning horn, followed by the grinding of powerful brakes. But the car lying across the road was helpless. Like a stricken thing it awaited destruction, and like an avenging Juggernaut the Sacramento stage catapulted through the helpless Followed a crash—a splintering of wood and metal—accompanied by screams and oaths.

The stage skidded to a lurching stop. Driver and passengers piled out of the stage and streamed excitedly towards the car they had struck. It was overturned. Smoke shrouded the wreck; from its interior came groans and terrified shrieks. The stage driver assisted by the male passengers quickly righted the wrecked automobile and rolled it into the ditch, where it burst into flames and was quickly consumed.

The four occupants of the wrecked car were unconscious, when rescued. It happened that a doctor was traveling on the stage and he ordered the victims laid out on the green of the roadside which was canopied by monster oaks. He quickly inspected the first three victims and bound up their hurts. When he came to Nettie he lifted her hand and felt her pulse—there was no pulse—he released the hand; it dropped lifelessly. Tenderly the doctor pushed back the eyelids and to prove what he saw, he applied the stethescope to the heart. Looking up at the inquiring circle of passengers he announced gravely:

"This girl—she's dead!"

The three survivors and the dead girl were

removed to a nearby ranch-house, the coroner had been notified and the stage continued on

its way.

When the survivors of the wreck regained consciousness and learned of its tragic outcome there was much sorrowing. But strange to relate Henry Hooker seemed to take the tragedy more keenly to heart than even Loretta. However at the coroner's investigation Hooker threw the blame of the tragedy on the dead girl, declaring that she had "grasped the wheel in an exhilaration of spirit and playfully twisted it!"

But the girl could not defend herself, for she had found the peace that passeth all understanding and was sleeping under a little flower strewn mound that overlooked the tranquil blue of San Francisco Bay.

After time the great healer had done its work the trio took up the interrupted threads of life. The stream of life cannot be dammed by the

dead; life must flow on.

Now it happened that every time James Conahan called upon Loretta Yost he always found Henry Hooker "parked" in the easy chair and looking as though he were the possessor of all he surveyed! At his first opportunity Conahan laughingly remarked about the state of affairs to Loretta. The girl for a fleeting instant seemed nonplussed but she replied evenly enough: "Why the only reason that the poor fellow calls is to talk about Netta, he feels her loss keenly!"

However Conahan knew better than this. Loretta might be mistaken as to Hooker's intentions, but he was not! For he had surprised certain tell-tale looks that Hooker had directed at Loretta and noticed the amorous gleam in his eye. He felt that Hooker had discarded all scruples and intended to win Loretta for himself. At any rate he was going to broach the subject of Loretta at the first oppor-

tunity to his would-be-rival!

The next day at the refinery Conahan had a chance to talk to his subordinate without being overheard. The two men were walking through the yard of the refinery to inspect a still that had been reported for cleaning. Conahan spoke of the thing that was uppermost in his. thoughts.

"Tell me, old man, how is it every time that I call on Loretta I find you there? Why don't you give me a chance to be alone with my girl?"

"Who said that she was your girl?" flared back Hooker suddenly, and with unnecessary heat.

"I did."

"Oh, is that so? Well, others have some-

thing to say about that!"

"You know that I introduced you to the Yost girls with the understanding that I was to have Loretta for myself!

"Did you? Well, if that was the case I've forgotten it. Anyway I intend to take the girl myself! So the sooner you get out of the way and leave a clear field for me the better it will be for all concerned. Get me?"

"No, I don't get you! But I'll have you understand that I'll brook no interference from a man of your stripe."

The other man uttered not a word, grunting

contemptuously.

At first Conahan was inclined to appeal to Loretta not to encourage the other man's attentions but a fierce independence that burned within him, compelled him not to beg favors even from Loretta; and in any event the best man would win. He intended to be the best man!

Now that war had been declared between the two men Hooker began to do all that he could to undermine James Conahan in any way that For while Conahan's hobby was he could. the study of birds, Hooker's hobby was "woman" and he always worked in the dark with the stealth of a tiger and the cowardice of a covote!

Simulating forgetfulness of their rivalry he laid plans to disgrace the man who had befriended him. And it was not long before opportunity presented itself, and snake-like he

struck!

As a foreman Conahan had to report on the condition of all stills ordered cleaned. And for that purpose he had a pad with printed conditions—such as—"still cleaned"—"still needs repairs"--"still will be ready for charge at such-and-such a time." All Conahan had to do was to make a check mark after one of these headings and drop the statement into one of the refinery mail boxes. The messenger who made the rounds every half hour getting the reports from the mail boxes took the reports to the head office.

Being a young man and proud of the cleanliness of his reports, he always signed his name to the sheets before commencing work, when his hands were clean. Then he only had to make a check mark to indicate the condition of the still in question.

Hooker had noticed this and he had stoler

one of the signed blanks.

One day a still in very bad condition was in

spected by Conahan and he checked off the condition of the still indicating that it needed repairs, handed the report to Hooker to deposit in the nearest mail box as was his custom. Hooker looked the report over and grinned in triumph. He substituted his report which read, "Ready to charge at once!"

So the still was charged and on account of its condition lives were endangered and many

barrels of oil lost.

Conahan was called upon the carpet in the superintendent's office and asked to explain why he reported still No. 20 in condition for charging?

"But, sir, I didn't order that still to be charged! I ordered it to be repaired!" pro-

tested Conahan to the superintendent.

"Then how do you account for this?" flashed the superintendent as he shoved the signed report under Conahan's nose, showing above his signature the checked report, "Still ready to charge!"

Conahan's face paled. Then it reddened with rage; he knew that he'd been tricked and he stuttered incoherently as he attempted to ex-

The superintendent listened impatiently; and

then he said:

"If anyone but you were responsible for this blunder I'd discharge him at once. But on account of your past good record, I'm going to disrate you and make Hooker foreman in your place. You can have Hooker's position!"

"But, sir," protested Conahan weakly as he clutched the desk for support, "there's some

mistake, I'm not responsible for this!"

"No," said the superintendent kindly for he liked this efficient Conahan, "you've made a slip somewhere and now you'll have to pay." Then the phone buzzed and he turned his back on Conahan who left the office with downcast heart. However, he was firm in his determination to ferret out this mystery at all costs, knowing as he did, he had not reported the still as O. K.

The next morning Hooker reported as foreman and Conahan as assistant of still-cleaners.

"Didn't expect to see you on the job this morning," scowled Hooker to Conahan, "thought that you'd quit!"

"Why should I quit? I've got to work somewhere and this is as good a place as any,"

replied the subordinate briefly.

The foreman grunted suspiciously.

As day followed day in the murky refinery it was apparent to all that the new foreman was not competent. And many were the small

errors that he made, and it was whispered around the plant that if it were not for the watchful eye of the efficient assistant, numerous would be the complaints of neglected stills.

Again the refinery was having a rush of orders and the still-cleaners were busy cleaning stills from sun up to sun down, often working two continuous shifts to keep up with the demand for clean stills and more clean stills. The rush of work was too much for the new foreman. He was getting flustered!

It so happened that the foreman and his assistant were busily finishing up a still after the regular gang had left it, and Hooker in his confusion had reported the still ready to

charge at once!

The men were working feverishly when there was a double clang and both man-hole-covers were replaced and bolted in a twinkling, and simultaneously the oil—oil that was hot—began to be pumped into the still! The two imprisoned men looked at each other inquiringly.

Hooker turned a sickly yellow. The rays of the portable electric lamp that stood on the floor of the still showed two men in a dangerous situation, one that would try their souls.

"God, what's happened?" mouthed Hooker.
"We're prisoners in this still. And if we don't get out of this, it will mean that we'll be converted into gasoline!" Conahan informed him grimly.

Hooker groaned. In spite of the volcanic

heat his teeth chattered.

Suddenly there was the muffled roar of burning gases, the prisoners stared at each other, knowing that the fire had been kindled under the still. The tide of oil was raising. Hooker was helpless with terror. But Conahan kept up a continuous shouting and alternated by beating the walls of the still with his ham-However he seemed not to be heard. The situation was terrifying; they would soon be cooked alive! Quickly Conahan flashed his electric lamp about the still. He saw at the top of the pipe of flowing oil a valve, and he knew that if he could only close the valve they would be rescued. For the pump, having no outlet, would be forced to stop, or something would break and that would attract attention to the still.

At this critical moment Hooker fainted, and with a groan plunged face downward into the rising tide of oil.

Conahan swore, and stripping off his shirt he lashed the unconscious coward to a staybolt thus keeping his head above the murder-

(Continued on page 38)

Cheap For Cash

By MARISTAN CHAPMAN

OT a thing, my dear! And besides, don't you remember the lovely dressing gown you gave me last year? People my age don't have birthdays. Now do be reasonable! And then, you can't afford it."

The discussion about mother's birthday present began each year with the same array of arguments in precisely the same order. The day usually brought forth a box of "really nice" plain handkercheifs, a pair of silk stockings, or a handbag that looked almost like leather, a few letters from old friends and a check from the boys to "buy something you want and not spent it on the children or the house."

This year, Sarah decided, mother was to have a proper birthday. Sarah had recently left business college and gone into the firm of Williiam and Taylor, Attorneys-at-Law. Her employers, themselves in the first struggle of business life, could pay only \$12.50 a week, so they told her she might do extra work in her spare time in the office, and use their typewriter. Most of the week's pay was swallowed up in the humdrum details of living and extra work had not yet balanced the outlay for a ream of typing paper and a three-insertion advertisement in the daily paper. In spite of this a celebration of independence was due; and why shouldn't it take place on mother's birthday?

Sarah planned a shopping tour,—after several days' silence on the contentious subject of birthdays,—and hoped to decoy mother into expressing a sincere desire for some expensive and inaccessible object. Then, in her lunch-hour next day, she would pop out and buy it, even if it cost twenty dollars. But mother knew a trick worth two of that. She admired and expressed a wish for everything she saw. In every department some article took her fancy and she exclaimed over each in turn until Sarah was as much at a loss as before as to what to choose.

They spent a wearisome afternoon in the department store,—waiting for change from Robert's pajamas and winter stockings, waiting to be waited on, waiting for the elevator, which made two crowded trips without them,—and finally waiting for the street car.

The seething crowd of shoppers was momentarily thinned and immediately reinforced as cars came and went and the revolving doors of The Biggest Store in Town thrust forth more tired and irritated women.

Sarah suggested walking up a couple of blocks and catching the car at the corner of Monroe Street before the crowd. And as they went,—window-shopping on the way,—mother became fixed before the window of a small jeweler.

"I'd simply love that pin," she announced. "Cousin Isabel used to have one almost like it and I have coveted it all my life. Why, there;" she went on with a laugh, "you can give me that for my birthday. It won't cost more than a few thousand dollars, I should think!"

Sarah examined the brooch carefully. It was an imitation amethyst, tied like an unconventional bow and having a row of dust-diamonds set along either end. Snuggled into mother's cream frill on her black silk dress it would look like a knot of deep lilac ribbon with a wee lace fringe.

It took nearly all night to plan for that brooch. Sarah counted up her resources, and found that they were good for a twenty-dollar strain. The pin ought not to be more than that. Maybe it wouldn't be so much. She'd rather buy it all herself, but if it was more than twenty she would have to tell Hilda and the boys and let them all buy it. Was she selfish? She didn't mean to be but she had never given mother a real present, and now she had her own money she could do as she liked. And as she was falling asleep a flaring advertisement she had seen in the papers came to her mind,—"Cheap for Cash!"

She was always diffident about going to a jeweler's store. The glitter and the cold richlooking cases awed her a little in spite of herself. But Sharp's was a small store, with one show case, a watchmaker's bench and a row of silver lamp brackets, so it was really not so alarming. At the very back was a receiving station for the Modern Laundry. This was reasoning. It wasn't like one of the real

jewelry stores where expensive salesmen frightened one by knowing all about one's sal-

ary from the look of one's clothes.

For some minutes Sarah stood outside looking at the brooch. She had thought so much about it that she had grown quite nervous and could not make up her mind to go in and price it.

"Shall I get it if it's over twenty? Yes, I must go as far as twenty-five. Probably it's thirty. Then I can't get it. I might ask Hilda to lend me the other five. Perhaps it's only ten! Nonsense, it can't be less than—."

She stepped into the store.

"I want to price the amethyst brooch you have in the window. No, not that one,—the one like a bow,—Yes, in the middle case,—Yes, that one."

"A very neat pin," said Mr. Sharp, as he pulled himself back into the store from the window and placed the case before her.

"What's—what is the price of this one?" Sarah stroked it gently with the tip of her little finger.

"Very reasonable indeed. You see as we have only a few, a choice selection——."

"How much?"

"—I might say in fact this is the only one of this design. It is, well, as there is only

the one, we are selling it for-"

Sarah had been holding her breath during this speech and was ready to cry out at him, "How much? Tell me quickly how much is it?" But she held on for a second longer while the jeweler unclasped the pin and held it against a folded silk handkerchief to show it up.

He reached for another case; "We have here

a less expensive-"

"But what is the price of this one?" Sarah demanded, clasping her hand convulsively against the edge of the show case.

"Sixteen-fifty,—this one," he replied, as if to say 'I told you that at first.' "These," he went on, turning to the other case, "are eleven."

"Thank you," said Sarah breathlessly, "but I believe I prefer the first one. Will you set it aside for me until this afternoon, or will you take a check? Or, perhaps you had better reserve it, if you don't mind."

It had just occurred to her that her bank balance might not stand a check of such mag-

nitude.

"Certainly we will lay it aside, Madam, and

—er— ?"

"Thank you," she repeated, and was starting out of the store when the suspended air of business-unfinished in the jeweler's manner recalled something to her mind.

"Do you require a deposit?" she queried. She was not quite sure whether it was customary to do with a jeweler as you did in clothing stores.

"Why, it is usual. A matter of form."

"Well, er,—", She fumbled in her handbag for her purse, and there discovered a five, a one and two quarters. "Will five dollars be sufficient?"

Mr. Sharp smiled ingratiatingly, "Yes, indeed, mere form," he murmured as he placed a little white 'sold' ticket on the case and

replaced it in the window.

Sarah walked briskly out of the store. Sixteen-fifty! It was nothing, after having been prepared to pay twenty. And today was payday!

As she was turning the corner she noticed Mrs. Hummer's sedan stop outside Sharp's, and noticed that the proprietor came out to the car with alacrity.

"It must be nice to just want-and-buy," she thought, "but, after all, rich people miss all the fun and excitement that we have in plan-

ning and devising!"

It was payday. That would be twelve-fifty. Five dollars was already paid to Sharp. That made seventeen-fifty. By drawing ten-fifty from the bank she would have the other two-fifty for the pin and seven-fifty for the week's expenses. It might last——It would have to. Besides, there was nothing else to buy except ordinary things till next payday. And how she would tease mother tonight to guess what her birthday present was to be.

At four o'clock she had to go to the bank for Mr. Taylor, so she drew her own check, and returning by Sharp's, went in to get the

brooch.

Mr. Sharp looked up quickly as she entered, and smiled cautiously as he came round behind the counter. The pin still glistened from its case—(how mother would love that deep pansy-colored velvet!)

Sarah took the fifteen dollars and fifty cents from her handbag and put it on the counter. Mr. Sharp looked at the three crisp five dollar bills and then riveted his gaze on

the dingy fifty cent piece.

"A lady was in here just after you left this morning," he began hesitatingly, "who wanted the same brooch. She was disappointed that it was already purchased. In fact she went so far as to say, if you changed your mind

"I'm sorry," said Sarah firmly, "but I am getting it for my mother's birthday and-" she stopped, puzzled by his look, and shoved the rest of the money toward him.

He smiled again oddly. "The price of the brooch is sixteen fifty,—sixteen hundred and

fifty."

Sarah's gaze became fixed. She felt as though she had turned the corner from a sheltered street and been met by a cutting wind.

"How stupid of me," she managed to gasp finally. "I was so set on getting it,—and was all worked up to paying twenty dollars for it, so when you said sixteen-fifty it seemed cheap. I don't know a thing about jewels and had no idea it was a real amethyst.'

Mr. Sharp rang his cash register and extracted five one-dollar bills which he handed to

"Can't I show you something else?" he queried conventionally, — "I have some nice chemical stones,——?"

"No! I couldn't bear anything else," she answered abruptly; and then, with an attempt to recover herself, added, "Thank you,-I'm sorry," tucked the bills in her bag and walked out.

The hour at the office seemed interminable, but the stamps were all affixed at last and at five-thirty she stood pensively feeding the letters into the mail chute.

She caught the five-forty car. So had every other stenographer in town, it seemed,—and she had to stand up all the way. On an evening paper next to her she saw a flaring advertisement: "We trust you! Easy payments on jewels! Small monthly payment enables you to own fine stone."

The car stopped at her street and she alighted. A gust of wind blew a clutter of old leaves and trash down the sidewalk, and she got something in her eye. Pausing on the steps of the house to try to get it out she heard her mother talking to a visitor on the side porch:

"---yes, that one in Sharp's. I was teasing Sarah about it only yesterday,—telling her to get it for my birthday! What? Gracious no! I hope not! Why I'd be scared to wear a thing like that if I had it, let alone never getting over the worry of what it cost. I always say it isn't any use wearing jewels in the bank!" Mother laughed quietly, "What I'd really love to have," she went on, "would be that real silk umbrella down at Peter's new store; but I wouldn't dare tell the children, because it's priced at ten dollars and I don't want them to go spending all their money on me. And then, people my age don't have birthdays!"

Sand Dunes

By CRISTEL HASTINGS

Sand dunes! Long endless wastes of gray— Find sands washed from afar: The outline of each wave is marked In rippled sands that are As fine and soft as ocean mist. You glitter in the sun Like deserts that but lure men on To slow death, one by one.

And yet, you have a saving grace That deserts envy you— The cooling breath of ocean winds Beside a sea of blue

An Open Secret

By SUZANNE McKELVY

Doris has a wee, sweet secret Which she'll never, never speak, And I know you would not guess it By the blushes on her cheek.

But she told it to the song birds As she walked across the park, And 'twas sung aloud next morning By a saucy meadow lark.

Then 'twas whispered to the passies That she passed along the way, And they told the many blossoms Which grew near them, that same day.

Then she crooned it to the sea gulls Swooping low above the boats, And they quickly soared off shoreward Croaking it from lusty throats.

Doris thinks it still a secret, But I'll tell it, just in part, The birds and flowers and sea guils say That love has found her heart.



Devil-Devil Drums

By JAMES HANSEN

THE Solomons belong to Melanesia, and like her sisters of Melanesia, she weaves the fronds of repellency. Once she was peopled by noble folk; but they gravitated in their great double canoes to the Marquesas and Samoa and the Tongas, leaving behind them a kinky-headed, bestial race who even now crave the taste of long-pig.

Anybody who has been down there will tell you that it is no place for white folk. Yet, white people do wander down to that remote corner. Adam Redfern went, but he's come back-sold his place. And such a place he had! It was a bit of Elysium itself. I'm speaking, now, of a few years ago, when everything was sunshiny, tranquil and serene.

Redfern lay supine in the generous shade of a satin-leaved pandanus tree, his mind wandering along rosy paths. He was laved in a glow of contentment, for after years of toil he had gleaned wealth in the phosphate flats, and copra, print-cloth, tortoise shell, sandalwood, hoop-iron and mother hubbard dresses.

At his side also lay his two inseparable companions, one of which was Joe, a shaggy, sadeyed collie, who kept a vigilant watch through half-closed lids, upon the dainty miss of three whose curly head reposed in slumber upon her father's arm.

The sound of clear singing stirred Redfern

from his profound musing.

He glanced away toward the spacious lowroofed bungalow where through the open door he saw his mate-woman at her work, her face radiant with the joy of living, her eyes benign with motherhood, and her lips wreathed in song.

"Some girl! Some girl!" he muttered ten-

derly.

The wee lady on his arm moved presently, then sat up, rubbing sleep from her eyes with two pudgy fists. The day was warm, and her forehead was moist with tiny globules of perspiration.

"Well, well," said Redfern, "has my little partner waked up? You've been a-sleepin' a long time, Nona. Suppose we go and see if mommy's got something nice and cool for us

to drink?"

Nona opened the scarlet dab of her lips in

a yawn. Suddenly she brought a wrist to her mouth, and her eyes opened wide.

"Daddy," she broke in, "what's that?"
"What's what, honey?" he asked, patting her cheek.

"That noise."

Redfern always yielded to her whims, so he listened in obedience. Sure enough, there was a foreign noise upon the air. Strange he had not noticed it before. It seemed to come in monotonous regularity. There was something ominous about the dull vibrations which seemed to come from a distant cannon.

He tensed, his brow clouding anxiously. He

heard more clearly.

"Boom-boom, boom-boom!"

Nona noticed his change of expression, and she too betrayed alarm.

"What is it, daddy?" she demanded again.

sensing something amiss.

"Drums, honey," replied Redfern—"just drums." But deep in his heart he knew they were drums of war.

The Rubianas were angered over something. "I'm afraid of 'em," announced the child frankly. "You won't let 'em hurt me, will you, daddy?"

He laughed shortly.

"Let 'em hurt daddy's little girl? Well, I should say not," he assured with blunt emphasis—"not so long as your daddy's got a drop of red stuff left in his old hulk.

They strolled off toward the house. At their heels followed the dog, the hair on his back bristling, and low growls coming from his mas-

sive chest.

A few hours later their thirst had been quenched with the cool gift of drinkingnuts, dinner had been eaten, Nona had been tucked in her wee bed, and Adam Redfern was leaning back in his great chair against the rustic cabin, watching the wreaths of smoke curl above his head. And in those wreaths he sought an explanation of the drum beats that, at intervals, had disturbed the languor of the afternoon.

The Rubianas did not beat devil-devil drums without cause. Redfern's brow clouded anew.

A step sounded at his side. He looked up to greet Melville Ashley, a neighbor planter.

"Hello、Mel."

"Hello, Ad," returned Ashley, and continued in a cautious tone, after a cautious glance to-ward the door: "I guess we'd better have a little drill tonight, hadn't we?"

Redfern nodded, after making sure that his

wife inside had not heard.

Both of them belonged to the vigilants, who were a group of whites that had pledged honor and life to protect their comrades. Secretly they practiced military tactics and musketry, so that they would not be unprepared in event of ambush by the natives.

"Think they'll strike tonight?" queried Red-

fern.

"Dang it. Yuh can't tell," was Ashley's conservative rejoinder.

More low-toned conversation followed, after which they discussed things of lesser interest.

"By the way, Ad," said Ashley, "when yuh a-going to give me an answer to what I want to know?"

Redfern smiled. It was an old question. Ashley had long desired to purchase the Redfern plantation. He had offered twice, and more, than the original cost. Again Redfern smiled in amusement, as he had always smiled, over his friend's persistence.

"I'll give yuh jest a cold twenty-five thousand, tomorrow," continued Ashley persuas-

ively.

"Dogonit, Mel!" argued Redfern, "you know I don't want to sell-right now. Of course, I've made a lot of money here, and I'm about independent. But I'm attached to the place. I'll tell you this, though: I'll give you the option. My little woman kind of pines for the States once in a while, so I may see you about it some of these days."

Thus the incident ended, as it had always before ended. Silence fell while they filled their pipes. Suddenly the resume of the distant war drums caused the eyes of one to seek

those of the other.

From the inside of the house came soft mutterings from one whose sleep was touched with

a baby dream.

Redfern jumped to his feet as if shot. Then he quickly regained his composure and offered as an explanation:

"I thought she was calling me. Sleeping on

her back, I guess, the little rascal."

That thin little voice had recalled her plaint of the afternoon:

"You won't let 'em hurt me, will you, daddy?"

And again the daddy avowed deeply within.

"No, by God, never!" His eyes were luminously moist, as he turned to Ashley.

"Mel, I suppose we'd better be going."

The drum-thumping was increasing in volume. Several of them were heard in unison. Their dull, monontonous double-beat was horrible, diabolical.

A couple of natives passed. Redfern hailed

them, in bêche de mer:

"You fella boy. You stop. I like'm talk along you."

"My word!" replied one of the natives sur-"What name you sing out along me?"

'Drum belong Rubiana fella boy, he plenty too much sing. What name? Rubiana he cross along white fella boy?" questioned Redfern.
"Me no savvee what name," lied the native,

lowering his eyes guiltily.

"You gammon (lie)," declared Redfern. He caught the bushman and shook him roughly. "I savvee you too much gammon along me! Me no fright along Rubiana fella boy. Savvee? Him fella boy come along me, I catchee musket, I look'm along him, kill'm, him die finish. I catchee fifty white fella boy-all catchee musket. Go home. You tell'm.

"Yuh can't get a dang thing out of 'em," observed Ashley, after the natives had hurriedly departed. "It looks like they're always a-lookin' fer a chance to break loose. And their excuse is always something that don't amount to

nothin'.'

They strode along, finally coming into view of a house that did duty as a club for the white population. Before it were several groups of men, talking excitedly.

"What do you think, Bill?" asked Ashley, "Think they'll bust loose to one of them.

tonight?'

"I don't doubt it, in the least," was the reply—"along about dawn, as they generally do.

Orders were given by the acting captain, and guns were immediately issued from the clubhouse locker. More orders came, and they fell into skirmish formation. Then followed the manual of arms and other military forms. During a rest suggestions were asked anent the plan of procedure.

"We'll go up and take the bull by the

horns," offered one.

"Whoever is in favor of that," said the captain, "raise his hand.

"Ten for: more against. Now-

The captain's speech was abruptly broken by the appearance of a youth who dashed up

(Continued on page 36)

"Californy"

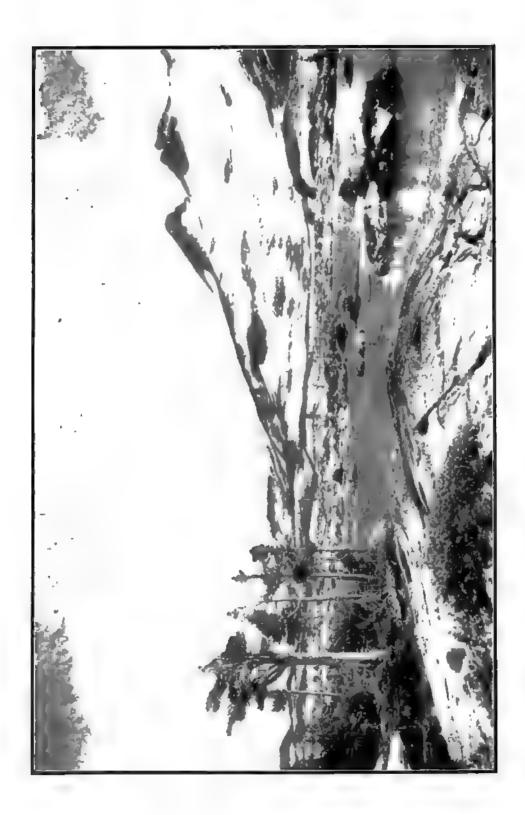
By WALTER J. NORTON

A lot's been said by scribe and bard—Some things quite good, some that are hard, Much that's untrue—more that is great, About ole Californy State. But if ye'll listen fer a spell, I'll do my darnedest here to tell O' the state that's treated me so fine Since I lit here in "'49."

I've plowed her fields an' drilled her rock, I've panned her gold an' punched her stock. I've reaped her grain—yes, by the tons, An' raised some husky "native sons." I've wed one of her sun-kissed queens, Who darns my socks an' cooks my beans;— I've et her fruits an' drank her wine, Since I lit here in "'49."
I've heard some eastern people say That we don't welcome them to stay An' share our work, our homes, an' wealth, Or bask here in our land o' health. But that's dead wrong—there's plenty room Fer ev'ry day there's some new boom An' has been, since I first struck mine, When I lit here in "'49."

But don't expect to loaf an' cry; Jist smile an' work, then ye'll get by, An' take on any line ye wish— From diggin' ore to sellin' fish, Fer this great state was built fer guys With energy fer enterprise. Ole timers had no time to whine When I lit here in "'49."

From river mouth to mountain dome, Ye'll find a welcome an' a home; Ye'll love the sunshine an' the rains, The hills, the cities, an' the plains, Fer this old state's a gift from God, An' when they plant me 'neath the sod, They'll chisel on my rock this line: "He lit out here in "49."



The Cowardess

By ARTHUR REALL

birthday, Mr. Bright, Sir," insinuated Jake Haight, the privileged old family retainer and gardener, as he leaned on his rake, casually watching his new assistant, a slender, awkward youth whose features were concealed effectively by an enormous broad-brimmed straw hat. Mr. Bright shook hands with Jake, and frowned slightly as he also noticed the new assistant, who was aimlessll plying a hoe beneath the shadow of some nearby trees.

"What have birthdays to do with your telling me how you spent your vacation?" inquired

Mr. Bright, curiously.

"Only today's little E-Clair de Lune's birthday, Sir," replied Jake, apologetically. "I had one grand and glorious time over in Europe, Mr. Bright, Sir, for I found everything I expected; what with trapping the smuggler, and seeing E-Clair, you wouldn't believe what sport I did have."

"Tell me how you caught the smuggler, Jake," wheedled Mr. Bright, as he seated himself on a bench not far distant from the assistant gardener, who, at a peremptory signal from Jake, moved away into the garden. "And—and who was Eclair de Lune? A girl, eh?" He lighted a cigar and puffed a ring of smoke into the air.

"Oh, the smuggler comes last, on the ride home from Paree," explained Jake. "And her name wasn't Eclair, but Clair; which was wished on her by them other Bohumian artists. You know I had a bit of money saved, and I've been meaning to take a vacation ever since E——" he stopped abruptly as Mr. Bright

made a sharp gesture of reproof.

"Well, leastwise," continued Jake, quickly, "I took it into me head to see the world, starting with gay Paree. The trip over across the ocean was the roughest ever happened since Noah built the Arch on Mount Arrowroot; I know, for it took me three days to get on deck after we left New York. There was lots of nice folks on the boat, mostly by the name of Steward, and we became great friends; also there was Bob Snader, of Omaha. He gave me French money for mine; four for one he gave me: I thought he was old enough to know his own business, so I said nothing and and I got two thousand four hundred Franks, as they

miscall them, for me six hundred dollars."

"Your friend Snader took advantage of you, Jake," interrupted Mr. Bright, smiling. "You should have received three thousand francs."

"Is it so? He must of been laughing at me all the time," reflected Jake, sadly. "I guess I'm too easy going to leave home so far. I was in Paris only two weeks and they got every copper of me money: leastwise, I gave most of it to Clair de Lune, her with the bright, brave eyes."

"Clair de Lune?" reproved Mr. Bright, slyly.

"Oh, Jake, at your age."

"Wait till I tell you," continued Jake, hastily. "When I got to the depot in Paree, a lad grabbed me, asking was I from the States; I told him I come from Aurora, Nebrasky, and he apologized. Then Bob Snader come along, and he knew the feller, whose name was Pitts; they advised me to stop at the Latinay Hotel, where most Americans stayed, and to stay right inside out of harm's way until they could take care of me proper. Then they went away, saying they'd see me aw reservoir. So I took me satchel and climbed onto one of them handsome wagons where the shaffer sits on top of you, and drives a one-horsepower flivver wrapped in horsehide.

"'Latiny,' I ordered, and he smiled and bowed like I am president of the village council, after which he rattled me around awhile, until pretty soon he stopped in a street full of people running around with long hair and wild eyes. The shaffer got down off his perch, still bowing and smiling wide and handsome, and going from one convolution into the next. I set me satchel on the sidewalk, and pulled some change from me pocket to save his life.

"'What's the damage, Duke?' I asked him.
"'Katter vant sank sent hims.' He answered, so pretending I thought he was trying to beat me, I handed him one of them five franks coins, and told him to beat it. I thought he'd die, Sir; he wriggled and shook his head and made as if he wanted to bite me, cussing something fearful the while, so I just handed him another, shoved him back on his handsome by main strength, and waved him to drive off. He took off his hat and drove away, squalling 'Mercy-Mercy' all along the street till

I thought sure the cops would pinch me."

"He was thanking you, Jake," explained Mr. Bright. "The charge was about seventeen

cents, and you gave him two dollars."

"Did I now?" exclaimed Jake. "Isn't ignorance a grand thing-for the other feller? Mebbe he that I was killing him with kindness; well, it was worth it, for when I turned around. there was little Clair de Lune, with my satchel, reading the old Aurora Hotel baggage-room stickers like they was letters from home. She found me a room in a place called a study— Oh, and made me acquainted with lots of nice folks; they showed me the whole town before I had to leave. There was a raft of jolly people in that town; called theirselves 'Bohumians,' and their part of town was called the 'Karteeay;' pet names, I reckon, like Clair de Lune. Most of the folks was working at some trade such as painting, or plastering, so I lent out some five hundred franks, which thev'll send me as soon as they sell a painting job. or a scupture."

"What happened to little Eclair de Lune?"

asked Mr. Bright, slyly.

"Not Eclair, Mr. Bright, just Clair," explained Jake, patiently, "I was thinking of another girl, I reckon, when I said the E at first. Clair was an American girl, about twenty-three. She was a spunky little beauty, slender and upstanding, with the bluest eyes, and the silkiest soft brown hair, like corn silk when the corn is ripe, and shading into rusty gold where the sun shines through its strands. She's run off there to make herself famous, against the wishes of her father, she told me. Her folks never wrote to her, and she never gave them no address; she was too proud to ask for help when the glory didn't come, so she struggled along for three hard years, painting when she could borrow the paint, and barely making a living by cleaning up the study-ohs of the other artists who were as hard up as she was, only not so delicate about picking up a piece of change. They were a hard lot, some of em, but they'd scheme and plot to make up odd jobs for Clair, for she wouldn't take anything she didn't work for. The artists gave her the name Clair de Lune, but that wasn't her name at all. She was a real fine kid, Mr. Bright, and as clean and square as any girl God ever put ambition into. Well, I'm talking too much about Clair, without getting to the interesting part," and Jake paused while he eyed his employer speculatively. Mr. Bright coughed and relit his cold cigar with a match which trembled slightly.

"Maybe I'd better wait till some other time, Sir," suggested Jake, "Maybe you're in a hurry to get to the office."

"Go on, go on," urged his employer, somewhat gruffly," I'm in no hurry this morning;

this dam cigar smoke hurts my eyes."

"There's little more to tell, Sir," resumed Jake, "Except Clair struggled along and starved. and her clothes got raggeder and worser in spite of her sewing on 'em late at nights. But she refused all chances to stroll along the easy road; I slapped a few of them oily rascals when I seen 'em trying to manhandle her, so they come to believe she belonged to me, and left her alone until the day I met Bob Snader again. That was before she went away from Paree forever." Jake hesitated, and licked his dry lips as he glanced toward the assistant gardener, who still listlessly plied the hoe, the big hat flapping in the slight breeze which swayed the blossoms of the fruit trees that were scattered throughout the well kept place. Jake seemed to lose the string of his story when he resumed.

"But isn't Paree a wonderful town, Mr. Bright? Beats Lincoln a city block, and I reckon the richest man in the world must live there for I seen his name on bill boards in front of every church in Paree, advertising his banks; he must of owned twenty thousand."

"What was his name, Jake?" inquired Mr.

Bright.

"I can't say it, Sir, but this is how it's wrote," and Jake scrawled a few words on a sheet of paper and handed it to Mr. Bright, who read aloud "Bancs A. Louer."

"Say, that Louay must be some banker,"

exclaimed Jake.

"This means pews for rent, Jake," explained

Mr. Bright, laughing.

"Isn't that wonderful?" said Jake, in a tone of awe. "But why don't they say so, then? How is a man to know anything when they say one thing and mean another entirely? But after that I met Bob Snader again; him and me and Bill Pitts met that evening down by Mr. Dame's church, and they sure was glad to see me; said they'd looked everywhere for me. We went in the church, and I seen Clair kneeling up in front; she used to go there to pray for that stubborn old parent of hers. So I led them two out again, and they took me to a little kaff and we drunk a few cups of coffee flavored with cognack."

"What became of little Clair de Lune?" asked Mr. Bright, interrupting Jake's irrelevant ramblings with ill-concealed eagerness.

"I'm coming to that, Sir," soothed Jake, "But it happened later, so it's got to come in then, when I get to it. While me and the boys was at the kaff, I said to Bob:

"'Who's this Jennie Say I hear about from

everyone I talk to?""

"'Haven't you never met her?' asked Bob, in surprise, 'She's the most talked of girl in Paree. Bill, let's you and me introduce Jake to Jennie?" Bill nodded, and the two rascals throwed me coat over me head, and tied it around me neck with me own necktie. two then went through me pockets and took everything I had but me good wishes. When I got me coat off me head, I was real cross; the other folks all around laughed fit to kill theirselves. I found one of them French cops they miscall gensdarmys and asked him where them two had gone; and who run the joint. He put his shoulders up around his ears and flapped his hands like a walrus.

"'Jennie Say' he said.
"'Is that so?' I answered to that. she ought to be pinched for allowing such low ruffians in the place; look at me neck,' and I showed him how they nearly choked me, and rubbed me throat where it hurted. At which he smiled all over and took me by the arm, leading me around a couple of corners to another kaff, where he ordered a bottle of green stuff; I thought the gensdarmy was treating me for me sore throat and excitement, but when the bottle was empty, the waiter holds out his hand to me. I shook me head. The waiter he started going into convolutions and said some horrible things from the sound of them. I pointed to the gensdarmy.

"Ask Jennie Say." I told the waiter. 'She took all me coin,' and with that I walked out, leaving them to fight amongst theirselves; by the way they were acting, I'm expecting to be called any minute as a witness for the prosecu-

tion.

"No wonder you never met her, Jake," interrupted Mr. Bright, looking meaningly at his 'Je ne c'est' is French idiom for 'I don't know.' But I'll have to go; there's an important case on the docket today."

"Yes, Sir, wait a minute and I'll tell you what happened to the poor little girl, Clair," promised Jake, hastily. He gazed searchingly into Mr. Bright's face a moment, then braced his shoulders and took a long breath, smiling

softly as he continued.

"Them two hyenas hadn't got much, for I'd left all me money in me room, safe under the carpet, and only had some coppers in me clothes. I made up me mind to get away from French idiots you speak of; Aurora looked good enough for Jake Haight that day. So I made a run for the 'Karteeay,' and just as I was going in me door, I seen Clair de Lune going down the dusky street, her head bowed low, and one of them Apatche fellers holding her arm. I run across the rue and stopped her.

"'Where are you going, Clair?"' I asked her. She looked up at me, her eyes appealing

and mild; her lips white and quivering.

"'God knows, Jake!' she answered, so low I could scarcely hear her voice. 'They put me out of the house because I had no money;

I haven't eaten for three days, Jake."

" 'Why didn't you tell your Uncle Jake? You come with me and stop this foolishness.' I said, real cross, for it made me pecvish, her being too proud to ask for a loan. The Apatche feller began pulling on her arm; she tried to shake him off, but he was pretty strong and started to drag her along. Now, you know, Mr. Bright, that I don't like to butt in on anything that isn't my business, so I tried to be reasonable.

"'Is it too late, Little Clair de Lune?" I

"'No, no, Uncle Jake, but I'm so hungry," she cried as she broke away from the Apatche feller, smashing her knuckles against his mouth, and cutting her hand to the bone. He made a slash at her with a life preserver which would of killed her if it landed, but she was too weak to stand, and fell to the sidewalk before he could hit her."

"Damn it, Jake," interrupted Mr. Bright, savagely, as he rose and glared at Jake, "You didn't stand there and let that brute get away with that poor child, did you? Suppose it had been your girl, your daughter? Poor little Clair de Lune, she must have had a mother somewhere, who loved her and waited for her, hoping-hoping-" and he sank back on the bench again, as if ashamed of his sentimental outbreak.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Bright, Sir," soothed Jake, the light of triumph in his eyes, "You know I never was no saint myself; you know I used to be pretty tough once, Sir, when I run a slugger drill in the big bonanza down on the three thousand level of the Calaveras Mine, at Angel's Camp in the boom days of ninetynine. I never used no weapon twenty years ago when I killed them two hold-up men in the Eldorado dance hall; only my two hands. I just broke their necks, Mr. Bright, which is how you come to get me freed at the trial, Sir, pleading self defense against their knives; they was wanted anyways, for murder, but they had their pals, and they had money. I'll never forget your clearing me, you fighting alone against the gang's money in court, without charging me a cent, and I've always wanted to make up to you some way. Well, the old days is past but when that Apatche feller tried to hit that little El-Clair de Lune, I just looked around quick, and seeing there was no one nigh, I reached over and took hold of the skunk. He made some fuss, but I shook him up some, and he stopped kicking and started crying. El—I mean, Clair, crawled on her knees and put her hand on my arm.

"'Don't kill the beast, Jake,'" she whispered so weak was she, "'You'll be sent to prison:

then what will I do?"

"So I dropped the feller in the gutter, and carried Clair to a little hole in the wall where I let her eat as much as I thought she ought to; then I took her home. When we got there she tried to kiss my hand; my old calloused hand. But I wouldn't stand for it, no, Sir.

"'Uncle Jake, I'll not give up again. There's hardly any work to do now, but I'll win. The other students try to help me out, but they, too, are poor. Sometimes I have felt that life is too hard to struggle against until you come and brought me memories. But I'm not a bad girl, Jake, and I can still think of seeing my dear mother again without her being ashamed of me.'" Jake paused and filled his pipe.

Mr. Bright turned away and watched the

assistant gardener a moment.

"I see you have a new assistant, Jake," remarked Mr. Bright, irrelevantly. "That hat looks like an umbrella. Is he any use?"

"You'll like him, Mr. Bright," replied Jake, confidently. "That's a Paris hat; I got it from Clair de Lune. Wait till I tell you about the smuggler and I'll let you look him over." Mr. Bright turned again to listen to Jake.

"You seem to be very fond of this Clair de-Lune," said Mr. Bright, rather bitterly. "You

should have adopted her."

"I never was what you'd call an easy mark, Sir," replied Jake, deprecatingly. "But little Clair, she was so sweet and brave, Sir, I just couldn't help loving her. I never saw her cry, no matter what, although many a time I've seen her holding her head high, and her teeth set into her tender lip to keep from it. And she never accepted anything from anyone without working to pay for it, not even when she was starving, as I'll show you. I wish I could adopt her: she wouldn't have to starve in Paree."

Mr. Bright started from his reverie, essaying a faint sneer as he shrugged his shoulders with well-assumed carelessness. He yawned as Jake

resumed his monologue.

"Well, Sir, I said to El—to Clair, 'Clair de Lune, I've got twelve hundred franks which I'm going to hand to you, and you're going to start immediately for home, and you're going to !ceep going till you get to your mother's side where you belong, that's what you're going to do."

"'No, no, Jake,' she protested, shrinking away, 'I can't go home a failure; I couldn't face dear old Daddy. Don't you see? They'll

laugh at me and say it's cowardice."

"'And why shouldn't you be a cowardess?'

I said, 'Girls aren't supposed to be heroes.'

"'I know that, but, you know, Daddy was always so cold and distant to me because I was a girl and couldn't help him in his work; and it hurt me so for he gave me everything but love; and I'd rather have had his love and confidence and lived in a barn, than had all the things his money bought for me. I wish I was a bov.'

"You do just as your Uncle Jake tells you to." I ordered real sternly, 'and don't discuss it no more.' So then she turned away and went into a corner with her back turned to me. When she turned around again her eyes were shining and she was smiling, God bless her, but there was several little wet streaks running from her eyes clear to her stubborn little chin. Game to the core was Clair.

"'I'll go, Uncle Jake, and I'll repay you someway," she whispered, her eyes shining like the brightest stars in heaven. 'Sometimes I felt that God had forgotten me, but I know now that He was trying me out to see if I deserved a chance at happiness again. I guess I'm too stubborn, Jake.'

"'You take after your Dad, then, I'll bet a Missouri farm. Chances are he's wearing his heart away for you, but too hog-headed to act like a man and send for you to come home."

Jake looked maliciously at the flush which was creeping over Mr. Bright's face; he lit

his pipe and called to his assistant.

"Here, you," he ordered, gruffly, "Go over and pick up them plums under that apple tree; and stay there till I find something for you to do." The assistant pulled the big straw hat down further over head and shoulders and sauntered slowly away. Mr. Bright watched him dubiously, shaking his head over Jake's foolishness. Jake hastened to explain.

"The poor chap hasn't any folks, Sir, and wants to learn to make a living. The kid's all

right, and will learn; besides, it won't cost you nothing for I'll pay for food and lodging, Sir, till we see if it's worth keeping an assistant."

"No, indeed, Jake," answered Mr. Bright, generously, "I'll take care of the poor fellow on your recommendation. Only, he seems lazy, or sick, or something; he walks so awkwardly. Must be ill. Go ahead and tell about the smug-

glers," he finished.

"As soon as I got Clair de Lune started for the dock at the oceanside. I got rid of me stuff. for I'd give Clair me old satchel, and got a handful of coppers. I traveled down to Marseillais by fast express in the night, riding snug and comfortable on the roof. I sneaked on the boat there which was pointed for America, by following a gang of fellers who was carrying heavy sacks aboard. I grabbed a sack and got in the line, and when I dropped me sack down the hole, I tumbled in after it. The feller that was fixing them down stairs asked me something, and I give him a handful of coppers, my While he was counting 'em, I hid. couple of hours later we was off, as I could feel from the way the boat shivered, and the noise. I felt around in the dark and found the handle on a door; I opened the door easy, and felt a whiff of cold air; it was the refrigeration room, full of raw meat. There was a light in the place, and I found some canned stuff, and some stuffed olives in bottles, which I took an armful of back in the hole with me. I had a place to sleep, and a place to eat, and the ice furnished water to drink, so I was as comfortable as anyone except for the dark. But when I bit into one of them stuffed olives, I most lost two teeth; there was a hard little pebble in it. I managed to save a handful of them by the time I got to New York; and when the boat was fastening up in the dock, I was able to slip over the front end and without no one suspecting I wasn't a regular workman of the crew. Down on the dock there was a crowd around a feller talking to a costume officer who had some olives in his hand.

"'You're pretty foxy, Dugan,' said the officer, 'But you've slipped up this time,' and he opened one of the olives, which was empty except the stuffing. The officer apologized, and Dugan went away; he limped a little on his left foot, same as he did in Paree. I whispered to the officer and drawed him to one side where I showed him the handful of bright pebbles I'd collected from the olives. He took me to the office, where he emptied the stones on the table, and I told him how it happened. I felt I was

in for a reward sure. He examined them with a magnifying glass, then looked up at me and snorted.

"'Paste.' he said, disgusted. That feller is

pretty slick."

"'Why don't you foller the feller and find out why he pasted you?' I asked him, 'I know he's slick, because I met him in Paree; he called himself Snader then.'

"I went along with Lamb, the officer, and we hurried out on the dock in time to see the feller talking to a girl by the street door in front. When he seen us coming, he lit out, and jumped in a taxes cab. I looked at the girl, and it was Elee—."

"Who?" interrupted Mr. Bright, sharply.

"Lettle Clair, Sir; she'd come over on the

same boat. She stopped me."

"That man's a smuggler,' she whispered. He told me all about it on the boat and wanted me to join his gang. He carries the diamonds in his foot."

"'I'll take this girl with us, Lamb,' I said, 'She's a friend of mine.' We hurried out after Lamb, who bundled us all into a taxes cab, and we follered the other taxes cab down to a joint on the water front,

"'That's Dad Buckley's place,' said Lamb,

'He's offense. We'll nail him this time.'

"Snader jumped out of his cab, and went into the place, and Lamb took me in a few minutes later, leaving Clair in the cab. We sneaked into the hall, and found Snader and another hard-looking rascal in a back room. Snader laughed and offered us cigars, but Lamb refused for both of us.

"'No thanks, Dugan, they're probably doped,' he said, 'You got to pull something smarter than that to get loose this time. You've got them stones and I mean to have 'em. Will you be searched peaceably or rough?'

"'Peace at any price,' answered Snader, looking at me, 'I'd take you on, Lamb, but your friend Jennie Say looks too brutal,' meaning

me.

"Lamb went over him with a curry comb, tore his clothes up, took his shoes to pieces, and there were no diamonds. Then I remembered what Clair had said, and whispered to Lamb. He made Snader take off his socks, and there he had a false left foot, in which there was half a pint of diamonds. I took part of the reward which I got, and paid the steamer company for me ride from France. Clair got the other half of the reward. I said to her as soon as we was paid:

(Continued on page 40)

Rose of Chinatown

By MAUDE COUGHRAN EYDEN

She's a lovely little Chinese maid, In dainty satins, of palest shade, Delicately bordered, here and there, With scattered blossoms, in tints most rare; On her feet are satin slippers, too, More snug and splendid than any shoe While her blue-black tresses shining fold Is held with a clasp of jade and gold.

She's a lovely little Chinese maid,
With brown eyes, deep as the wood-land shade;
And upon her velvet cheek there glows,
The pink, pink tint of the dimpled rose.
Her hands are slender, and long and fine,
Her lips are curving, and red like wine;
She breathes perfumes of the far-away
Exquisite kingdom of old Cathay.

I know your beauty is not for me, Oh! lovely Rose from the Asian Sea, For the east is east, and west is west, But you fill my heart with deep unrest When the weird music strangely calls Where the red, red lanterns line the walls, And the burning incense wafts its scent In the Chinatown of the Occident.

Recompense

By JOHN HAMILTON MORSE

The happy days seem short And all too few; Yet bright their glory glows The long years through.

The days of sadness pain
A little while;
Then, lo, their memory fades
And we can smile.

If you the balance take
Of life today;
You'll find more joy than pain—
God plans that way.

Far-away Thoughts of a Near Day

A Plea for Greatness

By ELIZABETH SPENCER MOQUIN

LOOK on life as an everlasting effort to strike a true balance. We are forever forging, but as our armor seems so near completion, we find it to be over-light or cumbersome, just as the shift of the day brings. The see-saw of our childhood is become an adage. Books, theologians, orators, advertisements,—and bakers, preach the philosophy of scales, and claim to sell their goods with the correctness of Shylock. Eat grape-nuts, drink postum, and read The Lives of the Saints. Yes, we do it—for a day.

The individual who would order and systematize his life, and who thinks that he can thus strike the proper weight, the one who thinks he can balance fact and fiction aright, is as unbiased as the truly great, and the insane, who rise to unknown heights, and sink literally in the mire of the cistern where Jeremiah passed some lonely hours. Were it not for the friendly Ethiopians whom he bungles across, and wantonly trips over, his case would be hopeless. He would either become as machine-like as his aim, and thus lose utterly the meaning of proportion, or, missing the mark, would journey through countless entanglements, until his mind were a card index, and his brain paths clogged with enumeration.

For there is no order and systematizing of life. Lay your pen in your favorite pigeon-hole, and you will find it in the waste-basket; the cat of fancy plays many pranks, and in a capricious mood, buries the implements of fame under crumpled foolscap. You cannot alloy pure gold with imagination, for it is not the stuff and filling of dreams. Silver and tin are often to be employed, often to be sought after, and when imagination runs riot, though it be of scarlet and purple, it must be tempered down with dross and the duller shades.

All this, when looking for a balance. Otherwise, one were hopelessly a genius, and that were frankly a shame and disgrace. I have in mind that vast number who look on non de plumes as marks of envy, and assume the attitude "we cannot all be geniuses." No, thank the Lord! Neither can we all digest lobster, or even the fatly fried oyster. Call me Sir Knight and will I bow down to Arthur and start

a quest? "But," they exclaim, "it is so distinctive, so original!" Yes, and so ordinary. The world is full of geniuses, or their near relatives. What we need, today, is a host of those who are still painstakingly at the balance wheel. They will never attain their end—Heaven forbid!—but their glorious attempt is the force which may eventually bring our geniuses back to normal.

What opera singer is it who sleeps on a twelve-pillow bed, and has the disposition of a pampered two-year-old? One says "I cannot order my life; I have a genius," and another, "How dare you inflict conventionalities—am I not one of the elect?" Of course not in so many words, for such people are often innately aware that they must ostensibly assume a candle modesty, to further the radiance with which they hope to startle the world. Genius? Ah, this were slander. True, genius in its unlimited sense, is far, far away from balance, but so distant as to project the illusion of balance. This fact alone distinguishes the truly great, and those whom so far, I have complimented by the term genius. For greatness is not petty genius. Napoleon was a genius, but not great. Lincoln was great. That a man's personality does not count, providing his contribution be worthy. That is a subject apart. My plea, for the present, is for greatness, and for riddance of the whole tribe of geniuses. And I am advancing the remark that the truly great, the inwardly at strife with the angels and devils of conscience, outwardly are more truly balanced than the common make-shifts of our country.

My friend's mother is great, but she is not a genius. She carries her soul above her dish pan, yet she scrubs her pan with fervor, and polishes the faucets. Outwardly, her life is organized, calm, and presumably happy. We only know the heights and depths of her overtones when we note the underscorings in her Bible. Then we rank her with—why name the ranking? She is with the truly great.

Most mothers are great. As long as they continue so, America will breed wise men and women, young people with ideas and ideals. To be deaf to the undermining of greatness,

is to be deaf to the silences of the infinity of thought. I would say to American youth, choose your mothers. And yet we close our eyes and cry frantically, and in haste, for geniuses.

Go to the cities; they are full of geniuses; genius burns its incense nightly. My friend is in fear of his life as he dodges down the street. "Tread gently," he whispers to me, "for you are brushing the shoulders of genius,—but, look! here is escape, and an alley-way." Brushing? I am clashing, banging, smiting genius! And whether I dodge, pussy-foot, or stride, there is no help.

As I intrude myself unwelcomely into a street car, and wedge between unsociable frontiersmen, my independence becomes reasservative, and I dare study their faces. At my left, a fat banker banks his way to his destination. It is in process, an interesting business, no doubt. He is in no danger of striking a balance. Not he. He will bank his way till death them do part, and then rest under a bank of flowers. I sketch his face in my notebook, and under the terse, and briefly tense marks of his countenance—marks which identify him to his friends, and advertise him to his enemies-I scrawl, "Genius in repose." Scrawl, because a nice, definite hand would too far complete the deception. Oh no, here is not a bank; here is a man.

Across the aisle I see the amplification of coeducation. It sits on its haunches and converses in soul-language with the conductor. But the conductor is also a genius, and does not understand. Here is specific example. Were he great, and not merely genius, his heart would melt with pity, and he would understand the appeal. Instead, intellect meets intellect, but strikes no spark. The car stops while coeducation parts company with his few transient friends—extremely transient. Lucky for him it wasn't a pay-as-you-enter car. Perhaps, after all, the exercise would do him good.

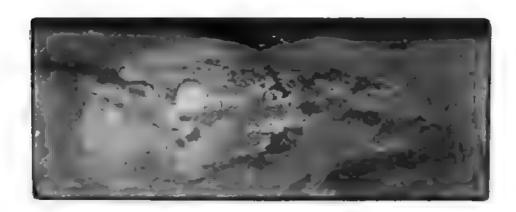
All this inference from a face? No, indeed. His arms were loaded with inferences. Freeversers had found a victim in him. Maybe it was all he could find that was free! I believe in co-education, and I like some free-verse. But for neither will I become a maniac.

In front of me, a woman rests, not lack-adaisically, but in a business-like manner. Two small boys at her side do not rest. They also are business-like in this respect. Here I am at loss. Genius, greatness, or neither? She pays her fare, and theirs, tranquilly; then she rests some more. At B-Street, they leave. The atmosphere is the same. I neither miss them, nor covet their vacant seat, for my wedge-like position has found its recompenses.

I am made aware that this is idle work of an idle man; for the remainder of the way, I, too, rest. Now, at impressionable moments, I think of the unimpressionable woman, and wonder at the impression she made upon me.

Seriously, you ask, where are we to look for greatness? And seriously, the answer,—to books, to magazine articles, and to all current literature. There you may look; occasionally you will find. And if, in the search, you see the utterances of a great mind, you may be sure you will find that an introduction will not shock you. I cannot know Lincoln, cannot pass an hour with Emerson, yet I feel that I could touch their hands in Paradise. They would not repel, and because they are truly great, I would not repel them.

Rid the country of genius? Oh, not entirely. But to just keep on working at the balance wheel is a noble occupation.



Waiting

By JO HARTMAN

N ATALYN DORNE, with hair bronzed from the salt wind the salt wind and sun and with eyes of Egypt-dusk, was born in the picturesque seashore town where she had always lived. Having neither brother nor sister, and but the vague memory of a father, she made companions of the waves, the gulls, and poetry, which she devoured while curled up on the shining sands. Her mother, Coralie Dorne, was duty-driven and thorough, never sympathetic. An ex-Vassar teacher, she saw that Natalyn's education was not neglected, and many a gambol with the surf had to be foregone in the interest of Latin, composition, Algebra and the petty domestic sciences. In truth, her fatal heart-attack was brought about by Natalyn's having left three conjugations unfinished to go out in a driving gale in old Milt Sigelsen's fishing dory.

So at eighteen Natalyn found herself motherless, practically penniless, with a fund of unusable knowledge in her fair patrician head. She struggled through days and nights of chaos, not knowing where to turn. Then a kind of shame-faced inspiration came to her that she could be made into a business woman and she started to a secretarial school twenty miles away. There she displayed precocious ability, graduating with a score of perfect budgets to her credit in the typing department and standing ace high in all others. Fortunately, too, she secured a position in the office of Harlan Landers, a New York broker and speculator, before many of her young illusions were shattered.

Landers was married, Natalyn soon learned, to a former chorus beauty. Jeanette Douvaine. with whom he was madly infatuated. Jeanette, fond of him in a fashion, had hoped to use him as a social ladder, but the elder Landers had cut the first rung by disinheriting the handsome son he had urged along through college and planned largely for. So it was to live up to Jeanette's expectations that Harlan had launched his big oil proposition. Also, Harlan, Jr., whom Jeanette had not in the least counted on, was proving an added incentive—and possibly something of a handicap in the way of several hundred a month tacked on the living expenses. Altogether, life was rather hectic and strenuous in the Landers' household.

But a new vista opened with Natalyn in the office. Her quiet efficiency was a balm for Harlan's frazzled nerves. An unconscious camaraderie sprang up between the two, and occasionally when Jeanette was giving a matinee party on Saturday afternoons, they had a walking race in the country. Natalyn was the first woman Harlan could remember who liked to walk for the pure thrill of physical exercise. Once they drove down to the seashore where her girlhood was spent, and Natalyn persuaded him to take a dip. He wasn't much of a swimmer, but he entered into the sport. Natalyn let loose her hair and plunged in ahead of him. She fairly leapt at the huge breakers whose stinging, foamy caresses only filled her with fresh exuberance. It was an unknown sensation for Harlan to feel puny, but this slip of a girl so vitally alive made him out of sorts with muscles stiffening at thirty-one.

It was by slow gradations that Natalyn discovered their carefree friendship was in danger and began to have a battle with her conscience. She loved Harlan, had been loving him all the while she had deluded herself with platonic talk. But after the realization came to her that, stripped of disguise, she loved him body and soul, she argued that she had the right to him. Still, by birth and breeding she was a Puritan. for Coralie Dorne had had even a sterner regard for morals than for mathematics, and Natalyn's early training kept the upper hand. She could not wholly quiet the blissful tremor that swept over her when she heard Harlan's footsteps at the door, but she was all business the minute he entered. Then one evening, perhaps by chance, she re-read Burrough's "Waiting." A long, long evening it had been when the witchery of love and stars and moonlight had filtered again into her veins. Harlan had driven by and asked her to go for a spin along the river, though somehow she had had the strength to refuse. For an hour she groped for the spirit of the poem, and when she found it clung to it desperately. "For, lo, my own shall come to me," she auto-suggested over and over, Her own was what she wanted, her own that would some day seek and find her.

Landers' test well was finally ready to be brought in, proving up, he expected, the lease

WAITING 2

which Murry Culverson, rich ex-cattleman, was threatening to cancel. But the mills of the gods had other grinding. There was a terrific explosion, flames belched out of the ground and darted like lurid, leaping demons through a pall of smoke. Several days elapsed before the blaze was extinguished while Harlan, facing ruin, went about in a daze. He was numb with the magnitude of his disaster.

In the meantime Culverson, really sorry for Landers, though just as determined to use the time clause, made numerous visits to the office. He had always secretly admired Natalyn, and was glad of an excuse to drop in more frequently than usual. Phlegmatic, prosy, commonplace, he nevertheless felt a stir in his blood whenever he watched the light play on her mass of coppery hair or could get her to look at him with her great fawn eyes. Too, he sometimes iumped to conclusions that invariably turned out to be right. He had one now. It was that Natalyn cared a lot more for Landers than even Landers himself knew. And he felt in some way this would react to his. Culverson's advantage.

Jeanette was anything but encouraging over Harlan's last misfortune. Her fate, she decided, was horribly unfair. In a fit of retaliation she looked up Colin Marq, the theatrical producer. Colin had always admired the mettlesome beauty, and he told her so again for the nth time. Jeanette promptly informed him that adoration alone didn't get one very far. He then came forth with a genuinely clever play, whose star was too ill to go on the road. Here was the opportunity for Jeanette. The part would no doubt be permanent. Also, on condition, there would be jewels, autos and villas, in addition. Jeanette showed just the proper and effective hesitation, then signed the contract.

Culverson's crude psychology was working. Natalyn accepted an invitation to dinner with him, thinking she could talk him into granting Harlan an extension. Not being of a matrimonial turn of mind, Culverson was puzzled as to a method of approach. He floundered about, letting fall affectionate hint after hint. But he came to the conclusion that Natalyn didn't get his drift; she was as serenely poised as virgin Diana. And he couldn't go too far —he couldn't bear to see a hurt, shocked expression in her eyes that reminded him of a young deer's. So the easiest way was to offer marriage. He sprang it suddenly, with little or no finessé, still, to give him credit, he dis-

covered all at once that it was what he wanted most in life. But he knew he would have to offer something besides himself, something that would touch Landers. Therefore he suggested his wedding present would be to renew the lease, and to put a silent partner into the deal for a hundred thousand shares.

For an instant Natalyn's heart sank. She knew she would be selling herself if she yielded. But could she refuse! A picture flashed across her brain. It was the vision of Jeanette lying back in a big chair on the Landers private yacht to be, with Harlan and little Junior playing games at her feet. Why not, she flashed back at the other Natalyn, at least see Harlan happy? She must suffer sooner or later for her love, she had broken a commandment in loving, and she could rejoice in endless unhappiness for his sake.

Culverson was studying her closely, almost following her thought. When she looked up at him he knew that victory was his. Sacrifice was mirrored in her face. Her voice quivered when she answered him.

"I don't love you, Mr. Culverson," she said. "I never shall. But I'll play fair. Let us make the—marriage, soon!"

Though he hadn't much to congratulate himself for having won on a foul, Culverson beamed satisfaction. Then suddenly he grew shy, and dared only a kiss on her forehead. His passion of the afternoon had slunk away like a thing afraid.

The next day Natalyn wrote up the papers extending Harlan's time for drilling. She was ready for his signature when he returned from lunch. Culverson had come in ahead of him, and it was he who broke the news. "A man is unusually generous, Landers, when he is happy. Miss Dorne and I are to be married shortly, and this is in consequence, as it were," he said, smiling benignly and holding out the document. "Besides, I've placed a cool hundred thousand for you, if you revise on the basis I recommended!"

At the announcement of his change of fortune, Harlan was radiant. Jeanette would be appeased. He wished he could radiograph the glad tidings. She was somewhere in the country, he believed, with that impossible Smythe woman who delighted in mysterious places. He didn't know that Vola Smythe was really Colin Marq's moral valet.

Then he looked at Natalyn, and what he saw was a revelation. He saw the woman he loved, must have worshipped from the moment he met her, going out of his life. He grew unaccount.

ably furious. She was, surely, bartering her soul for luxury and ease. She had seemed to care so little for the vanity and show and the superficial side of things, was there anyone to have faith in? It was unworthy of her!

However, he got control of himself, thanked Culverson, smeared his signature below Culverson's, managed congratulations and went out. He had eighty-four blocks to the good when he stopped, mopped his brow, and remembered to run home to see how the boy was. There was no word from Jeanette, and he felt half relieved.

That night he came back to the office hoping to find Natalyn at some stray task, as he had so often of late. Instead, he discovered a note, which he opened with trembling fingers. It read:

"Dear Harlan:

I am going away—I think it best. Miss Quelle knows the routine thoroughly and will develop initiative. Mr. Culverson and I are to be married at once, sailing on the next boat for Paris.

God bless you, Harlan, and make you happy as you deserve, is the one unending

He wandered out like one in a trance, walking aimlessly until he came to where the "Fortunes of Fifi" blazoned its gaudy opening. He paused uncertainly, then decided he might as well go in. Somehow he was not greatly surprised to see Jeanette in the stellar role. "It's in the blood," he mused, with scarcely a tug at his heartstrings.

After the show he went behind the stage and knocked at the dressing room door. Jeanette greeted him in charming deshabillé. They were both composed and casual. Then Marq came in from the other door, twisting his mustache with bravado.

"Some come-back, old chap, for the girl?" he ventured, looking at Harlan and patting Jeanette's shoulder.

"I've got money," Harlan broke in

irrelevantly.

"Keep it, old dear, to take care of the kid,"
Jeanette advised. She wasn't a totally bad sort.
"I'm really not much of a mother anyway.
And buy yourself an honest-to-heaven car.
Simple desertion, see—it will be a cinch!"

Harlan's wells gushed. His bank account swelled. His boy developed along the most approved lines. Even his father forgave him his youthful mistake and showered him anew with paternal kindnesses. Yet in spite of every-

thing, in spite of his determination to think Natalyn cold and mercenary, if he had to think of her at all, her sweet, sympathetic face haunted his waking hours as well as his dreams. Five slow years had passed when he heard that Culverson had died in Florida. Later, he learned that Natalyn was becoming quite an authoress under her maiden name of Dorne. His superintendent's wife had spent a month at Palm Beach and had heard a great deal of the beautiful young widow.

Natalyn had made the best of her bargain. and had not been poignantly unhappy. Culverson's latent sense of chivalry had prevented that. Too, he had been lavish with his money. They had gone from Paris to Monte Carlo, where the girl with the Viking air had cleaned the house at roulette, then on to the Riviera. Natalyn was unsatisfied rather than dissatisfied. Even the constant change of scene, a glorious, moving panorama of nature and art, and the sweetest music of all lands, did not fill her heart. It was only when she began to write, at first squibs of verse and afterwards stories she found woven in the everyday patterns of humanity, that she gleaned courage to smile at the future. Yet she grieved deeply at Culverson's death, and would not have asked freedom at such a price.

One day Harlan saw a magazine with Natalyn's name on the cover page. He bought a copy and avidly scanned her story. It was hers, and his. Now he knew the reason of Culverson's magnanimity. Lord, how he hated his wells; the whole fabric of his success was built on Natalyn's sacrifice.

He picked up the phone and called the telegraph office. Time was now the most valuable thing in the world to him. He sent a telegram:

"Natalyn-

Forgive me—I didn't dream. I am coming to you now and will strive always to make amends.

Remorsefully, Harlan."

Natalyn was sitting in the palm-covered patio of her hotel, gazing out at the water and the cloud-flecked horizon, when the boy brought her Harlan's message. She tore open the envelope, then glanced at the signature. There was no need to read further. Her heart told her the rest. A luminous light played over her face, like an aura of long awaited happiness, as her soft lips repeated the line she had known so many years from memory—and that had stayed with her through countless lonely hours.

"For, lo, my own shall come to me!"



Review and Comment



"Man's Country"

Peter Clark Macfarlane's best novel to date. Few Californians are as well-known as this author of "Held to Answer," "The Centurion's Story," "The Hell-pavers," and about a dozen other novels of widely varying quality. More than most men, this fellow citizen is a born experimenter with plots, no less than with life. He studied theology at Berkeley, was for several years pastor of a church in Alameda, became an actor, lecturer, newspaper man, traveller, author, and now, in "Man's Country," published by the "Cosmopolitan Book Corporation," has produced one of the most realistic and impressive of recent American novels. It is very much the best thing that has yet come from his pen. It begins with the hard-working Judson family, especially the boy George, and the first crude experiments with "horseless wagons;" through the growth and triumphs of its young hero, it shows us the rise of the great American automobile industry whose other names, as with all Big Business, when a man's whole nature becomes involved, may perhaps be "isolation," "despotism," "home-neglect," and ultimate misery.

George Judson, the successful head of a large automobile business, marries the very attractive but undisciplined Fay Gilman, whom he has admired, ever since in his boyhood he rescued her from the Flannigan's brindled goat—that "depraved and bewhiskered old patriarch of no graces and no uses that any one could discover." The stage appears set for ceaseless and exuberant happiness. But it certainly is not, chiefly because they did not manage to become sufficiently good fellow-workers.

George Judson, the successful, self-made business man, in spite of all his splendid energy, self-confidence, and essential kindness, is inclined to take his wife's love more or less as a matter of course. He is too busy to accept the social and cultural interests which she wants him to share with her. He does not know indeed that she would be only too glad to enjoy less prosperity and more companionship. Business stands between her and the man she loves. Sometimes she makes futile efforts to arouse her tired and irritable husband to the barrenness

of her life. Sometimes she turns elsewhere to society, to intellectual and philanthropic interests—perhaps to another man—to fill the place in her life which her husband has left void.

There is the warning to husbands, there is the fateful "tragedy" that we so often see in the world about us—the wreck of a home. In this case there is a "George Junior," and in the background a fascinating, but clean-minded, big-souled English traveller and explorer with a title who does a lot of the things which Mrs. Judson would like to see done by her husband, president of the Motor Works. Of course, the line of fracture widens and widens until the crisis comes.

But the story is so well managed that the reader feels the larger implications even more than the George-Fay situation. Mr. Macfarlans has himself said of the reason for writing this book: "I thought, why if the wives only understood—and if the husbands also understood. . . And so I wrote 'Man's Country,' this story of a husband and a wife and a business, and wrapped it round that most thrilling industry of modern times, the automobile industry." Therefore, working in this frame of mind, the author has created the romance of the automobile industry and the industrial history of its beginnings in Detroit. We feel tempted to predict that every owner of an auto in America will have a copy of this book before next winter.

But now we turn back to the George-Fay situation. There is first-class love in this case, and so it does narrowly escape wreck. The two find out each other's values and each one does his part. One would like to quote here the book's last twelve pages, but how atrociously unfair such a trick would be to Mr. Marfarlane! Concentrated, however, supreme love—as it always can—smashes up supreme discontent, supreme self-absorption.

Walter Hines Page—The work he did for all English-speaking people.

Some of these days we shall name for our readers the twenty books of most "light and leading" published in the English language dur-

ing 1922. One of these twenty is "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" because it belongs equally to all branches of the English-speaking race, and will be read for years to come in South Africa, New Zealand, Canada, no less than in the British Isles, California, and all over the United States. Mr. Page was not only an editor and publisher of the first rank for years before he became our Ambassador to England: he ranked in this last service to his country with Charles Francis Adams and Benjamin Franklin. As the London Spectator once remarked, these Letters belong to "the realm of permanent literature." They will endure as long as the language, even as have Plutarch, Horace, and Moliere. The Page Letters are both American and international, nor may anything else published in the United States during 1922 rank with these two volumes edited by Burton J. Hendrick and published by Doubleday, Page & Co. (pp. 436-437).

Portions of these volumes have appeared in the World's Work, but much relating to Mr. Page's life before 1914, and even some of the Ambassadorial correspondence is not to be had elsewhere. These two large volumes have been recognized on all sides, without a dissenting voice, as literature, history, and the intimate revelation of a wonderfully attractive character, whom the English-speaking world has taken to its heart and will not forget any more than it does Lincoln, Roosevelt, Gladstone, or Wellington.

We take up the first volume and find among its illustrations portraits of Allison Francis Page (1821-1899), and Catherine Raboteau Page (1831-1897), the father and mother of our Ambassador. Then we find portraits of young Walter in 1876, when he was a Fellow of Johns Hopkins University. He was then but twentyone, a plain-spoken, plucky North Carolinian from a little Methodist College in Virginiabut he was one of the first twenty Fellows chosen—and that in Greek, as taught by that grand old teacher, Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve. Josiah Royce of California was one of his intimate associates and another of Dr. Gilman's famous "Twenty" to whom he said in his first "Gentlemen, you must light your own address: torches." Page, himself, said afterwards that it "was bliss to be alive" in those pioneer Johns Hopkins days.

For five years after 1878, Page was mainly engaged in newspaper work. On the St. Joseph Gazette, he succeeded Eugene Field. He traveled extensively as a newspaper correspondent. In St. Louis in 1880, he found his

wife, Miss Willia Alice Wilson, daughter of a Scotch physician. At Atlanta he became intimate with Henry Grady, and also knew a certain "struggling and briefless" young lawyer, who was even then writing "Congressional Government"—one Woodrow Wilson, who was to take honors at Johns Hopkins a few years later. When Grover Cleveland became President in 1885, Mr. Page met him and wrote: "In the White House is an honest, plain, strong man, a man of wonderfully broad information and of most uncommon industry. He has always been a Democrat. He is a distinguished lawyer and a scholar on all public questions. He is as frank and patriotic and sincere as any man that ever won the high place he holds."

Before long the buoyant young editor started his "State Chronicle" in Raleigh—that most unconventional and refreshing influence North Carolina had known for "many a year." It will amply repay any and all newspaper men of California to know by heart this episode in the life of Walter H. Page, and indeed to look up his immortal "Mummy Letters" in this paper. The allusion, which at first was but to old Thothmes Second of the Eighteenth Dynasty, stirred the entire South. "Mummies" is really a much more expressive term for "fossils," "back numbers," "old foggies," and might well be brought out again in modern newspaper slang. The wide-awake editor of today will do well to read the first three chapters of this first volume just as soon as he can. They sufficiently set forth Page's newspaper and magazine activities, his management of The Forum and the Atlantic Monthly, and also his far-sighted educational achievements in developing the New South.

Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, the present editor of the Atlantic once wrote: "Were a visitant from another sphere to ask me for the incarnation of those qualities we love to call American, I should turn to a familiar gallery of my memory and point to the living portrait that hangs there of Walter Page. A sort of foursquareness, bluntness, it seemed to some; an uneasy. often explosive energy; a disposition to underrate fine drawn nicenesses of all sorts; ingrained Yankee common sense, checking his vaulting enthusiasm; enormous self-confidence, impatience of failure—all of these were in him; and he was, besides, affectionate to a fault. devoted to his country, his family, his crafta strong, bluff, tender man. . . . The motive power of his work was enthusiasm. Never was more generous welcome given to a newcomer than Page held out to the successful manuscript of an unknown. I remember, though I heard the news second hand at the time, what a day it was in the office when the first manuscript from the future author of 'To Have and To Hold,' came in from an untried Southern girl. He walked up and down, reading paragraphs aloud and slapping the crisp manuscript to enforce his commendation. . . . There is more than tradition in the tale of the negro who, presuming on Page's deep interest in his race, brought to his desk a manuscript copied word for word from a published source. Page recognized the deception, and seizing the rascal's collar with a firm editorial grip, rejected the poem, and ejected the poet, with an energy very invigorating to the ancient serenities of the office.

Every reader will see in such glimpses as these the future Ambassador—the man who told the truth as he saw it, to Presidents and Prime-Ministers, to Englishmen and Americans. Once, years ago, he wrote for North Carolinians his social creed. He said: "I believe in the free public training of both the hands and the mind of every child born of woman. . . . I believe in the perpetual regeneration of society, and in the immortality of democracy and

in growth everlasting."

Mr. Hendrick's narrative is of increasing importance from chapter fourth ("The Wilsonian Era Begins") until Page receives that greatest diplomatic gift at the disposal of our President -the London Embassy-presents his credentials to the King and shortly after begins his letters home which, with Editor Hendrick's brief explanatory notes, fill the rest of volume one. and most of volume two. The first of these letters (page 138, Vol. 1) is to Frank N. Doubleday, his partner in the publishing business, whom he addresses—as all of Doubleday's intimates do-as "Dear Effendi." The second letter is to Herbert S. Houston, the third is to his son Arthur H. Page, the fourth, with its prophetic comment upon the future leadership of the United States in world affairs, is to President Woodrow Wilson and is dated October 25. 1913.

Then the War came, and the letters of Walter Hines Page begin to take their permanent place in world-history. Quotations will not serve; they must be read and reread, studied in connection with the best available sources, English, American, French, Belgian, and German. These letters give us the great "inside story" of the War, and are much more than this. They crowned the long story of our great Ambassador's work "over there," from Thomas Pinckney to Whitelaw Reid, and set a new highwater mark for American diplomacy. Worn out in service Page came home at last and passed away December 21, 1918, at the age of 64—as much of a war-casualty as a nephew of his, Alison Page, who died facing German machine guns in Belleau Wood.

"The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" reached us almost three months ago. It takes time to read with loving care two such volumes which mention hundreds of people, and cover the most important period in the world's history. Meanwhile, we have kept note of reviews appearing in newspapers and magazines—English, Scotch, Canadian, Australian, and American. These reviews range in length from half a column to ten pages. Almost without exception they recognize the literary and historical importance of the book, and speak of its deeper sociological values in promoting still better relations among all branches of the English-speaking peoples.

8 8 8

Today, as we close this review, there comes to us in the London Spectator, edited by that devoted friend of America, John St. Lve Strachey, (author of "The Adventure of Living,") the following sentence about the book: "Page's immortal letters—I am using the words with sober deliberation and not in any inflated rhetoric—stand as the best and greatest national monument for Britain's dead and Britain's living."

Also, and even more plainly showing the sort of a man that owns and edits The Spectator, he suggests that England should erect a monument to Page in Westminister Abbey. He says that a monument in some London street would be inadequate. If England feels that way about Walter Page, then England will do it, and it will be another bond between us in all the years to come.

Self-expression in the arts throughout the ages forms the basic idea in a notable work bearing the Marshall Jones imprint. Entitled "The Significance of the Fine Arts," it is written by ten members of the American Institute of Architects, each an authority in his particular field. Its purpose is to arouse interests in the Fine Arts, and so lead to their better understanding, appreciation, and use.

Aimee Semple McPherson and her "Angelus Temple"

REVIEW BY MISS LAURA BETHELL

OR the first time in history, a woman—young, beautiful and of winsome personality—has felt called to build a temple to God.

Nor is this astounding statement the end of the matter. This modern prophetess, Aimee Semple McPherson, called at the age of 17 to leave her milk-pail to fill a world pulpit, has actually built, the past year, the largest steel and concrete auditorium in Los Angeles, at a cost of more than a quarter of a million dollars, the funds for which were the offerings of her followers.

"Angelus Temple," Mrs. McPherson explains to the visitor to her edifice, "has five thousand seats in the main auditorium; here," she points out, as she conducts her visitor through two larger prayer rooms, "are five hundred more seats that may be used. There is our nursery where we care for small children while the mothers attend service." After leading through offices and many other rooms necessary to the scheme of her work, Mrs. McPherson conducts us to a second large structure adjoining the temple, and conforming to it in style. "This," she joyously states, "is our training school building; here we intend to do a great work for the Master, for His coming draweth near; whatever is to be done must be done quickly. As we pass through the spacious class-rooms, meeting members of an efficient faculty—representing as they do ministers of every denomination of the evangelical churches—she informs us: "Our platform is Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever; and we train evangelists that we may girdle the earth with Peters and Pauls preaching Jesus Christ as

Saviour, Physician, Baptiser with the Holy Spirit, and coming King."

When one contemplates the herculean undertaking which this little woman has planned and carried out through a busy year of big campaigns reaching not only across the continent several times but also across the great waters to Australia, one is led to wonder at her power. What has justified the faith of those vast audiences throughout the United States and Canada that they should pour hundreds of thousands of dollars into the bold venture of this young woman?

Dr. Everett C. Johnson, Presbyterian pastor from Seattle, says: "I have heard leading evangelists of our day—Dwight L. Moody, Dr. Chapman, Dr. Campbell Morgan, and others. but Aimee Semple McPherson is undoubtedly the greatest in the world today. She preaches healing of the body as well as the soul; I have seen the lame walk, the deaf hear and the blind see, in answer to her prayers."

The Reverend E. L. Krumreig of Denver. declares Mrs. McPherson's work was so great in that city, and the requests for prayers so numerous, that twelve of the Denver clergymen banded together to assist the little woman; that the inconceivable happened, and the marvelous things which took place in those meetings were beyond what tongue can tell or pen describe.

Aimee Semple McPherson is now thirty years of age, and has accomplished that which is arresting the attention of the world. Yet Doctor Gordon, of the San Francisco Congregational Church, when introducing her to her San Francisco audience last April, said of her: "Mrs. McPherson's career has but just begun."

Lives of Girls Who Became Famous

By Sarah K. Bolton. Revised and enlarged edition with 16 illustrations. x+326 pages. 8vo, cloth.

The publishers are but according justice to a long-standing favorite, when they bring out in a new and attractive form this well-known book by Sarah K. Bolton. As a matter of fact, the volume has never been suffered to get out of print ever since its first edition some thirty years ago. Printing after printing has followed during the succeeding years, in order to meet the steady demand. Girls have grown to maturity with the inspiration of this book, and in turn have passed it on to their own growing girls.

Meanwhile, many of the subjects of these sketches have themselves passed away and other changes have occurred which have made it necessary to revise the stories. The publishers have, therefore, made a thorough revision of the book and have added several new stories to the group, among them, Jenny Lind, Frances E. Willard, Helen Keller, Elizabeth Blackwell, Alice Freeman Palmer, Susan B. Anthony, Anna Howard Shaw, and Jane Addams. The table of contents includes 25 titles, among others such names as George Eliot, Jean Ingelow, Rosa Bonheur, Florence Night and other familiar figures

(Continued on page 40)



CONAHAN SEES IT THROUGH

(Continued from page II)
ous oil. After several heart-breaking attempts
Conahan succeeded in shutting the valve, and
the flow of oil ceased. Under the increased
pressure the pipe groaned and throbbed like
a thing alive and held.

The pump stopped.

When the still was uncovered they found Conahan nearly dead, but conscious, supporting the dead weight of Hooker above the steaming oil.

The parboiled and nearly suffocated men were pulled out of the still and rushed to the refinery hospital.

Hearing of the near-tragedy Loretta rushed to the hospital. She found both men conscious; occupying beds side by side, and suffering.

Hooker saw the girl first and beckoned to her. She came to his side and when Conahan saw this he felt very miserable and wished with all his soul that he had perished in the still!

"Please call the superintendent, Loretta,"

requested Hooker in a low voice.

But this was unnecessary for just then the superintendent came to see how his men were faring.

Once again Hooker beckoned and again Conahan was apparently slighted for his rival.

The superintendent flashed a word of cheer to Conahan and drew his chair along-side of Hooker's bed.

With dramatic effect Hooker gathered his strength and blurted in a loud dogged voice:

"Say, 'super,' I sent in that report that cost Conahan his job!" And before his hearers recovered from their astonishment he turned to the girl, saying: "Please forgive me, Loretta, for I've a wife and child in Australia!"

As the man finished his confession he fainted. The superintendent muttered unprintable

things under his breath.

As the significance of Hooker's confession dawned upon Conahan, and Loretta, they sought each other's eyes. Conahan's eyes were bright with victory. And the white of Loretta's face turned to a lovely pink.

"Oh, Jimmie—" sobbed Loretta as she threw her arms around Conahan's neck—"I'm so glad that Hooker's confessed his wrongs to us!"

"But Loretta," stammered Conahan: "thought that you preferred Hooker to me!"

"Oh, no," admitted the girl as her pink changed to a violent red: "It was you that I loved! I pretended to encourage Hooker, hoping it would drive you to—."

"Not another word, darling;" interrupted

May we send you our guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls?



Conahan as he shamelessly kissed the girl time and time again. And when he glanced up he noticed that the other occupants of the room were interested in watching two little birds building their nest in the tree that was just outside the window.

ENJAMIN L. FRANK, formerly Assistant General Manager of the Ambassador Hotel Corporation, will succeed D. H. Boice as manager of the five million dollar Los Angeles Ambassador on February first. This announcement was made by the Ambassador Hotel Corporation following the news of Mr. Boice's resignation to devote his entire time to a hotel venture, the details of which are not yet ready for official publication.

"Ben," as he is familiarly known, while yet a young man, has had a great many years' experience in the hotel and restaurant business, having started in the simplest position under his father's guidance at the famous Rector's in Chicago, and has occupied and mastered positions in every sphere of hotel and restaurant life, in the kitchen, steward's department, dining room, front office, purchasing department and executive offices. In face, he comes to his new position with an intimate knowledge of every

Please Mention Overland Monthly When Writing Advertisers

department of the Ambassador, and those large enterprises which were carried to unqualified successes by the remarkable executive genius of his father, A. Frank, now Vice President and General Manager of the Ambassador Hotel Corporation.

Mr. Frank says that the Ambassador is the ideal center for play and recreation in Southern California, and he is a firm believer in stimulat-

ing outdoor sports in every way.

"People who come to Southern California," said the new manager yesterday, "come here to enjoy the glorious out-of-door life which is the greatest of all our attractions. The Ambassador is so situated that every form of sport should naturally radiate from there and our policy will be to make these many attractions available to our guests. We want them to feel that they have an ideal golf course with such famous pros as Eddie Loos, Jack Croke and Arthur Clarkson on hand. Our tennis courts are becoming more popular since the arrival of the famous teacher and player, John F. Kenfield of Lakeshore Country Club of Chicago.

"We have provided for a series of riding parties, mountain hikes, and picnics for our guests and before the winter is over will give them all a touch of snowballing in the mountains, a real novelty in the midst of California

summer atmosphere.

"Our open air plunge which was managed by the champion swimmer, Frank Holborow, proved one of our biggest successes; in fact, our Ambassador swimming team already numbers some of the best swimmers and divers in the west. Plans are already afoot for the big horse show in April, and before the summer is over we expect to hold the dog show, flower show and many other interesting events upon our grounds.

"We are planning also to have the first really good grass tennis court in the west, upon which international championships may be played, and will also put in grass bowling greens and other

features.

"All these out-of-door ideas have been devised to augment the life and gaiety which reach the guest while under the Ambassador roof. In short, we plan to live up to our slogan of being 'The Great Hotel That Seems Like Home,' and that provides for its guests constant novel features of entertainment which create congeniality and happiness, and leave no dull days."

No one is useless in this world, who lightens the burden of it to anyone else.—Dickens.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

THE COWARDESS

(Continued from page 24)
"'You've paid back the loan, Elena—.'"

"Who?" cried Mr. Bright, starting to his feet. Jake looked up at Mr. Bright as if in surprise. Mrs. Bright had come out on the lawn, and she strolled into the garden where she stood watching the assistant gardener aimlessly pecking around with the hoe.

"Elena, the little girl we called Clair de

Lune," said Jake boldly.

Bright gasped him savagely by the shoulders,

and shook him roughly.

"Where is she? Where is Elena?" cried Bright, the years of yearning in his voice, "Tell me, Jake, where is my little girl? I want her to come home again; I want to tell her that her daddy craves her love and her companionship."

As Jake struggled to control the emotion which choked him, Bright heard his wife's voice

raised in tenderest accents.

"Elena, my baby," she cried. Bright whirled; he saw his wife clasp the assistant gardener in her arms, knocking the great straw hat to the ground. A mass of hair of autumn brown, silken soft and lovely, shading into rusty gold where the sun shone through its clinging tendrils, tumbled merrily about the shoulders of the assistant gardener.

Clair de Lune had come HOME!

Each life is meant to help all lives; each man should live for all men's betterment.—Alice . Cary.



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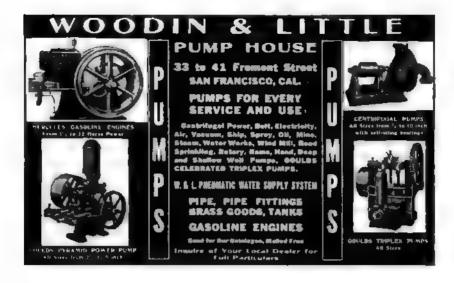
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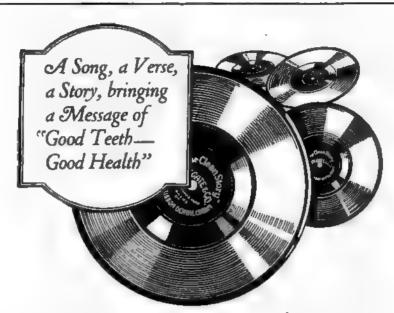
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Total Cash Income , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	23,820,546.70
Gain In Cash Income	2,839,838.74
Total Paid Policyholders	8,633,724.23
Grand Total Paid Policyholders since Organization,	84,838,753,54
Surplus, Assigned and Unassigned (Exclusive of Capital)	7,039,799.68
Gain in Surplus	900,209.96
Gain in Admitted Assets	B,157,567.32
Gain in Reserves	8,800,884.42
Premium Income, Accident Department '	4,196,077.57
Gain in Accident Premium Income	386,275.97
Average Rate of Interest Earned	6.54%
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Balance Sheet-December 31, 1922

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Loans on reat estate\$31,585,699.58 Amount of Loan does not exceed the statutory percentage of appraised value.	Reserves on Policies
Loans on Approved Collateral 4,044,008.26	Premiums and Interest Paid in
Loans to Policyholders 12,403,313.34	Advance
In no case does amount of Loan	
exceed the reserve held by the	Reserved for Taxes Payable 1923 482,000.00
Company.	All Other Liabilities 502.156.00
Bonds Owned	
Bonds Owned	Including \$193,738.94 for
Real Estate Owned 6,940,363.05	Agents' Commissions in Acci-
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Interest Due and Accrued 1,028,502.35	- 49
Outstanding and Deferred Premiums—	
Life Department 1,673,779.68	Total Liabilities 885,277,018.00
Accident Department 735,969.13	
Net Amounts, Reserve Charged	Capital Stock \$ 1,800,000,000
in Liabilities.	Surplus Set Aside for Future
Cash on Hand	
Including \$1,451,040.57 of De-	Dividends to Policyholders 4,711/11/20
posits drawing Interest.	Surplus Unassigned 2.000.000.00
Other Assets	curpius chassigned ,
Aftict Vasars	
TOTAL ADMITTED	TOTAL

		TEN	YEARS' G	ROWTH		
Year	Cash Income	Admitted Assets	*Total Surplus	†Life Insurance	Accident Premiums	Paid Pulso Holders
1912 1914 1916 1918 1920 1921	\$ 8,199,097 9,506,118 10,403,191 12,149,531 18,840,800 20,980,927 23,820,566	\$26,243,008 32,604,612 38,827,197 45,432,696 58,294,497 65,199,251 73,356,818	\$2,915,116 3,989,846 4,932,025 5,039,329 6,958,112 7,639,590 8,539,800	\$133,309,014 154,525,447 171,913,618 208,647,520 350,408,951 390,156,043 433,715,680	\$1,739,392 1,876,579 2,012,257 2,042,122 1,970,148 1,900,00 4,196,078	\$2,965,289 3,690,792 4,844,646 5,133,306 6,358,054 7,512,662

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Vol. LXXX



No. 10

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, San Francisco, Calif., under Act of March 3, 1879.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine (Consolidated), published monthly at San Francisco, for April, 1923

State of California, County of San Francisco, sa.

Before me, Edith W. Burnham, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Mabel Boggess-Moffitt, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine (Consolidated), and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, managerment (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the aboye caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine (Consolidated); Post Office Address, San Francisco; Editor, D. R. Lloyd; Managing Editor, None, Business Manager, Mabel Moffitt,

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) T. C. Morehouse, San Francisco; Mabel Moffitt, San Francisco; D. R. Lloyd, San Francisco

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders appears upon the books of the company MABEL BOGGESS-MOFFITT, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of April, 1923.

(SEAL)

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California,

(My commission expires January 30, 1926.)





Vol. LXXX APRIL, 1923 No. 10

"An Outcast and Shinto"

By CHARLES G. BOOTH

HE smoke from the coasting steamer blew inland in a straight, black line driven by the westerly wind sweeping across that vast expanse of water between Vancouver Island and the Queen Charlotte's. It came undeviatingly, a black finger of cloud, dimming, for a moment, the scintillating brilliance of the noon sun before diminishing gradually as the ship turned seaward.

The scene appeared just as it had a thousand times before: a ship, a score or more of Japanese fishermen, their wives and innumerable progeny, with a sprinkling of whites and Siwashes; the grim mountains, spruce-clad and snow-capped; and the Pacific, a troubled sheet of green and silver dipping into the distant Orient.

In one respect alone it was different,

Upon a broad ledge of rock, onto which he had crawled after the crew of the coaster had thrown him ashore as though he were so much worthless stuff, sprawled Lloyd Guerdon. He was not a pretty sight. His face hid behind a week's growth of beard. His clothes were stained and crumpled as though he had worn them unceasingly for many days. His eyes were heavy and sunken. Soap and water might have accomplished much had he had the strength and the desire to obtain them. He had neither.

Assembling in his mind the several factors that had contributed to his predicament, Guerdon remembered dimly the quantities of bad whisky he had consumed. Then, inspired by the liquor, had come the inexplainable desire

to go north. It was night, and by a miracle he had evaded the watchman at the wharf, hidden behind a shipment of cement consigned to a construction camp, and remained there until he was discovered and put ashore. With hazy discrimination Guerdon pieced this much together out of the conflicting visions and fragments of memory that haunted his mind.

The glaring sun beating fiercely upon him from a relentless sky, together with the unyielding surface of the rock, sent him unsteadily to his feet, and then, stumbling at every step, toward a spruce bluff beyond the reach of high tide. Pulling a flask from his pocket, Guerdon put the bottle to his lips and finding it empty, dashed it against a rock.

Searching his pockets and finding them empty as was to be expected, he grinned foolishly. It was characteristic that Guerdon should accept his plight in this fashion; he had been always a ship without anchor, perilously near the rocks, and often upon them.

An overpowering nausea swept over him, and suddenly his strength deserted him and he fell. For two days he had not eaten; and the hold of the coaster had been vile.

Guerdon lay without moving, a languid contentment pervading his body, for he had fallen in the shade of the bluff he had been making for. The pliant undergrowth responded to the curvature of his body. He would have given much for a meal or a drink—preferably the latter. No other dexire possessed him.

Presently, through the haze clouding his

mind, Guerdon became conscious of a man bending over him—a man with eyes like bright brown buttons and skin the color of a copper penny. The man's hands were upon him; his face with its sardonic mouth revealing strong white teeth, was close to his. The brown, strong fingers were going impertinently over his person as though expecting to find something. Guerdon smiled thinly at the humor of the proceeding, wondering what the Hindu was up to.

Then came interruption, electrical in its effect, for the Hindu sprang to his feet. A

cool, steady voice demanded:

"What is the matter? What are you doing?"
Guerdon had been hovering on the brink of unconsciousness, but the woman's voice, clear and vibrant as a bell, drew him back to reality. On opening his eyes, the quality of her sturdy, virile beauty swept over him, leaving him a little breathless. Even in that moment of intense surprise, her immeasurable superiority seemed unconsciously to shout down at him.

"What are you doing?" she repeated in stronger tones, facing the Hindu. "Who is

this?"

The Hindu had recovered his poise. "I was ministering to his needs, mem-sahib," he replied in precise, even tones.

"By going through his pockets," she re-

torted.

"I thought I might find out who he was."

"That seems to be your mission in life, Daja Singh," she flung over her shoulder, for she was now kneeling at Guerdon's side.

"Is there nothing I can do?" asked the

Hindu, in unruffled tones.

"Nothing; I'll attend to him."

"I could help you," he persisted, suavely.

"No! You had better go."

An expression of hatred flashed across the Hindu's face as he turned abruptly toward the village.

"My shack is just behind the bluff," said this unexpected woman, smiling down at Guerdon. "Do you think you could get that far if I helped you?"

Guerdon saw that she was much younger than he had supposed. She was not a day

over twenty-five, he was sure.

"I'll try," he said. "I think I can." There was real determination in his voice. He did not stop to reflect that probably it was the first in many years.

He struggled to his feet, straining every muscle and sinew. He gritted his teeth, drawing upon the small reserve of his once great

vitality, and with the woman's arms about him, stumbled up the beach. Every step threatened to be his last. But for once in his purposeless life, he kept on in face of personal distress. He scarcely know why he did so. Nor did he trouble to ask himself why.

After what seemed an interminable space of time, they came to an unpretentious cabin beneath a huge cedar, from the door of which came running a Japanese woman with black eyes and wonderfully coiffured black hair. She added her support, and a moment later they were in the cabin, a two-roomed affair.

He collapsed onto the couch they led him to. The white woman stood at his head, smiling down at him and smoothing his pillow.

"You are tired out," she said.

He moistened his dry lips. For the first time in years he felt ashamed. "Don't trouble about me," he muttered. "It's only what's coming to me."

She smiled a little. "That doesn't matter. You are here, and here you must stay until you are well enough to go. You had better tell me your name, though. Mine is Margaret Albers."

He told her; then an overpowering weakness swept over him and stilled his tongue.

Margaret Albers looked at him for a moment, her gray eyes taking his measure. Then she sat at the foot of the bed and unlaced and drew off his boots. Obviously, at one time or another, they had belonged to some one else.

For Guerdon the days and nights that followed were interspersed with long periods of nightmare when his fevered brain conjured up out of limbo a thousand devils to torment him and harass him, until time and again he would cry out in his agony of spirit. In these moments the flame of his life must have been near extinction. But always a soothing voice, and a cooling hand on his brow, would draw him back until once again the splendid recuperative powers which he possessed would give him a new lease of life. Always haunting his dreams was the face of the Hindu, Daja Singh, distorted of course, but easily recognizable by its cool insolence and the evil light in its brown eyes. And later, a new face grew into the mad scene, a face he had never seen before. An evil, passionate face it was, with a sort of lean cruelty about it. He feared this one more than the other.

But as the fever of spirit and body diminished, he relaxed physically and mentally. And one day when the sun had long since turned the sea into a golden pond, Cuerdon, like

Lazarus of old, crept out of his darkness, bringing with him only the odds and ends of his

nightmares.

He opened his eyes and closed them quickly, a shiver of fear quivering through his body. Again he looked, to be certain he was not back with his dream, for there, talking to the woman who had nursed him, stood the white man of his nightmares.

Before Guerdon could attach any significance to this unlooked-for situation, so momentous in view of his dreams, the stranger had strode out. Instantly Margaret swung the door to and

barred it.

One insistent question alone rose uppermost in Guerdon's mind.

"Who's that?" he croaked in a thin, unrecognizable voice.

Margaret turned quickly and came toward

"You are feeling better now?" she asked,

smiling at him.

"Yes," he cried, "thanks to you." He felt that he wanted to pour out the full measure of his gratitude. Instead, he said again, "Who was that?"

A rush of color suffused Margaret's face, and Guerdon regretted, almost, his insistence. "Landis Grede," she said, after a short

"Landis Grede," she said, after a short silence. "He keeps the store in the village."
"Has he been here before—since I came?"

Guerdon persisted, with some misgiving.

"Once. I thought you saw him. He bent over you and you opened your eyes. Now you must ask no more questions." And Guerdon had to be content.

"How long have I been here?" he ventured

later.

"Three weeks," she told him. "Now you must take this soup and go to sleep."

Guerdon obeyed her meekly enough. Three weeks! He had thought about three days.

So the days passed, with Guerdon gaining in strength and cleanness, for not only had Margaret wrought wonders with the stricken body she had attended, but the fineness and courage she seemed so unconsciously to radiate struck a responsive chord in Guerdon. It was the first stimulant of its kind he had ever responded to, the only regeneration he had ever undergone.

He told her much of his life in those healing days, but a curious embarrassment kept him from questioning her. He had seen a good deal of the world; much of its light and shade, and his inherent honesty did not permit him

to gloss over the unpleasant, even the coarser aspects of his experience. Not that insincerity would have availed him anything, as Margaret had long since read him like a book.

In his day he had tried many trades. Sailor, logger, miner, fisherman, and periodical downand-outer—he had tried his hand at everything but what his education should have equipped him for. For he had been sent through the college and university mill, only to come away with empty sacks. Shirking responsibility always, he had drifted to no purpose, until now, when, for the first time in his life, he had found anchorage.

Since the day he had regained consciousness no one had come to the cabin but Murato, the husband of So Toh, the woman who lived with Margaret. Fish and such supplies as they needed, Murato brought them daily. He was a silent, inscrutable person, with brooding eyes which Guerdon thought volcanic. He spoke English better than Guerdon himself.

He had few words for anyone, including his wife, who held him in considerable awe. For Margaret he manifested a polite reverence; for Guerdon, poorly concealed contempt. Guerdon learned that Margaret had nursed one of his children through an attack of croup.

One day Margaret told him of the little Shinto temple behind the village.

"Murato is a priest of Shinto," she said. "I don't know why he left Japan. He never told me. One doesn't get much out of him.

"Shinto is the principal Japanese religion, the State religion. The priests are allowed to

marry and work if they wish to.

"The creed is something like this: There is not supreme Shinto deity; spirit worshipping is the foundation of the cult. A Shinto temple is usually the abiding place of a local spirit, whose character takes after that of the predominant means of earning a livelihood. In this case it is the sea spirit, Mua Hari."

But with the atmosphere of mystery Guerdon found everywhere he went, pressing down upon him and about him, he made not the slightest headway. He could not be insensible to it, though he tried hard enough, telling himself that it was none of his business. That there was some connection between Margaret and Landis Grede could not be doubted, but no reasonable explanation offered itself, and Margaret made none. Indeed, she did not so much as mention the names of either Grede or the Hindu, Singh.

The two were a mystery in themselves, with-

out having Margaret's inexplainable presence to complicate matters. The store did no business, for the Japanese patronized their own people, and such white men as came to the place and had dealings with Grede and his henchman were not sufficient to justify even the meager stock carried.

They were an evil-looking lot, too, these men who came from the south in their gas-boats. They would come in with the sunrise and go out with the sunset, their boats cargoed with cases of stuff, from two to a dozen or more, that came from an apparently inexhaustible supply Grede had in his mysterious store.

And to all this Margaret had nothing to say. And Guerdon, realizing how unworthy he was to be the confidant of any one, refrained from questioning her.

This attitude on his part Guerdon might have ascribed to an unfolding moral consciousness, but he didn't think of it in that way. He didn't think of it at all. He was aware only of a developing sense of responsibility, and of shame because he was not permitted to exercise it.

So Guerdon tried to content himself with enjoying Margaret's society. They had many tastes in common, for while Guerdon had gained nothing in his years of wandering, he was by no means unappreciative of that phase of life he had so woefully neglected.

Then, one day when he felt his strength had almost fully returned to him, things came suddenly to a head.

Margaret had gone out early, leaving Guerdon alone, So Toh having gone to her husband. As had been his habit for some time, Guerdon set out by himself. Having no particular objective in view, he presently found himself before an unfamiliar trail running in a northwesterly direction through the woods behind Margaret's cabin.

A stirring within him of the excitement of discovery sent him along the trail, a narrow path lined with fallen, moss-covered timber and a tangle of underbrush that formed nearly impassable walls on each side of the tunnel-like passage. The atmosphere was damp and clammy. A small green snake wriggled across the trail in front of him.

Soon he broke into an open space warm with sunlight; a broad ledge of rock it was, a hundred feet above the sea. He could hear the roar of the waves as they pounded against

the cliffs. The air, clean and fresh from the sea, had the zest of wine.

The brilliancy of the sun, reflected by sea and rock, blinded him for a moment, so that at first definite objects seemed merged in the general scheme. As his eyes became accustomed to the light so swiftly thrust against them, he drew back into the mouth of the trail. To his astonishment he saw before him, facing the sea, Margaret and the man of his nightmares, Landis Grede.

Margaret was staring at the sharp rocks below, around which the sea boiled so persistently. Her attitude suggested appeal, as though the unyielding rocks withheld from her some secret as dear as life itself.

But Grede appeared only superficially interested in the rocks. True, his gaze wandered to them as Margaret talked, but it was upon Margaret herself that his eyes were fixed, and with such expression that Guerdon felt his blood boil. All his hatred of this man seemed to leap and burn within him. He felt a nearly uncontrollable desire to take him by the throat and choke him.

He thought of making his presence known, but decided not to. After all, if Margaret wished to meet Grede here it was none of his business. Yet surely she was not interested in such a man for his own sake! Then, he reflected again, why not? Grede had come to the cabin on several occasions. If Margaret hadn't wanted him, why had she let him come?

It was none of his business, he told himself again and again, as he returned down the trail. He extracted what comfort he could from this repeated assurance, which was little enough.

When he got back to the cabin it was nearly noon. So Toh, having prepared the midday meal, Guerdon swallowed his portion and went out again. In his present mood he felt he dare not face Margaret.

A fever of discontent held him, and later in the afternoon, in the hope of stifling it, he set out for the Shinto temple, which he had never seen. It lay behind the village at the end of a well-defined trail up the mountain side. An hour's steady climb brought him to a circular clearing in the centre of which stood the temple, a gray, wooden building with wide projecting eaves, and surrounded by a high, concealing fence. The gate to the temple court, as high and formidable as the fence itself, was heavily barred.

In front of the temple at the head of the trail stood a huge torii, the indigenous symbol

of the faith. It consisted of two vertical wooden columns topped by two tiered crossbars, the whole forming an oblong entrance through which the faithful were expected to pass on their way to the shrine.

A bluff of magnificent cedar behind the temple threw the building into deep shadow. A cold, mysterious silence pervaded the whole scene. To Guerdon it seemed incredible that this secluded structure, gray, colorless and without pretense of beauty, symbolized a living creed, rich in myth and impervious to the attacks of rival faiths.

Remembering Margaret's words, Guerdon did not attempt to enter the place, but contented himself with walking around it until the sombre atmosphere began to play on his

raw nerves.

Then, turning back, he passed through the torii and came face to face with Murato, who had been watching him from behind one of the pillars.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Murato in his perfect English. There were tiny points of light in his black eyes, which

belied the suavity of his tone.

"Nothing," returned Guerdon, when he had recovered somewhat from the shock Murato's sudden appearance had given him. "I was just going back."

"Did you enter the temple?"

"No, the gate is locked. Why?" Guerdon injected some asperity into the question.

"Only a priest of Shinto may enter," said the Jap, quietly. He seemed as sincere in his belief as the exponents of most creeds. "Who sent you here?" he continued, as though suspicion still lingered in his mind.

Guerdon considered a moment before answering. The other's tone was plainly hostile and Guerdon felt inclined to resent it openly. But it had occurred to him that Murato could tell him much if he chose to. He disliked the idea of prying into Margaret's affairs in this fashion, but he felt there was something he ought to know; something it was Margaret's interest he should know, even though she had not taken him into her confidence. He knew she was in trouble of some kind, and he longed ardently to help her. He owed her that much, for she had given him back his manhood as well as his health.

"No one sent me," he said at last. "Why do you ask?" The points of light in Murato's dark eyes distended until Guerdon thought again of the volcanic quality he had felt lived

in the Jap. "Yesterday," he went on in his precise tones, "Landis Grede entered the temple and fired his revolver into the sacred mirror, the symbol of our spirit-god. He was drunk at the time, and this is a white man's country, but my people are enraged. You call our religion pale, ineffectual; you say it has not the sympathy, the fire of yours, but I tell you I could hardly keep my people from destroying Landis Grede. Perhaps it would have been better had they ended his life. He is altogether evil, he and the Hindu, Singh."

Guerdon could sense the intense feeling behind Murato's words. "I have nothing to do with Grede," he said. "What is he doing here? Why is he so friendly with Miss

Albers?"

Murato looked at Guerdon keenly. "I am not sure yet, what Landis Grede is doing here, and until I know I shall say nothing. In my country it would be different. But here—"Murato left the sentence unfinished. "But I do not think Miss Albers is as friendly with Grede as she appears to be."

"Why is she here?" demanded Guerdon

eagerly.

"Months ago Miss Albers' brother came to this place. He was a mining engineer and his company sent him to analyze rock formations. After he had made his report he stayed, for some unknown purpose. I think Landis Grede had much to do with it. But one morning he was found on the rocks, dead. They said he had fallen over, but I do not believe this, nor does Miss Albers."

"And she is here to find out," broke in

Guerdon, light coming to him.

The Jap nodded, and Guerdon told him what he had learned that morning, describing the place as he remembered it.

"It was on those rocks that the body was found," said Murato gravely. "I believe Miss Albers has good reason to suspect Grede."

"And she is trying to get something out of

him," added Guerdon, excitedly.

"Landis Grede expects a vessel from the East tonight. A faithful watcher might learn much." With this Murato passed beneath the torii.

Murato had disappeared through the temple gate before Guerdon quite realized the import of his words. The sun had long since gone down, and he stood motionless in the gathering dusk, the wierdness of the scene corresponding to his mood. He had a sense of climax, as though the mysterious elements of this strange

affair were at last about to converge upon a common point.

He gave a last look at the Shinto temple. There was something menacing, irreligious, about it, he thought. For all its seeming impersonality, its bare, undecorative exterior, he felt something dynamic, inflammable, was here.

Guerdon went down the trail, a new joy racing through his veins. Now he had something to do. Margaret needed him, and her need was his salvation. He would show her what he could do; he would let her see that he was not the man she had found, not the man she still believed him to be.

Grede was expecting a vessel from the East, Murato had said. Guerdon felt sure that here lay the crux of the whole situation. Murato

seemed to think so, too.

Granting that Albers, the engineer, had been done away with by Grede, it was logical to conclude that it was because he had discovered something detrimental to Grede's interests. What this was, Guerdon told himself, he had to find out. Murato's suggestion that he watch the ship promised well. The ledge of rock upon which he had found Margaret and Grede, with its command of the bay, would make a splendid vantage point.

Guerdon quickened his steps, and presently, having left the temple trail, he made his way to the trail he had discovered that morning. Without thought of fear he plunged into the narrow channel. It was pitch dark, but by intuition he managed always to keep his feet.

His quick strides soon brought him to the ledge of rock, where, at his feet, stretched the bay, dressed in all the mysterious beauty of night and moonlight.

Even as his eyes swept the vast expanse of silver and shadow, there came slowly into his range of vision a schooner of five or six hundred tons. It was white with moonlight and spread sail, and came gliding in soundlessly, like a great silent ghost ship. Behind it on phosphorescent water stretched a gleaming trail, as though a procession of fireflies had settled upon it.

But it was no phantom ship. A light flashed from the deck, then twice again. Close upon it came the muffled shriek of the anchor chain running through the hawse pipe; then, complete silence.

As Guerdon watched, a slight sound from Instinctively behind him caught his ears. aware that he was watched, he held his breath, every nerve in his body tingling. He began

slowly to turn round, to be the better prepared, but he had no more than began to move when there came the sliding of a heavy body, the small rush of displaced stones, and a heavy figure, suddenly revealed by the moonlight as Daja Singh, flung itself upon him.

They crashed to the mossy ledge, the Hindu on top, his steel fingers about Guerdon's windpipe. Guerdon heaved and fought, all to no purpose. The Hindu had secured his advan-

tage and knew how to maintain it.

He bent low over Guerdon, his bronze face reflecting the hatred in his voice. "Some day they may find you on the rocks, even as they found the brother of the mem-sahib," was his illuminating comment. "He spied as you were spying, and he went to his death." With this comforting information, Daja Singh began to push Guerdon toward the edge of the rock. at the same time retaining his throttling grip.

Guerdon, experiencing all the agony of strangulation, knew he could not continue his resistance much longer, nevertheless he made one supreme effort, and, catching the Hindu unawares, tore the other's grip from his throat.

This gave him instant relief, but even as he braced his body for a final heave he felt himself near the edge of the ledge. A hundred feet below the sea broke tirelessly against a stretch of needle-pointed rocks.

Before Guerdon could recover himself he had toppled over. Fortunately at that place the descent was not perpendicular, and the Hindu, being too occupied with disentangling himself, could not give the thrust that would have sent Guerdon head first.

Guerdon's body straightened out, and by clutching desperately at any growth that struck his hands, he succeeded in slowing down his The last twenty feet fell away sharply, and he plunged into the sea, escaping the rocks by inches. He went down and down, until he thought his lungs would burst. last he began to come up, and presently he was clinging to a huge boulder.

Bruised and battered nearly into insensibility, he lay without moving. The tide was coming in and when the water began to lap at his body he moved close to the cliffs and lay trembling.

He had escaped death by the merest chance and suffered instead a severe battering. But it was not his body that received the greatest hurt, but the spirit of courage, of high hope and fine resolve of such recent birth within him. For, after all, his rebirth of character had been

a matter of accident. There had been no fine tempering, no steeling against adversity; instead, merely the delicate, nurturing influence of another's character.

His reaction was spiritual and mental, and quite natural in its way. Until he had come here he had wasted his life, and a month's regeneration can not eradicate the follies of a lifetime.

For an hour or so he lay there, blind and deaf to what was going on about him, intent only on his own misery; too utterly sunk in

it to attempt to alleviate it.

So Guerdon might have slunk away and gone his downward course straight as a plummet had not the Hindu's words, coursing about in his mind for some chord still responsive, at last touched fire and stirred him out of himself.

Singh had indicated the manner of Albers' death. That was what Margaret had come to the North to find out, and instead of going to her he was quivering under his first setback like a whipped cur. Perhaps Margaret was in danger. She must be in danger. He was thinking now, and thought is wonderfully resuscitative. He must go to her at once! Feeling the warm glow of courage in his veins again, he moved his limbs and found them sound.

Setting his teeth against the chill that struck at him through his saturated clothing, he set out along the shore toward the beach, scrambling over the rocks, wet and draped with seaweed, cutting and bruising his limbs again

and again, keeping steadily on.

Unknown to Guerdon, a small boat had left the schooner while he was lying at the foot of the cliff. Now as he peered along the shore he saw the boat returning with three occupants. He could not distinguish who they were. Alarmed by this evidence of the enemy's activity, he increased his pace, and presently he was at the beach.

By this time the small boat had reached the schooner. He was about to press on to Margaret's cabin, when from out of the shadows cast by the schooner shot another boat, larger than the first, manned by six or eight men.

Guerdon stepped into the protecting shadow of a huge cedar. Even as he did so he became

aware of another's presence.

He swung around cautiously. there?" he cried. "Murato," came the reply, and Guerdon heaved a sigh of relief.
"What are they doing?" he demanded.

"We shall know soon," said the Jap, and in his voice rang a note of such hatred that Guerdon turned on him.

"What's happened?" Even the shadow of the tree could not entirely hide the expression of malevolence on the other's face.

"Landis Grede and the Hindu have again broken into the temple," returned the Jap. His voice held an intense, passionate quality. "And, not content with desecrating it with their presence, they have stolen the sacred votive lamp. To one of another religion, this may appear no serious matter. Only my countrymen may correctly estimate the enormity of the deed. It is a bronze lamp set with emeralds, and of great value. But its worth lies in its religious associations. It was dedicated by our Emperor to his Western people. It is precious, and Grede will sell it to some wealthy American collector who knows nothing of its tradition.

"And I have evil news for you. The white woman has been taken on board the schooner by Grede. He told her that he had proof of the manner of her brother's death, so she went."

At this startling piece of news, the matter of the stolen votive lamp paled into insignificance. Guerdon caught Murato by the arm.

"She went aboard with those fiends!" he "Grede was lying, I tell you. He means to keep her there. Where were you?"

Murato looked at him coldly. "I was at the

temple. She has not been gone more than half an hour." Then, a touch of sarcasm in

his voice, he said, "Where were you?"

Guerdon turned his head away, overcome by the logic of fact. Had he kept his senses. his manhood, the courage Margaret had given him, he could have saved her. Daja Singh had given him the information she was risking her life to obtain!

The sound of the boat's keel grating on the beach drew their eyes. The men leaped out and began to unload the boat of what seemed a cargo of small cases, which they piled on the beach. When they had finished, each man set out for the village, a case on each shoulder, leaving half of them behind.

Murato's voice broke upon Guerdon, "Grede and Miss Albers are on board the schooner-

so is the votive lamp.

Guerdon, a wild clamoring for action within him, for anything to redeem himself, leaped at Murato's unspoken suggestion.

"Yes, I'll attend to Grede. You look after

these men."

Murato nodded. "You had better swim to the vessel. The noise of the boat would alarm Grede. Or are you afraid?"

'No," said Guerdon, flushing under the w

picion of contempt in the other's voice, "I'm not afraid."

Murato vanished and Guerdon ran lightly down the beach, shed his outer garments, and plunged into the sea. The water was ice cold, but the unceasing motion of his limbs repelled some of its numbing chill. He swam vigorously, Margaret's danger becoming more vivid with each stroke.

In the next ten minutes, if he were alive, he would have made the first upward step in his career. The thought thrilled him, but also it gave him a keener realization of his danger.

He began to think of Margaret, not as a woman in danger, but as the one who had so subtly grown into his life, changed it, and built out of the wreck of his character something that might one day redeem the past.

Curiously enough, until now he had not stopped to analyze his regard for Margaret. He had set her on a pedestal, worshipped her in a wondering sort of way. But now he knew that she meant vastly more than this to him. That a sweeter, nearer relation might ever exist between them seemed beyond the bounds of possibility. He was not fit; but the thought persisted and it gave him courage.

Soon the bulk of the schooner loomed tall and immense before him. Finding a rope ladder, he clung to it for a moment, then he climbed silently to the deck. After massaging his stiffened limbs until he felt a responsive glow, he began to creep aft toward a cabin in which a light was burning.

Like some tangible quality, the spirit of night lay upon the ship, the water, and the obscure shore with its black backing of mountain range, diffusing an extensive and inclusive silence that seemed almost an utter suspension of all sound, as though life held its breath for a moment. It was not a negative silence, either. There seemed more of the positive about it, suggesting a prelude to catastrophe, rending, tearing catastrophe.

Leeching close to the deck, seeking out the darkest pools of shadow, Guerdon squirmed his way along as noiselessly as a cat, thrusting with bare feet against the deck, exploring with outstretched hands the deeper darkness he sought to penetrate.

So far he had met no one, but he knew that, beside Margaret, at least one person was aboard—Grede. And he knew he would find him in that cabin with Margaret.

In a moment he had come to the window of the cabin and was peering in. At what he saw his body tensed suddenly.

Grede, grinning sardonically, seeming more devil than man, was advancing upon Margaret, who was crouching against the cabin wall, an uncontrollable fear in her eyes.

Furiously, blindly, Guerdon had beat upon the window until the glass shattered and had seized the frame with torn hands, before a fragment of reason returned.

Grede, whirling on his heel, was reaching for his hip pocket. Margaret screamed a warning. This sent Guerdon to the cabin door. With a terrific heave of his shoulder he sent it smashing in.

As the door burst open, Guerdon glimpsed Grede's levelled weapon; and at the same time he saw Margaret smash at the lamp with her bare hands. Like a black curtain the darkness fell about them until the flash of Grede's gun tore a jagged hole in it. But Margaret's intervention had saved Guerdon's life. The gun roared again, but its slug bored into the cabin floor, for Guerdon had flung himself at Grede. The gun rattled onto the floor.

They crashed out of the cabin, rolling and thudding on the deck. They dropped back into the beginnings of time, fighting like beasts with the passion and strength of beasts.

Margaret's breath came in sharp gasps. Her eyes were fastened on the two writhing, intertwined bodies, the one indistinguishable from the other.

Soon they were at the edge of the deck, tight against the deck rail. They separated; then, with the last ounce of his strength, one struck at the other and followed the blow with a desperate heave. A body hung for a moment balancing on the rail, then pitched over.

The victor got to his feet slowly, then collapsed at Margaret's feet. She saw it was Guerdon.

She found a flask of whisky in the cabin and the sting of the familiar liquid jerked Guerdon back to reality. He reached to tilt the flask at his lips, but restrained himself. He had beaten more than whisky this night. Instead he met Margaret's anxiously smiling

"Are you hurt?" she cried.

Without knowing whether he was or not, Guerdon shook his head. "And you?" he demanded, sitting up suddenly. "Did Grede—"

"No, you came—just in time. And he's gone now." She shuddered.

(Continued on page 38)

Sailing the Sea

By CHARLES E. JESTINGS

We are sailing the turbulent sea,

We are breasting the storms that assail us;

Like mariners old let us be

Too mighty for winds to curtail us!

Though every wild tempest would flail us

And shiver our ship to the frame,

And drive us adrift to bewail us, Take courage, young man, and be game!

Though we skid to the water-drenched lee, And the demons deridingly hail us,

As they grin in their malice and glee,

And are instantly prone to bequail us,

Though every sea-power now fail us,

And sink our good ship into shame,

No matter what fate may entail us, Take courage, young man, and be game!

Let us hold to the mast to see

That no ship on the main can out-sail us,

For here in the elements we

Must master the things that would ail us.

No tempest can well out-prevail us,

A vict'ry the sea to proclaim,

Nor the locker below ever jail us,

So take courage, young man, and be game!

L'ENVOI

Though Valor's own breath would exhale us, It's grand to sail on just the same; And even though mariners rail us,

Take courage, young man, and be game!

California Poppies

By JOYCE ROBERTSON

California poppies
Bursting into sight,—

Fields of vivid color

Radiate delight.

California poppies,

Satin sheen outspread, Basking in the sunshine

Of the poppy bed.

California poppies

Gently closing up

For poppy-pollened sleep each Glowing, golden cup.

Superstition Mine

By SCUDDER MARTIN

HE Apache Trail in Arizona, traversed daily by tourists, leads directly past the eerie region of Superstition Mountain. Among the earliest prospectors there was dread of this mountain although it was known to be rich in ores. Indians had told the story that no man who ventured there ever came out alive. However that may be, there was a man, a Mexican -though it was said he had spent his earlier years in an Apache lodge—who ventured there many times.

Jose Varelli knew many things which no one but the Indians could have told him. He knew the traditions of the redmen, the location of their dwellings, their history of warfare, their sources of food, where and how they buried their dead, where were their strongholds and their council-places, and last but by no means least, all their stories of lost mines of the

country far and wide.

White men of all creeds came and went, but the Mexican, Jose Varelli, was well known in the camps where he came at intervals to get With a new grub-stake he fresh supplies. would set out again to search for one of the fabled lost veins of wealth in old Superstition Mountain. It was the day of the cowboy, the stage coach, the prospector, the criminal. Bands of outlaws roaming the West made this country a place of terror to traveler and settler alike. More to be feared than the Indians, they robbed and murdered without warning or reason, while the movements of the redskins could often be anticipated and safety sought.

Gregg's saloon in Florence, one of the places where Jose was generally found when not in the hills, saw all white men sooner or later. It was at Gregg's that some of the daring raids were planned, and Gregg's itself witnessed several of the boldest hold-ups of the early frontier, including the one in which that notorious outlaw, Gene Hunter, got away with the eighteen-thousand-dollar bag of nuggets which was to have ransomed Kit Carson, had fortune not miscarried. As it was, the ransom had to be made up again; and later it was proven that both amounts went to the same gang of criminals.

One day in early August Jose Varelli dropped into Florence and soon found his way to Gregg's. He had with him a bag of funny

black rocks. Immediately he drew the crowd of idlers about him by his story of a wonderful find he had made—"somewhere." He would say no more than that—"somewhere," with his smile. He was not too elated to remain the same good old Jose that Florence had known for a decade. It was probably this fact that insured him a respectful audience among the usual crowd of loafers at Gregg's. But among them were two, Cass Bird and Dick King, who were new arrivels in Florence and who were not there for any good purpose. They missed no detail. Jose should have the "capital" necessary to develop his mine as he wished; while they—well, leave that till later.

Before ten o'clock that night Bird and King had their plans made. King put his proposition to Jose along with a great deal of bad liquor. Jose entrusted to this good stranger a fund of information. The mine was a lost mine of his Indian friends; there were traces of early workings. Certainly Jose had papers regarding it -yes, maps and other necessary papers the priest had arranged for him that day. But were they in a safe place? "Si señor;" the señor could see for himself, here, inside and lining Jose's coat—stitches.

"Bueño," said King and asked if he might let a friend of his, a mining engineer come with

them to see the property?

By this time, as can be imagined, Jose was losing his caution in a wave of good comradeship, and consented to set forth at once.

It was only a two days' journey. Supplies he could get in an hour, in fact did get, in spite of his drunkenness. The "mining engineer," Mr. Bird, joined them.

An hour before daylight they started, three men and two burros. By the first streak of day they were out in the desert with low hills to break the monotony of brush and sand.

A day's travel through the heat led them along a shallow stream of clear water, now above ground, now below. It wound around hills or slipped down some box canyon to more level land. Jose said little to his companions, but prodded the burros. King and Bird followed with few spoken words. The journey was not pleasant to them except as it led to treasure.

lose had some of the characteristics of the

redman; he was shrewd when suspicious. For all his silence, and his moments of irresponsibility whenever he approached civilization's habitat, he had an alert mind. During the entire journey he had been busy turning the offer of the strangers over in his mind. He was more nearly sober now, and the proposition seemed different in the broad glare of day. Their offers to finance him had been too good.

When camp was made and darkness stole over the purple hills, Jose was already cursing himself for a fool.

The night, like some nights on the desert, brought no relief from the heat of the day. The wind, scorchingly hot, blew lightly with an electric quality that fanned the cheek without a comforting touch. The men spread blankets on which to lie to protect themselves from the hot sands and the sting of the cactus thorns. Jose fell into a peaceful rest, perhaps only half slumbering, yet refreshing, but for hours his companions tossed before weariness overcame them.

The Mexican arose with the break of day and was preparing the breakfast fare almost before his unwelcome guests had rubbed their sleepy eyes and stretched their aching limbs. Another day of it and they would know the location of the bonanza. Also, thought Bird and King, they would secure the papers Jose kept so close to his bosom. Then with Jose's guidance they would return to Florence. Jose, that is, would guide them—part way.

In the afternoon the canteens were empty. Water is the gold of the desert without which life itself is naught. But the prospector knew where to get water. He would go while they rested. The country was now rugged with the barrenness of rock showing little vegetation except for varieties of cacti, and sage in clumps. The caravan had climbed steadily and it was a bit cooler for them.

Jose set off with the canteens and in an hour and three quarters was returning. But he did not journey directly toward camp. His attention had been drawn to a freshly made trail. Following it a short distance he observed it had been made by a number of horsemen. Whether friend or foe, Indian or white, bandit or traveler, he could not tell. There appeared to have been three or four horses. Further examination led Jose to fear that Indians were abroad, and to no white man's good.

Having been the ward of Indians in his youth, Jose felt no fear for himself, but the two men he had guided into this country were in danger. To hide them until this danger passed would be wise. Although American troops were sta-

tioned at Picket Post and patroled the surrounding territory constantly, yet there was no place of safety near at hand.

The mine! That was a place impregnable and unknown. Jose hesitated not a moment but hurried to the camp to appraise the two men of his knowledge. He found them rested and willing to go wherever he led.

The two men and their guide made all haste possible to complete their travel to the mine. They were cautious through common danger, and fear urged their strength until the miles

to safety sped by.

King and Bird did not know of the mine in their approach, so completely was the entrance screened by sage brush and rocks piled there by Nature herself. Jose led the way into a large cavern which seemed to stretch back and down, they could not see where. The walls dripped a saline moisture and in the refreshing coolness the three men sank down exhausted.

In neat piles on the floor, and near the entrance, could be seen in the dim light rocks heavy with ore; as though some careful hand had been at work in this unknown sepulcher. It was, in fact the result of Jose's work on his previous trip. Thus had he gauged and tested his discovery, hardly convinced by casual observation, and finding it almost impossible to believe in the richness of his find.

Surrounded by wealth, the two adventurers whose lives were in Jose's hands, now had no thought of money. Cringing in the darkness they longed for the safety of home, or the chances of the gaming table, rather than the precarious chance of the mine. Forgetting to feel gratitude; forgetting to gloat over their discovered wealth; forgetting to exercise their planned power over Jose;—these two could think now only of escape from the menace of torture by the redmen, or death by starvation. They were surly and quarrelsome and full of fear for themselves when they spoke at all.

Jose bore patiently all their harsh words and rationed their water and supplies as best he could. From a cleft in their fortress they had a view over considerable territory. They had been confined two days when they observed two bands of Indians pass. Safe for the present in their treasure house, they could picture the smoking ruins of homes in isolated places in the path of the redskins, for when the savages got beyond bounds there was desolation in their wake.

Chafing under confinement and terrorized through fear of thirst and starvation, King and Bird were emboldened to the point of risking a return to Florence, although Jose cautioned

them to wait longer. It was decided Jose should seek to reach a water supply, fill the canteens, and upon his return report on the safety of venturing forth. Should he be intercepted he must use strategy in order not to disclose the presence of his companions. Probably Jose would find friends among the marauders.

The third night, clutching two canteens and urged by the men, Jose crept cautiously out of the mine and into the darkness.

The terror of that night for Bird and King was lightened by their hopes of a return to Florence, with their knowledge of the mine; for with the return of hope, they were again plotting. Again they were plunged into the depths of despair by the failure of Jose to return, and they began to fear he would not come at all.

When the Mexican did return at break of day he stumbled in with the full canteens and fell at their feet. His coat was gone; he could not speak coherently. He was disheveled and babbling. The white men knew not what had occurred on his trip but they administered to him in hopes that he might be able to tell them.

Throughout the day Jose raved, delirious with fever. He was very ill and before nightfall a dread worse than fear came to the watchers. The plague! that terrible reaper of white and Indian was in their midst—smallpox was claiming another victim. In panic the men crept out into the dusk of evening, not neglecting to take the canteens. In his delirium Jose did not know of their treachery.

Skulking like animals the partners in crime hurried and scurried until far from the scene. Fearing foes, they sneaked across the landscape from bush to bush in the moonlight. Nearly exhausted, they slept when daylight overtook them, but pressed on when their strength returned. Together they sought the direction of Florence, and together they wandered far from what they sought.

Any desert traveller knows the peril of the stranger on an arid waste. It is needless to recount the sufferings he may encounter.

The mail stage into Florence picked up one of these two, King it proved to be, and carried him to Florence. His tongue was swollen black and his throat was so dry with thirst that only sops of water could be given or he would have gone mad with desire to drink—drink.

When he recovered a little, King told how, with his companion, he had stripped cactus thorns with bare hands and drunk of the sap within, to sustain life another day. He told how he had seen Bird, his companion, go raving

crazy and lick the blood from feet and hands
. . . . too horrible! How Bird died in
agony.

The survivor did not tell the story of Jose; instead he tried to forget. But stories of Superstition Mountain made him cringe with that nameless fear of retribution at his heels.

The trouble with the Indians was not yet settled, although the soldiers at Picket Post had things well in hand. They sent out relays of brave men to encounter the raiders. Skirmishes were light as the Indians scattered into small bands—their custom when pursued, banding together again for raids to massacre some colony or wagon train.

When King got well he was asked to accompany a band of six or eight men on a search for the body of Bird that they might bury him as befitted a white man. Buzzards and coyotes and savages would not let a man's soul rest with bones above ground. At any time the redskins might again break forth, for they were by no means subdued.

King dared not refuse to lead the men, but he felt that same dread at his heels. Was there retribution, or was it imagination coupled with memory?

Led to the spot where Bird succumbed, the party was taken wholly by surprise to find themselves ambushed by Indians. Some thirty surrounded them and a brisk battle followed. King was carried off alive and the Indians immediately withdrew. Pursuit was futile without reinforcements; rescue of King impossible. When soldiers were able to take the trail it was too late to encounter the kidnappers.

About this time the raids of the Indians ceased. Possibly the main cause was a mysterious epidemic which largely reduced their numbers. At any rate their depredations came to an end. News of Jose Varelli, or his murderers, never came to camp. The kidnapping of King was unexplained. Whether he met death by slow torture or by disease is conjecture. However, Superstition Mountain has whispered another eerie chapter to the story:

Late in the winter of 1921 a game hunter in the Superstition Range of Arizona reported finding a cavern filled with the bones of human beings. A coroner's jury investigated. There were bones of young and old, men and women, not buried but lying in positions indicating natural death. It was thought that the cavern might have been used as a pest-house by an Indian tribe.

(Continued on page 40)



"Twin Domes"

The God of Oklahoma

By DOROTHY TALLY

BENEATH a pleasing polish of manner, primitive—he remembered a friend and an intended injury. A letter in the morning mail brought back to the young captain the smell of the alfalfa fields, the singing of a hundred birds, the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Daphne Mai, his cousin once removed, interrupted his reading.

"This week-end affair is really in your honor, Jack. Include any guests you like," she said, handing him the list she had been making up. "The old crowd are all so anxious to see you

since your return from over-seas."

The opened letter also reminded Jack of two who were longing to see him and he said quietly, although his soul gave a war-whoop at the audacity of his plan:

"Just keep a couple places open, Daphne.

I'll think it over."

A little later he sent a telegram which read: "Don't wait any longer. Start tonight. Bring Marguerite."

He signed it "Jackie."

As passing years had broadened Jack Elkin's childish perspective, he regarded with growing amusement his first visit to his grandfather, and the friendship which grew out of it. It was not what his paternal family had anticipated and it came about in this way.

His mother was dying. It was the first time he had seen her with her face unpowdered, and two great tears were rolling down her copper-There was something she colored cheeks. wished to say to "Jackie," as he was called in those days, but he could only catch the

words:

"My people-"

Something in the tone of her voice told him that "my people" did not apply to his stately grandmother, his father, nor yet to dainty Daphne Mai. He kissed his mother, a comprehending ache in his loyal little heart.

When he looked down at her face among the flowers two days later, it was white again, but with a strange new paleness that Jackie had never seen. Shortly after the funeral, he faced the family in the library, feeling more than ever like a small alien.

"Father," he said abruptly, "I'm going on a

Now that he had said it, Jackie did not care at all what they thought of him. And he was not afraid of their icy condescension.

"You might tell us where you are going," Daphne Mai said airily, but he waited for his

father to ask.

"To wherever mother used to live," he replied when the question finally came. "I'm

going to see her-"

Jackie had started to say "her people," but as his grandmother's shocked eyebrows rose toward her pompadoured hair, there came to life within him that heritage of race "too proud to care from whence it came." With a splendid nonchalence, he seated himself on the arm of a chair:

"I'm going to spend a few weeks with my folks. I have never seen them, you know."

"Oh, Jackie," his father faltered, "Oh, Jackie! You see—your mother's people—"

"It might save you an embarrassing explanation, Richard," said the grandmother, "to let Jackie go and see them for himself."

And so, rather cruelly, his relatives permitted the small boy to have his way.

The conductor, in whose care he had been placed, helped Jackie from the train and inquired of the few straggling bystanders if there was a Mr. Cerree among them. Jackie's little figure stiffened. He clutched the conductor's hand, his attention riveted upon a figure at the end of the platform; an Indian on horseback. Shades of Setting Bull and Black Hawk! A real live, story-book Indian! For even as the Choctaw had refused citizenship, so he retained something of the apparel and the bearing of his war-like ancestors.

"Mister Cerree? Cerree? By golly!" one of the group exclaimed. "I bet it's 'Chief Choctaw' you mean. Why, that's the chief at the

end of the platform."

The import of those words was not lost upon The wicked, noble ambition to affix himself to a chieftain's family tree, before some plain Mr. Cerree could claim him, moved him to a strategic action.

^{*}Oklahoma, a Choctaw Indian word, meaning "the red people."

irandfather!" he cried, and sped toward "Grandfather, grandfather, silent figure.

know me, don't you?"

ould the chieftain take his cue? For an nt he waited, breathlessly; then the stern parted over a set of dazzling teeth, and a of exultant pride swept Jackie, as the oners saw a strong arm draw him up to a of honor on the saddle. Filled with ge emotions, but unafraid, he found himriding with "Chief Choctaw" down a sandt Indian trail.

the history of one Indian, we may read tragedy of his race. Chief Choctaw's le cabin was far back in the red sands of ill country; worthless territory he had been d to accept when the scheming of the agent wrested from him a carefully culed plot of farm land. His present holdings largely inherited, and so, though pracy worthless, providentially secured to him. id nothing could shake "Chief Choctaw's" f in Providence! Whenever, as now, he the sun setting over the hills which shelhis home, he would pause a moment and softly:

th me, it is the God of Oklahoma guardhe end of the trail.

w he laughed contentedly. What mattered ner's cupidity or one's own stupidity while Freat Spirit was watching there?

grew dark and the first feeling of strangeswept over the child as he hesitated upon eshold where four encaging walls shut out stolen sweetness of distant prairies which ndit southwest wind was carrying by. He tht the strangeness would stifle him.

octaw's English was but slightly tribeged; early associations with the elite of iana—where the chieftain himself had a slave-holder—and the companionship white wife years before, had purified it. alled to someone now and his voice echoed a narrow passageway.

ome, little Marguerite. I thought a light ome supper would be waiting for us.' child's voice answered, not like Daphne

. but bell-like and soft:

larguerite is coming.'

faint light appeared and cast funny ows on the rude walls. But there was ng funny about Marguerite—Jackie saw in his first childish appraisal. Marguerite! stood with the lamp in her hand, against :kground of gorgeous Indian blankets; at are feet a battered pail of the daisies for 1 her white father had named her. Her eyes were as gray and as cool and soft as the clouds of a November sky; a splendid, gentle, lovely thing, this protegee of Mr. Cerree's.

Two other dark faces silently appeared in the doorway, one an Indian nephew called Charlie and a half-breed negro, son of a former slave. The latter now helped about the farm, friendly and loyal to his red employer.

Supper was eaten from some hand-modeled clay dishes, set upon long, low boards. Somehow in the passage-way leading to the crude dining-room, Jackie found Marguerite's little hand in his, and he clung to it as though he

would never let it go!

Jackie adopted without any question his grandfather's custom of falling asleep in the same clothing worn during the day. He rather hoped that some hostile tribe would attack them during the night and thought it wise to remain properly attired. In the days that followed, his childish fancy gilded every sordid commonplace; the stacked corn-stalks were Indian teepees; the simple food some Choctaw delicacy, the recipe for which the white man must sigh in vain. And when imagination flagged, could be not mount his own little pony, his grandfather's matchless gift, and ride bravely out upon the plains?

As the days drifted into weeks, however, it was noticeable that "Chief Choctaw" and his household oftener adopted Jackie's ways. In the evening they would gather round the small oil lamp and read one of the story books which the little guest had brought in his trunk. Little Injun Boys" was a favorite. Jackie, himself, familiar with the story, refused to tell the fate of the several little "Injuns" who seemed, one by one, to be perishing as dramatically as is typical of their race. Night after night the little group would labor anxiously through the large printed letters. For instance, Marguerite would begin:

"N-i-n-e little Injuns s-w-i-n-g-i-n-g on a g-a-t-e."

"Now me," says Charlie.

"O-n-e own? on?"

"One," says Jackie.

"One f-e-ll off-"

"Let grandfather finish it." "And then there was e-i-g-h-t."

Jackie holds up eight fingers. "Eight," they all cry triumphantly. They speculated and even wagered small amounts on the fate of the last little Injun.

"I think he turn out good," said Chief Choctaw and wagered accordingly. He was reading

aloud more easily now.

"One little Injun l-i-v-ing all alone."

"Me read," said Charlie. "Humph! Bad ending maybe. We not know."

"What is it?" all cry.

"He get mar-ried, then there is none."

Their progress did not stop with Jackie's yearly goings. He visited them each summer following that year when his mother died. Slowly but surely they emerged toward a higher civilization until that time when Jackie, as Lieutenant Elkin, came to say "Goodby."

Still Jackie watched those inscrutable faces anxiously, as he read aloud to them the official notice that he must serve his country. Indians they were still—his mother's people, who had suffered injustice from this Government, now demanding that he risk his life in its defense. He put his hand lovingly on his grandfather's arm.

"I shall fight for our country," he said. "This country which was ours in its earliest traditions. Tell me, grandfather, who has a better right than the Indian to fight for America?"

Something had been troubling the chief of late. The Choctaws were one of those tribes to whom the government had offered citizenship. This the chief had warily refused at the time on pretext of his ignorance. He feared the responsibilities of enfranchisement where custom denied justice to his race. But Choctaw was no longer ignorant and he was conscious of a desire to be truly a part of the great and prosperous nation to which Jack Elkin belonged. He surveyed with approval Jackie's new uniform and held out his hand.

"For the honor of Oklahoma," he said.

That night on their ponies, Choctaw and Marguerite rode with Jackie to the station, loath to part from him. A great fire was burning back in the hills toward the boundary of Choctaw's holdings. Clouds of gray-black smoke shot through with flames of liquid fire rolled up toward the calm sky. A panic gripped Marguerite. She sobbed:

"Oh, Jackie, look! I cannot stand it. It is in a hell like that you will be fighting."

The crude oil burning in the distance where prospectors had been working mysteriously of late and derricks had sprung up as by magic, leaped higher in the heavens. Marguerite's pony was close to his. As simply as though his grandfather had not been present Jackie kissed his sweetheart and whispered:

"Don't cry, my daisy. Perhaps it is the Great Spirit saying: "Vengeance is mine'."

Ш.

Guests at the gay little house party wondered

why the young clergyman from St. John's Presbyterian Church was included in their number. Daphne Mai herself had given considerable thought to the odd invitation which Jack had suggested.

"I wonder," she said gazing at her own pretty reflection in a mirror. The Elkin fortune was in its decline and Daphne Mai hoped to marry money, still—

"I'm awfully fond of Jack and we're only

second cousins," she reflected.

The guests had requested that Jack wear his uniform. And it fitted well with his plan this gala night. Choctaw would be so proud of him, but Daphne Mai—

A hysterical gayety shook Captain Jack every time the door-bell rang. All of Daphne Mai's guests having arrived, they were forming sets for auction when the maid announced the late arrivals:

"Mr. Cerree and Miss Marguerite Cerree."

Daphne Mai looked up surprised. The name of Jack's maternal grandfather had not impressed itself upon her memory. It was Jackie however who received the greatest shock, for there in the archway stood the erstwhile warlike chieftain in perfectly correct evening dress and beside him,—resplendent—Was it really the little bare-foot Marguerite of long ago? Below the sparkling jet of her hair and its ornaments, above the chain of hand-made white daisies, exquisite in their fairy-like texture, which a modiste's art had trailed across the bare shoulder, the gray eyes were as cool and as soft as though Jack alone were standing there.

To Mr. Cerree's inexpressible delight, Captain Elkin, quite forgetting to greet his grandfather, skated like a happy boy across the polished floor and clasped Marguerite in his arms.

Daphne Mai heard a young broker beside her saying to a friend:

"Why, it's the Mr. Cerree, the new Indian Croesus, you know."

She turned toward him inquiringly:

"Mr. Cerree, did you say?"

"Yes, always called him 'Chief Choctaw,' sort of nickname, you know; but he has taken out citizenship papers since they struck a 'gusher' on his land and asked to keep his tribal name, Cerree."

The young clergyman joined in the conversa-

"And Jack Elkin never dreams that the exchieftain is prepared to settle a million dollars upon him as a wedding gift tonight."

Windjammers

By CRISTEL HASTINGS

The winds have blown great sailing ships
From every clime and port
To western shores. Through Golden Gate
Sail craft of every sort.
They come like tired ocean birds
From every sea-girt land;
Their crews all hardiness and strength,
With faces bronzed and tanned.

Wee tugs vie with great freighters And brave whalers from the north. White yachts but skim the crests of waves, And barges venture forth. Great transports are with lowly tramp But sisters 'neath their skin; The Chinese junk and Man-o-War Far out from shore are kin.

The launch and schooner too are here, Sometimes a racing-shell;
A sloop oft-times glides over waves, And scows, when all is well.
And yet of all the craft that sail
The seas, and ride through gales,
I love the sailing-ship the best
When winds inflate her sails.



Spring Song

By NANCY BUCKLEY

A cart passed in the dull grey city street,
Piled high with Spring. Each petaled blossom sweet
Was like a bird that sang a song of hope,
And every listening heart of those that grope
Along life's widerness forgot its fears
And saw dead memories live through happy tears.
The flowers in music sweetly sang along—
The empty hearts reached out and caught the song
That lightly flew and thrilled the dusty air
With grateful showered notes so sweet and rare;
And as they held it close, it sang of life
And love, and hope fulfilled, and ended strife;
For a brief hour the heart forgot its pain,
And eager hands took up their work again.

The Reform of Rebecca

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

LMOST any unprejudiced observer would declare Rebecca Redbreast to be a fussy housekeeper, and besides, being very particular about every little thing connected with her home, she was beyond all doubt old-fashioned. Now these peculiarities—while they might not be called faults—still very often made matters rather unpleasant for the one with whom she was most closely associated.

But there never was a bird more patient under small afflictions, kinder, or more considerate of his own family than Robin Redbreast. He had endured a great deal of scolding from his helpmate from the time they had started out in life together and had always treated her with the greatest respect—his attitude toward her, so far as any outsider could see, was the condition of mind that self-respecting and upright husbands wish to have concerning those whom they have honored by choosing as their dear companions.

The two of them had begun life among the forests of the eastern part of the United States. Rebecca had come of a long line of robins who had built their nests among the log cabins of the pioneers—those brave souls who had ventured out into the wilderness and availed themselves of what materials they found under their hands, so to speak, in constructing the substantial and picturesque homes where were sheltered the sturdy, splendid men and women of whom we ourselves speak with pride and reverence.

Rebecca Redbreast would not take up with the new ideas as to the making of homes; she said to Robin over and over in unmistakable accents:

"I am a good specimen of my race, and I will have my nest as my father and mother had their nest, and as generation after generation of the most intelligent and artistic robins have had their nests!"

Robin had argued with her about this when they had first become acquainted, but he had given that up long ago, for Rebecca had always had the last word, and sometimes that last word had been a pretty sharp one. Robin Redbreast had always been noted for his great pity and desire to relieve suffering and to make everybody around him cheerful and contented, so he had borne with Rebecca, no matter what she had said to him, and possibly just because

of this great consideration of her mate, the little, fussy, bright-eyed, active, feathered creature had like larger, pampered beings become somewhat spoiled and over-bearing in her manners.

But Rebecca Redbreast had come to a place in her short life where no amount of scolding and no amount of searching—so it seemed to her—could make a fitting nest for the family she was expecting to arrive sometime within the next few weeks.

This particular branch of the robin redbreast species had, up to a very recent period of time, been spending their winters in the south. When the deciduous trees of their native forests would once more be clothed in green, they would return to their old haunts and make their nests and rear their young where they themselves had passed the first few wonderful months of their lives.

But they had tried a new location and had been in California during the winter; they enjoyed the change and had been made very welcome by those whom they had met. On the approach of spring, Robin, swaying back and forth on the tip of a long, graceful branch of a cocoanut-palm, had called to Rebecca, who was perched in a near-by pepper-tree:

"Let us be pioneers ourselves. Let us stay out west and build our nest right here."

"But," argued the other bird, "there are no staked and rided rail fences out here. You remember how cute our nest looked cuddled down where the rails were crossed."

"Oh, yes," agreed Robin, as was his habit, "Oh, yes—but some robins had very nice nests in trees and even on high poles if a little piece

of wood stuck out just right."

"My family," fussed Rebecca, "my family have always run true to form." She fluffed up her feathers then, until she looked like quite a good-sized bird, "These imitation robins that I see around here are not at all like us; they are much smaller than we are, and their breasts are dim and dusty looking—would we change, if we stayed here?"

Rebecca was quite a hand to look ahead for trouble, and Robin had been prepared for some such argument when he started the conversa-

tion:

"The people out here have called them robins," he explained, patiently, "because we

were not here ourselves. It seems to me," he went on, for he had always been very sympathetic, "that it is our duty to stay here and cheer them up and make them happy by allowing them to hear my song in the early mornings. Only today," continued the blithe persuader, "I heard Tender Heart say that she was going to have lots of fruit, and you know that wherever there is fruit, there may be bugs and harmful flying insects; we could show our appreciation of the hospitality we have enjoyed here by keeping the place cleared of such destroyers."

After they had decided to remain on the Coast, Rebecca took charge of affairs, as was her custom. She often reprimanded Robin and refused to accept his ideas as to what sort of materials were necessary for their future habitation; in the absence of the much lamented rail fence, they had chosen the crotch of a convenient pepper-tree as the best spot in which to make their place of abode, and in this crotch they put little twigs, crossed and recrossed symmetrically, so as to form a hollow, cup-shaped cavity in the centre. Robin brought many bits of branches which he thought would be just the things that Rebecca would want to use, but she rejected them with scorn:

"They are not right!" she declared, "It seems to me that you might have watched me more closely than you have! Those will not do at all!"

Robin had taken these rebuffs patiently and silently; he continued to bring materials as long as Rebecca kept piling up twigs but he brought them dejectedly, as one without hope. Sometimes he would not even offer them to his active mate, but would drop them down on the ground and sit on one foot with the other one drawn up into his thick coat of feathers for awhile; then he would change off and sit on the other foot for awhile, and finally he would go away and return with some more material which he thought would do, but which was invariably rejected with scorn and even, at times, with revilings.

Sitting around as he was obliged to dobecause Rebecca would not allow him to help her and because his chief interest in life centered in the prospective nest—he discovered, some time before Rebecca did, that the new location lacked one great necessity for the proper construction of a robin's nest; this knowledge made him so nervous that he seldom even gurgled out his traditional song of cheer and thanksgiving, but he did not dare to mention it for fear of consequences. That morning, however, the nest had met with the approval of its maker as far as twigs went, and she began to look around for the material that Robin had been thinking of for some time:

"Where," she cried anxiously, for when she was bothered she always demanded information from Robin, "Where shall we find the mud?"

"I—don't know—" feebly replied her mate, .
"I—can't find any mud, anywhere."

Then Rebecca was in despair. It is necessary, after a robin's nest is partially built, to calk the seams of the habitation with mud; all the interstices between the twigs have to be filled in with a soft substance that will ooze through them and make a firm and beautiful nest; after the lining of mud has become properly dried—having been formed into shape by the architect who constructs it—the inside can be made of horse-hairs, wound carefully round and round, if for example, the nest has been made in a pasture; sometimes bits of wool are used instead of hairs, but the mud is absolutely essential. Rebecca had been so accustomed to the use of this naturally soft and pliable material, that she had never given it a thought until she was ready to use it. It seemed to her that mud would be at hand when it was needed and without it she did not know which way to turn. She saw the seriousness of the situation though, and was too non-plussed even to scold at Robin. Like many of her sex, she fussed over small matters but recognized real trouble when she came under the shadow of She even went over and sat beside her mate who was waiting fearfully for her customary tirade, and cuddling up close to him, she chirped in very low tones:

"Robin dear, I'm sorry I have been so cross with you. Let us bear this as best we can. It is very plain to me now, that we have made a great mistake. We'll have to go back East. And I don't see how—" she ended, droopingly, "It doesn't seem to me I can ever make that long journey in time."

She was sitting right where he had left her after she had come to this despairing conclusion, and her memory was bringing before her consciousness visions of her past; she remembered how she had, more than once, rejected the kind of mud that Robin had brought to her, and insisted upon using only what she herself had selected from the different sorts of mud that surrounded their former dwelling; it seemed to her that she could almost see him as he had looked then, before she had brought him into the state of subjection by which he

(Continued on page 28)

The Golden West

By ALVA VAN RIPER

When first the sun set in the West, And earth with golden glory blest, The stars in their courses were fixed less sure, Than the magic to men of the West's allure; The mystic glamour of the sunset hue, Is filled with the promise that men pursue, The beckoning rays from behind the hills, Call on and on—how the challenge thrills!

Behind the hills—what lies beyond?
Is all there touched with magic wand,
Whatever basks in the golden glow,
That behind the hills with the sun doth go?
Ah, dreams that come to sons of men—
Enchanted lands beyond their ken!
But oft' fulfillment of men's dreams,
Lies just behind the hills, it seems.

When night is o'er and morn is come, Behold again! The rising sun To sons of men doth point the quest, By facing toward the distant West; And ever on the westward trail, Though men may falter, sometimes fail, The sun his goal doth reach anon, Behind the hills, and beckons on.

So men fared forth, a valiant band, Toward the light of promise for a brighter land; Fared forth in the stress of sun-blazed trail, Through summer's heat, through winter's gale, Through fire, through flood from bursting cloud, And were ne'er dismayed, these hope endowed; But with faith of men who stake their all, They followed on, the westward call.

But giants in the land they found, Strong giants to overcome. The sound Of strife incessant then was heard, Till all the riven depths were stirred; They fought the men of painted face, Who sought to stem the coming race, In combat met the ravening beasts, That stalked their herds for bloody feasts.

Yea, even with nature's hosts they strove,
Delved deep in earth for treasure trove,
Hewed barriers thru, the torrents chained—
No task too great for them remained.
Ever dauntless through all, though danger fraught,
Not man, nor beast, nor nature, naught
Could stand before the conquering band;
And so they possessed the golden land.

The beautiful land of heart's delight, The land of the sunset glow, so bright, Of treasures, of gold, of fertile fields, Of forests, of herds, of all earth yields, Of plains as vast as the rolling sea, Of hills everlasting with peaks that be So crowned with white of driven snow That issuing forth, mighty rivers flow.

Oh, list', ye men, to the call of the West!
To faith, to courage, to manhood's best;
The call of a land where dreams come true,
To valorous men who dare and do;
Though periled the path, though rugged the way,
Behind life's hills bright hope holds sway.
So sing, oh sing, as ye top each crest!
Sing forth the song of The Golden West.

A Memory

By DON HOMER TRAVIS

Deep in the morning-time— Ere the rose-wings of dawn were spread in flight, I left you slumbering, and crept away To watch the last of night.

In the cool garden-plot—
I plucked a crimson rose, full-brim'd with dew,
I held it up to the warm kiss of dawn,
Then carried it to you. . . .

A moment's time I stood— Filled with the beauty of your sweet repose, All trembling with love and joy, I shook A petal from the rose.

Like drops of your heart's-blood— Until the last deep-crimson'd petal fell, The others followed, overwhelming me With fears I could not quell.

Deep in the morning-time— Racked with strange pain, filled with a great unrest, I cried aloud! And then awoke to find You sobbing on my breast!

THE REFORM OF REBECCA

(Continued from page 25)

had been bound so long; he had been so blithe and cheery and self-assured as he had landed on the side of their former edifice of broken branches, with his mouth full of a substance he had hoped she would use; and she had said to him, spitefully:

"Take that stuff right away from here! Nothing but the finest of clay will do for my nest! It shows your lack of birth and breeding to bring such common mud around here!"

And Robin had been so meek and so kind remorse had her in its clutches as she sat there that she had been scolding and ordering him about ever since. She began to wonder if—in case they did get out of this corner somehow, for hope began to grow again in her soft breast—perhaps Robin would look as he had looked that day so long ago, provided she allowed him to assist her in the building of their future homes, provided she ceased to find fault with every mortal thing he did, provided in short, she became a really fitting helpmate for the dearest, kindest, cheeriest, sauciest, brightest robin redbreast that a little bird ever had to love her. Rebecca was sorry for every single mean thing she had ever said to him as she sat there thinking it all over. for she had come to the end of her endeavor. Under the circumstances she did not know what to do next, and so she just ate her heart out, as it were, with memories of the past and misgivings as to the future. She saw where she herself had made a lot of mistakes and she resolved, then and there, supposing that she should be given another chance to secure happiness, to change many of her little ways-not to be so fussy and to appreciate all that would ever be done for her in a spirit of kindness. But would she ever have another chance to show her change of spirit? Could she endure the long trip back to the forests? Suppose something should happen to Robin? How could she ever get along without him? Then she remembered that he had been gone quite a long time for one as devoted as he had always been

. . . . maybe something had already happened to him!

Huddled up there at some little distance from the unfinished nest, she looked toward it listlessly; that would soon be a thing of the past, she thought.

But suddenly she straightened up and looked more closely into the foliage, for the California sunshine was glinting across the delicate femlike branches of the pepper-tree and lighting up the full crimson of the breast of a bird just landed on the edge of the pile of twigs she had built up with such care.

It seemed to Rebecca Redbreast that she must be looking upon a beautiful vision! Perhaps, she said to herself, her great sorrow had made her mind wander! It seemed to her that she was looking at her young lover—he seemed so confident, so sure, so happy, as if he were standing on the edge of their first nest, bringing to her—the one he loved most in all the world—his first offering to be used in the construction of their first dear home.

But she shook herself and fluttered over to the pepper-tree and onto the margin of the pile of twigs:

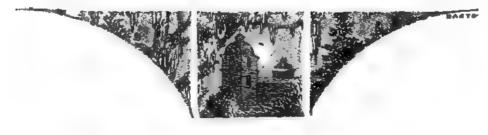
"Robin!" she chirped, for she recognized him then as flesh and blood, "Robin! You have found it!"

After he had emptied his mouth, for he had brought all he could carry at one time, he explained:

"Tender Heart used to live in Ohio and she knows what we need as well as we do. She has fixed a lot of nice mud right close to the basin of water where the water lilies are growing and she has tied little fluffy bits of cotton on bushes near by for us to line our nest with when we have filled the chinks properly. So go ahead," he ended, gayly, "Go ahead," and muss yourself all over with mud and then wash up and dry your feathers while this wonderful sunshine is finishing off the work!"

"You must help me, Robin," said Rebecca Redbreast, lovingly, "It would not suit me if you did not have a hand in it."

He looked at her in surprise, but he broke out into the clearest, happiest song that any joyous bird could sing.



Inside a Mexican Boarding House

By HELEN BOWYER

OR my luck in getting into our casa de huespedes I have huespedes I have to thank the Norwegian She had lived in a "Venezuela House" in New York in the days when she was making her preliminary attack upon the Spanish language, and so she had a background and a set of standards with which to go about locating bed and board in a native establishment here. People like me imagine that all that is necessary in order to land in the bosom of a Mexican family and start in absorbing the lingo is just to have the price. And roughly speaking, that is so. But once landed, your idea is to stay awhile and if you have done your landing with undue precipitation and without seasoned steering, various little things may reveal themselves which will favor your taking your leave.

For instance, all unbeknown to you, the place in which you have unpacked your belongings may be a "Veracruz House." That is nothing whatever to its discredit—but it may be much to your consternation. For, oiga usted, as the Mexicans say, Veracruz food is fire. The poor little exile from the brimstone meadows, in "The Wild Asses of the Devil" would have found the meals at a Veracruz

house quite comforting and cosy.

But ours is a Guadalajara House—every-body in the place but the Norwegian girl and myself has some sort of a foothold in that halcyon town. Chili and volcanic sauces are still varied and abundant, but it is possible to pick up a meal without withering the tongue to its roots. The sauces are served in separate containers whose isolation you are permitted to respect and with a little practice the eye becomes trained to detect the innocent looking little green things that lurk among the other vegetables.

Breakfast would be a colorless meal were it not for the vinegar jug. But I cannot get over the picturesqueness of pouring coffee from that little broad-bowled, small-lipped glass vessel which in the United States you never associate with anything but vinegar or oil. Of course the quantity you pour is very small. The cold black liquid in the jug is coffee extract and it takes only a teaspoonful or two in a cup of hot milk to make the cafe con leche that is the national morning drink.

A concession to our Americanism is made

in the shape of a package of cornflakes on our table. It is always cornflakes—never by chance puffed rice or whole wheat biscuits or grape-nuts. This we eat with more hot milk. A tall glass of cold milk is also served us regularly. For the rest, our morning alimentation consists of plain and sweet rolls; and all told, it makes a meal almost grossly abundant. The usual Mexican breakfast consists just of coffee and rolls.

Dinner is a movable feast celebrated any time from one to three. It opens up with a soup of varying caliber which is always followed by the unvarying fried rice. The Norwegian girl takes enthusiastically to this rice—but then she is planning on a trip to the Far East. I make away with as much of it as I can, for courses are not hurried at a Mexican dinner and one must have something to do. meat which comes on after the rice may need divorcing from the biting black sauce that envelopes it, but if you fall to work at once you may salvage enough of it to finish on. A lacy network of fine cut lettuce or chip of sweet potato may accompany the meat, but the real vegetable of the day—which in our house runs largely to chopped green squash—is served as a separate course. After this comes frijoles, the ubiquitous bean without which no Mexican meal save breakfast could ever be complete. I like frijoles more and more, by which, though seeing through the glass darkly, I judge it is Kismet that I stay here amid the maguey fields of ancient Anahuac while my friend goes on to the jasmines of Cathay.

A microscopic dab of fruit and a cup of cafe negro complete our noon nutrition, except for wine. The wine each provides for himself, the management simply giving it storage in the numerous sideboards and buffets with which the comedor is furnished. The family silver has hard work making a creditable showing on so many shining tops but just now it is eked out with the giant poppies that bloom on the shores of the ancient Aztec lakes.

Supper is a simpler edition of dinner except that chocolate is served as well as coffee. Supper lasts from seven till nine, ample time, you would suppose, for learning any language by the conversation method. But again that only proves the truth that some one propounded.

some little time ago, to the general effect—if I remember rightly—that you never can tell. You think you are coming to Mexico to learn Spanish from the natives, while all the time the real reason of your coming is that the natives may learn English from you. Though you flee your fellow citizens as if you owed them money, though you immure yourself in the old Mexican heart of the city as we have done, still across the table from you smiles that engaging and omnipresent pest, the Mexican who has spent some time in New York or Los Angeles or Houston and can speak your mother. tongue with half a dozen times the ease with which you can speak his. He probably proposes that you form a mutual improvement association with him, and at the times you remember the compact you do mutually improve. But somehow, English still seems to come more natural to you than Spanish—and there is so much you want to know about Mexico that would take too long to try to understand in the lingo of the land. It requires only a few weeks to give you quite a different attitude toward the alien who disembarked at Ellis Island twenty years ago and hasn't yet learned to talk United States.

Your first glimpse of our casa would probably give you a shock. For you would naturally enter by way of the ground floor and the ground floor of a Mexican house frequently presents the dim and slummy appearance of a brewery or a mausoleum inadvertently transmogrified into a tenement. The floor is of ancient uneven stone blocks, the walls and pillars are likewise of stone, and the portero's family, in rags and tatters and headlice, is overflowing its quarters in the hovel under the stairs. But permit me to point out that in our house the portero's washing is not festooning the patio nor are there heaps of broken stone and plaster from the recent devastations still piled up in the corners. Instead, two or three high-grade machines are parked between the doorways, and the shingles of a quite celebrated physician and an equally well-known engineer give tone to our walls. Their offices occupy the two big rooms which, together with the patio, take up most of our first floor front. This is quite au fait. In Mexico the living quarters of a well-to-do family begin with the stairs that lead to the second floor.

If you have eyes for the picturesque, they have already travelled to our stairs. Wide and shallow-stepped they are, with a worn red painted strip to which the portero's wife begs you to adhere as you commence the ascent.

and they are broken midway by a big square landing hung with a full length mirror and adorned with jardineres. And even as you turn on the landing you catch sight of the upper corredor,—and stop with an exclamation of surprise and delight.

The plants that adorn the parapet, the gay octagonal blocks of red and black and cream that tile the floor, the white curtained French windows and the big rectangle of turquoise sky make a picture you rejoice to think you will be seeing every day. You could dispense with the huge plaster figure of the dog who keeps guard at the stair-head, but you would not for worlds be without the quaint little pictures in half relief of the ancient worthies of the Church who did something or other in Guadalajara some centuries ago.

But to reach our rooms on the roof—the Norwegian girl's and mine—we have to cross the back corredor with a full view of the rear patio, the kitchen and the servants' room. And to the newcomer in Mexico that patio would be a shock indeed. Its stone floor is as uneven as a cobbled alleyway and the water, not yet entirely drained into the sink-hole in the center, gives it an appearance of insanitation which in New York you would feel duty-bound to report to the nearest tenement inspector. In reality and for Mexico—it is quite remarkably clean. The kitchen is a shallow room without any light except what comes in through the door. It is about half occupied by the great brasero in which are fanned the charcoal flames which cook the food for the thirty-five or forty individuals who comprise our household. How in that restricted space all the other ceremonies that we customarily associate with a kitchen are performed I do not know. The dishes, to be sure, are washed out in the patio in the great stone block of a lavendero that in most houses serves as a washtub. The washing is done up on the roof in a similar lavendero and then spread out to blanch on the flat red bricks of which the roof is made.

We are one block north of the Zocolo of central Plaza and one block west of it. If you know Mexico at all, you know that our roof overlooks the two tall towers and the great dome of the Cathedral which the Spanish conquerors caused to rise on the spot where foe centuries uncounted the temple of the heathen war-god used to stand. The treasures of that fearful pile are still being dug up from deep below the Cathedral foundations and transported to the Museum in the huge quadrangle, of the Palacio National across the Locolo.

the shadow of the Cathedral rises the kiosk of the Flower Market with its huge and intricately fashioned offerings for the dead. The Thieves' Market, the University and the National Library all are within a few minutes' walk of us.

And all around us is the street life. On the corners of the streets and half-way between them are the tiny dulce stands where, zarape or reboso thrown round the rags beneath, the sons and daughters of the old lords of the valley sell candied melon and fly-specked taffy to the passers-by. Beside the stand is the little charcoal stove and the scant collection of Indian earthen-ware which constitute their household goods. Here at meal-times the family foregathers around the stove—the other parent with the missing limb or the appalling shake that in the begging profession is such a powerful aid, the daughter who peddles tickets for the national lottery, and the small dark-eyed bundles of dirt and rags who have been tagging them around. The little charcoal burner glows, the tortillas and frijoles smoke, the pulque foams in the dirty jug that passes from mouth to mouth. Then on the sidewalk which a thoughtful city has provided and a kindly sun has warmed, the family disposes itself for its noon-day siesta. And when the beneficent planet has dropped behind the far blue mountains and the night chill falls upon the pavements, are there not doorways, deeply recessed in which to pile and huddle together for

The head of our casa is a handsome and affable young Guadalajaran who holds a responsible position in some prominent enterprise in the Capital. His senora has a graciousness of manner that almost approaches the grand air, though in spite of her three babies, she cannot be much more than a girl in years. It is really she who runs the house, though as everything is done through servants and she is rarely seen outside her own apartments she has all the seeming leisure and privacy of the Mexican lady of the upper classes. The eldest baby appeared yesterday in the blue alpaca dress with the white collar and belt of Mexican drawnwork which is the uniform of one of the city's most prominent private schools. What a scrap of a fairy like our little Pepita can be doing with education yet awhile is more than I can fathom, but her nurse assures me she attends only a short time each day.

Two of the twelve servants employed in the house are engaged wholly in the care of Pepita and her tiny brothers Gabriel and José, who occasionally escape from the family quarters

and appear a brief moment on the corredor like buds among the other flowers. With Trinidad who waits on our table and Alta Garcia who attends our particular rooms. I am naturally better acquainted than with the other criadas who form an undifferentiated mass against the brasero in the kitchen or the stone block in the back patio. Alta Gracia is pure Indian, soft of outline and of speech, with two long braids of glorious hair falling far below her waist. There is nothing in the way of uniform for any of the servants. They go about their work in reboso and nondescript cotton skirt, sometimes with shoes and sometimes without. They get seven or eight dollars a month in addition to board and room. But board for criadas consists of a little more than tortillas and frijoles. As for room, all ten of the women servants sleep in one, on cots covered with a single blanket and keep themselves warm by tightly closing the single aperture that serves both for window and door.

Excepting for the Norwegian girl and myself, and the gay little Chicagoan wife of a returning Mexican, all the guests in the house are men. For the most part they are transients, wine merchants and lawyers from Guadalajara on business in the Capital, or contractors and job-hunters from its thereabouts cooling their heels day after day in the outer office of this Minister or that. But happily the boy in the room across the canyon of the staircase from the roof is permanent. He has a year more to finish at the National School of Music here before packing his violin and his resplendent wardrobe for the Boston Conservatory. Above the canyon of the staircase the big stars drop very close at night,-I think they would not seem so near but for the passion and the ecstacy that come singing from his bow.



Trailing the Setting Sun

By DAVID FALLON

"But why should I trail the Setting Sun?"
Queried the venturesome youth;
"I hear the call of the mystic East,
And I'm lured by the magic South."

"Yet follow the trail of the Setting Sun,"
The wise father urged the lad;
"To the West, my son, lies that Promised Land
Where the spirit of man is glad.

"True the East is old and steeped in lore, But its culture is dying or dead; Nor in the Northlands of mist and ice Can a life of progress be led.

"The beautiful South, the land of romance, Has charms unique and rare, Yet in making a home for a worth-while life None with the West can compare.

"The Western land is full of hope; It calls to the young and the strong For the breath of freedom quickens life In that land where the brave belong.

"In the golden West the powers of men
In full glory of life rise higher;
They find peace and strength and hope and joy
In that land of heart's desire.

"There, souls reflect the sun's bright glow In hearts of good-will and cheer. In friendship and staunch, true brotherhood, In vision broad and clear."

But restless youth heeds no advice.
Eastward he goes his way;
Northward and Southward he follows his whim;
Yet Westward he'll turn some day.

And there in the trail of the Setting Sun
His spirit will come to rest.
He'll learn how true were the words of the sage
That the only real life's in the West!



Review and Comment



FOREST PUBLICATIONS

Their vital importance to those who care for trees and outdoors.

By CHARLES H. SHINN, U. S. Forest Service Almost a century ago, American tree-lovers of creative vision began to write letters to each other and to the newspapers, urging the stoppage of forest waste. Out of this came the 'American Forestry Association," organized in 1882 under the leadership of Dr. B. E. Fernow, John Gifford, Thomas Meehan, Dr. Sudworth and men of that quality. The Association published a little periodical, "Forest Leaves," but in January, 1898, it took over John Gifford's "New Jersey Forester," a very able bi-monthly then beginning its fourth volume. It was made a monthly, was enlarged, and grew into the present American Forestry magazine. ever is fortunate enough to possess files of the New Jersey Forester (as the writer does) will find it full of material that lumbermen and foresters might still read with profit.

The other day we were looking over many back numbers of American Forestry. This magazine will have issued its three hundred and fifteenth number by the time this issue item reaches our readers. Happy is the man or woman who has been a member of the American Forestry Association and has kept all the numbers of the magazine. His children will not have to say anxiously, as the boy and girl do in a recent magazine article, "Yes, we know he made lots of money. But what else did Father do?" His work for the forests will answer that.

This forest magazine is written and edited for the general reader, but its facts are based upon technical and scientific knowledge. Every man and woman who loves the mountains, the forests, the outlands and wild life, every one who plants and cares for even a single tree by the roadside, can get large values, pressed down and running over, out of this magazine and this Forestry Association. Californians, even more than the citizens of any other state in America, should see to it that the membership is doubled this year.

Books For the Young

Some good ones even in the dull season.

There are a number of young-hearted plays now appearing in print, such as the Denison series from Chicago, inexpensive and cheerful. "The First Day at School," etc., are here. A new low-priced edition of Barrie's "Dear Brutus," "Alice-sit-by-the-fire," and others is announced by Scribner's. "The Birdnest Boarding House," by Verbena Reed, comes from Dutton's, and is the story of the oddest sort of people—such as "Winnie Wasp,"—with Oliver Herford pictures too. But we must take up several which have waited still longer for their reviews.

8 8 8

Berenice Arnold

That is the name of the Vermont girl who lived in Tennessee during the Civil War, and Alice Turner Curtis writes it. The book's title is "A Yankee Girl at Shiloh," and it is the third volume in a series of lively, well-told studies of those half-forgotten times. Mrs. Curtis brings in Southerners and Northerners, a spy, a runaway slave girl, some poor white Tennesseans, and such famous people as Generals Sherman and Grant. Her plucky heroine, who carries information to the Union Army which turns the scale, will delight every young reader. This book and the three which follow are published by the Penn Co. of Philadelphia.

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"Now Virginia"

Here comes Helen Sherman Griffith's third volume in her new series. The previous ones are "O Virginia," and "No Virginia." A fourth volume is now in press. Virginia Babcock, familiarly known as "Jinks," the central figure of the story, has been released from the hateful conventions of a fashionable boarding school, and is exuberant in the out-door atmosphere of Miss West's horticultural school for girls. 'Jinks" loves people, adventures, and problems. She is always ready to take hold with both hands, and she thinks of others infinitely more than of herself. The book tells the story of a great love—that of Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard. But those two "frisky colts," as Miss West calls them-Jinks and little Kate Harding-are the ones who illuminate the whole book with their experiments in life.

Lippincott's New Animal Book

Joseph Wharton Lippincott, who has been very successful with stories for boys and girls about foxes, squirrels, and rabbits, which contain lots of natural history with not-impossible fiction, now has the audacity to come forward with "Striped Coat, the Skunk." He does it in solemn carnestness, and still with a twinkle in his eyes. The book is the interesting story of an unusually marked "wood-pussy," or skunk, and it manages to make plain one fact at least —that this well-defended and able-to-take-careof-itself animal is one of the best friends of the farmer, because it kills so many insects, mice, rats, gophers, and other pests. The author, who lives at Bethayres, Pennsylvania, makes out a good case for his "wood-pussies," of which he says: "They are my friends, and I am theirs." ত ত

Times Have Changed .- By Elmer Davis.

In an unfortunate moment, Mark O'Rell set out from his little New Jersey home to recapture the spirit of old times. How he discovered that times have changed is told in an amazingly rapid yarn, which in its swift movement and delightful inventiveness has not often been equalled.

8 8 8

Stonecrop.—By Cecil Tormay.

A novel of Croatian peasant life by the author of THE OLD HOUSE. Yella, the untamed peasant girl, stands forth in sharp reality against the background of her native hills; and her tragic story is told with a simplicity and a sympathy that are intensely moving. Robert M. McBride & Co., 7 West 16th St., New York.

Three years ago Vachel Lindsay (author of "Going-to-the-Sun") found "The Golden Book Springfield" classed as a dull book. Now its effects are being felt, for in his home town of Springfield, Illinois, he is seeing its direct results, a tremendous reconstruction going on and transforming the city. In such papers as the Springfield Illinois State Register and State Journal one can follow the story, and other towns wanting to be rejuvenated can start it with this magical "Golden Book." One year ago Vachel Lindsay was distributing Egyptian grammars among his friends (and they were putting them away on their top shelves). Now they are hurrying them onto their library tables and thousands of people are pouring into the Egyptian sections of the museums.

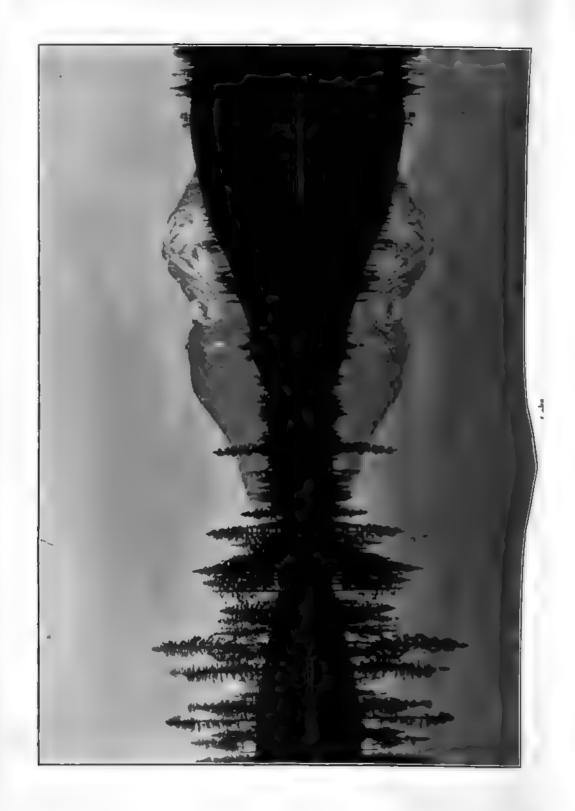
ठ ठ ठ

A new study of "Robert Browning: The Man and the Poet," written by Frances M. Sim, has just been published by Appleton. This book commands particular attention in that it brings forward fresh material concerning some of the most important years of the poet's life. Miss Sim treats of the thirteen years, 1833-1846, from the publication of "Pauline" to the marriage of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. In carefully studying "Pauline," "Paracelsus," "Sordello" and the Shorter Poems of this period, the author uncovers much that is illuminating. Her very full discussion of all the events leading up to Browning's marriage throws new and interesting light upon both the man and the poet.





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"AN OUTCAST AND SHINTO"

(Continued from page 14)

Then for the first time Guerdon heard the deep-noted, rhythmical drumming that had been beating unheeded upon his ears for the last few minutes. It came from the shore—a wailing monotony of sound, tempered by distance, and rendered the more enigmatical by the unrevealing night.

He turned to Margaret, a question on his lips. She was gone, but reappeared almost at once with a bundle of clothing.
"I found these in a locker. You had better

put them on. Yours are soaking.

Before Guerdon could express his gratitude,

she had left him.

While he was changing, points of light sprang out shoreward, like a tiara of diamonds on the black throat of the night. They danced and quivered and gesticulated at one another until, at last, converging, they broke into flame that grew larger and brighter, until tongues of fire were striking at the blackness above.

Then shrieks and curses, and, presently, revolver shots and the crackle of burning wood, combined with the monotonous voice of the

drum to make the night hideous.

Squat, animated figures, like imps, were visible in the foreground of the fire, baptizing it

with their imprecations.

By the time Guerdon had donned his borrowed garments, the monotonous tones of the drum had lost their musical rhythm. In filtering through the disorder of sound, the primitive pulse-stir had been distilled from the drum roll, distilled by the disorder it had created. Now the notes were cruel, ruthless, symbolical of pagan gods.

Guerdon found Margaret at his side again. "They're burning Grede's store," he told her. "Yes," she cried. "That is the temple drum.

Murato must be there."

"Murato, yes," muttered Guerdon.

was the Jap's revenge.

"The Hindu and the crew are there," Margaret cried. "It's horrible. Can't we do something?" she begged.

"No. They're righting their wrongs in their own way. We might as well try to stop an avalanche."

"Shinto," said Margaret. "I suppose to them it is the retribution of their spirits.'

"Stage managed by Murato," added Guerdon.

At length the flames lessened.

And presently Margaret was telling Guer-

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don all she had kept from him so long. A new measure of confidence, born of the near presence of tragedy, fuller and riper than that which had prevailed between them heretofore, drew them together.

"You should have told me about your brother at first," Guerdon said, after he had told her what he had learned from Singh. "But you had no right to trust me," he added.

"I had forgotten."

"It wasn't that," she said, simply. "I knew you would want to help me and I thought there might be danger. I—I wanted to tell you, often, but it wouldn't have been fair."

After that they remained together, saying very little, until Murato came as he had

promised.

"Grede's property has been destroyed," he told them in answer to their multitude of questions, and after he had satisfied himself of the safety of the precious votive lamp.

"The crew and Daja Singh?" they asked,

together.

"No one was killed," Murato said, to their great relief. "They are under guard. My countrymen love demonstration, but they are not cruel.

Then he gave Guerdon a small round can with a resplendent label indicating that the contents were canned salmon. One end of the tin was threaded and covered with a cleverly concealed cap. Inside the can Guerdon found a brownish, caked substance, unpleasantly oddrous.

"Opium!" he exclaimed. "Grede and Singh

must have been bringing it in."

Murato nodded. "There are fifty cases of it on shore. This was to have been Grede's last undertaking. He intended sailing on the schooner tomorrow—taking Miss Albers with him," added Murato calmly. "Daja Singh was to remain behind to distribute the opium. This is what your brother was waiting to find. I think there is a boat belonging to your government close at hand." With this Murato left them.

As though he were seeking to save Margaret unpleasant memories invoked by Murato's words, Guerdon, with an impatient swing of his arm, tossed the tin over the schooner's rail so that it described a small arc before dropping into the sea.

Then he turned again to the woman at his side. Her eyes were bright with tears, but through the tears he saw the rainbow light of promise. It is probable, though, that none but Guerdon could have so translated it,



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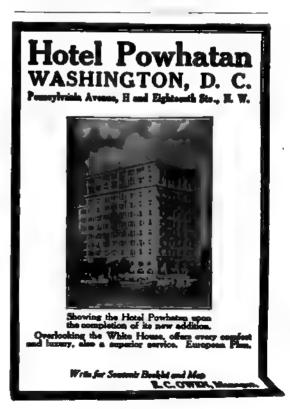
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Guard, Southern Pacific Company.

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SUPERSTITION MANE

(Continued from page 18)

But among the skeletons were two somewhat different. One of these seemed to be that of a large white man, the other was, evidently, not Indian. On the floor were piles of rocks, seemingly ore, gathered long ago, piled in systematic manner. But the cavern was a sepulcher of the dead and told no tales. Superstition Mountain can only whisper the solution.

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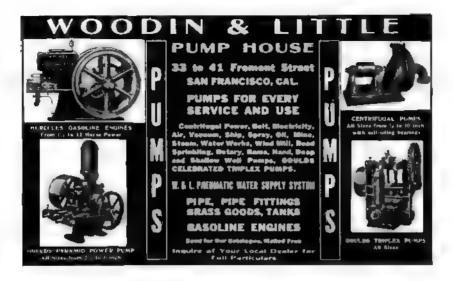
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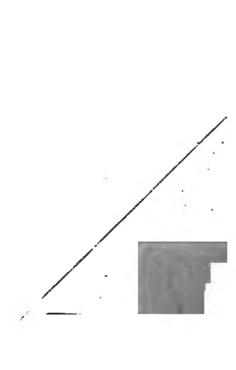
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